

The Sabbath Recorder.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

PRINTED BY EDWIN G. CHAMPLIN.

VOL. IV.—NO. 46.

NEW YORK, FIFTH-DAY, MAY 4, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 202.

The Sabbath Recorder.

A TOUCHING STORY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped up brick, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the long, broad, skillfully-cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguished from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over, and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard. Here some acquaintances from different parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the hundred yards the little procession had to move, from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly, but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each others' families. There a knot of neighbors were speaking without exaggeration of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning one to another the little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the grey-headed persons of the group. While a few yards further removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral; such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and grey walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with severe and unimpassioned grief. They were brothers—the only sons of him who had been buried; and there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intensely than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable than the common symptoms of common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor; selfish thoughts, that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations; unaccommodating manners on both sides; taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance; imaginary opposition of interest, that, duly considered, would have been one and the same—these and many other causes, might when single, but strong when rising up in one baneful band, had gradually and fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely, if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently side by side, while earth, stones, and clouds, were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened; but pride, that destroyer of man's peace, prevented the holy affections of nature from being shown. And thus these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that in spite of them was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A headstone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it—a plain stone, with a sandglass, skull, and cross bones, chiseled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother, regarding the operation with a troubled eye, said, loud enough to be heard by several of the bystanders—

"William, this is not kind in you—you should have told me this. I loved my father as well as you could have loved him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not?"

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while, the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son, in designing this last mark of affection and respect to his memory; so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decent and simple, among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected by his "affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we are his affectionate sons; and, since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may, but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on other and better terms with you; and if we cannot command our hearts, let us at least bar out all unkindness."

The minister who attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spoke not regarding this matter. He saw that there

was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart; but not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together, such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind if not warm affections dwelt; and the man, thus appealed to, bowed down his head and wept.

"Give me your hand, brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kinder and more humanely towards each other.

As the brothers stood, fervently but composedly grasping each other's hands, in the little hole that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still, from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them, with a pleasant countenance, and said—

"I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I need not say that you did your duty to your old father, for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, for your own sakes as Christians, for the sake of the mother who bore you, and Stephen, who died that you might be born, to be reconciled to one another? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and you alone. Tears were in his eyes—I saw them there—and on his cheek, too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand, and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him:

"My Sons: If you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide their tears that needed not to be hidden; and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, with the minister, to the Manse. On the following Sabbath they were seen sitting, with their families, in the same pew, and it was observed that they read out of the same Bible, when the minister gave out the text; and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm book. The psalm was sung, (given out at their request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found on the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

MINISTRY TO THE POOR.

You must love the poor; you must also respect them; and in truth, respect is the honor of the love which I have enjoined. Honor the poor man. Let not his poverty for a moment hide you from his participation of your own nature and of the divine image. Never let the man be lost in the beggar. If you have not power to penetrate to the spirit within him, and to reverence that divine principle more than all outward magnificence, you are unfit for your office. If there seem to you exaggeration, or a false sentimentality, in the language which pronounces the soul of one poor man worth more than the wealth of worlds, or than all material nature, then you want the spirit of your function, and cannot lay it aside too soon. Go to the poor, to awaken in them the consciousness of their relation to God, and of their immortality. Do not go as the representative of the richer classes, to keep them in order; but go in the name of Christians, to make them partakers of the highest distinctions and blessings in which any of us rejoice. Carry to them the Gospel, not for purposes of worldly policy, but as a life-giving truth, imparted by God to lift them above all worldly greatness, to subject them to a nobler law than that of the state—to make them citizens of heaven. Present religion to them in a generous form. Carry to them the very truths you would bear to the most prosperous and enlightened. Stir up the poor man to be active for his own improvement, and teach him that the power of improvement is communicated to him as liberally as to his prosperous neighbor. Because he is poor, do not think that he is put into your hands as a passive material, to be shaped at your pleasure. Remember that he is as free as yourselves, and can only be carried forward by a spring of improvement in his own soul. [Dr. Channing.]

TALKING AFTER CHURCH.

"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"
"Oh, I don't know—I have forgotten it. But would you believe it? Mrs. A. wore that horrid bonnet of hers. I couldn't keep my eyes off it all meeting time. Miss P. had on a lovely pink one. Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars; I wonder her folks don't see the folly of extravagance. And there was Mrs. H. with her pelisse. It's astonishing what a want of taste some folks exhibit."
"Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A.?"
"Oh, Mr. A. He's so handsome and so graceful!"
"What an eye, and what a set of teeth!"

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

They err who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming youth is known;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power, in after life is shown,
When passions, chastened and subdued, to ripen years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that breaks from heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted worth;
Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by the storm's commotion;
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunder-bolts around us
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness around us.

Oh! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's twinkling ray
Surprises for the lustre bright of summer's cloudless day,
'E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's darker years,
The gentle light true love imparts, 'mid sorrows, cares, and tears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft, their fresh'ning brightness fling,
And show that life has somewhat left to which their hopes may cling;
It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power, o'er spirits touched by time,
Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness sublime!
In youth 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles and sweeps by;
In after life its splendors seem linked with eternity!

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The Hanserd Koolyol's Society has recently sent forth a fine impression of the Pilgrim's Progress, accurately printed, from the first edition, with notices of all the subsequent additions and alterations made by the author. Mr. Offer, the editor, well observes, that "the greatest characteristic of original genius, is its spontaneous exertion,—the evidence of having written without labor and without the consciousness of doing anything remarkable, or the ambitious aim of doing a great work. The greatest efforts of genius flow as naturally as it is for common men to breathe. In this view, Bunyan's work comes nearer to the inspired poetry of the Hebrews in its character than any other human composition. He wrote from the impulse of his genius, sanctified and illuminated by a heavenly influence: as if, indeed, he had exerted no voluntary supervision over its exercise. Everything is as natural and unconstrained as if it had not been intended for public inspection. There has not been found any model with which it can even be compared. It is a beautiful transparency seen as the heavenly light shines through—the renewed spirit alone enjoys the picture in its perfection, with all its chaste, but glowing colors. It can be fully appreciated only by him who possesses that spiritual light without which the things of God and heaven cannot be discerned."

With what artless simplicity does Bunyan tell all this:—

"I only thought to make
I knew not what; nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbor: no, not I;
I did it my own self to gratify.
Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble; nor did I intend
To divert myself in doing this.
From worse thoughts, which make me do amiss.
Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white;
For having now my method by the end,
Still, as I pull'd it, it came; and so I pen'd
It down; until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness that you see."

When thus finished, Mr. Bunyan showed it to a number of his friends, to obtain their opinion of its probable usefulness. No words can better give the result of the inquiry than his own.

"Some said, John, print it; others said, No so;
"Some said, it might do good; others said, No."
The former judged rightly, and John acted wisely in resolving to leave it as a legacy to the world. Posterity has sealed its verdict, and there is every probability of the work continuing to be read by the pilgrim travelers to the New Jerusalem until the blast of the archangel shall summon the living and the dead in Christ, to meet their Lord in the air.

Without referring to numerous editions published by booksellers, by private individuals, and by various religious and literary societies, we will confine the reader's attention to the operations of one Society established in London.

Among the languages into which the Committee of the London Tract Society have sided to print the Pilgrim's Progress, as stated in their report, are these:

Languages.	For the people of
Europe.—English	England, America, and other parts.
Dutch	Holland and S. Africa.
French	France and Switzerland.
Spanish	Spain and S. America.
Portuguese	Portugal, Madeira, and other islands.
German	Germany.
Esthonian	Esthonia, in Russia.
Armenian	Armenia, in Turkey.
Burmese	Burma.
Singhalese	Ceylon.
Oriya	Orissa.
Hindustanee	East Indies.
Bengalee	Bengal.
Tamil	Madras.
Marathi	Bombay.
Cararese	Bombay.
Gujaratti	Surat.
Malay	Malacca, and other places in the East Indies.
Arabic	Arabia.
South Seas.—Samoan	Samoan Islands.
Tahitian	Tahiti.
Africa.—Sichuan	South Africa.
	Malagasy Madagascar.

