

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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The Sabbath Recorder.

MORE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The readers of the Recorder being deeply and peculiarly interested in the advancement of liberal principles of Government, as well as in the promulgation of correct Bible institutions, I make some extended extracts from two pamphlets on my table, bearing strongly on these very important topics, for their edification.

The first, by my good and distinguished friend Professor Jackson, of the University of Pennsylvania, contains a graphic description of the domination over man, in all periods of the world's history, and under all forms of power, down to the present time—a truly philosophical summary, sketched with a vigorous pen. Dr. Jackson is distinguished for his terse and suggestive style, his general enthusiasm and truthfulness, his clear conception of principles, and his tact of clothing them in the most effective language. In the Essay before me, which is an "Address delivered (April, 1850), before the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania," of which he is the President, he displays an independence of thought rarely to be found in treating a political subject; which he introduces to show, that there has always been too much legislative meddling with man's affairs; that State legislation ought to be confined to general regulations and to guaranty justice; that most matters would be better done if left to classes—to be managed by the classes themselves; and, thus, urges the Medical Profession, to act for themselves in elevating their calling, rather than depend on civil enactments—they, only, being the competent judges of their wants and their true interests; in doing which, he has performed an important political service to his country, which but few, if any, politicians would have the moral courage to undertake. He has spoken great and grave truths, on a great and a grave subject, which deserve to be printed in letters of gold, and, along with the Declaration of Independence, and the Sunday Mail Report, be hung up in every Legislative Hall in the Union, for the instruction and admonition of our lawmakers.

The second extract is from a Sermon of a popular D. D. in the city of Philadelphia, preached in April last; in reference to the contest, then at issue, upon running "daily lines" on the "Central" Railroad, now being constructed from Harrisburg to Pittsburg. In maintaining the position he assumed, that the Sabbath was given for man's use, he had to tell some truths rather strange to the ears of the great majority of the community in which he resides, yet none the less true for all that. He yields, honestly and explicitly, all claim to any sacredness for the first day of the week, derived from any scriptural injunction, and appears to have a significant blinking at the "persecution of our brethren" in that Commonwealth.

Such articles as these, from such sources, cannot fail to advance our cause, by exciting public attention to the fallacy, as well as the cruelty of human governments attempting to force religious observances on people who dissent from the dogma and the assumption, and by exposing the folly of bolstering up a human institution as of divine appointment, and then foisting it upon the community at large, against their conscientious convictions, and the express language of the Word of God! They are encouraging evidences of the march of correct principles—the return of the sober second thought—and foreshadow the eventual overthrow of false and idolatrous observances. So mote it be. W. M. F.

JUNE 17, 1850.

1. Abuse of Power.

From the remotest historical era, the people have been, to a greater or less extent, held in subjection, bondage, or vassalage, to governments and rulers. They never have governed, and do not to this day govern themselves. They have never been able to divest themselves of the belief, that the social and civil relations of society could be maintained without rulers invested, permanently, or for periods of varying duration, with all the force and power, executive and legislative, of the State.

All experience has shown, that power thus intrusted has been usurped, abused, turned to the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and been the source of corruption. It is today what it has been in time past, and will be in all time to come, should the long-since aborted experiment be persisted in.

The radical ideas on which governments were originally founded, were those of offense and defense; the power to spoil others, and protect against the spoiler. Wars, battles, slaughter, and all the conceivable atrocities that hell could vomit forth on the earth, constituted the foreign relations of one people to another; while stripes, dungeons, slavery, hanging, burning, every variety of torture, were, and in part, continue to be, the internal measures to enforce obedience, honesty, and truthfulness in the subject and citizen.

External government ruled in ferocity the forest beasts; domestic rule, the control of the menagerie.

Christianity promulgated new ideas, and disseminated new principles. It proclaimed to man his self-independence; it taught him self-government; it inculcated, as the first and highest of his duties, a direct responsibility to God, and love to his fellow-man, whether friend or foe, the native of his own country or of a foreign land.

These principles have been professed, been mouthed and preached, for 1800 years, but have never been incorporated into the actual polity, or made the rule of action of civil or social, and it may truly be added, of religious life. A Christian government, and a Christian community, one that is so in truth, and not merely nominal, but guided by Christian principles, has yet to be established.

Nothing more impressively shows the irresistible power of customs and habits of thought early inculcated, than that the religious ideas and principles of Christianity should have been kept practically in abeyance for so long a period, nationally, in all Christendom, while the traditional principles, ideas, and doctrines of governments and society, perpetuated from pagan and barbarian times, are the existing rule. Christian civilization has been and is a theory; pagan and barbarian customs are the fact. Christianity is a rule for the individual, not for the citizen, the ruler, or the government. The people belong to the State, are its servants. They are bound to its life, and body, and soul; they are to do its bidding, regardless of their own conscience, sense of justice, and of truth. What is the State, that thus imperiously annihilates individual man? The few! who hold and wield power, however obtained, and whatever its tenure.

But this absurd government formula of the olden times, is becoming somewhat antiquated. The faith that was in it, has been sadly shaken in modern days. The idea and word preached and spoken in the ear for so long a time, has, at last, become a belief. Man finds himself a reality, and not a nonentity. He is something more than a mollusk, or animal stomach, for digesting a quantum of eatables; or a machine to do its sum of daily work, and when useless, to be cast into uttermost darkness and oblivion. He has awakened to the conviction that he is co-heir with the greatest and mightiest in God's heritage, this beautiful earth, and entitled to an equal share in its capabilities for human improvement and happiness, according to his capacities and his deservings. He has acquired the consciousness that he has a mind to think, capable of and entitled to knowledge and cultivation; a soul to be saved, a conscience to direct, and a will to execute; that for the use of these faculties he is responsible to God; that a lie is not less a lie, or a crime ceases to be a crime, because it is perpetrated by the State, or by its command.

When a man has strong convictions he cannot be dumb. It is a law of our nature that they must have utterance. In Europe, incited by our example, and impelled by the earnest belief in the religious truths of man's responsibility and the inherent rights of his humanity, the people have asked of their rulers why, and how am I, what I am? I am not a nullity; I am of God's beings, like yourselves. Why am I degraded, a grounding crushed to the earth, steeped in poverty, misery, and enslaved? Restore unto me the rights God bestowed, and of which I am stripped. And how have the people been answered? By slaughter, proscription, renewed and augmented oppression. The combined power of the imperial Czar, of perjured emperors and kings, of relentless nobles and heartless capitalists, has quelled in blood the awakening spirit of European freedom. But the end is not; and never in God's destiny is it to happen that justice, truth, and humanity, are to be extinguished by brutal violence or savage wrong.

