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## **The Morning Star - volume 43 number 10 - May 27, 1868**

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Number 10.

THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1868.

## Influence.

Joy of my life, while left me here!  
And still my love,  
How in thy absence thou dost steer  
Me from above!  
A life well led  
This truth commands;  
With quick to dead  
It never ends.  
Stars are of mighty use; the night  
Is dark and long;  
The road foul; and where one goes right,  
Six may go wrong.  
One twinkling ray,  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May clear much way,  
And guide a crowd.  
God's saints are shining lights; who stays  
Here long must pass  
O'er dark hills, woe streams, and steep ways  
As smooth as glass;  
But these all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Their beams, and light  
Us into bed.  
They are indeed our pillar fires,  
Seen as we go;  
They are the city's shining spires  
We travel to.  
A sword-like gleam  
Kept from man's sin  
First out; this beam  
Will guide him in.  
—Hymns of the Ages.

## A Virginia Battlefield.

Having a day or two at my disposal, a short time since, I improved it by a visit to the plain of Manassas, so terrible to the imagination of loyal men during the first year of the rebellion, and to the battlefields of the first and second Bull Run fights. There was to be a gathering of the mourners over the "lost cause" for the purpose of dedicating a cemetery for the confederate dead now scattered all over that region. As a long list of orators was announced for the occasion, I sought to learn something of the sentiments and feelings of the defeated "chivalry," as well as of the physical features of this interesting portion of the "Old Dominion."

Taking the cars on the Orange and Alexandria road, in a little less than two hours from Washington, we were landed at Manassas Junction. At no point between Alexandria and the junction, a distance of twenty-seven miles, is there any collection of dwellings. Here and there a naked chimney or bare walls attest the ravages of war. At Manassas Junction there are some thirty or forty wooden buildings of various characters, all erected since the close of the war. Manassas Junction is an elevated plateau, about a mile in width from east to west and two miles or more in length from north to south. The soil is good and the water abundant. Many northern men are settling in the vicinity, and they speak in the highest terms of the healthfulness of the location. If they can but be protected in their rights they will cause this region, by their improved cultivation, to blossom as the rose. The oak timber where not cut off is excellent and abundant; and while the surface is usually free from rocks, yet ledges of freestone abound, affording the finest quality of stone for building purposes. A northern company have purchased several ledges, near where the railroad crosses Bull Run, for the purpose of quarrying them for use in Washington and other cities.

We found that the confederate cemetery was located at the junction and not upon the battlefield of Bull Run. A tract of land had been purchased and enclosed, but no remains had been deposited in it as yet. The object of the gathering in great part was to raise the funds necessary to defray the expense of removing them. Hundreds of confederates died in camp at this point, but there was little care taken in the disposal of their remains, and they lie scattered everywhere in undistinguishable graves.

At the appointed hour the people assembled from all directions to the number of about three hundred, of all ages, sexes and colors. A larger number had been anticipated, but they turned up "missing" as did Mosby, Fitzhugh Lee and other rebel notables, who were adver-

tised as speakers for the occasion. The modes of travel were quite various. Most came on foot, many on horseback, few in carriages. In some cases a man was astride the horse and a woman sat behind him; sometimes a woman occupied the saddle and a boy was astride behind. Many of the carriages were market wagons without seats. Straw was spread upon the bottom of the wagon, and upon this, men, women and children squatted till the space was covered. The speaking occupied forenoon and afternoon, an intermission being taken for refreshments. One of the speakers was a rebel major who served as a staff officer in the first battle of Bull Run. He delivered an eulogy upon Stonewall Jackson, in the course of which he gave a description of the numbers, position, and movements of the confederate forces on that day. He stated the number of confederate troops under the command of Beauregard as 22,000; but they were re-inforced towards the close of the battle by Elzey's brigade of Johnston's army. The troops under Beauregard were formed into eight brigades, and lay stretched along Bull Run from Union Mills on the right to Stone Bridge on the left, a distance of eight miles. The crossing of McDowell above Stone Bridge completely flanked the rebel position, and was a surprise to them; and had the movement occupied less time, so that the attack could have been made earlier in the day, it would have been a complete success, as the rebel wing would have been crushed before it could have been re-inforced from the right. The plan was good but failed in execution. But more of the battle hereafter.

The last speaker was a Judge Moore from Alexandria. He was a genuine specimen of the bloated, whiskey-drinking, bragadocio chivalry of "Old Virginia." I can well understand, after listening to him, how the poor, unlettered, untraveled and ignorant whites of Virginia should be filled with the idea of the importance and omnipotence of their state in the ante-rebellion days. The speaker declared that "There was nothing creditable in the laws, literature, language or institutions of the country that had not originated in Virginia." There's modesty for you! Casting a significant look at me, he further declared that the "The honor of Virginia was too bright to be tarnished by yankee carpet-baggers, and her air too pure to be tainted with codfish!" He declared that they would never submit to be ruled by an inferior race, but would sooner be ruled forever by military power. He predicted that the day was not far distant when their rights would be restored and the government be administered on its original principles. He quoted the Scripture, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" as evidence that God had ineffaceably stamped upon the negro such inferiority as disqualified him from exercising political power; but at the same time took a great deal of pains to assure the few colored men who were hanging on the outskirts of the crowd, that their old masters were a great deal better friends to them than the carpet-baggers ever could be; for the Yankees cared nothing for them but to get their votes, while they (the Yanks) would hold all the offices. Certainly suffrage has done something for these black men already. It has made them of sufficient consequence to be noticed and addressed, and their suffrages solicited by these former lords of the lash.

When the Judge had finished his harangue and the crowd were retiring, I heard an ex-confederate captain, who fought at Bull Run, say to a companion, "That's the sort of talk I like to hear. It stirs up the old spirit." I afterwards entered into conversation with this same captain, announcing myself as a full-blooded Yankee. I stated to him that we, of the north, had not desired war with the south, and did not suppose them capable of such folly as putting their entire slave property at the risk of battle. We therefore made no preparation for war till it had been commenced by the south. He replied that the south believed their slave property was in danger and went to war to save it. I asked him if, in the light of what had occurred, he thought that was a wise course. He answered, "Perhaps not," but declared that he did not regret what he had done; he only regretted that the south had not waited till better prepared, so as to make their effort successful. He said they were not conquered but overpowered. I replied, that we, of the north, thought that amounted to much the same thing. He said they had never been beaten in equal numbers; not because of want of bravery in northern men, but because they of the south were fighting for their rights. A bystander here interposed the remark that they had beaten us one to five. I replied that that idea was just what was the matter with them; that northern men were always ready to concede the bravery of southern men; but they supposed northern men were cowards; and that they could whip them one to five, and that led them to make war, but I had supposed the war had taken that nonsense out of them. This is but a part of the conversation but will serve to illustrate the whole of it, as well as the spirit and temper of these unreconstructed rebels; and it is for this latter purpose that I give so much of it.

They profess to desire northern emigration, but northern men now settled there declare that the rebels maintain a rigid social ostracism of them. The fact is, they

want the money and capital of northern men, but don't want the northern man himself.

In the evening of that same day I attended a meeting of the loyal league at Manassas. This is composed of northern men, who have settled in that vicinity since the war, and of the freedmen. It was one of the ordinary meetings of the league, no visitors having been expected, nor had anything out of the usual course been anticipated. Yet there were colored men present who had come on foot seven miles to attend meeting, and who had to walk home when the meeting ended. I found here a Quaker lady from Pennsylvania, who has been engaged in teaching a freedmen's school since the end of the war. Some of her pupils walk four miles to school. The loyal people were looking for the result of impeachment with painful anxiety. The white loyalists felt that they would be obliged to sell and leave if impeachment failed, while the freedmen looked upon its failure as handing them over to the tender mercies of their old masters.

Blackburn's Ford, which was the scene of the encounter between the rebel and Union forces on the 18th of July, 1861, is on the direct road to Centerville and distant from Manassas four miles or more in an easterly direction. The Bull Run battlefield of July 21, 1861, is directly north of Manassas about five miles. Standing at Manassas and drawing a line eastward to Blackburn's Ford, then another northward to Bull Run battlefield, and then take Bull Run itself, running in a south-easterly direction, for the third side of your triangle, and you have an approach to an isosceles triangle. From Centerville to Warrenton there is a turnpike running westwardly and crossing Bull Run at the stone bridge. From Manassas there is a road running north, crossing the Warrenton turnpike at right angles, about a mile west of Bull Run, and then continuing northerly two miles or more to Sedley's Ford. It was by this ford that Hunter's division, forming the right wing of the Union army, crossed Bull Run and then marched down the road I have described leading to Manassas. The object was to take the rebels, who were on the Warrenton pike guarding stone bridge, in the rear and drive them away; and open a communication with the rest of our army across the stone bridge. This object was not fully accomplished.

Hunter's march was delayed by the resistance of the rebel troops, time for reinforcements to the rebels was obtained, and several hours passed before they were driven back to the south side of the Warrenton turnpike. In the southeast angle formed by the intersection of the Warrenton turnpike and the road leading to Manassas, there rises a hill known as the Henry pill. When the rebels were driven back across the Warrenton turnpike, they made their final and successful stand on this hill. Our forces charged up the hill and, after one or two repulses, succeeded in obtaining possession of the crest. But Jackson's brigade and other rebel forces held their line of battle on the wooded plateau scarce two hundred yards away from them. Here our forces, finally driven from the crest of the hill in disorder, commenced that retreat which soon became a rout, and ended in a panic. On the summit of this hill stood a small farm house occupied by Mrs. Henry, an aged widow, confined to her bed by infirmity, and suddenly enveloped by the tempest of war, she was unable to be removed and was killed upon her bed by one of the many shots that riddled her dwelling. The dwelling has since disappeared, and naught now stands upon the hill save the battle monument erected by the authority of government, since the close of the war. This is a plain tapering shaft, of the brown stone so plentiful in that region, rising to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, surmounted by a huge elongated shell. On the main shaft is a plain white tablet inscribed, "To the memory of those patriots who fell here July 21, 1861."

After examining these battlefields, and gleaning from them several relics in the shape of bullets, pieces of swords, bayonets, &c., we wended our way back to the Junction as best we might. But such roads! Probably never very good, they have now endured the wear and tear of war and of the elements for eight years with no attempt at repair. Streams are without bridges, and gullies are unfilled. It is with the utmost difficulty that a carriage can pass over portions of them at all. The only tolerable method of travel is on horseback. Before the "Old Dominion" can regain any great degree of prosperity, not only her political system, but also her roads must be "reconstructed."

W. H.

## Ask for Great Blessings.

Many years ago a young man pursuing his theological studies was called to supply a vacant pulpit three months. On his way to the place he fervently prayed that God would convert fifty souls during his stay. A precious revival followed which resulted in the hopeful conversion of just fifty persons. Afterwards on giving an account of that work of grace he said, O how have I repurchased myself for having asked for only fifty souls when God would just as willingly have given me a hundred. May it not often be so with us that our weak faith limits our petitions and brings meager blessings,

when we might find them greatly abounding? Let us not forget that God is not only able, but willing to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think. "Why should our petitions lie dying, when our intercessor liveth? Is it of any consequence how often we carry our empty vessels to such a well?"