Who can tell how much good the Pilgrim has done already in heathen lands? We might fill many pages with accounts of the blessing which has come on his labors of love. Let us look to China. "In our Chinese schools," says a missionary, "the little girls are taught to read in English," and the book which delights them, and for which they gladly leave their play that they may read it, is the Pilgrim's Progress."

"It was partly through reading that book," said a Hindoo, "that I began to feel that the Christian religion was the only truly religion, and that Christ was the only Saviour."

"I feel encouraged," writes a missionary in the east, "from the very civil reception the Pilgrim has already met with. Several respectable Mohammedans have read it, and have asked for more copies for their friends. One native sent me a pleasing letter, thanking me with all his heart. He states, that he read the book for three nights together, without stopping; that he never saw such a beautiful book, and he prays that the Holy Spirit may enlighten the hearts of the Malays to understand it."

A missionary in Ceylon sought the aid of a pundit, or native teacher, in translating the Pilgrim into the Singhalese language. The pundit, who had been a heathen priest, was a learned and clever man. As he sat writing out the tale, he was often so affected by it that he could scarcely proceed. The account of Christian leaving the City of Destruction very much pleased him. When he found that Christian got into the Slough of Despond, he really began to feel much pity for him; but on the pilgrim arriving at Mount Sinai, he looked very sad, and said to the missionary, "Sir, what man can be saved?" The missionary replied, "Let us go on a little farther." He then came to the place where Christian got in at the Wicket Gate, and lost his burden at the foot of the cross. The pundit was so overcome with delight, that he laughed, clapped his hands, shouted, and danced for joy, crying out, "Delightful! delightful! When the Pilgrim was printed, and bound in marble paper, with gilt edges, the children of Ceylon were seen carrying it to their homes as the best prize they could obtain in the missionary school.

If we look to other parts of the world, we shall still see the same kindly reception given to the Pilgrim's book. "The young converts in South Africa," writes a Christian teacher, "are much profited by it." If such books as this be printed," said a Russian, "who can any longer put off his repentance?"

But with mingled sadness and joy we turn to Madagascar. When the cruel queen of that Island drove the missionaries from their stations, this book, which had been printed by the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, was sent to comfort and instruct the native Christians, who were shut up in prison, or hid in the caves of the earth, or escaping for their lives through the dark forests of the country. And even when some of them were led forth to die as martyrs, they were firm, saying, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful, when they were led into Vanity Fair;" and others said, "When Christian entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death he could say, Though it be a gloomy valley, yet it is the way to the Celestial City." [Religious Tract Society's Report.]

LORD BROUGHAM ON LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfold in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile principle of judging and treating their fellow-creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their actions, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their opinions. The great truth has finally gone forth to the end of the earth, that man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which he has no control. Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any for that which he can no more change than the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature. Henceforward, treating with entire respect those who conscientiously differ from ourselves, the only practical effect of the difference will be to make us enlighten the ignorance on one side or the other from which it springs by instructing them, if it be theirs—ourselves if it be our own; to the end, that the only kind of unanimity may be produced which is desirable among rational beings—the agreement proceeding from full conviction, after the freest discussion.

LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

When the intelligence arrived, that in some place the authorities had begun to execute the bull, and to burn Luther's books, the monk felt himself sufficiently strong to revenge this arbitrary act on the Pope's writings. On the 10th of December, 1520, the academic youth, summoned by a formal proclamation posted on a black board, assembled in unwonted numbers before the Elster Gate of Wittenberg; a pile of wood was collected, to which a master of arts of the University set fire; in the full feeling of the orthodoxy of his secession, the mighty Augustine, clad in his cowl, advanced to the fire, holding in his hand the Pope's bull and decretals; "Because thou hast vexed the Lord's saints," exclaimed he, "mayest thou be consumed in eternal fire!" and threw it into the flames. Never was rebellion more resolutely proclaimed. "Highly needful were it," said Luther, another day, "that the Pope (that is the papacy) with all his doctrines and abominations should be burnt." [Ranke's History of the Reformation.]

FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN.

On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Elliott, "the apostle of the Indians," was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bed-side. "Why not rest from your labors now?" "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and he has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

SIMPLE STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Echo.

George did not know in the least what an echo was. One day when he was out in the fields shouting and singing, he was surprised to hear his words repeated, as if they came from some one in the neighboring wood. The little boy then called out, "Who are you?" and immediately he heard the same words repeated by some mysterious voice. George then called out again, as loud as he could, "You must be some foolish boy." "Foolish boy!" replied the voice from the wood. George now began to get angry, and said some very ill-natured things in reply, which were all faithfully repeated by the echo. George then began looking about for the little boy, who he thought was mocking him, in order to give him a beating; but all his search was in vain. So he ran home and told his mother how some naughty boy had hid himself in the wood, and mocked him by repeating his words. "My dear boy," she replied, "you are quite mistaken. It was only your own words which you heard, just as when you look into a mirror or piece of water, you see your own face reflected back; and if you had spoken kindly, you would have received back kind words in reply. And so it is in the world, in our dealings with our fellow-creatures. Their conduct to us is in general an echo of ours to them; and if we behave civilly to them, they will do the same to us. But if we are rude and ill-mannered, we must expect to be treated in the same way."

The Cuckoo.

George and Michael, on a fine morning in May, were passing through a wood, and heard for the first time the song of the joyful cuckoo. "That bird forebodes good luck," said George; "I expect I shall have a pocket full of money at least!" "And why should the good luck be to you?" replied Michael, who was as weak minded as his companion; "I don't know why the cuckoo should be so particularly fond of you. For my part, I rather think her favors will fall to my share." So, in place of enjoying the beauty of the morning, and listening with delight to the pleasing notes of the cuckoo, these foolish, bad-tempered boys began to quarrel and fight, until at last they parted, both well thrashed and bruised, and in the worst humor possible with each other. Next day, two combatants met at the doctor's; and, while he bandaged their wounds and bruises, they told him how the quarrel had arisen, and asked him for which of them he thought the cuckoo intended her favors. "Why, neither, to be sure," replied the doctor, "fools that you are,—but for me; for has she not sent you to me with broken heads, and a long bill to pay, and thus put money in my purse?"

The Lily.

Louisa had a fine garden; and in one of its walks a lily bloomed in snow-white purity, whose brilliancy was still farther heightened by the green turf around it, in the midst of which it was planted. Louisa was an amiable girl, scarcely taller than the lily, and took great pleasure every morning to see the dew lying on its beautiful leaves in the bright rays of the sun; while, at the same time, she had been taught to raise her thoughts above in pious admiration and gratitude to the great Creator of the sun, the dew, and the lily. Her parents took part in her pure and devout joy, and said to themselves, "She is herself like the lily in purity and grace." But before the end of the year she died; and when the lily bloomed again, her mother thought of her daughter with grief, and shed bitter tears. The father then said, "When this beautiful lily was quite young, and grew in a corner of the garden, I took it up; and Louisa was sorry, and said I would hurt it. But when she saw me plant it in a more favorable spot, where it became the ornament of the garden, she was very glad; and thanked me for having removed it. And just so, dear mother, do not weep and lament that Louisa has left us for a better world; for as she was like the lily in innocence and beauty while she lived, so now she blooms far from this bleak and stormy earth in the ever-calm and happy skies of heaven."

The precious Plant.

Betty and Mary, two maid-servants, were going to a town not far off, each with a well-filled basket of fruit on her arm. Betty did nothing but groan and complain beneath her burden, while Mary was as merry as a lark. "How can you laugh so?" said Betty; "your basket is at least as heavy as mine, and you are not stronger than I am; how, then, can you trot along so gaily?" "Oh," replied Mary, "I put a certain plant into my basket, which makes it seem quite light; and if you had done the same, yours would have been as light too." "Well," replied Betty, "that must be a very useful plant, and I should like, above all things, that I had it just now; do tell me the name of it." "Its name is patience," replied Mary; "and nothing but it can lighten our burdens."