Our forefathers made a great advance in the progressive civilization of our race, in the creation of our popular institutions. But let us not deceive ourselves with the belief that their work was perfect. It is not in the order of things that a first essay ever proves complete. It is the proper business and interest of their and our successors to correct the defects and irregularities, and to arrest the evils that become apparent, in the advance of time, in the working of the political machinery of our country.

Too much of the old government leaven was retained by them. Too large a portion of executive and legislative power was concentrated in the government. Too small a portion was left with the people.

Power with us has generated its inevitable evils of abuse and corruption. Our State and general governments, though they are popular institutions, cannot, in their working, be said properly to be of the people, or for the people. Our governments have become party governments, for party purposes, and for the benefit of partisans directly; of the people, the country and society, incidentally. We are becoming rapidly subjected to party despotisms, and the tyranny of party majorities.

The conflicts of the political classes for the possession of power and the spoils of office, absorb every other consideration. The true objects and duties for which governments are instituted, are lost sight of, are nearly forgotten, nay, are almost unknown. We are, in our day, in the midst of the same factitious strifes and contentions that proved fatal to the republics of Rome, of Greece, and of Italy, and uprooted liberty. What is liberty? Truth, justice, conscience, acted, not talked; self-love and independence in others. It is a plant of high culture. It cannot flourish in degraded soils, or amidst storms and violence.

It is true, we have not the ostracisms, the judicial murders, the assassinations, the bloody battling of civil war, that attended the political strifes of the older republics. The ballot-box and frequent elections, so long as they are not corrupted and rendered fraudulent; our modern civilization and our

religion, preserve us from those barbarities. The times render them impossible. But the proscription of the defeated party is as hot and fierce, as far as it can be carried, as of old.

The present is full of significance. Amidst the profoundest peace, calm, and prosperity, ominous signs and sounds rush from the political world, convulsed with stormy passions, and perilous contentions for selfish ends.

The industrious and peaceful citizen, disturbed and aroused from his useful pursuits, is alarmed by factitious dangers, threatening to overthrow the fairest, and what was believed to be, the most enduring fabric of human freedom, the world has seen.

What is the source of this danger? A desperate struggle amongst politicians to possess themselves of the delegated power; the people have placed in the hands of rulers. It is a temptation that seduces into political iniquities. Ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous men, plot the means that may enable them to power and enable them to seize the spoils, regardless of the evils their unhallowed strife may shed upon their country. This is the lesson of the past. Let us not be heedless of it, and carelessly risk our ruin.

The remedy is not difficult. Diminish the executive and legislative powers of government. Develop the present imperfect popular institutions, into a completed organic democracy. Let the people retain and directly exercise the largest portion of the legislative functions of society, leaving to government little more than police administration, and a limited legislative action, to legalize general regulations, and to guaranty justice.

This may be accomplished by class government; governments within a government; wheels within wheels; such is all perfect machinery. It is with the view to urge the medical class to take into their own hands the administration of their affairs, to organize a medical government, that I have been led into the preceding observations. They may appear out of place on this occasion. I have spoken the thoughts that arose. They are abstract principles without intended allusions to any party or persons.

2. The Sunday Sabbath.

I know it is said that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day of the week to the first. "It was changed," I admit. But it was changed by no sort of authority whatever. There is not a shred of any record of any such authority. At first, the apostles, after the death of their Master, used to meet together on the first day of the week, because it was a day marked out by his resurrection; but there is no evidence that they, or their converts, ceased from their daily labor even on that day, except during the time occupied with their meetings. Gradually, that tendency of the mind, which has always been at work, in all ages and places, to magnify outward forms, to attach a religious sacredness to times and places, operated to impart a peculiar solemnity to the first day of the week, and to invest it with the sacred character which had attached to the seventh day of the week among the Jews. Thus, superstition sought to revive and interpolate the Jewish Sabbath (!) into the simple, spiritual religion of Christ, just as it wrought to bring back Pagan rites and ceremonies under Christian names, thrusting religion out of the heart, and converting it into an artificial and pompous ritual. So the change was wrought, not by the authority of Christ, not by the authority of any of his apostles, but by those tendencies of human nature, which have always operated to substitute for the inward law of liberty an outward yoke of bondage.

No, my friends, the observance of any day does not rest upon the authority of any positive command. Christianity has instituted no day of worship; it concerns itself only with the assertion of great principles, and leaves us to decide, every man for himself, when, where, and how, he will study and promote his own spiritual well-being. But there is one thing which it does condemn; it condemns most emphatically, both by its letter and its spirit, the magnifying of external forms, the elevation of things indifferent to a level with things important, the sacrifice of the substantial and enduring interests of mankind to artificial observances. It tells us that the Sabbath of the Jews, positively established as that was, was made to be subservient to human uses, and that man was not made for the sake of the Sabbath. And he who undertakes to force or intimidate into the religious observance of any particular day, or to condemn for not observing it, goes directly, or to the whole tenor of the New Testament, to the essential spirit of Christianity. He may claim the name, and profess to be a Christian of the Christians, of the stanchest orthodoxy, and have the authority of numbers to back him, but he has no warrant for it, proceeding in any word that ever fell from the lips of Christ or the pens of his apostles.

Finally, brethren, there seems to be a general apprehension that religion will clean disappear and die out of the world altogether, if all sorts of human prohibitions and enactments are not made to keep it alive and prevent it from utter ruin. We identify religion with our poor devices, with mere human contrivances and institutions. It becomes to us to recollect, that there is a God watching over the world; that a Wisdom, infinitely above man's, is at work every instant, to advance and multiply good; that even if there were no churches and no Sabbaths, religion would not and could not die; that it is a fact and a necessity of human nature. It always flourishes best when left

*Ply tells us that was early in the morning—generally before daylight—before working hours.

†But the divine Master recognized and honored the Sabbath—the seventh day. Mark 2: 28. Matt. 5: 17, 18.

‡Rather, the Sabbath was not made for a single nation or tribe—not for the Jews—but for man as a genus—for all mankind alike.

to itself; that is, when it asks no help, no protection from force, but relies wholly for support on the intelligent convictions of men. Leave men to themselves, to their own will, as to the observance of this day, only be you all faithful in setting forth what you think, is just and right, and you need never doubt that the day will be used as it ought to be used. Reason and the native sense of right and religion will enforce with sufficient power the observance and support of every good institution. They will vindicate the propriety of setting one day in seven apart for repose, for innocent relaxation, for personal culture and progress. And let every man who recognizes the wisdom and utility of this institution, make its utility still more apparent by the use he makes of this season of rest, doing his utmost to secure to others the privilege of rest which he enjoys himself, supporting all institutions which help to cultivate and exalt men's better nature, and teaching others to use every day as sacred.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

[Such were the last words of Goethe.]

The God-enamell'd flower
At early dawn looks up,
And gently would unfold,

Its pencilled cup;
White to the sun it soars,
"Arise and chase the night,
Wipe off this tear of dew—
More light, more light!"