O. T. M.

## An Open Profession.

In almost all our congregations there are persons outside of the pale of the church, who not only cherish the hope and the belief that they are true Christians, but who furnish to all around them satisfactory evidence that they are such; and yet they treat a public profession of religion as a matter of no importance. They say "Profession is nothing, but the possession of religion is everything, and, after all, the best profession is a consistent course of living." In this remark, which is so common, there is a degree of truth which often hides from view the error that is connected with it.

While nothing is more certain than that a mere profession of religion is of no avail, yet the truth is too often overlooked that the existence of vital religion in the heart will naturally lead to that public avowal of it which is enjoined by God's positive command, and which, on that account, becomes an act of acceptable obedience. In reading the New Testament, nothing appears to be more evident than this,—that our Lord has set forth the ordinances of his church as the proper means of expressing our allegiance to him. They are the appointed signs of self dedication to his service. In the Apostolic age all Christians were addressed as those who had received them, as a matter of course. And a matter of course it seemed to be when explicit commands were undisputed, when all understood the force of our Saviour's saying, "If any man love me he will keep my words;" and when Paul could say to all the Christians of Galatia, "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."

And then it ought to be understood by every one who desires to be accounted a friend of true religion, either here or hereafter, that if he recoil from a profession of Christianity, the world will take him at his word and reckon him as on his own side. How can it be otherwise? He neglects a positive command. Profession of religion is not, to be sure, sufficient proof of possessing it, but deliberate non-profession will be regarded by the great majority as presumptive evidence that there is none to profess. For it is the nature of love to a great and glorious object to express itself freely. Is love of country mute when our country's enemies are reviling, opposing, or thwarting her plans, diminishing her influence, or boasting of their numbers?

Moreover the imperative obligation of this coming out from the world is enforced by the consideration of its benefits to the individual who performs this duty. These are manifold; but it is worthy of special notice that it strengthens all his moral purposes.

Nothing is more obvious than that when any great question is at issue, and strong feeling is enlisted on opposite sides, he who, determining his own opinion, buries it in his own bosom and hesitates to avow it openly, must, from the nature of the case, become deficient in moral energy, and cannot develop any great strength of character. His feelings will be languid, his purposes will be infirm, much of his influence will be wasted, and he will be comparatively of little worth to the cause to which he is attached.

In the great controversy, therefore, which is now going on between truth and error, between God and men, those who are for him, are called upon by the great Head of the Church, as were the Israelites in the days of Moses, to prove it by decisive action. "He that is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me." And who does not perceive, that he who thinks that he has a heart loyal to the cause of Christ and yet refuses to obey such a summons, if he be not deceiving himself, is thoughtlessly setting at naught his own duties and interests? May all those to whom this subject has any relation, soberly consider it; for the hour hastens when all will wish not to be reckoned and ranked with the votaries of this perishing world. Its petty objects and interest may engross us now, its friendship, wealth and pleasures may charm and fascinate us for a while, but all this cannot last. The hour hastens when all its beauty, grace and fashion shall have passed away, when its pomp and power shall have vanished like a night vision, when all its kindreds and tribes shall have been summoned before the judgment throne, when "the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men," and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman," who belongs to it, will cry for shelter from the presence and wrath of the final Judge. Then to be classed with those whom the Scriptures call "the world," with those who serve and idolize and honor it, with those who have their treasure and their portion in it, and their destinies linked to it, will be to have all evils concentrated in one. "Then will all feel the weight and

worth of the truth which was of old the song of the church. "The Lord's portion is his people, and Jacob is the lot of his inheritance." C. WESON.

Saundersville, Mass.

## Events of the Week.

### IMPEACHMENT

is very properly regarded as dead. As we anticipated, we were able to state the result of the vote on the eleventh article in our last issue. The adjournment of the court, however, to the 26th inst., without voting on the remaining articles, still keeps the subject before the minds of the people; and there are those who indulge a hope that the verdict on some one of them may be more satisfactory. The impeachment managers, acting on the authority of the House, have spent the week investigating charges of fraud, but respecting the result of their efforts, we are at present unable to speak. In spite of all that is being said and done, we shall be most agreeably disappointed if the final verdict is more favorable than the one already rendered on the eleventh article. In view of all the circumstances, the loyal masses are justly indignant at the manner in which their cause has been betrayed by those whom they have hitherto trusted and honored. Men in high positions sometimes sell out very cheaply! How are the people to know in whom to confide? The attention of the country during the week has not been directed chiefly to Washington, but to—

### CHICAGO.

where the National Soldiers and Sailors' and the National Republican Conventions have been held. Both were large and enthusiastic. The former met on Tuesday, and was presided over by Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin. The proceedings were boisterous but good humored, and the speakers were very strong in their denunciation of the senators who voted against conviction on the eleventh article. The resolutions adopted declare General Grant the choice of the convention for the office of President, pledge support to the Republican party, temperately touch upon impeachment, and demand of the government the protection of naturalized citizens abroad. The second and more important convention met on Wednesday and continued through Thursday. Ex-Gov. Hawley, of Connecticut, presided, and delegates were present from thirty-seven states and several territories,—a circumstance unprecedented in the history of the Republican party and speaking well for the progress of reconstruction.

### THE PLATFORM.

which we publish in another column, was adopted on Thursday. Brief and comprehensive, endorsing the reconstruction policy of Congress including negro suffrage, denouncing all forms of repudiation, expressing sensible views respecting the payment of the national debt, advocating the strictest economy in expenditures and censuring in the strongest terms the administration of Andrew Johnson, it deals with live issues and cannot fail to be received as a true and able embodiment of Republican principles. We cannot see how any true patriot can refuse to stand upon it. The platform having been adopted, it remained for the Convention to nominate

### THE STANDARD-BEARERS

of the party. Respecting the candidate for the Presidency there was but one voice. Gen. Grant received on the first ballot the entire vote of the convention to the number of six hundred and fifty, and was nominated by acclamation. The contest over the Vice-Presidency was long and severe, and was settled only after five ballots. The leading candidates on the first ballot were Wade, Fenton, Wilson and Colfax in the order mentioned, Curtin, Hamlin and others being left far in the rear. During the three succeeding ballots Wade and Colfax gained about equally. Fenton maintained nearly the same relative strength, while the other candidates gradually declined. But during the fifth ballot Pennsylvania gave its entire vote, which had been previously given to Curtin and Wade, to Colfax, and the turning point was reached. Numerous changes followed, and when the result was stated, it appeared that Mr. Colfax had received five hundred and twenty-two votes to some one hundred and twenty-five for all others. The nomination was then made unanimous, and the Convention adjourned. Of Grant and Colfax we speak at length elsewhere.

## Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1868.

The first act in the drama of impeachment, has closed, as I feared it would, in the defeat of the impeachers. Is it the final defeat of that movement? Such would seem to be the case from present appearances. The eleventh article was able to concentrate as many votes, if not more, than any other one, and that having failed, there seems but little chance for the success of any other. The ghost of impeachment will linger awhile, but, according to the best judgment to be formed at the present time, it is dead, and will be buried ere long. There are few, if any, who entertain the idea of bringing in senators from rebel reconstructed states to pass upon the question, and none who anticipate any change in the views of those who have already acted upon the question in part. Besides, there is a great accumulation of business, delayed by the impeachment proceedings, which loudly demands attention, and will not be postponed much longer.

A few of the incidents of Saturday's proceedings may not be uninteresting to your readers. In the morning considerable doubt prevailed as to whether the vote would be taken or not, and there was less excitement than would have otherwise prevailed. As the hour for the assembling of the Senate drew near, however, it became known that the vote would be taken, and the deepest interest prevailed. The motion of Mr. Williams, to proceed to vote on the eleventh article first, was first disposed of. The vote on this proposition was considered to be a pretty good indication how senators would vote on the main question, and the vote of each senator was noted with the deepest interest. Nineteen senators voted against Mr. Williams's proposition, and Mr. Grimes was absent. This vote was considered to be decisive of impeachment. Next came the vote on the eleventh article. Before taking this vote Mr. Grimes made his appearance, assisted and supported to a chair just within the door of the chamber and on the Democratic side. There was a fitness in this, inasmuch as by his vote he placed himself in line with them. He appeared to have suffered much from disease. He has obtained an indefinite leave of absence, and it is very doubtful whether he ever appears again upon the floor of the Senate. The Democratic organs are comparing his action in appearing to support his vote to Lord Chatham's last appearance in the British Parliament. We are bound in charity to suppose that he deemed it his duty to act in the matter as he did act, but whether his action shall seem altogether as satisfactory in the retrospect as at the present moment, may well be doubted. Senators Howard and Conkling had been, and were, quite ill, but appeared in their seats. And now the act proceeds. As the Chief Justice commences his interrogatory, "How say you, Mr. Senator Anthony?" &c., his voice was tremulous with emotion. Anthony's response of "guilty" set at rest all the speculation which had been afloat, (and it was not a little,) as to how his vote would be given. Senator Cameron could hardly await the conclusion of the Chief Justice before giving his response of "guilty." When Senator Fowler arose all eyes were turned upon him. He had been foremost in denunciation of Andrew Johnson, and in demanding impeachment for the protection of the loyal army of the State against the bloody persecution of its supporters of Andrew Johnson. Yet he was understood that, in the face of all this, he was going to vote for an acquittal. He evidently deeply felt the embarrassment of his position, and at the first attempt his voice failed him. He uttered some indistinct word, bowed and sat down. The first impression was that he had voted "guilty," but on the request of the Chief Justice to re-declare his vote, he rose and said, "not guilty." No other vote excited any special interest till Ross of Kansas was reached. His vote was supposed to be decisive, for, added to those conceded to be for acquittal, it would decide the measure. As late as ten or eleven o'clock he had given assurances that he should vote for impeachment upon this article, yet, all along the President's friends had claimed him as surely for them. Who was going to be deceived? His "not guilty" soon dispelled the doubt, and demonstrated that Johnson and his friends knew whereof they affirmed when they claimed him as their man. Van Winkle and Wiley alone remained of those whose votes had ever been questioned, and the former voted for acquittal, and the latter for conviction, as it was anticipated they would do. The voting ended, it appears that nineteen senators, just enough to secure acquittal, have voted "not guilty," and so the Chief Justice declares Andrew Johnson acquitted upon the eleventh article.

And now as to the why and how this result was brought about. The air is full of charges and rumors of improper influences having been used. Some of these rumors have so much form and body to them, as to induce the impeachers managers to offer a resolution in the House for an investigation of them, and the House adopted it. That investigation is now going forward, but as no report has yet been made I cannot state what, if any, developments have been made. Rumors are abundant, but I deem it best to wait the report before giving currency to them. Some things were apparent to a looker-on during the trial. Those Republican senators who have voted for acquittal, on almost every question that arose during the trial acted in concert. Had there been a perfect understanding between them beforehand, the harmony of their action could hardly have been improved. While the friends of impeachment were either kept in the dark as to their opinions, or, as in some instances, deceived, as to their views, the friends of Andrew Johnson seemed to be fully informed and were able to name the senators who would vote for acquittal, many days before the vote was taken. I make no comment upon these circumstances, as I think they need none. It was understood at the outset; that the Chief Justice was opposed to impeachment, and this opposition was abundantly manifest during the trial. Unless rumor has badly misled him, he has been diligent and effective in his labors, out of court, to the same end. Current report charges him with holding frequent consultations with, and giving dinners to, the doubtful senators. It is pretty generally believed that the Chief Justice is having a recurrence of an old complaint, described as "Presidency on the brain." He seems to imagine that he is to be adopted by the Democratic party as their candidate, on the platform of universal amnesty; and bringing to their help the votes of the conservative Republicans, sweep the country from Maine to Texas, bring in an era of good feeling and reconciliation, bind up the wounds of the country, and restore peace and prosperity to all sections. It is quite probable that Andrew Johnson and his agents are feeding and fostering this hallucination at the present time, as the readiest mode of procuring help to defeat impeachment, and this may account in part for the interest Mr. Chase has taken in the matter.