Curious Manuscript of the Hebrew Bible.

There is, in the Royal Library, a curious manuscript, containing the whole Hebrew Bible, which belonged to a synagogue in Jerusalem. A very celebrated rabbi, who was born in Spain, in the year 1194, built a synagogue in Jerusalem, and in that synagogue it was preserved with the utmost veneration till that city was taken by the Emperor Solim, in 1517. The manuscript was then seized by a Turkish officer, who carried it to Aleppo, where, in 1683, it came into the hands of the celebrated Dr. Arrius, and it was afterwards purchased by an English gentleman, who brought it home to his own country. In this manuscript the Psalms and Proverbs are written in hemistichs, as they were in the original. Though it has suffered by erasures, it has still many various readings, and several of consequence; in particular it has two verses in one place which are clearly genuine, though the Masorah has pronounced them spurious.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, May 4, 1948.

THE ADMINISTRATOR OF BAPTISM.

It sometimes happens, that a member of a pedobaptist church asks and receives baptism by immersion at the hands of a minister who himself has never been immersed. In consequence of this mode of proceeding, the question has been raised in certain Baptist churches, and we believe in one or two instances among the Seventh-day Baptists, whether such baptism is valid; or whether, in case the person should afterwards wish to join a regular Baptist church, he ought to be reimmersed by a regular Baptist minister. Circumstances may be conceived in which this question would be one of considerable practical importance. It ought, therefore, to be calmly considered, and answered as definitely as possible.

Those who advocate the reimmersion of the candidate in question, do so of course on the ground that in order to render baptism valid the administrator himself must have been regularly immersed. But to this it is objected—and the objection is a very natural and weighty one—that if a regularly-baptized administrator is necessary now, it was always necessary; and hence, to establish the validity of baptisms now-a-days we must be able to trace the line of administrators back to the apostles, which is believed to be impossible. There has been no new law given in relation to baptism since the canon of Scripture was closed; nor has God seen fit since that time to point out any particular man or class of men in whom authority was vested to commence a new series of regular administrators. If but one link in the chain has been broken, we are left completely in the dark as to who are the proper administrators. An improper administrator, even if he lived twenty generations ago, would be as fatal to the genuineness of the ordinance as if he were but one generation removed from us. From such considerations it is evident, that many difficulties attend the notion of baptism being invalid unless administered by a person "regularly" immersed. Even those who advocate the notion admit, that cases may arise in which a properly-qualified administrator cannot be obtained, and that then an improper one is allowable. But this admission, when analyzed, is equivalent to acknowledging that certain deficiencies on the part of the administrator do not necessarily invalidate the ordinance. There are cases in which persons administer the ordinance of baptism to numerous candidates, and afterwards give evidence that they themselves were never made partakers of the grace of God. Yet who doubts that the persons who, through their instrumentality, have made a public profession of faith in Christ, and been buried with Him in baptism, may be accepted of God, and entitled to the confidence of Christians? No one, surely. Why, then, should the immersion of the administrator be insisted upon as indispensably necessary to valid baptism, and the person who has not received baptism from such an administrator be required to submit to the ordinance again? It is desirable, no doubt, that the administrator should be qualified for his office to the fullest extent. Still the question remains whether his deficiency necessarily invalidates the ordinance.

It is easy to see that serious and perplexing consequences might flow from the notion to which we have alluded. If the supposed regularity in the administrator is necessary to the validity of baptism, who can tell whether he has been baptized or not? We may be able to trace back the line of administrators for a few generations, but Baptists generally believe that to trace it back to the apostles is impossible. Even if the chain could be traced back to the apostles, and every link found, still there have doubtless been many improper administrators; and who knows whether the person from whom he received the ordinance, is a descendant from the proper or the improper administrators. Numerous questions of this kind would naturally arise to the mind of the inquirer, serving to perplex rather than to edify and build him up. This circumstance alone is strong presumptive evidence that the notion is unsound. At any rate, we must have more light before we shall be prepared to adopt it.

STEALING A THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Rather a startling title, that; but we cannot think of a more appropriate one to indicate the character of a transaction which is now under discussion in several of our exchange papers. It seems that the Baptists of the West, feeling the need of a theological and collegiate institution there, established one in Covington, Kentucky, the "whole effected almost entirely by citizens of Cincinnati." The profits on land purchased in Covington went far to establish the institution. The charter was granted in 1840, with four trustees in Ohio, two in Kentucky, one in Indiana, with power to increase the number to 36. After various unsuccessful attempts to secure a majority of the trustees by new elections, in other words, to get the institution into their own hands, demanding pro-severity pledges from the president, &c., the Kentucky trustees applied secretly to their legislature which granted the charter, for such a change as would allow the addition of sixteen more trustees, all to be from that State, and so are to be all future trustees! The first knowl-

edge of this abroad was the public announcement that the charter was altered! What better than stealing is such a transaction? Some of the Western Baptists think it is about the same thing, and are therefore greatly incensed. Whether they will be able to help themselves, remains to be seen.

SUNDAY LAWS AND ANTI-SABBATH CONVENTIONS.

"For our part, we reverence the Lord's Day, and observe it strictly, never traveling, sending to the post office, or attending to any other secular business, on that day. But we reverence it as a Christian institution. We cannot consistently with what we understand of the genius of Christianity, invoke the aid of civil government to preserve it from desecration. Religion may safely be left to rest upon its own merits. There is sound philosophy in the admonition of the Court Fool to Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith—'Let thee and me defend the crown, and let the faith defend itself.' When such sentiments become universal among Christians, we shall not hear of many infidel Anti-Sabbath Conventions."

The above is from the Baptist Guardian. The idea which it suggests, that Anti-Sabbath Conventions are the legitimate offspring of Sunday Laws, ought to be seriously pondered. By most of the "orthodox" religious papers, it is strangely overlooked or carefully concealed—we fear the latter. Since the publication of the Call for the Anti-Sabbath Convention at Boston, nearly every paper in the country has had something to say upon the subject; yet only a very few of them have represented the case as it was set forth by the Call, in which it was distinctly stated, that an important object of the meeting would be to devise means for the overthrow of Sunday Laws. This fact indicates that there is a disposition to conceal the real occasion of the Convention. There is another fact equally significant, namely, that in nearly all of the accounts of the Convention published by the orthodox papers, its action in relation to Sunday Laws is either entirely overlooked or only incidentally mentioned, although that was the prominent topic before it. We have now on our table editorial notices of the Convention from Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and Universalist papers. But in scarcely one of them can we find an allusion to the Sunday Laws as having given rise to the Convention, and occupied a large place in its resolutions and discussions. Now we do not undertake to say positively, that there is a desire on the part of the editors of these papers to conceal from the public the fact that this Anti-Sabbath movement was provoked mainly by the unnecessary and unconstitutional Sunday Laws. Still we cannot help having thoughts upon the subject, and serious fears that such is the case. We believe, with the writer of the above paragraph, that Sunday Laws and Anti-Sabbath Conventions are intimately connected, and that the latter will continue to be held so long as the former exist. What advantages are proposed from concealing this truth, is more than we can tell.