When twilight steals away,
The wood bird singing, grieves,
And calls the evening back,
To tint the leaves:

It saith—"O linger yet,
I still in airy flight
Would bathe my golden breast—
Star, stay, O light!"

And thus my soul crieth out,
When dawn begins to break,
And in the sky it sees
The first gray streak.

Away, away, dark sun,
Ye've held me in long night,
I long to walk in day—
"More light, more light!"

There comes the life's broad noon,
With sun and sultry gleam;
And off the soul doth dream,
In act and dream;

Sun-spots arise to dim
The perfection of light;
Unsatisfied it cries—
"Temper the light!"

Then evening stealths on—
The last hours of the strife,
When angels beckon us
To leave this life:

Then, as the soul soars up,
To heaven's most holy height,
It crieth plaintively—
"O Lord! more light!"

More light! more light! to see
What mystic path I tread,
What dangers hover o'er
My heart and head!

O stretch thy guiding hand,
And lead me through this night,
Then bathe me in the flood
Of perfect light!

KOSSUTH AND THE HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.

A missionary correspondent of the N. Y. Evangelist, writing under date of Broosa, Asia Minor, May 1, 1850, gives the following account of Kossuth and the Hungarian Refugees:—

For some six weeks the Magyars were residing in Broosa, while, on their way to Kutahia. During the time of their stay here, they were closely guarded, the Pasha being under strict charge from the attempts which have hitherto been made at assassinating Kossuth. This, as Kossuth one day remarked to me, is a strange mode of protection, to allow the suspected individuals to go at large, while the friends are the more strictly guarded. It is true that several Croats, recognized by some of the officers of K., were in Broosa, parading the streets freely, with what intent we are hardly led to surmise. But one thing, as respects the refugees, is certain, they felt like prisoners, if they did bear the name of "mussafir," (visitors, friends.) No one was allowed to appear in the streets, without his military attendant. When the Governor rode out (which, on account of Madame K.'s health, injured by her exposure during her escape, was quite frequently), he was always attended by a well-mounted guard. It was with difficulty that any one, except the English and French Consuls and a few others, obtained interviews with Kossuth. As Protestant Missionaries, however, we were occasionally allowed the privilege of meeting and conversing with him. As a noble, truer-hearted patriot, I think cannot be found. One cannot long be in his presence—at least an American—without being reminded of our own loved Washington. His countenance is so expressive of honest worth, and his manner so full of dignity. As you first meet him, he appears somewhat reserved, and perhaps sad, for he has recently shown but little desire to meet and converse with many—he is weighed down under his country's wrongs; but as he enters into conversation, this apparent sadness soon passes away, and you see the man full of intellectual dignity. In speaking of the manner of his overthrow, one day, he remarked, "If I had not had one or two Arnold's in my camp, my poor country had not now been bleeding, but standing among the nations, acknowledged among the powers an honorable nation." In making mention of the sympathy expressed toward him in America, he said, "If one could choose his place of birth before he was born, America, of all other lands, would be the place—for it is the home of Freedom—but being once born, the land of birth is the dearest. Could I not aid my fatherland in which I had rather be a common peasant than dwell a king any where else—I should choose America as the loved land of my adoption."

They reached Kutahia on the 12th, and took up their residence in the barracks, they not being able to find rooms in the town for them. Kossuth is allowed two or three of the best rooms in the barracks. Count Bathany, however, has succeeded in obtain-

ing a house in the town, such as it is. It overlooks the plain on the border of which Kutahia is situated. Kutahia is built at the foot of a range of hills, at an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea. It is a cold place; the snow is still lying on the hills just back of the town; vegetation is just beginning to spring forth, while at Broosa, and Constantinople, it is all out. There is a citadel now in ruins on one of the loftiest hills in the rear of the town, presenting rather an imposing sight on approaching it from the distance. On entering the town, one is at once struck with the want of European influence and commerce. It is, as all inland towns of Turkey are, anything but a paradise to those accustomed to the courts and elegance of continental Europe. You can therefore imagine the feelings of disappointment experienced by these unfortunate refugees. Expecting to find in it the most beautiful of Oriental scenery, they find only a filthy, crowded Turkish town, of mud walls and mud houses.

Suliman Dey, the directing officer, presented the Governor with a fine garden of several acres, in the vicinity of the barracks, in which both Kossuth and his officers spend their leisure hours. After dining with him one afternoon, Kossuth conducted us to his garden, and showing us the plans and improvements which he intended making, remarked, "Like the bird who carried a seed in his mouth over the desert, and dropped it on an oasis, there to spring up and beautify a barren spot, so, if we can do no more, we may show to this people something of our taste in arranging flowers." I remarked, that there were a number of fruit trees, and apparently good ones. "Yes," added he, "but I would fain not remain here to taste their fruit." It was a sight to affect the heart of an American, to see those officers of many battles gathering around their leader so affectionately and so respectfully. They all look up to him, and as he passed along they seemed willing to give him the highest place among them. Kossuth remarked, when alone, "These officers came like children, weeping, and begging to accompany me. When it was told me I must select, and that few could accompany me, I went and laid the decision before them, and they all, to a man, on their knees, exclaimed, 'Let us live on the meanest, and let us bear the worst, for we have borne hardships and can endure them.' But do not let us be separated from you.' What could I do?" said he. "They came, but some of them have only \$1.25 per month on which to subsist! Others of them have more, and by sharing they all live." They will not leave their honored Kossuth. They look up to him as our fathers in their darkest hours looked up to and revered our Washington. Noble hearts! may they yet rescue their country and their forsaken homes.

BEAUTY OF AN INFANT.

The following paragraph, from the pen of the poet Campbell, is replete with all the tender fervor of a parent's heart:—

"Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands, long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that a lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep; I durst not awaken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his azure eyes. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worry. O that I were sure that he would live to the day when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants; a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me, there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is inferior to the attractions of childhood; especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle newly lighted, which we dread going out."

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

North of the mountains of the Moon, in Abyssinia, lies the great Desert of Sahara, stretching 800 miles in width from its southern margin, and 1000 in length between the Atlantic and the Red Sea. It is a hideous, barren waste, prolonged eastward into the Atlantic for miles, in the form of sand banks, and interrupted to the west only by a few oases and the valley of the Nile.