Whether those Republican senators who have voted against impeachment are to endeavor to effect a split in the ranks, or not, remains to be seen. The feeling of some members of the Senate is that of toleration and charity towards them, in the belief that they will still in good faith labor within the fold of the Republican party for the success of its principles. The feeling of others is well enough expressed by the phrase, "shoot the deserters!" Since the vote on impeachment, Mr. Henderson has expressed his intention of still abiding with the Republican party, but observation teaches that men who separate from their political associates, in a great crisis, rarely or never rejoin them afterwards. The example of Doolittle and Dixon are still fresh in the recollection of all. It would be desirable that their departure might be delayed until after the admission of such of the Southern States as have ratified their constitutions. And on this subject too, there seems to be an understanding between the anti-impeaching Republicans, and they are pressing the admission of those states with especial zeal. W.



## Communications.

### London—Second Article.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

Among the most beautiful features of London are its parks. They have been called the "Lungs of London." Eighteen hundred acres of lands, within the city limits, are filled with ancient trees, flower-beds, grass lawns and artificial waters; and, though surrounded by a dense population, you can almost lose yourself in the rural seclusion. St. James's park, with an area of fifty-nine acres, lies between the houses of Parliament and the Queen's palace. In the center is an oblong sheet of water along the banks of which are seen many rare aquatic birds. Hyde Park, near the western extremity of London, covers about four hundred acres, and connects Green Park with Kensington Gardens. This delightful spot, with its fine carriage-roads, beautiful foot-paths and numerous shade trees, is the favorite resort of all classes from Her Majesty to the lowest beggar. A beautiful lake called the Serpentine, stretches through the park, used in summer for bathing and in winter for skating. On the south side of this park stood the Crystal Palace of 1851, where all the nations of the earth met under one roof to exhibit the productions of their industry. Regent's Park, the largest in London, contains upwards of four hundred and fifty acres. It derives its name from its having been made during the reign of George IV. It is nearly circular in form, and embraces eighteen or twenty acres of water, on which boats are to be had for hire, and where angling from the banks is permitted.

In the north-east part of Regent's park are the Zoological Gardens. They cover several acres and contain numerous buildings, sheds, cages, inclosures, ponds, pits and dens, which are filled with over fifteen hundred living specimens of wild animals, birds, reptiles and fishes. It seems as if Noah's ark must have discharged its cargo on this point. Animals of the same class are grouped together in buildings admirably adapted to their various wants. The temperature of the rooms is made to correspond with that of the lands from whence the animals came. In a splendid row of large cages called the "Great Carnivora," are lions, tigers, leopards and cougars. In another cage are hyenas, fierce, filthy and revolting. The "Bear Pits" and "Bear Ponds" contain several specimens of European, American, and Polar bears. In the "Elephant House" you see African and Indian elephants. In the "Hippopotamus House" are those strange monsters from the Nile, sometimes called the River Horse and supposed by some to be the "Behemoth" of Scripture. Here also is the rhinoceros thought by many to be the "unicorn" of the Bible. But where shall we end this catalogue? We find in the gardens the "Giraffe House," the "Camel House," the "Antelope House," the "Monkey House," the "Kangaroo sheds," the "Seal Pond," the "Whale Pond," several Aviaries and even a "Reptile House." These, with others too numerous to mention, make this collection the largest menagerie in the world.

London has many other places of great interest. There is the British Museum, where for a hundred years past, England has been gathering relics, monuments, antiquities and curiosities from all lands and all ages, until it is a world of wonders. There is old London Tower, a great, square, stone castle, once a royal fortress, then a royal residence, then a royal prison, and now a royal arsenal and museum. It has had eight hundred years of thrilling history. We were shown the room in which Lady Jane Grey was executed, the block against which her neck was laid, and the ax that severed her head from her body. The most conspicuous building in London is St. Paul's Cathedral, the largest church edifice devoted to Protestant worship in the world. There is Westminster Abbey, another great cathedral, costing enough to build a small city. In the different parts of that magnificent old structure lie nearly all the kings and queens that have reigned in England for the last thousand years. In London are the "Houses of Parliament," in which the laws are made that govern three hundred millions of the human race.

In London we see the appalling contrast between enormous wealth and wretched poverty. Though it is the richest city in the world, every sixth person dies either in a workhouse, a hospital, an asylum, or a prison. Sad thought: one in six of the population a pauper or a criminal! London may well be called the "Paradise of the rich and the Purgatory of the poor." While England is lavishing her millions upon the Queen, the Prince and Princess, the Lords spiritual and temporal, up in the miserable garrets or down in the loathsome cellars, without fire or furniture, and almost without food or clothing, are thousands of men, women and even children, toiling beyond their strength to prolong a wretched existence. In a recent English periodical we have a fearful picture of the poverty of the "working classes." Speaking of the tenement houses of London, often containing half a dozen families, the writer says: "Lodgers are doomed to lie there, nay, even six together in one bed, no matter what their age or sex." In these crowded houses it is of course often happens that not only the sick and sound, but even the living and the dead are lodged in the same room."

And here is another statement. Mr. Joseph Kay, in a volume published in 1850, says: "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous, more irreligious and worse educated than the poor of any other European nation except Russia, Turkey, Naples, Portugal and Spain."

And we find crime as well as poverty in London. With a city missionary, and two or three of the police to protect us, let us

visit some of the worst streets in the notorious "East End." We will go in the night. See what narrow, filthy streets; listen to the awful profanity and the obscene conversations. On every corner blaze the gin-shops of which there are twenty thousand in London. Let us watch the men, women and children, as they come in their rags and filth to drink the cup of woe and then go forth to crime and madness. Here Sunday is the busiest and vilest day of the seven, and the people are practically as far removed from the gospel as though they lived in India. In going through this sink of pollution, crime and poverty we must keep close to the "Detectives," or we shall be surrounded and stripped, and it will be a special mercy if we escape with our lives.

Now look around. There is not a person in sight who is not either a thief or intending to become one. There is not a woman who is not a brazen-faced harlot, and the haunts of the fallen are on every hand. Here crime is unblushing and shame is a thing unknown. In contrast with all this want and woe stand the wealth and fashion of the "West End." And with the present laws and customs the contrast will be more and more appalling, the rich growing richer and the poor poorer until there can be no greater poverty between them and death.

### Missions in Southern Africa.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

#### WORK OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Sixty-three years after the beginning of the Moravian mission by George Schmidt, and seven years after its re-commencement by Marsveldt, Schwinn, and Kuchel, the London Missionary Society sent laborers to co-operate with them in the great and arduous work of introducing the gospel into South Africa. On the 31st of March, 1799, Dr. Vanderkemp accompanied by the Revs. Messrs. Kiecher and Edmonds landed at Cape Town. The aspect of affairs in the Colony at this time was most discouraging. The Dutch settlers were bitter and determined in their opposition to missions; and the Hottentots were either held as their slaves, or living as wandering freebooters, who having taken their lives and liberties to their own hands, spurned all law and boldly avenged the wrongs of their race upon their oppressors. Dr. Vanderkemp having cast his eye over this field, concluded that there was little hope in laboring among a people who were either smirking under the sense of wrong, or glorying in lawless and bloody revenge. He therefore determined to force his way into a new and unexplored field, and to raise the standard of the cross among the warlike and independent Kafirs.

When there is a work to be done, God is able to raise up the instrument for its accomplishment. Dr. Vanderkemp will ever be regarded as one especially endowed for the work which was assigned him. He was a man of profound learning and exalted genius, and had been regarded as the pride and ornament of the Universities of Leyden & Edinburgh. He was not only distinguished as a scholar but he had served in the army and won a proud position as a soldier. Yet this man felt that all his wealth, his honors, and his learning were a small offering to lay at the feet of Jesus. So profound was his conviction of sin, and of the ruin which it works in the soul, that all which other men regard as precious and dear, was "loss and dross" to him, when compared with the salvation of an immortal spirit, even though it might be the most despised and degraded of the human race. Constrained "by the love of Christ" to preach the unsearchable riches of the gospel to the poor, no danger daunted him. When advised at one time to seek his own safety by leaving his station, he replied, "If I knew that I should save my own life by leaving them, I would not fear to offer that life for the least child among these poor people." He forsook the society of scholars and nobles to associate with the most degraded of the human race. He came from a home of luxury and wealth, to dwell in the reed hut of the filthy African. He abandoned the applause and honors with which his countrymen would have loaded him, and accepted the sneers, the insults and the violence of fierce and ignorant savages. Instead of ease and plenty, he endured the severest toil and performed the most menial services, and suffered from hunger, thirst and nakedness. Yet nothing which he suffered or feared was able to turn him aside for a moment from his work.

In reading the lives of such men as Dr. Vanderkemp, who seem to have inhaled so much of the spirit of Jesus, that they enter into the counsel of heaven and find no joy except in co-operating with the Divine love that saves a perishing world, we are generally free with our admiration, regarding them as set apart to a peculiar work in which we are not called to participate. It is necessary that we do more than admire—we should follow them even as they follow Christ, remembering that it is our privilege as well as theirs to gather sheaves in the Master's field, so that when he calls us we may not come empty handed into his presence.

The Doctor and Mr. Edmonds left Cape Town and proceeded on their perilous journey. After many narrow escapes from lions and panthers, and from wandering hordes of Hottentots, more cunning and ferocious than wild beasts, they pitched their tent among the fierce and untutored Kafirs. This was a most daring enterprise. It should be remembered that a deadly strife existed between this tribe and the colonists. They had seen the Hottentots, once their equals in numbers and power, reduced to slavery and destitution. They had suffered wrongs, and feared still greater, and regarded every white man as an intruder and an enemy. Under these circumstances, it seems that nothing but the

Divine power could have preserved their lives, and given them favor among this people.

They were summoned to the presence of Gaika, the chief, and closely questioned in regard to their object. When they declared that they were neither spies nor agents of the Dutch or English Governments, "Did this plan spring forth only out of your own head?" said the wary chief.

"This question," says the Doctor, "upbraided me for my unfaithfulness, and put the answer into my mouth that this plan was formed only in my heart, though it was never formed by it; but that the God of heaven and earth had put it into my heart, to come to them and to show them things with which their temporal and eternal happiness was connected."