TO THE S. D. B. CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

"Have we all done our duty the past year in the missionary field, both Home and Foreign?" is a question that might perhaps with propriety be asked every member of the denomination, but in particular every member of each church in the Central Association, which has essayed to promulgate our peculiar truths at home as well as abroad. Now if we have all done our duty, there must be some evidence of it; if not in the coming up of converts, there must be an increasing glow of warmth in our own bosoms, which must manifest itself in increased activity in our exertions in the cause. We have the sure promise that he that labors shall be paid—he that sows shall reap. Have we received any pay? Have we reaped a crop? If we have not, then may we be pretty well assured that the labor has not been performed, or, if performed, not acceptable to the Master of the vineyard, or most certainly should we have received our pay. But where is the evidence that we have done all our duty? Is it in the almost universal declension of religious feeling? This prevails at present. It is evidence, strong evidence, that the work has not been done. And where is the remedy? Go to work, and act as if we believed what we professed. Be as consistent spiritually as we are temporally, and a change will come over us like a "mighty rushing wind." No man expects to prosper in the things of this world without attention to his business. He does not think of entrusting it all to another. He applies himself to the work personally, and his labors are rewarded. Just so in the work inquired after. It cannot be performed to acceptance by an agent. It is a work our Father demands of us personally, individually, and unless we perform it we shall receive his frown. What but his frown are we now receiving in the state of barrenness, coldness, and doubt, that pervades our bounds? How much has been done for the promotion of Bible truth during the past year, will be asked us at the day of Judgment; and are we prepared to say that we have done all that we could with a truthfulness that will be credited in that awful day. If we have, it is well. If not, how important that we repent and obtain forgiveness for the past, and strive for the future to come up to the performance of the task required of us. More labor in the field, more giving, more inquiry after the wants of the destitute, cannot help awakening our zeal, strengthening our hope, increasing our happi-

ness, diffusing a knowledge of the truth, and consequently augmenting the happiness of all who come within its blessed influence. May we not find here a direct and certain channel to an increase of true happiness, that will not satiate, that will ever increase the more zealously it is pursued, and leading us onward to that perfection of happiness and righteousness found only in Heaven. We may rest assured, that this point will never be attained without effort, without toil, without expenditure of earthly treasure. The annual return of the session of our Association will soon be upon us, and are we satisfied with what we have done in an associated capacity the past year? Have we done all that we could? Have we done all that we should? If we have not, now is the time to begin to think and to act—in a manner that will give proof positive that we are in earnest in the work in which we are engaged. Our zeal is only truly manifested by what we do. Tested by this, has not our zeal been wanting and our faith weak the past year? Shall they not be expanded and strengthened for the year to come? Let us try the experiment, and when the Association shall meet, let us put forth one strong effort, try the veracity of the God of Heaven, and see if he will not bless us. If God is for us, who can be against us? I trust, if we believe this, that a stronger effort than heretofore will be put forth, that we shall all be ready to take hold, that "the temple may go up." Send or bring all that is needful, for the Lord requires it at our hands, and great indeed is the risk of delay. Let us all act as for the judgment, without reference to one another, keeping in view only what the eternal God requires of us.

A. L. S.

BROOKFIELD, 23d April, 1848.

THE LATE POPE GREGORY.

Professor Cassali recently delivered, in Brooklyn, N. Y., a lecture on Italy and the Popes, in which he brought to light many curious stories and interesting facts. According to him there is a striking contrast between the present Pope Pius and his predecessor Gregory. The latter, it is well known, never attempted to ameliorate the condition of his subjects, his main object seeming to be to enjoy himself and keep society where he found it. Hence he filled his cellars with wines, discountenanced the construction of railroads, steamboats, and magnetic telegraphs, and endeavored as much as possible to abridge the freedom of the press. But Pope Pius pursued entirely a different course. He ordered that the twelve thousand bottles of wine which he found in the palace of his predecessor should be sold, and the money given to the poor. He also encouraged the introduction of those facilities for communication and improvement which had before been proscribed. Among the many caricatures of Gregory, got up at Rome after his death, was one representing him on his way to Paradise in company with St. Peter. The journey being hard and tedious for an aged man like the Pope, he complained to St. Peter thus:—

"How is it, St. Peter, that our journey is so long? I did not know that Paradise was so far from the Vatican." St. Peter replied, "If you had allowed the construction of railways and steamers in your State, we should have arrived long ago. But now you must stop for a while in purgatory."

After having remained some months in purgatory, where he met his friend, O'Connell, (the story goes,) Gregory set out with St. Peter again on his eternal journey. Coming in view of Paradise, the Pope asked St. Peter why the angels and his late predecessors in the papal chair did not come out to meet him?

"Dear Gregory," replied St. Peter, "as for the Popes, there are few of them in heaven, and the news of your death has not yet reached there; as it would have done, if you had established telegraphs and granted the freedom of the Press."

When the Saint and the Pope arrived at the gates of Paradise, St. Peter asked Gregory for his key, which, after some time, the Pope found, and handed it to him; but it proved to be the key of his wine cellar.

St. Peter was admitted within the gates, but Gregory was lost in the fog.

MISSIONARIES AT SHANGHAI.

A letter of Rev. J. L. Shuck, dated at Shanghai, China, Dec. 26, 1847, gives the following account of that place and its missionaries:—

"The city of Shanghai contains a large population without the walls as within. The wall is four miles in circumference, has a parapet with port-holes on its outer side or edge, and bastions at regular intervals. There are four grand gates and two subordinate ones, viz: the North gate, South gate, East gate, and West gate, with the little East gate and the little South gate. We have access to the inner city at all the gates and at all times; and not only so, but can make missionary tours, unmolested, in all the region round about. The people are very friendly and affable, so very different in these respects from their countrymen at some other places. The climate here at present is very cold and bracing. We have now plenty of frost and ice, and are looking out for snow. It is most fortunate we all brought a supply of stoves with us from America.

When Dr. and Mrs. James arrive, the number of missionaries at Shanghai will be, male and female, 31; 19 from America and 12 from England. This is indeed a small number compared with the extensive field submitted to our culture, for this whole region is most densely populated. Our mission here has commenced under favorable circumstances, and we trust the Master will condescend to make us useful among this great people. A wide and interesting sphere of action is spread out before us. May God grant His grace, that we may be faithful and efficient laborers.

COMPARATIVE EXPENSE OF RELIGION AND HOLLY.—Dr. Baird, in his book on the Religion of America, estimates the whole sum expended to support religious arrangements in the United States at five and a half millions of dollars. The amount contributed by the various benevolent societies for the advancement of religion abroad, is about one million more; making a total of six and a half millions. This appears like a large sum, and there are many persons who find fault because it is so large. But surely they can have no just idea of the advantages of this expenditure, who complain at its amount; nor can they have estimated their expenses for other and useless articles, when they express doubts of their ability to meet this. At the lowest estimate, we now pay one-third more for tea and coffee than we do for the support of religion at home and abroad. For tobacco, we pay about six times as much; for alcohol ten times as much; and for war fourteen times as much. Let these facts be considered, and retrenchment made in respect to these things, before we begin to complain about the expense of religion, and attempt to make retrenchment in that respect.

THE GRAND LIGNE MISSION.—This mission, which has done so much to enlighten the benighted in Canada, has for some time past been supported principally by Baptists. Madame Feller, the founder of it, was originally from Switzerland. Before leaving that country, she became convinced of the propriety and importance of baptism as her own act; and knowing no other mode at the time than that which was practiced around her, she demanded of her pastor the privilege of professing openly her faith and obedience as a Christian disciple. After considerable delay, her request was granted, and she found great satisfaction in doing her duty according to the light she then had. Since then her mind has been led into farther inquiries, which have resulted in a conviction that she ought to be immersed—a duty with which she is determined to comply at as early a day as practicable.

A SPORTING CLERGYMAN.—A late English paper says:—"On Friday last, about 9 A. M., a party assembled on the race-course to witness a match made between one of the successors of the Apostles, and a son of Galen, on the merits of their respective horses, which were ridden by their professors, attired in full jockey costume. The divine proved himself as good a jockey as a theologian, and won the match, thereby reflecting great credit on his ancestors, the Apostles." But this was not all. "The hounds were in attendance, and in less than an hour the whole assemblage were in hot pursuit of a poor fox, which, after running nearly 40 miles, was killed. One of the horses died the same evening, and all the others are so ill, that their recovery, if not hopeless, is, at least, very doubtful." We should be glad to know which of the Apostles that racing, fox-hunting divine succeeded?