This desert is alternately scorched by heat and pinched by cold. The wind blows from the east nine months of the year, and at the equinoxes it rushes a perfect hurricane, driving the sand in clouds before it, producing the darkness of night at mid-day, and overwhelming caravans of men and animals in common destruction. Then the sand is heaped up in waves ever varying with the blast; even the atmosphere is of sand. The desolation of this dreary waste, boundless to the eye as the ocean, is like a red vapor, like the dry, heated air, is like a red vapor, the setting sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at times the burning wind of the desert is the blast of death. There are many salt lakes to the north, and even the springs are of brine; thick incrustations of dazzling salt cover the ground, and the particles carried aloft by whirlwinds, flash in the sun like diamonds. Sand is not the only charac-

ter of the desert; tracks of gravel and low bare rocks occur at times, not less barren and dreary. On these interminable sands and rocks, no animal, no insect breaks the dread silence, not a tree, not a shrub is to be seen in this land without a shadow. In the glare of the noon, the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and in the night it is chilled in a clear sky sparkling under a host of stars. Strangely but beautifully contrasted with these solitudes, is the narrow valley of the Nile, threading the desert for 1000 miles in emerald green, with its blue waters foaming in rapids among wild rocks, or quietly spreading in a calm stream amidst fields of corn and the august monuments of past ages.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

There were two neighbors, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common laborers were their only support. One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart, as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden. Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said, "God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, shall also watch over me and mine." Thus he lived tranquil, while the other neither tasted repose nor joy. One day, as the latter was laboring in the field, sad and cast down because of his fear, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched and still unfledged. When he returned to his work, he frequently looked at these birds, as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young ones. But behold! at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her full bill, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling beneath his grasp, utters a piercing cry. At this sight the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before; for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of her young ones. Mine have only me—no other! What will become of them if I fall them? All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother—several, without doubt, have already perished." He set off toward the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well; not one seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this, he hid himself in order to see the cause. After a little while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed to all the young ones without distinction. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery. In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence related to the other father what he had seen, who observed, "Why fret yourself? God never abandons his children; his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, labor, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children; and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of age to provide for their own necessities, they will then have, for their father, our Father who is in Heaven."

THE MORNING DEW.

In hot countries, in warm seasons, the vegetables and flowers in the gardens are almost burned up by the great heat of the sun. At night the flower-bed and vegetable garden present a weak and dying appearance: the morning comes, and shrubs and flowers again show signs of life and freshness, looking as healthful as at any former period, while the leaves and buds pour forth their sweet scents. How great the change during the silent hours of night! and this has been effected by the dew, as it silently rested on the plants.

Dew is one of the many beauties of the morning. On the grass, leaves of trees, and bushes, we behold the bright round drops of dew shining like so many diamonds in the sun; and it makes the ground at early dawn moist all around. How many children see this, and get their feet wet, but never give it a thought, where it comes from, what the use of it is, or who sends it. Some persons have said that it came down from the clouds in the night, and others have supposed that it came out of the earth and plants; but it is now known that the sun, during the heat of the day draws up a great quantity of vapor into the air from the earth's surface and its waters, which in the night comes down on the earth again in the form of dew.

In Jamaica, the dew is very heavy, unless the night is high through the night. In the mountains, the people are prevented from walking out in the mornings for some time after sunrise on account of it. In seasons when no rain falls for four or five months, the vegetables would perish were the dew to be withheld; but, instead of being turned up, they are kept alive by this means. The dew is indeed a great blessing to mankind: it is the gift of God, and is a proof of his goodness, wisdom and power. It was considered so in the days of old. You will see it if you read Deut. xxxiii. 13; 2 Sam. i. 21; xvii. 2. Many other passages describe it as a blessing, and the withholding of it as a curse. "My speech shall distil as the dew." Deut. xxxii. 2. It is essential that the doctrine of God should have the same effect upon our hearts as dew has upon the grass—that it should make them soft and fruitful, keep them fresh and lively, like the branch of a living vine. It is pleasant to see the plants and flowers refreshed by the dew from heaven; so it is to see our fellow-creatures influenced by the gospel of Christ. The word of God is precious, for which we should show much gratitude, and praise him continually. (Child's Companion.)

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New York, June 27, 1850.

THE CHRISTIAN AS A STEWARD OF GOD'S BOUNTY.

It was the opinion of Andrew Fuller, if our memory serves, that the spirit of covetousness would prove the final overthrow of more professors of religion than any other sin whatever. In this opinion we concur. It is, perhaps, the only sin of which a man may be guilty without injuring his reputation as a Christian. Let him be guilty of drunkenness, profanity, fraud, adultery, or any of the gross sins, and he is at once denounced as a wicked person. But he may move heaven and earth to amass wealth, and withal have no higher end in view than his own gratification, and he will, nevertheless, be applauded as a well-doing man. We are not about to condemn that spirit of industry which enables a man to accumulate a fortune. On the contrary, it is much to be commended. But what we do condemn is the disposition to accumulate money merely for selfish ends. The true Christian is supposed to be one who lives not to himself, but to Him who died for him. 2 Cor. 5: 15. Compare Rom. 14: 7-9. He has been bought with a price, and is, therefore, under obligation to be wholly devoted to the Master who owns him. In the performance of worldly business he has no more right to make self the object for which he labors, than the slave upon one of our Southern plantations has. The master expects the slave to labor and toil for him. If the slave produces by his labor a highhead of tobacco, or a tierce of rice, or a bale of cotton, the master claims it as belonging to him. If the slave goes out to work upon some other plantation, or in some other town, and earns in the course of the summer a hundred or five hundred dollars, not one cent of it can he claim for himself; all belongs to his master. The very fact of his being the property of another, deprives him of all right to labor for himself. He takes no anxious thought about himself. He is not concerned as to what he shall eat, or what he shall wear. It is his master's business to provide for him food and raiment, and his business to labor for the interests of his master. This is just the relation in which every Christian stands to the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ is the Master, and expects every one of his people to labor and toil and suffer for Him. "Whatever business a Christian performs, he does it, not for himself, but for his Lord. Is his business that of a farmer? He cultivates, probably, a hundred acres of land. But for whom does he cultivate it? If he understands his duty, if he has learned the first lesson of Christianity, he does it all for his Master. He has undertaken the management of that farm expressly that with the avails of it he might promote his Master's cause in the earth. This was his sole object. At the end of the year, when the returns of his industry are realized, and he knows just what he has made, he goes and lays all at his Master's feet, and does not, like the lying Ananias, keep back part of the price. Not one cent does he claim as his own. "It is all," says he, "the property of Him, whose I am, and whom I serve." If he is a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a professional man, he acts on the same principle. When the avails of his labor come in, he makes a surrender of the whole, and holds himself ready to make such disbursement of it as his Lord may direct. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do with it?" is the language of his heart.