Some time elapsed before the crafty chief consented that they should remain. When this point had been gained and a suitable place selected for their house, the Doctor says, "Brother Edmonds and I cut down long grass for thatching, and felled trees in the woods. I kneeled down on the grass and gave thanks to the Lord Jesus that he had provided me a resting place; and praying that from under this roof the gospel might spread northward over all Africa."

After a few months Mr. Edmonds left, and the Doctor remained alone in the midst of a suspicious and cruel people, who regarded the murder of a white man as a meritorious deed. He was deeply sorrowful at the departure of his fellow laborer, but calm and undismayed he proceeded with his work. It was to a nation of atheists that he preached—a people literally "without God and without hope." There were no idols to overthrow, no faith to supplant; but their hearts were like stone. A zeal less fervent than his would have grown weary, a love less profound would have been extinguished. His nights were disturbed by the visits of wild beasts against which his fragile house was a poor protection; by day he read suspicion and hatred in the dark, savage faces which surrounded him. Several times the jealous chief resolved to murder him, and whispers of their designs reached his ears, but he returned them so much good for their evil, so much love for their hatred, that their hearts were melted, and they would not harm him. A few persons gathered around him, whom he taught to read, and with many prayers and tears, endeavored to lead to Christ.

After eighteen months of toil he returned to the Colony, to meet the new missionaries, Vanderlingen and Read, who had been sent to labor with him. So unsettled was the state of the frontier, that it was decided to abandon the Kafir mission, and to labor among the Hottentots, as General Dundas the Colonial Governor, assured them of protection and assistance. Short as Dr. Vanderkemp's labors were among the Kafirs "he left," says Mr. Moffatt, "a savor of the gospel behind him, which prepared the way for others;" and thirty years after this time, the missionaries discovered a woman whom he had taught to read, and who still possessed the Bible he gave her, which she said had been her light in the desert, guiding her feet through those long years of darkness towards the better land.

The Doctor and Mr. Read attempted to establish a mission near Algoa Bay, but were soon driven from the spot by a troop of plundering Hottentots, and forced to seek for safety in Fort Frederick. Soon after they removed to the spot which they called Bethelsdorp, and there the Hottentots gathered around them for instruction. This place was sterile, and lacked water, which caused the missionaries much suffering; yet they were happy, for the divine blessing rested on their labor; and they saw the people about them, not only improving in their temporal condition, "becoming industrious, frugal and cleanly," but "they grew in grace, and in the knowledge of God."

About this time the struggle commenced which terminated in 1828, in the complete emancipation of the Hottentots. Into this anti-slavery movement the Doctor threw himself with all his strength, and the disclosures which he made of the abuses practiced on the natives, led to important results. After eleven years of arduous labor in this place, the heart of Vanderkemp turned with strong yearnings towards Madagascar, and he longed to carry the gospel to that dark and unexplored land, but the Master had not appointed this work to him. He was taken suddenly ill, and on the 15th of Dec. 1811, he passed peacefully away to the Better Land; giving the assurance with his latest breath that all was well. His death was a stroke severely felt, but "He who gives the increase" continued to bless the seed he had sown, and Bethelsdorp grew and multiplied.

In 1816 Rev. Mr. Williams and his wife took up their abode among the Kafirs on Kat river. They found that the labors of Vanderkemp were not lost. His teachings and his benevolent labors were remembered. The commencement of this mission was most auspicious. The natives gathered around them and gladly received their instruction; and the Holy Spirit gave efficiency to their words. The land was cleared and houses were built, and the beautiful valley which had so often resounded to sounds of savage war, heard the voices of prayer and praise. But little more than two years had passed, when Mr. Williams was called from his works, and Mrs. Williams was left alone with two babes, among the natives. But in this time of deepest distress, they were treated with tender respect. She instructed them how to make a coffin, and with their assistance laid him in the dust, burying in that lonely grave, not only the desire of her eyes and the joy of her heart, but all those hopes and purposes, for the salvation of that people in which she had participated with him. "I saw no monument to the memory of Williams," says a traveler who visited the spot, "but his record is in the hearts of that people and his works do follow him."

### Result of Personal Effort.

Some years ago a young man left an academy for home. He was to walk twenty miles on a summer's day, and the man with whom he had boarded kindly offered to carry him about one third of the way. Before leaving him he introduced the subject of religion, and urged him to attend to it without delay. Bidding him adieu, the young man walked on, the tears of penitence for the first time falling freely.

Arriving home he found some religious interest in the place. Before two days had passed, an associate who had found pardon, in a private interview earnestly besought him to come immediately to Christ. A few days later his mother urged him in a similar way. She told him she had many times wept in anxiety for his salvation.

He was held. He was taken. He grounded his arms, became a follower of the Lamb, and lives to blow the trumpet in Zion. Those three that helped save him have crossed to the other side. He hopes to meet them there, and with them "see the King in his beauty." He is the one who writes this account. Let Christians all around be faithful in personal effort. It is a successful way of bringing the perishing to Christ.

MECH HUMBLED.

Raymond, N. H.

### The Freedmen in Norfolk.

The Star is still received. Now that it has donned a neat, new dress and promises to be so much more interesting, we shall be under renewed obligations for it, though I doubt whether even now it will be read with greater interest, for we had come to regard it as an indispensable part of our Sunday rations.

The religious journals of this section, as is well known, have "Slavery a divine institution" and "The Lost Cause," as important planks in their platform; and these ideas like Solomon's "dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary," send forth such a savor that Christians from the North can read them with little forbearance. We can therefore appreciate, as many of your readers do not, the clear, New England ring and sound orthodoxy of the Star. May its circulation increase with the increase of its pages, until its beams shall twinkle the true light in all the dark corners of our land.

The educational work among the freedmen here goes on as usual, the schools being pushed with the same earnestness and vigor with which, four years ago, they were begun. The sight of colored children on their way to school, with satchel of books, has long ceased to be a novelty, and what was looked upon a few months since, as the keenest insult the chivalrous southern people had borne, and was once considered a penitential offence in this ancient Commonwealth, is now regarded as most proper and a thing to be encouraged.

In our advanced school, over a hundred pupils, who have acquired their entire knowledge of letters since the war, are daily receiving lessons in all the common school branches in a manner hardly excelled in Boston; and why should they not when Boston teachers have taught them? The night school of two hundred is self-sustaining, the pupils paying a tuition fee of ten cents per week, thus raising \$80 per month and spending only their leisure hours. This school is composed entirely of day-laborers who are making efforts to prepare for intelligent freedom, and they are becoming intelligent. Politicians may take note of the fact that nearly a hundred copies of the New York Weekly Tribune are taken here and read with interest by ex-slaves who have learned this accomplishment since their emancipation.

The papers are full of accounts of suffering at the south. We have had much in and about this city during the season past, but it is doubtless as true of this place as of many others further south, that while there has been much unavoidable poverty and want, hundreds have suffered and are to-day paupers with none to blame but themselves. The whole southern country is rich in good land; game is in all the forests; its streams abound in fish. Only sheer laziness can cause the dwellers in such a bountiful land to be long in want.

When the young men can be induced to come out of the corner groceries where they discuss the probable chances of ever getting "their rights," and gain a practical knowledge of the fact that honest labor is one of the "rights" of man, and when the experience of a few seasons like the past shall teach them to look elsewhere than to Congress or the too benevolent north for help, we may expect their permanent prosperity to begin. Unless the late "dominant race" change their tactics soon, the colored man is likely to outstrip them in the strife for position and wealth.

The Freedmen's Savings Bank of this city reports a gain in the balance of deposits, for the year ending April 1, of \$16,954.87. The whole amount now on deposit is \$43,995.30 belonging to over 1500 depositors. This for a people supposed to be incapable of self-support seems marvelous. The people who could support masters and save for them, are rapidly learning the art of saving for themselves. The bundles of ragged currency, parcels of gold and silver which have been secretly hoarded, buried for years, now coming to light, and daily brought to their Bank, attest their ability to become masters of money. The freedmen are justly proud of their bank. It is one of more power and promise than any in the city.

Intemperance is increasing among the colored people at a fearful rate, and unless speedily checked, is sure to result, as with portions of the Indian race, in their extermination. When first emancipated it was said, and truly, of the colored people, that few were ever found intoxicated, but the effect of freedom has in many places been to introduce a free use of strong drink, which in slavery times was to them a ta-

bood article; and now many of their own people have become bar-keepers and rum-sellers. But we hope to turn this tide of evil by setting the children right. Our Lincoln Temperance Association, organized this winter and composed of eight hundred children, has held several public meetings in crowded churches, where the temperance question was ably presented by the best speakers we could get, and with most gratifying results. Hundreds have signed the pledge at these meetings, and hundreds more are giving the subject serious thought. O, for a score of John B. Goughs to teach these people the truth about their worst enemy!

Much religious interest is manifested in the schools and churches, weekly prayer meetings being held in both, and many souls have recently begun in earnest a new life.

"Business of all kinds is improving. The building of houses and stores was never so brisk as now; over a hundred of the former and fourteen of the latter, with from three to five stories, iron fronts, were erected last year and a still greater number will be built this year. The condition of all classes seems to be improving, and all seem to be hopeful that when Virginia once more comes into the union, and our political matters become settled, we shall have a season of prosperity such as was never known in this section of country.

Let northern men continue to emigrate, bringing hither their enterprise, perseverance and New England institutions, and the day is not distant when we shall have a new Virginia and a new south.

Norfolk, Va. H. C. PERCY.

## Selections.

### The Beauty of the Psalms.

Through the soul-inspiring Psalms, Israel's sweet and holy Psalms, Rest I in Jehovah's arms.

For the blessed psalmist brings Images of holy things From the mighty King of kings.

And I feel an awe divine, When I trace each sacred line: See God's radiant glory shine.

Then the Temple's veil seems rent, And I linger there content, Listening to the message sent.

Trust and wait! His coming see: Heaven's spot angels cling to thee: As thy day, thy strength shall be.

Then I stand entranced and gaze, While the voiced soul of praise Tells me of eternal days.

Never can my soul deny That profound, celestial cry, That to God art ever nigh.

For the music of the Psalms Finds me, with uplifted palms, Resting calmly in God's arms.

Whispering to me thus, He saith, I go breathe in thee my breath, I am Lord of life and death.

Through the valley I will lead: Of my sheep who with me feed I good Shepherd am indeed!

Take my staff, and take my rod, Drink my life-stream, child of God, That which courses all abroad.

I will surely comfort thee When thou rowest through the sea— Guide thee straightway unto me.

Thou shalt fear no evil then: Evil is for earthly ken, Not for true, immortal men.

Of all singers, King of kings, This and more the psalmists sing, And rich comfort to me bring.

When I praise, and when I pray, This grand singer cheers my way, And I whisper day by day.

While the angels wait on high, And the seraphim do cry, Praise thy psalmist ne'er shall die.

God of singing, pure and sweet, By this power my soul complete, Make me for thy presence meet.

Let me reach to thine my arms: Clasp in thine my spirit palms, And my life-chants be these Psalms.

—Christian Register.