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—The N. Y. Churchman, speaking of the recent decease of this man, the richest individual in America, who bequeathed his whole estate, with a slight exception, to his relatives, most of it to one son, says, "Although, strictly speaking, he was not a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, yet he nominally belonged to it, as he many years since purchased a pew in one of our city churches, and his children were brought up in that faith. He was, also, a long time intimately acquainted with several of the clergy, and the great majority of his intimate friends belonged to that church, and many of them were of its most influential and active members. It does not appear that any reproach can be cast upon them for improper influence or interested suggestions, in regard to the disposition of his estate. Not one cent is given to any church or religious institution here or elsewhere."

A MISSIONARY ISLAND.—Capt. Brown from New London, in a recent letter to a Sandwich Island paper, dated at Stewart's Island, says:—"The people on this Island, chiefly natives of New Zealand, are nearly all missionaries, as they call themselves, that is Christians. They have no white missionary, but there is one who lives on Rolukar, an island in Foveaux's Straits, but the weather is always so bad that there is no chance, scarcely, of having communication with Stewart's Island. They gladly attended religious services on board our ship, sometimes even walking ten miles to enjoy the privilege. I gave them all the religious books I had, and a large bundle of tracts, which they gladly received. They much need Bibles, and I was very sorry I had none to give them."

UNOSTENTATIOUS BENEVOLENCE.—The Boston Traveler says that some time ago an unknown individual in Massachusetts gave \$10,000 toward founding a State Reform School. The same gentleman afterward offered \$10,000 more, on condition that the State would make a similar appropriation; which has been done; and now, within a few days, the same princely benevolence has furnished the additional sum of \$2,500 to this State Institution, for the purpose of enlarging the farm accommodations of the school. The name of this princely giver is entirely unknown, except to the gentleman through whom the gifts are presented. In these days of greedy accumulation, and lust for holding property to the last gasp of life, and handing it down to children's children, such an instance of munificence is worthy of all commendation.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The financial year of the American Tract Society has just closed. It is said that they have printed within a year seven and a half millions of books and tract publications, averaging more than 27,600 per day. Of these, 737,800 were handsome bound volumes of instructive reading, from the pens of gifted minds, whose works have been approved by good men of various denominations. In addition to the large number of colporteurs now in the employ of the Society, 29 new laborers were commissioned recently for various States, including Texas. During the year past, the Society have circulated 40,000,000 pages gratuitously, valued at \$27,000.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—The editor of the Christian Chronicle has received from Dr. Dawson, late of India, an extract of a private letter from Madras. It states that a Baptist minister, Mr. Page, was expected soon from England, to be settled at Madras. His salary for seven years is paid by Major Russell of the 84th Regiment. He is a Baptist, and was formerly a member of the little church at Maulmain. Mr. Page's outfit and passage are also provided for by him. A very praiseworthy example. Are there none in our land who will imitate it?

LATE FROM CHINA.—The editor of the N. Y. Recorder has received a note from Rev. W. Dean, dated Jan. 28th, from which he learns that the Rev. Mr. Loomis, Seaman's chaplain to Whampoa, reached Hong Kong Jan. 27th, in the Candace. Governor Bonham of Singapore is to succeed Sir John Davis as Governor of Hong Kong. All was quiet at Canton, but some predicted a war with the English. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union had commenced the study of Chinese at Hong Kong. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Miss Morse, were to sail for Bangkok direct, the following week. Four Chinese were baptized Jan. 23d,—one Chinese woman from Chik Choo received as a candidate for baptism. Dr. Magowan and Mr. Lord at Ningpo, and the friends at Shanghai, were as well as usual, Jan. 15. A-Bak has recovered and resumed his work. Mr. Dean had advanced with his notes on Matthew to the 17th chapter; Acts, coming from the press. 'All well and prosperous.'

LATEST FROM CHINA.—The ship Samuel Russell, Capt. Palmer, which sailed from Canton Feb. 5, arrived at New York on the 28th of April. She brings intelligence of a specific character. Negotiations were in progress, which, it was believed, would lead to a satisfactory settlement of the difficulties connected with the murder of the Englishmen. Capt. Palmer heard from our missionaries while at Canton—all well. Mrs. A. H. Everett and Mrs. Clopton, whose husbands died at Canton, returned in the Samuel Russell.

HORRORS OF SLAVERY!

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

WASHINGTON, April 22.
FRIEND WEED.—Last evening, in passing the Railroad Depot, I saw quite a large number of colored persons gathered round one of the cars, and from manifestations of grief among some of them, I was induced to draw near and ascertain the cause. I found in the car toward which they were so eagerly gazing, fifty colored persons, some of whom were nearly as white as myself. A large majority of the number were those who attempted to gain their liberty last week, in the schooner Pearl. About half of them were females, a few of whom had but a slight tinge of African blood in their veins; they were finely formed and beautiful.

The men were fronted together, and the whole group looked sad and dejected. At each end of the car stood a ruffian-looking guard, with large canes in their hands. In the middle of the car stood the notorious slave-dealer of Baltimore, who is a member of the Methodist church, in good and regular standing. He had purchased the men and women around him, and was taking his departure for Georgia. While observing this old gray-headed dealer in the bodies and souls of men, the Chaplain of the Senate—a Methodist brother—entered the car, took his brother Methodist by the hand, chatted with him for a short time, and seemed to view the heart-rending scene before him with as little concern as we would look upon cattle! I know not whether he came with a view to sanctify the act, or pronounce the parting blessing; but this I do know, that he justifies slavery.

A Presbyterian minister, who owned one of the fugitives, was the first to strike a bargain with the slave-dealer, and make merchandise of God's image. Some of the colored people outside, as well as in the car, were weeping most bitterly. I learned that many families were separated. Wives were there to take leave of their husbands, and husbands of their wives; children of their parents, and parents of their children. Friends parting with friends, and the tenderest ties of humanity severed at a single bid of the inhuman slave-broker before them. A husband, in the meridian of life, begged to see the partner of his bosom. He protested that she was free—that she had free papers, and was torn away from him, and shut up in the jail. He clambered up to one of the windows of the car to see his wife, and, as she was reaching forward her hand to him, the black-hearted slave-dealer ordered him down. He did not obey.

The husband and wife, with tears streaming down their cheeks, besought him to let them speak to each other. But no; he was knocked down from the car, and ordered away! The bystanders could hardly restrain themselves from laying violent hands upon the brute. This is but a faint description of the scene which took place within a few rods of the Capitol, and under enactments recognized by Congress. Oh, what a revolting scene to a feeling heart, and what a retribution awaits the actors! Will not their wailings of anguish reach the ears of the Most High? "Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord."

Miscellaneous.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANK BROWN.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot; that lies
In the silence of the past!

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart
And the light of many a brow;

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.

But oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;

PRESERVING NEWSPAPERS.

The importance of preserving a file of some
good newspaper is not generally understood.
Here is a paragraph upon the subject by a cor-
respondent of the British Banner, which ought
to be not only read but heeded:—

"One of the many things which I have to
regret, when I review my past life, is, that I did
not, from earliest youth, at least as soon as I
was able to do it, take and preserve—I believe
the technical word is "file"—some good news-
paper. How interesting would it be now to a
sexagenarian to look into the papers which he
read when he was twelve or sixteen, or twenty
years old! How many events would this call to
mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many
interesting associations and feelings would it
revive! What a view would it give of past years!

ISLAND OF CHUSAN.