And what answer does he get? Not any specific and direct response, as a voice from heaven, or a new revelation. No such thing is necessary. But his mind is drawn to a consideration of those general principles which the Master has given already in the Scriptures, to guide his people as to the right use of the property in their hands. His conscience will not suffer him to violate those principles, but will constrain him to act them out, and the world will reap the benefit. In acting out those principles, he does just what his Lord would have him to do. No doubt every one will assume to judge for himself whether his manner of using the property in his hands is in accordance with the divine requirement or not. But let him be careful, exceedingly careful, lest his judgment be warped by those lusts of the flesh, which, as a Christian, he is supposed to have quitted. If every professor of religion felt that all the money he made belonged to the Lord, we should witness very different conduct from what we generally do. One having the opportunity to buy a gaudy and expensive dress, would consider, not merely whether it was desirable, but whether his Master would justify such a use of the money. Or, if he has opportunity to procure some splendid article of furniture, or some other costly luxury, the question would be—no, "Do I desire it? would it give me pleasurable feelings to possess it?" "Would my Lord permit me thus to expend his money?" Yet how often do we see professed Christians act in such things without any regard to what their Lord would approve. In most cases they act over the part of the first transgressor. They see that the object of their desire will gratify some lust; it is good for food, or it is pleasant to the eyes, or it pleases the pride of their corrupt hearts in some way, and so, because money is in their hands, they resolve to have it. Yet perhaps the very next day the Lord makes

a demand upon them for something to sustain the cause of truth in the earth, but they cannot afford it!
And this kind of behavior is repeated again and again. It is not once or twice in a life-time, that such an offense is committed, but year after year. Ask a man to-day for five dollars to send the gospel to the heathen, and he will tell you that he cannot afford it, because he has just been furnishing his house at a cost of about five hundred dollars. He has parted with all that he can possibly spare. Go to him next year, then, with the same request, and he will tell you that he must be excused, for he has just bought a carriage for which he had to pay about two hundred dollars. Go again the following year, and he has a similar plea. His daughter must have a piano, and he has just contracted for one at two hundred and fifty dollars. The fourth year it is no better. "I would be very glad to help in this cause," he says; "my will is good, but I have other expenses which I must meet. My carpets, which I bought when I commenced house-keeping, are much worn and faded, and my wife says that we must have new ones. We have not furniture enough either. There are many little articles which we have had to do without, as we thought we could not afford them—articles that were very necessary to our comfort; and now we must have them." The fifth application meets with no better success. Finally, he becomes vexed and excited, and says, "I don't believe in these things at any rate. As for the heathen, the Lord will convert them in his own time; and as for the poor whom you wish me to aid, let them go to work, and toil and sweat for their living, as honest people do. I will not be annoyed from year to year with such beggary." Thus the Lord's money remains in his hands, and serves no other purpose but to nourish his pride, his love of ease and worldly comfort. Such persons may be very righteous in their own estimation. They may neither swear, nor lie, nor steal, nor break the Sabbath. They may be able to "thank God that they are not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers." Nevertheless, their sin is written as with a pen of iron. They are living to themselves.

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE—No. 2.

When I closed my last letter, I was waiting for the steamer to return to this place. But just before her arrival, I was seized with a strong inclination to visit the mines, which I had not yet done—to see the glittering dust in its native bed. In about ten minutes I was on my way, with blankets on my shoulder, and portfolio for plants under my arm, for the "bars" of the Yuba. The sun was very warm, and the thermometer stood at 86° in the shade. It was more like July than April.

Nearly every one, who writes from here at this season, will remark upon the flowers that now cover the earth in such profusion. My path that day, for eighteen miles, was an uninterrupted blaze of beautiful flowers, one and another variety predominating alternately, and then all colors and forms mingled indiscriminately. Tell our lovers of Flora, that most beautiful coreopsis, and various species of pinks, fill the air with their perfume, while as many more beautiful and rarer flowers are unavoidably crushed at every step of the traveler, and the California poppy fairly dazzles the eye with its gorgeous, golden color. Alas! how many noble hearts are mouldering beneath so much beauty and life! How many eyes are watching, sleepless and tearful, for those who shall return no more to the hearth of home! It was almost impossible to realize the change which has been produced in the region where, six months ago, we wound our slow and weary steps from the head waters of the Sacramento, sick and starving, through a desert. Canvas villages and inns have sprung up like magic, offering every thing to tempt the appetite and promote the comfort of the traveler.

Long Bar is the first place on the Yuba where mining is carried on. This is three miles long, and six miles from the prairie. As I came within sound of the ringing of the ahovels, and the strokes of the rocker, it excited me not a little. Though so long a resident in California, and though so many famous mining regions, I had never yet seen the mines; and, as I trudged along, I kept a bright look-out for the lumps. I arrived about sundown at the camp of a friend, and found a good bed and plenty of good cheer. On account of the high water, this party were lying by, rather than waste their part of the "bar" by taking off only the top. They were very contented, and thought they liked the hills so well that they would prefer to spend their days there. I spent three days with them, very satisfactorily to myself, most of the time in collecting plants, of which I found some of exceeding beauty—one, a shrub about four feet high, with a clean glossy leaf, and flowers in form and color resembling an orange flower, with a fine perfume. An Indian called it "Tomoo," and signified its meaning by hanging one in his ear as an ear-drop. There are large numbers of persons along the rivers. This part was not much worked last year, as it yielded but little with the common rocker. Quicksilver, now, is the only means of working it. These machines require eight men to each, and yield on this bar from 7 to 50 ounces per day to each machine. The price for labor is \$10 per day. The earth worked consists of stones from fifty pounds weight to

fine sand; but the large stones preponderate. I took up some of the earth in several places, but could never find any gold. I finally took a pan, and, by patient and careful manipulation, I collected, in the course of four hours, and after nearly breaking my back, about forty cents' worth, which I will send you enclosed, as the extent of my gold operations in California.

I intended to have gone farther up the river, but the water was so high, and the accounts of snow were so discouraging, that I spent my time here. There is no sickness at the mines, except a few cases of scurvy. Two I saw—poor Sandwich Islanders, who had been in the employ of some party, who, finding them no longer useful, had deserted them, leaving them a tent and a few provisions.

The tendency of this solitary life in the wilderness, away from the influence of woman, is manifest. Coarseness of manner, and profanity that is shocking, are so common as to excite no attention. A man who was under our care last fall, told me this spring, that he should never return home to reside, for he had contracted such habits in the use of language as he could not conquer, and he was not aware of his profanity half of the time. It would break his mother's heart to hear him use such language.

It was grateful to me to feel the renovating influence of the mountains—to enjoy the scenery on the river, roaring through the rocky gorges—to roam, as of yore, along the babbling streams—to find new faces among the beautiful emblems of purity and truth that charmed me when a boy, and cheer me now, in riper years, with their silent admonitions. In returning, I left the road, and struck off on a round-about way over the mountains. There is little grass on the hills; flowering plants seem to have crowded out their less gay competitors.