### The Lord's Supper.

In an article in the *Advance*, on the "Meaning and Use of the Lord's Supper," Rev. Dr. Bushnell, after speaking of certain erroneous notions respecting the subject says:

Now, there is, in particular, one question that sometime or other, occurs to almost every communicant, which, if we can duly answer, will open the way for us into a definitely practical and true conception of the whole subject. We speak of prayer as our act of communion with God, and we call the supper our supper of Communion; the question is what so great difference is there between the supper as a rite of communion and prayer as an act of communion? If there is nothing in one case which is not in the other, why make of the former a sacrament, or grand superlative solemnity.

The difference, I answer—and it is really an affecting difference—is, that, in our prayer, we seek communion with God, and that, in the supper, he seeks communion with us. He even makes an institute of the call that lie prepares communion even in, and in that institute, embodies the most affecting symbols of all that he has done to compose a peace with us, and draw us into tenderest conciliation. In what he yields to our prayers he comes in, after request, in a sense, but here he is beforehand with us, holding out the pledge, and saying as it were to all ages at once, "So God tenders feeding, and fellowship restored to all transgressors that will have his indwelling life and friendship."

In the first place he pledges a "Lo I am with you," a real living presence, such as no believer in transubstantiation even imagines in the consecration of the host; a presence to be participated, in the symbols that represent a hospitality so august.

In the second place, he puts words to the symbols that have the tenderest, most inviting possible significance and connect all that he has done, by the sacrifice of the cross, to reconcile and draw the guilty to his bosom; to cleanse, take away transgression, restore and justify. "This bread is my body broken for you," this cup is my blood that was shed for the remission of sins." By such dear tokens, bathed in the sorrows of eternal love and sacrifice, he pledges participation; saying, "Take and

eat." "Drink ye all." And that will be communion, because it appropriates just that sin had lost, viz: God—all the inspirations, manifestations, liberties, guidings, and immortal strengthenings of God. In the third place the participation offered is to be had in and by a discerning, viz: the "discerning of the Lord's body." It is to be an act of faith, such as comes in to the inmost sense of the symbol, and beholds and appropriates the divine nature therein pledged, receiving it as the soul-bread of its everlasting communion. Without such faith and such inward discerning of the body, or of the divine life tendered so affectingly in the symbols, the recipient eats and drinks, but does not commune; eats and drinks unworthily, as bringing only his senses to a feast so transcendently flavored by God's inmost love and hospitality. So it is that many, as an apostle represents, eating only condemnation, are rather wasted than fed in their better life, growing "weak and sickly," or falling quite asleep in vital exhaustion.

And then once more, fourthly, to exclude any impression that our participation, or faith, or communion is a mere passive reception, the whole significance of the transaction is positivized and made executive by the addition—"this in remembrance of me," "this to show forth my death." The remembrance is not to be a matter of the memory but to be a re-productive force in the whole man, entering a spirit into him that will remind every body of the Christ. And then, still further, he is to show forth specially the death, proving himself in sacrifices, and pains, and burdens of love, and bleedings of patience, which reveal in him that participation of the crucified, which is the soul of all communion.

All this now is grounded, we shall see, in that fundamental necessity of communication, participation, feeding, so deliberately presented in the 6th chapter of John. Every finite soul was to be complemented in the extension to it of God's infinite life, and would be, if the bond of connection were not severed by sin. And that severance is the dryness, the hunger, the wasting, the moral starvation of the world. God therefore celebrates the re-connection accomplished by his son as a feast, gives us the body and the blood, as the life-fuel of communion restored. And since we are going to live always by this divine appropriation, and falling away from it, shall forthwith begin to starve, he makes an institute of it, that we may come to it, often as we will, and be fed as again, by the real presence he tenders. And so we are to have all corroborative, impulsive, inspirational, light-dispensing, courage-sustaining vigor renewed in us continually,—to live and grow as we feed, and feed in the gift of God's eternal communion begun. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life."

### Buried alive for Christ.

Those blood-dripping edicts against heresy in the Netherlands, and which had caused the deaths by ax, fagot, halter, or burial alive, of at least fifty thousand human creatures—however historical skepticism may shut its eyes to evidence—had now been dormant for twenty years. Their activity had ceased with the pacification of Ghent; but the devilish spirit which had inspired them still lived in the persons of the Jesuits, and there were now more Jesuits in the obedient provinces than there had been for years. Of late years they had shrouded themselves in comparative mystery, but from their seminaries and colleges had gone forth a plentiful company of assassins against Elizabeth and Henry, Nassau, Barneveld and others, who, whether avowedly or involuntarily, were prominent in the party of human progress. Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime, but from the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction, had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maid-servant, forty years of age, Anna Van Den Hove by name, who was staunch in that reformed faith in which she had been born and bred. The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540—decree which every one supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Suppos, which they had so entirely put to shame.

The sentence having been obtained from the doleful and priest-ridden magistrates, Anna Van Den Hove was brought to Brussels, and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time the Jesuits informed her that by converting herself to the Church, she might escape punishment.

When Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an Archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a lifetime—thus expediently could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descend from heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the Pope or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins, except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interferred with no one who thought differently; she quarreled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from him if she were in error; and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna Van Den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. These holy men gazed at her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's minion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, save her life, and escape eternal damnation besides. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.—*Motley's History of the Netherlands.*



## Silence of the Scriptures.

It has been often said that the very silence of Scripture is suggestive. May we not profitably apply this thought to the words of Jesus when on earth? The four gospels are selections from what the Saviour said; but let it be observed that they are selections made by the Holy Spirit himself. No doubt they contain the substance of all that the Saviour taught; no important truth is omitted; yet what a silence is there concerning many things which have, in all ages, caused much controversy!

Christ was silent respecting the sublime system of astronomy. What the stars are—whether inhabited, or to be inhabited, he never says. He ever aimed to carry his audience far beyond the stars, up to the heaven of heavens.

He is silent as regards the origin of evil. How many have disputed on this point age after age! Christ does not utter a single sentence on this awful theme.

He is silent as regards any attempt to reconcile man's responsibility and God's sovereignty. He freely and fully preached them both, and would have us believe, and imitate him in loving and fearless testimony and filial submission. These remarks are not made with a view to deter from contemplating God's works with an admiring eye, or to hinder from scientific investigations. No book encourages devout meditation on creation more than the Bible, and happy are those who study the book of nature and the volume of revelation together.

We are all deeply indebted to Science, and some of her best sons have been humble learners at the feet of Jesus; but certainly the silence of the Lord Jesus on the points referred to, and other similar ones, teaches some important lessons.

We learn how much more important things invisible are than those which are seen. The heaven beyond the stars is much more to us than the stars themselves. It is much more desirable that we should acquaint ourselves with God's thoughts and purposes which were before the foundation of the earth was laid. We should do well to learn to turn our eyes to the utterances of professed scientific persons, when they not only leave us in the dark by whom all things were made, but contradict that book which is full of him.

How sadly does such scientific and often contradictory garrulity contrast with his silence! and how silent will such hasty impugnments of revelation be when brought in to his presence! Surely, too, we should learn from Jesus to be silent more frequently than we are; yea, let us even aim to realize silence in the very thoughts, when the wisdom of God declares divine doctrines and human duties.

O for more of the silence of adoring love! and then may come humble, asking faith. The meek will be guide in judgment; the weak will be teach his way. "Look, listen, learn, while the wisdom of God acts and speaks. Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said: 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'—*Christian Treasury.*

## The Missionary Church.

With one slender rod Moses cleft the Red Sea asunder; but God was in the rod. With a herdsman's sling David brought down the Philistine; but God strengthened the young shepherd's arm, and guided the fatal stone. Out from the doorway of a prayer-meeting in Jerusalem a handful of plain people issued forth to turn the heathen world "upside down," and to carry the cross from the Euphrates to the Tiber. But Christ went with them and in them from that "upper chamber." Christ flamed on Peter's tongue; Christ reasoned from Paul's cultivated brain; Christ spoke from Apollo's lips; Christ throbbed in the pulsations of John's warm heart; Christ shone from Stephen's face when it was like unto the face of an angel. Lo, I am with you all ways, lo, I am with you all ways, apostolic corps; Lo, I am with you all ways, as her bugle-call to every march to victory. The power of that missionary apostolic Church lay in her piety, for her piety was the measure of her union with Jesus Christ. And in our day, the Church's piety is the Church's power. Do not forget, my brethren, this truth of truths for a moment. The power of the missionary Church is her living, toiling, self-denying piety. For this there can be no substitute. The Church may increase her agencies as she will; she may multiply her machinery as she will; but it will be for naught, unless Christ Jesus be the living Spirit within the wheels. What the Missionary Church now most needs is—another Pentecost. And all ye who would see new vigor in the work of missions—who would see new zeal, a new liberality, a new inspiration in the Church at large, must beseege God's mercy seat for a powerful, soul-quicken revivification.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

## A Wonderful Cure.

I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, "Hosanna to the Son of David." A poor afflicted woman stands on the door-step and hears the child. What is that you say? she asks, as he is passing by her household. "O," says he, "haven't you heard of Jesus of Nazareth? He cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the wayside begging; and he has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people who have sick relations bring them and lay them at his feet, and he cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only touch him, are made perfectly whole." "O," cried the poor woman, "if that's true, he can cure my bloody issue that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man?" "Why," says the child, "he'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There, don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! there they come, Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David!" and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the Prophet she had taught him to look for is come at last. "Well, I'll go," says the poor thing timidly. "I'll get behind him. May be he won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched him were made whole. I'll go and try, however." I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her, and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, "I'll try again." She winds to the right and the left, now nearer, and the next minute further off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng which is thick around her. Man she wants. Well done,

poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of his clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, "Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue, you've no business here." "Ah," she answers, "I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me touch his garment and I shall be as well as any of you." And now another step or two, and she can hear his gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as he walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but she is not near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches—it is but the hem of his garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and she immediately feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in his garment, isn't there efficacy in his blood?—*R. Weaver.*

## Love for the Souls of Children.

Let me charge it upon parents, that they make proof of their own Christianity, by looking well to the Christianity of their children. They profess the rewards and glories of paradise to be the noblest objects which an immortal spirit can aspire after. To those objects, then, let them guide the ambition of those young immortals who are under their own roof; and instead of regarding them as the inmates of a habitation which is to last forever, let them be treated as passengers in the same vessel with themselves—as fellow voyagers to an eternal home. In the work of their common preparation for such a home, let them not cease to ply the household with their precepts, or to play heaven with their prayers. Paul traveling in birth that Christ may be formed in his converts, is fit to image forth the efforts, the assiduity, the intense moral earnestness, whereby parents should long and should labor for the conversion of their children. Be assured that this is an object for which one and all may be instant in season and out of season; and that no application, however pointedly direct, and however urgently borne home on the conscience of any of our offspring, if under the guidance of that wisdom which winnet souls, is too much for an achievement so precious. O, remember that under the roof of your lowly tenement, there might happen an event which shall cause the high arches of heaven to ring with jubilee; and that surpassing far the pomp of this world's history, is the history of many a cottage home—at which a son or a daughter turned into righteousness, becomes the reward of a parent's faithfulness, the fruit of a parent's prayers.—*Dr. Chalmers's Lectures on Romans.*