The Island of Chusan is seven miles from the
mainland, and forty miles distant from the city
of Ningpo, and lies in the vicinity of all the
great and valuable marts of commerce on the
eastern coast. It is 150 miles in circumference.
The chief bay, that of Tinghae, is capable of
accommodating, in perfect security, a hundred
sail of square-rigged vessels, and possesses the
most admirable facilities for the establishment
of docks. Good water abounds, not only at the
capital, but throughout the Island. Chusan
consists of a succession of hills and dales, which
present one unbroken scene of rich cultivation,
and exhibit the most lovely scenery. Wheat,
rice, tea, grass-cloth, sweet potatoes, cotton,
tobacco, and other articles, grow in luxuriance.
The Island is intersected with roads—not inter-
rupted for wheeled conveyances—from five to
seven feet broad, and paved and flagged through-
out; and it is thickly studded with villages.
Those who have the best opportunity of form-
ing an opinion on the subject, believe that a
hundred well populated and superior villages
would be found on it, containing from one to
five thousand inhabitants. The whole popula-
tion is estimated at 270,000. The people are
industrious and comfortable, and appear to have
no want unprovided; scarcely a beggar is to be
seen, and there is a comparative absence of
crime, which reflects no small credit on the
Chinese character. Not a single homicide has
occurred during the time in which it has been
in British occupation; and the inmates of the
jail, contributed by the whole island, have rarely
exceeded twenty; and the majority have con-
sisted of those who were confined for the illegal
sale of its indigenous whiskey, the shamsheu.

The climate vies with that of the most favor-
ed regions in the world. There are but three
months which can be called hot, June, July, and
August. In this latter month, the ther-
mometer stands on an average at 83 deg.; but
sinks at night to 73 deg. The next month it
subsides to 74 deg. Then comes winter, with
its bracing influences, and the ground is covered
with hoar frost, and the ice is half an inch
thick. In January and February, the ther-
mometer stands at 20 deg. of Fahrenheit. In
March it rises to 28 deg., but the hills continue
to be capped with snow and the cheerful fire is
kept up until the commencement of June, so
that it is only during three months of the year

that woolen clothing is unnecessary. All the
other places in China, where we have com-
mercial stations, are hot, sultry, and unhealthy.
The Island furnishes provisions of every de-
scription, of the best quality, at a very moderate
price. Beef, pork, and poultry, may be obtain-
ed in the greatest abundance. Of geese, as
large as those in America, there is no lack.
Ducks are hatched by steam by thousands, and
eggs are less than a halfpenny a piece. Game
of every variety easily procured. Bread of
good quality, is readily prepared by the Chi-
nese. All kinds of vegetables may be obtained,
and fruit grows with great luxuriance. Potatoes
have now been introduced, and will prob-
ably become an article of great consumption
throughout China. Indeed all kinds of pro-
visions may be had at one-half the sum they
cost at Hongkong. It is only for an American
want to be known, to be immediately supplied
from the Island or the continent. Fishing is
universal around the Island, and it is calculated
that no fewer than 7,000 vessels come from the
continent, and remain for three months of Chusan,
employed in fishing. They are attended
with boats filled with ice, in which the fish are
packed, and then dispatched to the neighboring
coast.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GOLDSMITH.

One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr.
Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Rey-
nolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the
way to Sir Joshua's), standing near a crowd of
people who were staring and shouting at some
foreign women in the windows of one of the
houses in Leicester Square. "Observe Gold-
smith," said Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what
passes between him and me by-and-bye at Sir
Joshua's." They passed on and arrived before
Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke
affected to receive him very coolly. This seem-
ed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Burke
would tell him how he had had the misfortune
to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant
to speak, but after a good deal of pressing said,
"that he was really ashamed to keep up an inti-
macy with one who could be guilty of such mon-
strous indecency as Goldsmith had just exhib-
ited in the square. Goldsmith, with great
earnestness, protested that he was unconscious
of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did
you not exclaim as you were looking up at
those women, What stupid beasts the crowd
must be for staring with such admiration at
these painted Jezebels, while a man of your
talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was
horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my
dear friend, I did not say so.' 'Nay,' replied
Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I
have known it?' 'That's true,' answered
Goldsmith with great humility, 'I am very sorry
—it was very foolish. I do recollect that some-
thing of the kind passed through my mind, but
I did not think I had uttered it.'

THE DOGE'S DUNGEONS, VENICE.

To the right, stands the Doge's palace, in all
its barbaric splendor—it frowns down upon you
in sullen grandeur—in style and architecture,
alone of its kind, half Byzantine, half Saracenic.
Within its walls sat the Great Council, in the
days of the Republic, and the immense
room is still there, with the portraits of all the
Doges, save Marino Faliero, hung around its
walls. A black cloth covers the frame intended
for him, with a pithy Latin inscription, saying—
"Here is the place for Marino Faliero, who,
for his crimes, was executed." In another
chamber sat the Council of Ten, and in a small
one the Council of Three.

What stories could the walls of this latter
apartment tell! They show you a door, and a
dark stair-case in the wall, leading from the
Bridge of Sighs, up which the prejudged pris-
oners were brought to be examined before this
terrible Inquisition—and, on the other side, as
a gloomy finale, another door, leading down to
the dungeons under the palace; the poor pris-
oner was sure to bring up there to die by
drowning, the silken cord, or the axe. And if
you are curious, and do not fear the cold and
damp, take guide and flambeau, and descend to
these prisons, renowned for their horrible
security.

The first floor contains eight, in a square,
round which you can walk—the double doors
of each dungeon opened upon the narrow cor-
ridor, and not a ray of light could possibly
penetrate these massive stone prison-houses.
The next floor is the same; only a narrow pas-
sage marks out the "strangling place," and by
sundry fixtures, the mode in which it was done;
a closed up door leads to the steps down which
the prisoners destined to the "sack" were
taken.

Two little vaulted chambers are side by side
—the one for the confessor to absolve the
doomed man; the other, the executioner's
attiring room. Further on, a private door con-
ducted to the apartments of the Doge. A stair-
case, now masoned up, led to a third dungeon,
(underneath the two), below the level of the
water. If you tread heavy, the flooring gives
back a hollow sound. It made me shudder to
think of the horrible cruelties, sufferings, and
secret murders of these poor victims of political
tyranny and ecclesiastical bigotry. When Napo-
leon entered Venice in 1797, the people
broke open these dungeons, scattered the doors,
and locks, and bolts, to the four winds. In one,
a prisoner was found—he had been confined for
fifteen years, and during that time had never
seen a human face, or a gleam of sunlight.
The populace, with loud shouts, brought him
out on the square. The sun's rays, breaking
from behind a cloud, suddenly fell on his face,
and he was struck blind. Poor fellow! he
never saw more, and so accustomed had he be-
come to a solitary life, that he acted like one
bewildered, and soon died. He was the last
victim to the Inquisition in Venice, thanks to
Napoleon and his grande armee.

HORRIBLE DEATH.—We translate the follow-
ing from a French paper: A banditti, consisting
of eight persons, were recently arrested during
the night, in a village near Venice. As it was
too late to transport them elsewhere, they were
put into a dungeon, and the chief of the band,
notorious for his cruelty, and the number of as-
sassinations he had committed, was confined in
an old tower, which had been uninhabited for
some time. Towards midnight, the sentinel, who
was near this tower, having heard at first oaths,
and afterwards groans, reported this to the local
authority. Little importance was attached to
it, and they waited till morning, to confirm

the circumstances; but what was their aston-
ishment when, at break of day, they repaired to
the tower, they found the prisoner dead, and all
his limbs mangled. In order to discover the
cause of so terrible a death, they deposited in
the same place several pieces of poisoned food.
At the end of two days, thirty two serpents were
found dead in the same place.

FACTS FOR PRINTERS' BOYS.

M. Thiers, the great French ex-Minister,
seven years before the last revolution in France,
was a poor boy, and distributor of newspapers,
at the office of the "Constitutional." He af-
terwards supplied the editor's chair—he led to
the popular mind to revolt, and finally con-
tributed to seat Louis Philippe on the throne
of Charles X., and placed himself in possession
of the portfolio of Polignac. Guizot, the Min-
ister, was the editor of the Journal des Debats.
The great Erskine was formerly a reporter to
the London Chronicle. Brougham and Sir
James Mackintosh were also reporters to the
Times. Beranger, the lyrical poet of France,
also graduated among types and ink. Being
asked recently if he were really a printer, Ber-
anger replied:—"That I was, and a famous
one too, nor do I ever take up a book without
scanning the title-page, for I always excelled
in composing title-pages. Handbills, too, I used
to like to work upon, and well remember one
blue Monday, when all alone in the office, poring
over an old volume of poetry, an old farmer
came in with an order for some auction placards.
Though I had not been in the office three
months, I took the composing stick in hand,
set up the type, then locked up the form, put it
to press, and by stepping upon a frisket, worked
off the job—presenting my master the next
morning with a specimen, and the money I had
received. He was so pleased, good man, that
he gave me the money, and half a day to spend
it in—and a happy half day it was."