On reaching Marysville, I found the Phoenix about to start for Fredonia, a town about thirty-five miles higher up the Feather river. We left in the morning, with nearly twenty passengers, among whom was the wife of Mr. C., who was one of the unfortunate party whose sufferings in the snow of the mountains, in the winter of 1846, are so widely known. She appeared youthful and refined; her husband is one of the wealthiest men in California. Our progress up the river was slow, owing to the rapidity of the current; and as it became evident that we should be out over night, Mrs. C. returned, with a party of gentlemen, on horseback. It was somewhat interesting to think, that we were ascending the river in the first steamer that had ever disturbed its waters—in a few years to be swarming with them. The Indians crowded the tops of their dirt cabins to gaze upon this new innovation of their solitude. So we go; the poor "digger" stands as small a chance as others who are too weak to defend their rights. We reached, about sundown, a high bank of the river, where a group of white men and Indians were standing, who greeted us with firing guns and cheers; and we were told it was Fredonia. A luxuriant growth of grass covered the plain; majestic oaks spread themselves each over a large space of ground, and yet had plenty of room to spread farther. It was a delightful place for a town, and stakes driven about demonstrated that it was a town, and no mistake, though the grass was yet untrod. Houses and goods were landed, and trade was commenced immediately with the miners, who could thus run their provisions directly into the mines without embarrassment from marsh or slough. From this place to "Long's Bar," on the Feather river, is fifteen miles, and the roads are good the year round. There is now about twenty feet of water in any part of the river up to Fredonia, but when the snow leaves the mountains, which is in May, the water begins to fall, and by the end of summer there is not water enough to float a whale-boat over the bars and rapids until the next December; but during this time the roads are good, and the necessity for river navigation is not so great. The time occupied in returning to Marysville was two hours and twenty minutes. Leaving Fredonia at ten minutes past 6 A. M., we returned to Sacramento at about 5 P. M., making several landings for wood. Ascending the same distance, required twenty-seven hours, with the same number of landings; from which you will get an idea of the average rate of current. The distance is about 90 miles.

Sacramento is still in a state of siege. The water in the river is higher than any ground in the city, but the rise has been unattended with rain, and has been so gradual that through the unremitting exertions of the Mayor and people, the water has been kept out by means of a dyke.

An old patient came to me to-day, who was badly wounded by two arrows while driving a team among the mountains. One of the arrows entered the arm just above the wrist, and passing between the bones came out on the opposite side, about six inches from the point where it entered; the other, from the great quantity of clothing that intervened, lodged its flinty head in his breast, from which he extracted it with his fingers. I have no doubt that there will be an exterminating war carried on soon between the miners and the Indians, unless some action is taken by Government to anticipate it. No one can doubt the result; the natives will be hunted as they hunt the deer.

Letters have been addressed to me from home, asking my opinion on certain things in California. There have been so many counter and conflicting statements about things here, that they do not know what to believe. I am not surprised at this, for it is difficult for the same persons to write twice without believing with his own statements. They may believe almost any thing; the country contains all the extremes of garden and desert, wealth and misery, sickness and health, beauty and ugliness, that can be found in any country. It is bound to be one of the greatest countries on the globe, for intelligence, wealth, and enterprise; but the

presence of woman is needed to make a happy or a virtuous nation.

I hope no friend of mine will come to this country without a wife, and all his household gods, even if he comes but for a few years. For those who come thus, there are many healthy and pleasant places, where competence and comforts are as sure as life and health. Families could live very comfortably here now, any where in the country not under water; and many are coming in. By next spring the country will have the appearance of having been settled for half a century. The pioneer must find a new field for his hardihood and daring. But I have said enough. J. D. B. S.

A COLLEGE—WHAT FOR?

If we are to have a Denominational College, we want before we make the outlay to build and endow it, to be informed what are to be its denominational advantages. I infer, if it is to be denominational, that it must of necessity have a denominational faculty. If so, who are to fill the professorships? Who is to be President? Of course, denominational men. If we have the men qualified, they are unquestionably, a majority of them, already engaged in teaching in our academies. Will a transfer from a teacher's desk to a professor's chair, either make them better instructors or enlarge their circle of influence with those calling for instruction? If they will become better instructors, or instructors of more, by being professors in a college, than teachers in an academy, there is something gained.

It can not be true, that any of our educated teachers are ambitious to be called Rabbi, because already has the excessive democracy of the times dubbed each pedagogical professor. They are not ambitious. And yet it is believed, by grave and thinking men, that the resolutions of Associations and the Conference, touching a denominational College, Minerva like, were born by the expansion and bursting of some Jupiter's skull. From the shades of Academe has the inspiration gone forth, We must have a College. If our teachers are what we proudly claim for them, how far short of a college course will they leave those who resort to them for instruction? Really, do not our existing seminaries of learning afford all the advantages that a college would, and that, too, without an unnecessary outlay of fifty thousand dollars in stone and mortar, in the end to glory in the sobriquet of the "Seventh-day Baptist Denominational Stone-Heap," at ———; where? Who wants it? And who will show his parchment, "signed sealed and delivered" at such a place?

But we are admonished that the progress of the age demands a college, and that the academies and schools "on every hill-side and valley," demand educated teachers. The call for a college to educate teachers very much resembles the slave-holder's incessant circular cry, "Raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes," ad infinitum. The time has past when a man's character and influence are measured by his literary titles. When we see "A. B." appended to a man's name, we are at loss whether to expand it into "Bachelor of Arts," or "A. B. S." And when we see a list of "A. M.'s" connected with some college commencement, we are at a loss to know whether they are "Masters of Arts," or "fore noon" men, that is, men in the "fore noon of life," alias young men. Their after history is to develop their characters, without any collateral aid, even from their literary titles. Honorary titles do not honor men, but some men honor their titles. There may be danger of falling into the error of the frog in the fable endeavoring to swell itself to the dimensions of a cow.

All who understand our position as a sect of religionists, must feel that in all matters touching our denominational character we want able champions. And yet our success has been more brilliant as Davids than as Goliaths. A well-educated people and ministry can better detect the sophistry of learned ignorance; and a spiritual people and ministry can better detect and expose "pious frauds" and religious sin. Thorough education, with true piety as a people, will most of all serve the cause of religion. The weakness of a cause is suspected when it has no foundation of its own to rest upon, but shows itself in picking its opponents. Why do not some of those advocates of a college, who hide themselves in their incoherence, give us an argument standing on its own merits. If we are to have a College, What for?

IGNORAMUS.