## The Bible not an Old Book.

The Bible is of course old in one sense; and its very age is one of the things that will keep it forever from becoming antiquated. One of the charms of the blessed book is, that it is the repository of original materials of history. Every great historian spends a large amount of his time in examining the authentic original records of the time under his survey. Sometimes a newly-discovered scrap, only a few lines in length, will give a new coloring to many pages of his volume. Now the Bible is an ancient history, full of the richest variety of incident, and extending over the great epochs in the world's progress. It is not a second-hand compilation, but an original, fresh, and inspiring record. This can be appreciated without reference to its divine inspiration. A more important reason why the Bible will always have the interest of a new book is, that it is associated with the experience of the new heart. The Spirit uses the word in regeneration. The new born soul has a new insight into the Scriptures. The Christian as he grows in grace, finds increased enjoyment in the Bible. "I used to think," said a believer to us, "that many portions of the Bible were dry and uninteresting, even after I became a Christian; but now I can say that I find no part uninteresting." A book that is so intimately connected with a new life, being itself the fountain of life, cannot grow old. It is too full of the love of God in Christ to grow old. The new hearts of every generation of believers will keep the sacred volume new; or rather, its own divine inspiration and divine instructions will keep them ever finding something new in it.—*Christian Banner.*

## A Spiritual Inventory.

Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation and secret communion with God are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, and working public works is unquestionably a sign of zeal not according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time for sitting down and calmly looking within and examining how matters stand between our souls and Christ. The omission of this practice is the true account of many a backsliding which shocks the church and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say, in the words of the Canticles, "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."—*Rev. J. C. Kyle.*

## The Daily Cross.

The difficulty in religion is the taking up of the cross daily, rather than the taking it up on some set occasion, and under extraordinary circumstances. The serving God in little things, the carrying of religious principles into all the minutiae of life, the discipline of our tempers, the regulation of our speech, the domestic Christianity, the momentary sacrifices, the secret and unobserved self-denials; who that knows anything of the difficulty of piety does not know that there is greater danger of his failing in these than in trials of far greater cost and sterner endurance? It is not, comparatively hard to put the armor on, when the trumpet sounds, but it is to keep the armor on, when there is no alarm of battle. And the warfare with our spiritual enemies is not warfare in a series of pitched battles, with intervals for resting and recruiting; it is rather daily, hourly, momentary fighting; this is the driving out "by little and little," to which the Almighty promises "the reward of the inheritance."

When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moon beams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness.

## The Lambs.

I was one day in the suburbs of Jerusalem, and went out to see the tombs of the prophets and judges. We found the spot in a very dilapidated condition. There must have been doors, but now the doors are broken down, and now the beasts go into them and find rest there. There came up a severe storm, and as I was feeble, (I was in very poor health at the time,) we betook ourselves into the tombs, for you can go into the large room-like places. I saw where the dead had been laid upon their rocky couches, and as I turned to look out, I saw that the storm had passed away.

A ledge was toward the Mediterranean Sea, and as I stood, there came along a flock of sheep who made for the tomb; but finding it occupied, turned into another for shelter. Coming after the sheep was a little boy—a shepherd boy. He was clad in the garb the shepherd boys wore, and the only garment he had was a cotton one, folded around him, lapped over, and fastened with a girdle. He was coming slowly through the storm, and as he drew near, I saw that his bosom was very full. And I looked, and as he got almost to me, I saw he had a little lamb, very young, that he had picked up, in one side of his bosom; and still, on further regarding him, I found that he had still another on the other side. They could not keep up with the flock in the storm, and he sheltered them from the weather, he had put them in his bosom. I had often thought of it before, but it never struck me so forcibly that my Saviour was carrying his lambs in his bosom. As I have just said I was in very poor health, I did not know whether I should never see my home again, and I thought at that moment, of my little ones whom I had left in the bosom of that home. And I looked through the storm on the hills of Judea, and thought of the Mediterranean Sea, and of the Atlantic Ocean, and of the eastern shore of my own country, and of the Alleghany mountains, and away, over those mountains I thought of my home and my little children I had left there, my little lambs. I said to myself, at that moment, "I trust to my Saviour. If I shall fall to pass over all this distance, and if I never shall see the loved ones of my home again, I shall meet them in heaven, for he will carry the lambs in his bosom, and I shall meet them in the day of eternity."

O, what joy thrilled through my heart! And which I see a mother weeping, and a father weeping, for the little ones taken away. I think of Jesus, that he has taken them to his bosom, out of the storm and out of the tempest of this world—they are safe in the mansions of glory and of God.—*Bishop Simpson.*

## Grieving the Spirit.

Many years ago one of the western churches was blessed with a gracious visitation of the Spirit. It was something of a pentecostal season. The people of God were greatly strengthened, and made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Sinners, too, were deeply aroused. The convicting and regenerating power of the Spirit was wonderfully manifested in their hearts. Very many who had till recently loved their sins, now had "a new song put into their mouths, even praise to our God." Among those who became concerned for their souls were two interesting young men. They were special friends and companions of each other. One of them especially was under the most pungent convictions, crying with the earnestness and ingenueness of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" The other, too, was deeply concerned, and anxious upon some terms, to escape perdition and enjoy future happiness. They pledged themselves to seek the Saviour without delay—to avail themselves of all the means within their power to aid them in this blessed work.

At the next invitation extended to the anxious to go forward—the more deeply convicted of these youths rose promptly and took his place among those who were seeking the Saviour. By this act he had committed himself in favor of his new resolve. He was now earnestly seeking the Lord. Nor did the "exceeding great and precious promises" made to such long remain unfulfilled. He made an unserved surrender of his heart to God, and "peace like a river" flowed into his soul. He lived many years afterward, adorning the Christian character by his godly walk and conversation.

The other young man, at the call forth those who were seeking salvation; also rose to take his position among the inquirers. But though he was convicted, even deeply agitated, yet he had a "divided heart." He still loved his sins, and was loath to give them up. There was a conflict within. The Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of the word, was leading him to the cross. The native enmity of his heart and the machinations of the great destroyer were at war with the Spirit's influences. The conflict must be instantly decided. The more critical moment in that man's existence had arrived. And, not being willing just then to give up the world and submit his soul to Jesus, he decided in favor of his great enemy. On making this sudden and determined resistance to the Spirit, he stopped, after having advanced a few spaces toward the altar of prayer, and took his seat. It was indeed a bold and presumptuous act, under solemn circumstances.

And what were the consequences? The Spirit instantly forsook that anxious heart. The countenance no longer clouded with anxiety, at once resumed its former placid appearance. His convictions of sin were gone—nor did they ever return! He was often afterward in the midst of revival seasons, but no salutary impressions could be made on his mind. After living for many years a thoughtful, hardened man, he has passed into the world of spirits.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." My spirit shall not always strive with man."

## The Jews.

In a recent article in the *Congregationalist*, Prof. Calvin Stowe spoke as follows about the Jews and their attitude towards Christianity: "The present aspect of Judaism throughout Christendom is well nigh astounding. I take regularly three Jewish newspapers, two in English and one in German, and every week they contain articles against Christianity, very determined, and not unfrequently bitter and violent. The Jews are very active, and thereby growing in wealth and influence. There are ten regularly employed preaching rabbis in New York city, and nearly as many synagogues. Cincinnati is not behind New York in this respect, and there are four or five in Boston. Some of their synagogues in New York and Cincinnati are among the most costly and splendid religious edifices in the United States. They are establish-

ing schools of the highest order, and have commenced operations for an American Jewish National university of the highest class, and they already have one or two theological seminaries. They are getting into the first positions of life in Europe and America; and an edition of the Talmud, now published in Berlin in the best style, twenty-eight volumes large folio, and its translations, commentaries and illustrations in abundance, they say they sold 40,000 copies during the last year. As to their spiritual aspirations, some of them seem devout and sober; but their writers mostly, so far as I have seen, are about on a level with the 'Radical' published in Boston. They seek no proselytes, but are deadly enemies of Christianity."

## Varieties.

To SPEAK for Jesus, to toil for Jesus, is the law for all; well, if we can, we must. Would a man who saw fire bursting out from his neighbor's windows refuse to shout the alarm because the city bells could sound it louder and farther? We are environed by a mighty conflagration. A world is burning. The flames of God's wrath are sweeping on to consume the impenitent; and all who have found sanctuary in the Gospel must help to swell the warning cry—the voices of the pew responding in chorus to the more thundering bells of the pulpit.

It was a beautiful observation of the late William Hazlitt, that "there is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass no day without a fine—visit no place without the company of books—we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

Those who deny salvation by faith alone, do not pretend to say that it is by works alone; but partly by faith and partly by works, and they will accept of Christ by making deficiencies. But they might as well make deficiencies, and take him for all. For their very best works, it is to be feared, will make but a sorry appearance; and consequently, their own persons, when tried in the balance, be found miserably wanting.

SO PECULIAR, so unparalleled was the benevolence of Jesus, that it has impressed itself on all future times. There went forth a virtue, a beneficent influence from his character, which operates even now. Since the death of Christ a spirit of humanity unknown before, has silently diffused itself over a considerable portion of the earth. A new standard of virtue has gradually possessed itself of the veneration of men. A new power has been acting on society, which has done more than all other causes combined, to disarm the selfish passions, and to bind men strongly to one another and to God. What a monument have we here to the virtue of Jesus! and if Christianity has such a Founder, it must have come from Heaven.—*Channing.*

DO YOU PRAY? O! prayerless reader, who and what are you, that you will not ask anything of God?

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In Bankruptcy.

THIS is to give notice, that a petition has been presented to the Court by WILLIAM CHAPMAN, a bankrupt, praying that he may be decreed to have a full discharge from all his debts provable under the Bankruptcy Act; and upon reading said petition it has been ordered by the Court that a hearing be had on the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1868, at the office of the Court, in the County of Suffolk, in the City of Boston, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and that the second and third creditors of the said bankrupt, who are named in the petition filed by Edgar J. Sherman, Register, on the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1868, at the office of the Court, be and they are to appear at the said hearing, for the proof of debts; and that all creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons in interest, may appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.  
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MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:  
I cannot refuse to state the salutary effecting my own aged case, of your excellent HAIR OIL, COCAINE. For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. By the advice of my physician to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly,  
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EAST MIDDLEBURY, Mass., June 9, 1864.  
MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.:  
I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been sick six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.  
When her hair came off she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly that, in October, 1861, I fell calm, and for two years, after, her head was as smooth as her face.

Through the recommendation of a friend, she was induced to try your COCAINE, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with fine, young hair. In four months her hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft and fine, and of a darker color than formerly. She still continues to use the COCAINE, and we have little fear of her losing her hair. With respect,  
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GEORGE T. DAY.

Dover, N. H., Jan. 27, 1868.  
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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1868.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.  
J. M. BREWSTER, Junior Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Agent.

## Intense Life.

It is common to hear praises lavished upon what are called "live men." The nineteenth century is often set above those which went before it chiefly in view of the great activity which marks it. Dullness is pronounced intolerable. A retiring modesty is in danger of becoming an outgrown and obsolete virtue. A young man is supposed to be nothing if he cannot be pronounced wide-awake, and a young lady blushing at a delicate compliment is becoming a curiosity. Home life is beginning to seem hum-drum with us, and the party, or the concert, or the lecture, or the street promenade, is fast emptying the sitting-room of all the members of the family at evening except the gray-haired, the invalids and the prattlers. Life is tending to become a series of spasms, movement is being effected by leaps, and nervous haste and *enervé* succeed each other. Sensation abounds; reflection grows rarer. The food for both body and mind that is most highly seasoned is most eagerly sought, and what is gained in the way of superficial intensity is often at the sacrifice of what is calm and deep and wholesome and enduring.