AN ANECDOTE FOR ALMANAC MAKERS.

Every one remembers the pleasant anecdote
told of Patridge, the celebrated almanac maker,
about one hundred years since. In traveling
on horseback into the country, he stopped for
his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for
his horse, that he might reach the next town,
where he intended to sleep. "If you would
take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was
about to mount his horse, "you will stay where
you are for the night, as you will surely be over-
taken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, non-
sense," exclaimed the almanac maker, "there
is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and
good afternoon to you." He proceeded on his
journey, and sure enough, he was drenched in
a heavy shower. Patridge was struck with the
man's prediction, and being always intent on
the interest of his almanac, he rode back on that
instant, and was received by the ostler with a
broad grin. "Well, sir, you see I was right af-
ter all." "Yes, my lad, you have been so, and
here is a crown for you, on condition that you
tell me how you knew of this rain." "To be
sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is
we have an almanac at our house called 'Pa-
tridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a no-
torious liar, that whenever he promises us a
fine day, we always know that it will be the
direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the
21st of June, is put down in our almanac in
doors, as settled, fine weather; no rain. I look-
ed at that before I brought your honor's horse
out, and so was enabled to put you on your
guard."

PERSEVERANCE.

A Constantinople correspondent of the Lon-
don Literary Gazette tells the following pleas-
ant story of a Countess of 70 and her interview
with Mehemet Ali:—"The Pacha has only once before received
ladies. He did, however, receive the Countess
Talbot, (not the Shrewsbury family.) She com-
pelled him to do so. She went to the Kiosk or
the Citadel, I am not sure which, and asked to see
His Highness; she was refused, he could not
be seen. She insisted on being announced;
she was then told His Highness would see her
at another time, he was sleeping; 'wake him,
then, and tell him I'm only an old woman and
won't eat him.' She was admitted. He was
much amused with her. She told him she was
going to Jerusalem. He inquired whether she
had plenty of companions for such a journey;
she told him she had, and enumerated her drag-
oman, seven camels, the drivers! She told him
that she had been up in a balloon, down in a
diving-bell, at the top of Pompey's Pillar, and
now she had seen Mehemet Ali! She was en-
tirely alone, and came from Vienna, not even a
female servant with her. She had made a vow
to be at Jerusalem on Christmas Eve, and she
accomplished it alone. She was upwards of 70,
but never appeared fatigued."

CONFIDENCE IN THE PEOPLE.—When the Rev-
olutionists who won the Republic for France
had forced their way into the Palais Royal, and
had reached the apartments of Gen. Athalin,
one of Louis Philippe's aid-de-camps, they en-
countered the General's lady, a woman of dig-
nified deportment and stature, whom the Gen-
eral had espoused for her rare beauty, being but
the daughter of a poor fisherman of Granville.
"My friends," she exclaimed, "I trust you have
not come here to offer any injury to myself or
my husband. I am not one of your fine ladies,
but a daughter of the people; I throw myself
then confidently on your protection. But I will
not leave my husband; he is confined to his
bed by illness." The band were struck with
the boldness of the appeal. They repaired to
the General's chamber, placed him in an arm-
chair, and headed by this daughter of the people,
they conveyed him to a friend's house in the
neighborhood. On reaching his destination, the
General recollected leaving a sum of 130,000fr.
(\$5,200) in notes and gold in his desk. He
handed the key of the desk to a working man
in a blouse, whom he did not know. An hour
after, the man returned with every sou of the
money.

LEDYARD THE TRAVELER.—Mr. Beaufoy had
an interview with Ledyard just as he was set-
ting off on his last expedition, and repeats the
following passage from his conversation:—"I
am accustomed," said Ledyard, "to hardship,
I have known both hunger and nakedness to the
utmost extremity of human suffering. I have
known what it is to have food given me as char-

ity to a madman; and I have at times been
obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of
that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My
distresses have been greater than I have ever
owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such
evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet
had power to turn me from my purpose. If I
live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost ex-
tent, my engagement to the society; and if I
perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe,
for death cancels all bonds." [Ledyard's Life.

A NEW MINERAL USEFUL IN ARTS.—Mr.
Blake, lately a citizen of Alexandria, Va., and
now of Akron, Ohio has discovered a mineral
in the neighborhood of the latter place which
promises to be of great value. He has visited
Washington and obtained a patent for it. When
first dug up it is of the consistency of tallow, and
gradually hardens in a few days, so as to resem-
ble slate; and, finally, it becomes as hard as
rock. It is the color of indigo, is impervious
both to water and fire, and admits of the finest
polish. When reduced to powder, and mixed
up with linseed oil, it has the appearance of
black paint, and may be spread over wood, canv-
as, &c. Roofs have been guarded by it
against fire; and as it does not absorb the rain,
it protects the rafters from decay. It consists
of about one-half of silica, one-fourth of alumina,
with less proportions of magnesia, black oxide
of iron, sulphate of iron, lime and carbon.

REMARKABLE OPERATION.—The Charleston
Courier says, we have lately been permitted to
see three casts of the nose and face of a young
gentleman of this city who labored under a great
natural deformity of the nose—what is vulgarly
called the bridge being very much depressed,
whilst the point was turned up. To relieve
this deformity, Dr. N. D'Alvigny, dentist, invent-
ed an instrument not thicker than a good-sized
needle flattened, and with cutting edges at the
point, which made an incision so small, that
since the healing of the wound it can scarcely
be perceived—and yet, with this needle, the
cartilages which connect the ossa nasi and the
nasal processes of the superior maxillary bones
were divided, and an apparatus steadily applied
upon the bridge of the nose so as by constant
pressure to keep the parts in a correct position,
until the parts became permanently united.
The nose by this means has been restored to a
natural and comely shape.

VARIETY.

"Died, at her residence in Park street, Not-
tingham, England, on the 4th of March, Miss
Mary Chambers, in the seventy-first year of her
age. Although deprived of sight at the age
of two years, she nevertheless was enabled, by
close study and unremitting effort, to acquire a
thorough knowledge of classical literature, being
well versed in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin
languages, and was also skilled in arithmetic,
geography, and the use of the globes. For up-
wards of thirty years she conducted a school in
Nottingham, and was an invaluable friend to the
blind, having taught gratuitously very many
blind children, and assisted in founding an in-
stitution for that afflicted class."

Carlyle, in his quaint but rich work on the
French Revolution, in speaking of the beauti-
ful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, says,
'There is no proof of evil against her character,
save that she might have been a little inattentive
to rules of etiquette. She acknowledges her
enemies, even Mirabeau, when she becomes
acquainted with them, to be much better men
than she had been told they were. The instant
recognition of worth and talent, wherever it be,
is a fine trait. An incident that is told of her
is very touching—the day before her execution
she borrowed a needle of the jailor's wife to
mend her clothes and die with decency, pre-
serving a woman's love of neatness to the last."

When Pope Pius VII. visited the Royal
Printing Office at Paris, he was presented with
the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty dif-
ferent languages. There are more than 150
hand presses in it and two power presses. In
one room there are forty thousand forms packed
away. The hands employed in it work ten
hours, and good compositors earn from five to
six francs per day, and pressmen about the same.
After thirty years' service in the establishment,
a workman gets a pension of four hundred
francs per annum. Authors can have works of
real utility printed in it free of expense.

In the Place du Carrousel, says the Presse,
after the municipal guards had ceased firing,
some of the citizens, enraged by the conflict,
wished to sacrifice these unfortunate men. One
of the citizens exclaimed, "They killed my
brother at the Palais Royal, and I in turn must
kill one of them!" A National Guard, stand-
ing by him, immediately said, "Remember that
if you kill one, you will also have caused the
death of a brother." These sublime words at
once extinguished every feeling of revenge.