AN OLD MEETING-HOUSE.—The Seventh-day Baptist Meeting-House in Newport, R. I., was built in the year 1730, and consequently, is now (1850) one hundred and twenty years old. Henry Collins and Jonathan Weeden were appointed by the church, Nov. 9th, 1729, trustees, to "take a deed of a lot of land of Mr. Almy for the church, and also to be a committee to build a new house, to undertake the whole affair of erecting said house, and to raise the money by subscription, the house to be 36 ft. by 26 ft." It was subsequently provided with a clock by the celebrated Claggett, the maker of the experimental apparatus for Dr. Franklin, which is yet in good condition. The following anecdote was related by the Rev. Wm. Bliss to his grandson, respecting this house of worship.—During the Revolutionary War, Newport was in the possession of the British troops, and many of the meeting-houses in the town were converted into barracks for the soldiers. The Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house was selected for this use; but when the officer, who was sent to take possession of it, and fit it for his majesty's use, opened the door, he discovered the ten commandments, written on two tables, resembling marble, over the pulpit, and immediately commanded his men to retire, observing that "he could not spoil a house in which were written the sacred laws of God." The house was accordingly saved, although of but little use to the Church during the captivity of the town.

BAPTIST FREE MISSION SOCIETY.—The American Baptist Free Mission Society recently held an annual meeting at Bristol, Ontario Co., N. Y. From a brief notice of it, which appears in the Christian Contributor, we learn that Rev. A. L. Post was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Society, in place of C. P. Grosvenor, who has long held that office, but is now mostly occupied with the affairs of the N. Y. Central College. The publication interests of the people occupied a large share of attention, and measures are in progress to effect a union of the Christian Contributor and Western Christian, so as to have one paper issued under the patronage of the Society, probably from Utica, N. Y. The notice before us says, "The Society, after a long and animated discussion, sustained the action of the Board in the recall of Bro. Jones from Haiti." The reasons are not given.

DEATH OF MR. FREY.—Rev. Joseph Lemuel C. F. Frey, died at Pontiac, Michigan, on the 5th inst., in the 79th year of his age. He was born of Jewish parents, in Germany, and was for several years a reader in a Synagogue. When about twenty-five years of age, he became a Christian, and soon after a student of divinity at Berlin. He was subsequently engaged nearly all the time in efforts to convert the Jews. It was at his suggestion that the London Missionary Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews was founded, in 1808. In 1816 he came to the United States, and was for a time pastor of a Presbyterian church in New-York, but changing his views upon the subject of baptism, he joined the Baptist church, and was settled over congregations at Newark and at Sing-Sing, until the Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews was founded, and he became its missionary. He wrote several books, which display considerable learning and an amiable and honorable temper. The most popular of his productions is one entitled, "Joseph and Benjamin," designed to illustrate the points of difference between the Jews and Christians.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee on Monday last week, it appeared that the receipts for the month had been \$22,125; grants for the same period 1,373,496 pages; issues from the Depository \$15,107; and the amount due on notes for printing paper was \$37,171. The number of new Colporteurs commissioned since April 1, including theological students for their vacations, and several for the foreign emigrants, has been ninety-one. The number of publications printed and issued daily, averages more than 25,000. The circulation of the American Messenger is 164,000 monthly, exceeding by nearly one-half the circulation of any other periodical in this country or in Europe. An edition in the German is also issued, numbering about 12,000 copies.

RECEIPTS OF BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.—The receipts, during the past year, of the principal Religious and Benevolent Institutions whose anniversaries were celebrated in New York, show a gratifying increase over previous years. The aggregate is larger than was ever before contributed to the same objects during a similar period:—

Table with 3 columns: Society Name, 1848-'9, '49-'50. Includes American Tract Society, American Bible Society, B. C. Foreign Missions, etc.

\$936,150 \$1,068,813

SUNDAY TRAVELING IN NEW-JERSEY.—The Newark Advertiser says that numerous applications have been made to the Directors of the New Jersey Railroad Co., to run a Sunday morning train between New York and Rahway, at an early hour, so early as not to interfere with regular church services. It is stated, that it will be a great accommodation to many young persons employed in New York city, who are not able to visit their parents on any other day, as also to others, who have been in the habit of attending church with their friends and relatives. It is also alleged, that the resort to steamboats, omnibuses, hacks, and other vehicles, by persons visiting various places on the line of the Railroad, has been so general and so annoying on the highways, and in the towns and villages, that a railroad train is deemed by many the least desecration of the Sabbath. The Directors will, it is said, give the matter early consideration.

UNION ACADEMY, AT SHILOH, N. J.—A well-printed Catalogue of the officers and students of Union Academy, at Shiloh, N. J., for the year ending June 24, 1850, has just been issued. In the Classical Department there are 28 students, of whom 12 are gentlemen, and 16 ladies. In the department for general studies, there are 74 students, of whom 32 are gentlemen, and 42 ladies. Total number of students, 102. We learn from the Catalogue, that a Department of Agricultural Chemistry has recently been formed in connection with the Institution, and that fifty-three individuals have subscribed twenty-five dollars each, making a fund of \$1,325, for the purpose of procuring apparatus for that Department.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.—Letters received at the Rooms of the American Missionary Association, announce the arrival of three Missionaries, Rev. D. B. Bradley, M. D., Rev. L. B. Lane, M. D., and Prof. J. Silsby, with their wives, at Singapore, March 8, all in good health. This company sailed from New York in the Ernani, October 24. Their voyage was much protracted in consequence of calms, strong adverse currents, and monsoon head winds. In the Straits of Banca they were twenty days in going the distance of 80 miles.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—A Triennial Catalogue of Union Theological Seminary in the City of New York, (June, 1850,) has come to hand. The Institution was founded January 18, 1836; opened for instruction December 5, 1836; incorporated March 17, 1839. Two hundred and ninety-five persons have completed the regular course of study in the Seminary, of whom twelve have died, and two hundred and eighty-three are now living. Twenty-five have gone, or are soon to go, as missionaries to foreign countries; three have gone as missionaries to California, and three to Minnesota; the remainder, scattered all over the country, are laboring as pastors, teachers, agents, editors, &c. The present Professors are—of Biblical Literature, Rev. Edward Robinson, D.D. L.L.D.; of Systematic Theology, Rev. Henry White, D.D.; of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology, Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D. Rev. Luther Halsey, D.D., lectures on Biblical and Church History; and Wm. Wadden Turner, A. M., gives instruction in the elements of Hebrew, &c.

COLLISION OF FORREST AND WILLIS.—The quiet of Washington Square, New York, was disturbed one day last week by an encounter between Edward Forrest, the tragedian, and Nathaniel P. Willis, editor of the Home Journal. It seems that as Mr. Willis was passing through the Square, he was overtaken by Mr. Forrest and two of his friends, knocked down, and severely beaten with a whip or cane made of gutta percha. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Willis were immediately arrested and taken before a Police Court, where, as the latter refused to make a complaint, both of them were held to bail to keep the peace for six months. The cause of the affray is pretty well known to the public. Mr. Forrest has for a long time been trying to get a divorce from his wife, charging her with improprieties, and implicating Mr. Willis, who has taken a somewhat active part in her defense.