Our religious life partakes of the same qualities. It exhibits more dash than vigor, more vehement words than deliberate work, more brilliant projects than solid achievements. The church flaunts her banners without stint, recites her conquests without weariness, and prophecies of her final triumphs without blushing or blanching cheeks. She makes an imposing show at dress parade, of which she is fond enough; but the steadiness and endurance and disciplined valor which alone do the work in decisive and protracted battle are less to her taste, and are not the things that can easily be put on exhibition. A brilliant and sensational pulpit draws a glistening crowd which retires at the end of the performance with unstirred hearts and voluble tongues; the solid but not taking preacher, who feels the seriousness of his mission and is truly intent upon honoring both it and his Master, often speaks to empty benches, and to uneasy church-goers who nod and yawn through the hour of service as the weekly penance for a life that effervesces and runs over with worldliness. The enthusiastic prayer meeting through which the spirit of a periodical revival sweeps, is packed with observers, and the services are all aglow with excitement; the Mission Sunday School for the benefit of the vicious and neglected children can hardly command the service of a sufficient number of teachers to keep the organization from falling in pieces. The one yields an excitement which a shallow and worldly nature may take and enjoy; the other calls for a patient, steady and prolonged self-sacrifice, which only an earnest and deep-hearted believer can give.

This intense life is spontaneous and perhaps inevitable with some natures. The vital forces are in them active and abundant. The soul abounds in warmth, for there is a fountain of fervor within it. The temperament is a restless one. The mind is wont to act with the promptness, though not at all with the certainty, of intuition. They have rapid pulses which lead to hurried and fragmentary thought. Impulse within them is like a tempest. They hurry into action often before the time, and then hurry out quite too soon to bring a large and true success. They live faster than others; they generally die sooner, for they exhaust rapidly the resources on which they draw. And they do not always accomplish anything remarkable. They bustle rather than achieve. They strike rapidly, but the blows are weak, or misdirected for want of forethought, or struck at random through lack of deliberation, or they exhaust the strength by their frequency and nervousness. Still, such ardent natures supply society with magnetism, they utter the needed rebukes to slothfulness, and counterbalance the inertia of stupor and timidity. They are a proper spur to laziness in the church, they summon pious dreamers to the field of labor, and emphasize the truth that all the highest thought culminates in action.

But even in religion life may become and does become too outwardly intense to be healthy and fruitful. It is feverish and passionate, when it ought to be calmly strong, thoughtfully conscientious, and prayerfully devout. It becomes a set of fluctuating experiences and intermittent efforts, instead of appearing in the settled faith, the deep and loving devotion, the steady aim and the consistent work which God demands, which Jesus illustrates, and which have marked all those choice spirits whose lives were a sacred power, whose voices death only made emphatic, and whose memory leaves an abiding fragrance in our earthly air. We perceive its mischiefs in the demand for smart and taking preachers; for short and superficial and stirring sermons; for a nominally religious literature that demands little thought and brings over with sentiment; for prayer meetings that flame with fervor, or melt with pathos, or pulsate with mighty tides of song, or excite with the picture of crowded anxious seats, or are entertaining with

narratives of a wonderful experience; for prizes and piques and dramas and Christ-mas trees to relieve the monotony of Sabbath School study; for a mere enjoyment in the spheres of religion rather than the sacred discipline that opens the heart toward God and the serious service that blesses men; for exciting amusements that minister to worldliness rather than to devotion, and that paralyze the spiritual energies instead of recreating them for the true work of God.

We do not plead for dullness in the shape of spiritual dreamers. We do not ask for the return of those days when men took their faith with them to the cloister for security and nursed it with visions and meditation; when they analyzed their mental states as a chemist analyzes soils; when they wrestled with their unconquerable instincts as a Grecian athlete with his competitor; and when they sought to scare their passions by whipping their shoulders. We do not commend the devout worship which keeps free from earnest work, nor urge the type of piety that has no living and genial sympathy with the common walks and experiences of men. A healthy soul will seek to understand its providential sphere, and a wise Christian will ever aim to put himself into vital relations with the century within which God has cast his lot.

But in escaping one extreme we are pressing toward its opposite. We do not perhaps attempt too much, but we do pray too little. We may not have an excess of stirring life on the surface, but we have surely too little settled strength at the center. We may not be required to speak less, but we do certainly need to meditate and reflect more. And instead of seeking boisterous mirth in society as though it were the chief good or the indispensable medicine of the soul, we may well increase the earnestness with which we strive for the quiet heart that has no need to go abroad for joy. It is, after all, the peace of God which keeps the soul consciously safe through the severest tempest, which lends the divinest strength to effort, and gives the highest fruitfulness to life.

## What a Church should be.

The object and work of a church are awakening attention in many quarters. Critics and teachers abound. Those who speak with most confidence are quite likely to be those who have a very slight interest and a very elastic faith in the New Testament, whose theology is mostly negative, who rarely hear a sermon unless it be one in the vein of Theodore Parker, who sneer at the Christian ordinances, and who treat all opinions on religious subjects with equal charity and deference unless they happen to be evangelical. These men and women are very ready to tell us how to build a church;—just as many a young clergyman, who is yet unmarried and has been a transient dweller in boarding houses from his boyhood, is especially dogmatic and free to preach on the training of children. Having had no experience, facts never come up to trouble him; he propounds his theories with great boldness because he knows nothing of their many failures in practice.

In the *North American Review* for April Mr. Charles E. Norton writes on "The Church and Religion." Nobody complains of him for that, however crude his thoughts may be, and however the topic may seem to lie outside of his "natural province." He is one of the editors of that abject of all the American Quarterly, and he indulges his criticism freely. He seems to enjoy flinging a gibe or a sarcasm at orthodoxy. The evangelical faith is seldom likely to get fair treatment at his hands. His spite against it and its professors is almost as sure to come out in his criticism as Dr. Holmes's is in his romances. But he has here written in a calmer and soberer and fairer way than usual. He assumes the position of an instructor, and tells us what our churches should become and do, as well as what they are, and ought not to be, and cannot continue to be. He is not a mere iconoclast now, but a master-builder. His theory is not very clearly developed, and his ideal church seems rather a visionary structure, or a temple belonging to cloud-land. A few words may be quoted from him, for they express more or less fully the ideas which are elsewhere beginning to take shape and find utterance. He says:—

The churches of the present day fulfill but a very small part of the legitimate functions of a church in society. They have no proper relation of sympathy with the intelligence of the community. Its morality, no less than its religion, is in great measure independent of them. Habitual attendance on church services, or even church membership, as it is called, affords no assurance of improvement in character or of advance in the religious life.

There is a measure of truth in the last statement, as no man is sure to be benefited by any mere association or offered influence;—he must appropriate by an individual act of will what is offered before it can serve him, and no mere external position, or circumstance or relation can guarantee that act. Will Mr. Norton assure us of such uniform moral improvement when his ideal church is set up? Here is a hint of what it is to be:

A church may be conceived of, for all, with scope wide enough to embrace, and methods various enough to employ, the most enlightened and the least enlightened members of the community, the most religious and the least religious, the philosopher and the skeptic, no less than the ignorant and the superstitious. Existing not as a close corporation, for the purpose, express or implied, of enforcing any doctrinal system, of restraining the free exercise of the reason of man in any department of thought, or of formalizing the expressions of religious sentiment, but as a fellowship embracing all men as equal members within its ample fold, for the end of developing the religious character of the community, &c., &c.

That is surely vague and liberal and

characterless enough for even the extreme Theists, who are bolting out of the broadest ecclesiastical organizations that they may find play-room for the discursive intellect, and shake off the suspicion of being under the tutelage of Christ. Even if the members should come in, it is not easy to see what else than Bedlam would result from this mixing up of profound believers and belligerent skeptics; nor how there could be any entrance upon the work of "developing the religious character of the community," when there was no idea of the object to be attained, of the means to be used, nor of the methods to be employed, held in common by the crowd. There would be Spurgeons and Nortons then as there are now; and the new church theory would not probably destroy but intensify and make active the antagonisms which now render religious fraternity impossible.

We do not object to criticism. The church is far from perfect, and we may perchance learn our faults and be prompted to correct them even by listening to what falls from hostile lips. We are perhaps too much devoted to dogma and form and sect, and too little to character and life and the public good. There may be too much sentimental routine and too little free and positive life. We need a higher and more definite aim, a profounder earnestness, a sweeter charity, more comprehensive plans, a truer enterprise, a completer consecration, a more patient and sustained zeal, a more economical and effective use of power, which shall multiply proofs on every hand that our strength is actually fashioned into achievement. But in order to this we must not yield up the truth as it is in Jesus, in the name of liberality, as Mr. Norton suggests; but, instead, that truth must be taken up into the very life-blood of the soul. We must not ignore Christ for the sake of complimenting Brahma and Mohammed, but gain and keep the energy which comes through an abiding oneness with him.

## The Vote on Impeachment.

As yet Andrew Johnson holds his position in the White House. The action of the Senate on the eleventh article just failed to convict him. The change of a single vote from "Not Guilty" to "Guilty" would have sent the bad man out of the office which he has disgraced into a proper obscurity. He was saved at the last hour by the defection of certain men who plainly gave their colleagues to understand that they should pronounce against him. Of these men and of their strange procedure we do not propose to speak. The disappointment, grief and indignation of their constituents and of the country are aroused, and the future will indicate, better than the present, the grounds upon which they acted and the results of what they have done.

No man is to be blamed, but honored, for fidelity to his convictions; and honored all the more for that fidelity when it is maintained at the sacrifice of personal feeling, the friendship of associates and the sympathy of the public. If these Senators have been constrained to vote for acquittal by their honest convictions, we may deplore their logic and wonder at their procedure, but we are bound to respect their conscientiousness and courage. We leave them to their own hearts, to the review which their action will undergo at the hands of the people; and to the solemn verdict of history. They have grievously disappointed their constituents, strengthened the hands of disloyal men, postponed the day of fraternal fellowship, and robbed Justice of some portion of its majesty. Conviction is possible on some one of the remaining articles, but hardly probable; and even if it comes, the moral effect of it will have been sensibly diminished by what has already occurred. It seems to us that the negative votes of certain Senators will prove most unfortunate for them and disastrous to the country.

It is plain enough that the decision even of questions of law and evidence depends much upon the general moral tone and habits of the judge or jury. The conservative and technical lawyer does not and cannot approach and study a question like this, in the same spirit as a philanthropic and high-toned statesman. The sympathies color the testimony, and the moral bias does something in the interpretation of the law. A diligent examiner of precedents does not look at a case like an earnest seeker for the right, and he who wishes to escape a conclusion will seldom be at a loss to find some ground upon which to quarrel with and distrust it. It is not easy to pronounce a man guilty upon any evidence when there is no revolt of the conscience at his crime. To see the ill-desert of transgression often requires a heart that loathes evil rather than a brain crammed with the technicalities of law. Till we have judges that hate tyranny and truly sympathize with the weak, crimes against liberty will scale the best barriers reared by positive statute, and snap their fingers in the face of the clearest evidence.