An English agriculturalist paper gives the
following method of destroying caterpillars,
which was accidentally discovered, and is prac-
ticed by a gardener near Glasgow. A piece of
woolen rag had been blown by the wind into a
current bush, and when taken out was found
covered with the leaf-devouring insects. Tak-
ing the hint, he immediately placed pieces of
woolen cloth in every bush in his garden, and
found the next day that the caterpillars had uni-
versally taken to them for shelter. In this way
he destroys many thousands every morning.

It is now a well established truth, that when
a young tree is in a vigorous state of growth,
and the wood full of sap, just previous to its
having made any hard wood, (say in June or
July, in most parts of the United States,) any
branch may be taken off, without injury. There-
fore, at this stage of existence of the tree, prun-
ing may be safely performed, giving its top that
shape it is intended to assume when it attains
its full size.

The great business of a city life, said one our
city clergymen to his people recently, is that of
getting ready to live. This is true to the letter.
Nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths of our
business men are toiling and fretting, planning
and executing, with this single end in view—to
get ready, at some future time, to enjoy life.

To cure bots and cholic in horses, take from
a pint to a quart of castor oil, mixing in it as much
fine table salt as it will take; bleed the horse
in the mouth, and when bleeding freely, pour
the above down, blood and all.

DEBUYER INSTITUTE.
JAMES R. IRISH, Principal.
AURELIA F. ROGBBS, Preceptress.
Other experienced Teachers are employed in the various
Departments.
The Academic Year for 1847-8 will be divided into three
terms, of fourteen weeks each:
First commencing Wednesday, Aug. 25, and ending Dec. 1
Second " " Dec. 15, " " March 22
Third " " April 5, " " July 12
TUITION, per term of fourteen weeks, from \$3 00 to \$5 00
EXTRAS—for Drawing 1 00
" Painting 2 00
" Piano Music 8 00
" Use of Instrument 2 00
Room-rent, including necessary furniture, 1 75
Cook-stoves are furnished for those wishing to board them-
selves. Board can be had in private families at \$1 25 to \$1 50.
Every member of the school will be exercised in com-
position, and in reading or speaking select pieces.
In respect to government, the experience and observation
of the Faculty have convinced them, that while they hold
their reins firmly in their own hands, the object is best secured
by teaching their pupils to govern themselves, and there-
by calling into exercise the higher and nobler faculties of
their nature, and promoting the refining and restraining
elements of social influence.
The friends of the Institution have met with a success sur-
passing their most sanguine expectations, and hope by a laud-
able effort of all interested in its welfare, to make it flourish-
ing and respectable school. Correspondence may be ad-
dressed to the Principals, or to Ira Spencer, of DeBuyer
Lucius Crandall, of Plainfield, N. J., Agents.

ALFRED ACADEMY AND TEACHER'S SEMINARY
Board of Instruction.
W. C. KENTON, } Principals,
IRA SAYLES, }
Assisted in the different departments by eight able and ex-
perienced Teachers—four in the Male Department, and
four in the Female Department.

The Trustees of this Institution, in putting forth another
Annual Circular, would take this opportunity to express
their thanks to its numerous patrons, for the very liberal
support extended to it during the past eight years that it
has been in operation; and they hope, by continuing to augment
its facilities, to continue to merit a share of public patronage.
Extensive buildings are now in progress of erection, for the
accommodation of students and for recitation, lecture rooms,
&c. These are to be completed in time to be occupied for
the ensuing fall term. They occupy an eligible position, and
are to be finished in the best style of modern architecture, and
the different apartments are to be heated by a hot air
method decidedly the most pleasant and economical.
Ladies and gentlemen will occupy separate buildings, un-
der the immediate care of their teachers. They will board in
the Hall, with the Professors and their families, who will be
responsible for furnishing good board, and for the order of
the Hall. Board can be had in private families if particu-
larly desired.
The plan of instruction in this Institution, aims at a complete
development of all the moral, intellectual, and physical
powers of the students, in a manner to render them thor-
ough practical scholars, prepared to meet the great responsi-
bilities of active life. Our prime motto is, "The health, the morals,
and the manners of our students." To secure these most de-
sirable ends, the following Regulations are instituted, without
an unreserved compliance with which, no student should
think of entering the Institution.

- 1st. No student will be excused to leave town, except to
visit home, unless by the expressed wish of such student's
parent or guardian.
2d. Punctuality in attending to all regular academic exer-
cises, will be required.
3d. The use of tobacco for chewing or smoking, can not be
allowed either within or about the academic buildings.
4th. Play at games of chance, or using profane language,
can not be permitted.
5th. Passing from room to room by students during the
regular hours of study, or after the ringing of the first bell
each evening, can not be permitted.
6th. Gentlemen will not be allowed to visit ladies' rooms,
nor ladies the rooms of gentlemen, except in cases of sickness,
and then it must not be done without permission previously
obtained from one of the Principals.

Apparatus.
The Apparatus of this Institution is sufficiently ample to
illustrate successfully the fundamental principles of the dif-
ferent departments of Natural Science.

Notice.
The primary object of this Institution, is the qualification
of School Teachers. Teachers' Classes are exercised in
teaching, under the immediate supervision of their respective
instructors, combining all the facilities of a Normal School.
Model Classes will be formed at the commencement of each
term. The Institution has sent out not less than one hundred
and fifty teachers, annually, for the three past years;
number much larger than from any other in the State.

Academic Terms.
The Academic year for 1846-7 consists of three terms, as
follows:—
The First, commencing Tuesday, August 11th, 1846, and
ending Thursday, November 19th, 1846.
The Second, commencing Tuesday, November 24th, 1846,
and ending Thursday, March 4th, 1847.
The Third, commencing Tuesday, March 23d, 1847, and
ending Thursday, July 1st, 1847.
As the classes are arranged at the commencement of the
term, it is very desirable that students purposing to attend
the Institution should then be present; and as the plan of
instruction laid out for each class will require the entire term
for its completion, it is of the utmost importance that students
should continue till the close of the term; and, accordingly,
no student will be admitted for any length of time less than
a term, extraordinary exceptions.

Expenses.
Board, per week, \$1 00
Room-rent, per term, 1 50
Tuition, per term, \$3 50 to 5 00
Incidental expenses, per term, 25
EXTRAS PER TERM.
Piano Forte, \$10 00
Oil Painting, 7 00
Drawing, 2 00
The entire expense for an academic year, including
board, washing, lights, fuel, and tuition, (except for the ex-
tras named above), need not exceed seventy-five dollars.
For the convenience of such as choose to board themselves,
rooms are furnished at a moderate expense.
The expenses for board and tuition must be settled in ad-
vance, at the commencement of each term, either by actual
payment or satisfactory arrangement.
SAMUEL RUSSELL,
President of the Board of Trusts
ALFRED, June 23, 1846.

VALUABLE REPUBLICATION:
CARLOW'S DEFENSE OF THE SABBATH
THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY have
just issued a new and revised edition of George Carlow's
pungent and heart-searching Defense of the Lord's Sabbath.
This work, originally published in London in 1724, probably
surpasses, in the scope of the argument and the clear elucida-
tion of the subject, any other work of its size extant. Its
original and somewhat antiquated phraseology, has been
much improved, and the year somewhat abridged by the
omission of occasional repetitions. The Society ask for it
a general circulation. It is published in mailable covers at
15c., or fine manila gilt back and side, 30c., or full gilt, 50c.
Orders, addressed to the General Agent, Paul Sillman New
York, will be promptly attended to.

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\$2 50 per year, will be charged, when payment is delay-
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tions for the year will be considered due.
Payments received will be acknowledged in the pa-
per as to indicate the times to which they reach.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, at
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GEO. B. UZZAN, No. 9 Spruce St., New York.