WATER-CURE CONVENTION.—The advocates of Water as an agent in the cure of Disease, held a Convention in New York last week, at which they organized what they call the "American Hygienic and Hydro-pathic Association of Physicians and Surgeons." One provision of their Constitution is, that no person is to be admitted to membership without a certificate of a regular medical education, and testimonials of having practiced Hydrophathy one year. A Committee was appointed to prepare an Address to the public, which may be looked for at an early day. At the next meeting of the Association, Dr. S. O. Gleason, of Cortland County, is to be the orator; Dr. T. L. Nichols, of New York, alternate.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the day. It is a literary repository, richly and amply filled with the most readable articles of the Reviews and Journals of Europe. Being issued every week, it is able to keep pace with the movements of the world, and to exhibit very fully the spirit of the age as developed in its literature, science, commerce, and politics. Published by E. Littell & Co., Boston; Dewitt & Goveport, Tribune Buildings, New York; Galt & Back, Philadelphia; W. Taylor & Co., Baltimore; Wm. Strickland, Mobile; J. C. Morgan, New Orleans; Post & Co., Cincinnati.

THE GREAT ROGUE-CATCHER DEAD.—Jacob Hays, the oldest officer of the N. Y. City Government, and the oldest officer in the county, died at his residence in New York, on the 21st inst., in the 79th year of his age. Mr. Hays was born in Westchester County, in 1772, was appointed to office by Mayor Edward Livingston, in 1801, and has been High Constable of New York for nearly half a century. He was the terror of rascals of every grade, and in the course of his official career, quietly brought to the bar of justice scores of the most daring villains, whose discovery seemed for a time very problematical.

A THUNDER-STORM.—New York was visited by a very severe thunder-storm on Thursday afternoon last, which did considerable damage. A number of houses were struck and set on fire by the lightning. The steamer Knickerbocker had just started on her passage to Norwich, Ct., and was driven on a dangerous rock near Hurl Gate; her passengers were immediately taken off, and she was got off after a day's effort. Several small boats in the vicinity of New York were upset, and three persons were drowned.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NAUVOO TEMPLE.—In 1845, the Mormons completed their famous Temple at Nauvoo. In 1848, it was destroyed by fire—all its timbers having been consumed, leaving only the four walls standing. When the Iconian Community wanted a place to settle, they fixed upon the vicinity of Nauvoo, and bought the Temple, with a view of refitting it for schools, refectories, &c. But their hopes are now disappointed, a hurricane having passed over the place on the 27th of May, which prostrated what remained of this monument of Mormon folly.

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE.—The exercises of this Institution of the Free Mission Baptists have been somewhat interrupted of late by sickness among the scholars, two of whom have died. The Christian Contributor of June 13, says that the sickness has abated, and the recitations have been resumed. The commencement exercises of the institution occur on the Fourth of July.

Miscellaneous.

STRANGE INSTINCT OF THE DEER.

The large American panther has one inveterate and deadly foe, the black bear. Some of these immense bears will weigh eight hundred pounds, and their skin is so tough that a musket-ball will not penetrate it.

A large deer was running at full speed, closely pursued by a panther. The chase had been a long one; for, as they came nearer, I could perceive both of their long, parched tongues hanging out of their mouths, and their bounding, though powerful, was no longer elastic as usual.

Mr. Gliddon, the distinguished lecturer on Egypt, delivered the concluding lecture of a series, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on the 7th inst.

MUMMIFICATION.

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In regard to the Mummy exhibited to the audience, Mr. Gliddon said that the outer case, the inner coffin, and the carving of the face on both, were those of a female; and so was the inscription.

Mr. Gliddon said he had discovered, on the leather straps across the breast, the name of the King, in whose reign this mummy was made, which was Osorcon III.

Mr. G. then concluded with some moral reflections, with a comparison of the people of whom the specimens exhibited were remains, with ourselves and our ancestors.

As one of the last characteristic barons of feudalism, I may name the Baron Palocasy. On his maor he never permitted any of the county officers to execute the decrees of the county;

Mr. S. who when once he came on a visit to a Hungarian country gentleman, remained for seven years in the house of his host. This certainly was a little eccentric.

An exhibition of a novel and attractive character has just been opened at Hyde Park Corner, London.

feet—the largest known. The whole gallery looks like a combination of a barnyard and a furrier's shop.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf, to have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; color various—black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted.

TREMENDOUS STORM.—A tremendous storm of hail, rain, wind and thunder, recently swept over Sangamon County, Ill.

A FOG IN LONDON.

There was a remarkable fog in London on the night of November 21, of which the Times gives the following account:—During the early part of yesterday the fog which overspread the metropolis and its neighborhood was not very dense.

SINGULAR AMALGAMATION.—A friend left our office, a few days since, says the St. Paul Chronicle, May 25, what may be considered, so far as our knowledge extends, a production peculiar to Minnesota.

MUSIC OF THE PACIFIC.—No one can be in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the deep, solemn crashes of the surf as it breaks along the shore.

EXECUTION OF A CROW.—The rookery in front of the Unbridge Arms Hotel, in Carnarvon, has been the scene of a most extraordinary occurrence.

SINGING SHELLS.—Mr. Taylor, a tourist, when at Bathucos, in Ceylon, on going at night on a lake near the fort, was struck by a loud musical noise proceeding from the bottom of the water.

SINGULAR DIVORCE CASE.—A favorable report on a petition for divorce was made in the Connecticut Legislature recently.

A NOBLE BOY.—A touching incident occurred recently at a steamboat sinking, on the Missouri river, near St. Louis.

GOAL TRADE OF THE OHIO.—The amount of coal taken from the mines on the Ohio and its tributaries is estimated to exceed 35,000,000 of bushels.

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A FIVE-FOOTED HORSE.—A short time ago a horse was brought into a blacksmith's shop in Cambridge, Mass., to get five feet shod.

PAPERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—There are 33 newspapers printed in North Carolina, all weekly, except two semi-weekly and one tri-weekly.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—Barry Cornwall puts into the mouth of Julian the Apostate the following beautiful argument in favor of the immortality of the soul:—

"I cannot think that the great soul of man, with its accumulated wisdom, too, must perish. And is the spirit which gave birth to thoughts beneath its own creation?"

BUNYAN'S INFLUENCE.—Bunyan was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited. Not long ago a funeral took place there, which was attended, among others by the celebrated Doctor Maginn.

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GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA estimates the present capacity of the slave-holding States as equal to the support of 200,000,000 of inhabitants.

GERMAN PAPERS state that Mr. Gunther, the head of a locomotive factory at Neustadt, near Vienna, has solved the problem relative to the ascent of trains on inclined planes.

THE ROYAL LAW Contended for, by Edward Stennet. First printed in London, in 1658.

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