We do not join at all in the outcry which charges these Republican votes against impeachment to the account of bribery. Some of these Senators certainly are above the reach of all such suspicion. They would indignantly scorn the very thought of selling their honor for a price. The others we do not know so well, but treachery of this sort is not to be believed save upon the clearest proof. But what a shame and disgrace it is, and what a comment too upon the somewhat prevalent idea of legislative corruption, when the *New York World* publishes such a paragraph as the following:

Let the men of wealth in this city, without regard to party, assemble at the Exchange or in the Cooper Institute, and subscribe a sufficient sum—ten millions of dollars if need be—TO BUY A FAVORABLE VERDICT. There are fourteen Radical Senators whose terms of office expire in 1869. Beyond that time they are sure of no political position; so

far as they know now, they are certain of no "paying place." Surely as many as eight of these men would far rather be sure of a million each in hand than to wait for the uncertainty of a 5,000 office by, and by. LAZARUS BUY THEIR VOTES AT THEIR OWN PRICE.

That is a proposition from the friends of the President, and needs no comment. Less bold and barefaced, but suggesting something in the same reprehensible line, is this item from the Republican gathering at Chicago:

A Chicago dispatch states that the knowledge that Senator Wade's nomination as Vice President will prevent the success of a pending negotiation for the votes of two Republican Senators for conviction, who voted against the 11th article, has virtually withdrawn him from the contest.

When the purchase of Senatorial votes can be thus openly talked of, it is not strange that men suspect the Hon. gentlemen of being in the market, or believe that they can be brought into it. And if the talk goes on unrebuked, is not the deed likely to follow it?

Morally, Mr. Johnson is a convicted man. More than two thirds of the Senators are ready to say, on their oath, that he is guilty of some of the charges against him; and three-fourths of the people approve their verdict. Though he keeps his position nine months longer, he is virtually a deposed President, and he is sure to be remembered as the enemy of his country who repaid its generosity by sacrificing its welfare to his own ambition.

## The Nominations at Chicago.

That the National Republican Convention should nominate Gen. Grant as its candidate for the Presidency was a foregone conclusion; and that it should do it with an enthusiasm that could hardly wait for the proper preliminaries, and with a unanimity that rendered every vote emphatic, and made the final announcement herald an outburst of cheers that shook the building and sent their echoes over the country, is nothing to surprise us.

Ten months since we stated the grounds of our conviction that to make Gen. Grant a candidate for the Presidency was not intrinsically the wise thing. Honoring and confiding in him both for what he is and for what he has done, we yet doubted his real and eminent fitness for the Presidential office. We believed he was occupying his true sphere; we believed there were other men who would more fittingly represent our nationality and more wisely administer the government as Chief Magistrate.

Our conviction remains unchanged. Gen. Grant is not our ideal President, and we are not convinced that it was wise to nominate him. He has, indeed, since we wrote respecting him, had his administrative ability somewhat tested, and his unuttered and suspected convictions upon some of the questions of the day have been embodied in his deeds. And his official service has spoken well for his capacity, while his decisive policy has allayed distrust and won confidence. We believe him to be a man whose integrity renders it safe to trust him; whose devotion to his country will save him from consciously putting its interests in peril to serve himself, or reward his friends, or spite his enemies; and whose thoroughly honest and earnest desire to learn and do the right thing will save him from serious blunders and make the true path generally plain to his eye. As President, he will contrast with Mr. Johnson as a dignified manhood contrasts with a passionate and plotting selfishness. He will never make the Executive Mansion suggest the headquarters of a desperate faction, even if he cannot render it the highest and truest symbol of American statesmanship and life. We shall have a government that will not make us ashamed if he is set to administer it, even if we cannot have one that embodies the majesty of the Republic. We have, therefore, no quarrel now with what has been done at Chicago, and shall hope confidently for better days and things when Gen. Grant succeeds Andrew Johnson.

Of Schuyler Colfax no commendable words are needed. A clear, skillful, experienced, growing, patient, tried and true, scarcely another name in the country would wake equal enthusiasm; and should any providential blow open the White House to him, we are sure that one Vice-President will ascend to the highest office without making his record a disappointment and a shame.

## Brevities.

## INDEPENDENCE.

We pride ourselves on our independence, but we should remember that this is not absolute. We are in a high sense dependent on God and on our fellow-men; so that our independence has its limits. What we would now advocate will lead one to act from his own sense of right and wrong, even though it conflict with the opinions of others. When he is convinced of duty, he does not wait to see what others will say or do before he knows or decides what to do; but he has a conscience of his own well fortified with moral principle, which he can trust, and upon which he is ready to act whether others act with him or not. He would like their company, but if necessary he will act alone. He will not compromise the truth or join hands with the vicious for the sake of company, however much he may desire it. This is Christian independence of the right kind, because it leads to right action. "As for me, I will serve the Lord."

## PRIDE.

Pride is the great enemy of religion, which has its foundation in its opposite—humility. Without the latter, or with the former, no man can be a true Christian. With inordinate self-esteem, and that "insolent exaltation" which usually accompanies it, not only can there be no such thing as the meek and lowly spirit of the humble followers

of Christ, but there can be no such thing as genuine cordial intercourse and companionship on terms of equality. The Bible everywhere speaks against it.

Men are proud of rank, wealth, beauty, dress, self,—of something generally of no merit, which absorbs the affections, excludes the greater good, and what is worse, it will finally overthrow its possessor. True merit is usually accompanied by true modesty. He whom pride elevates, not having any firm support, must experience a fall. Sure destruction awaits him.—J. M. B.

## Light in Darkness.

The friends of missions have long had solicitude respecting the effect of secular education upon the heathen. It could not be doubted that the influence of such education would be to overthrow idolatry; but what will take its place? Will not the heathen mind, when released from the tension of superstition, rebound to the other extreme of skepticism? And what is to be gained by such an exchange?

Within the last century schools of almost every kind have been greatly multiplied in India, which have diffused a knowledge of science and literature among multitudes over a vast extent of country. Most of those thus enlightened have been without proper religious instruction, and as might have been expected, have embraced various forms of error. One sect of great extent and influence, called Brahmas, are Theists; believe in one God, but reject revelation. These generally have been bitter opposers of the Scriptures, Christianity and Missions. Hence there has been a deep and increasing anxiety of all interested in the diffusion of the gospel in the pagan world.

But of late an important and favorable change has been observed. The Theists are becoming more and more separated in sentiment from the heathen, and favorable to Christianity and the missionaries. A recent letter from one of our brethren in India is highly encouraging on this subject. The sect referred to are allowing the circulation of the Scriptures among them, treat the missionaries with more respect, frequently attend upon their labors, inviting them to visit and preach to their congregations, and in other ways give hope and encouragement to Christians.

Thus what was long feared as a most powerful obstacle to the progress of truth promises more and more to become its auxiliary. Let us pray and labor that the good work may go on, until truly a nation be born to God in a day.—J. J. N.

## Educational Convention.

It will be observed that we publish this week a call for an Educational Convention to meet at Laconia in connection with the New Hampshire Y. M. The fact that the call is signed by nearly seventy-five individuals, including teachers in our institutions of learning, all classes of our ministry and a large number of students, shows that the demand for a meeting of the kind is extensively felt. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be so large, the measures adopted so wise and judicious, and the interest manifested of such a character, as will give all our educational enterprises a new impulse and insure to them a permanent advantage.

## Current Topics.

A SMALL AFFAIR. As we stated some time since, Rev. F. E. Abbott of this city, has abandoned both Unitarianism and Christianity and become a Theist. The alleged reason for his abandonment of the former is that the Unitarian Conference adopted a creed. This creed, however, is a very small affair, it being simply the introduction of the words, "Our Lord Jesus Christ," in the preamble of the instrument on which the Conference was organized, leaving it for Mr. Abbott or any one else to define the Lordship of Christ as he pleases. The propriety of his course calls for no comments from us. His former Unitarian friends have taken his case in hand and are dealing out to him heavy blows. A recent number of the *Liberal Christian* devotes two columns to his case. The article closes thus:

Pure Theism, if you please. But if there is any purer, higher, more spiritual Theism than that of Jesus of Nazareth; any humanity more comprehensive and elevating in its principles; any morality that is simpler, and more radical, and more vital; any love that is loftier; any style of character that is lovelier, and holier, and more commanding in its divineness, than are represented in the religion of Christ, for the world's sake and for God's sake tell us where they may be found!

THE OLD ARGUMENT. The *Watchman & Reflector*, seeks to justify the course of the Rhode Island Baptist Convention in its course toward Rev. Mr. Malcom, of Newport, by discriminating between church fellowship and Christian fellowship. This is the old argument to which our Close-communication brethren have resorted repeatedly, and it is a wonder to us that it has not been worn out by use. It may be that there is a difference between church and Christian fellowship, but it is important that this distinction be made to rest upon a correct basis. To deny Mr. Malcom the privilege of church fellowship because he admits all Christians to the Lord's table, is absurd.

OUR MIND EXACTLY. The *Examiner & Chronicle* closes a leading editorial article, entitled "Intimidating a Court," in which it refers to a class of influences brought to bear upon certain senators to affect their action upon the impeachment question, with this sentence, "To our apprehension the national honor has been tarnished, and the national good name has been injured, by this unprecedented attempt to force a verdict upon the Senate in the trial of the

President." Now in all this, we and the *Examiner* are agreed. Each senator should have been left to vote as his own sense of justice dictated. If such had been the case the loyal masses would have entertained no fears respecting the result. But as it was, we have reason to believe the "intimidating" influences first emanated from the White House in the form of greenbacks or something else, and the people by appealing to their representatives at the national capital, have only sought to counteract them. It is strange that a journal of such high tone and character could not have seen the subject in this light, instead of reproaching the people for seeking to vindicate their own cause. We hope the *Examiner* will not become conservative.

LONDON ANNIVERSARIES. "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, speaking of the contrast between the London and the New York Anniversaries, draws the following pleasant and vivacious picture of the former:

These London societies take the whole month. The meetings are held in Exeter Hall. The leading societies make a day of it. They go in at ten o'clock and remain until four. The room is packed. The platform, an ill contrived affair, is crowded with the eminent men of the kingdom. The place for speaking is as bad as anything can be conceived, being about three feet wide. A refreshment table is set in a room for invited guests. Huge pyramids of cut oranges are handed around during the performances. The audience make themselves comfortable. They carry their knitting, newspapers and pamphlets, their lunch box or basket, and regale themselves during the meeting. The exercises do not flag during all the time. Singing, devotional exercises and addresses fill up the long period. And so the entire month is consumed. There is scarcely a meeting in which there are not twice as many people who try to get into the hall as are able to do so. The great thing in the London Anniversaries is "taking the chair." Some nobleman or dignitary of the church fills that important position.

THE QUARTERLY. The second number of the current volume of the *Quarterly* is now out of press and ready for distribution. Its contents are:

The Blessedness of Giving, as Compared with that of Receiving; The Hebrew Lawgiver; The Age of Louis XIV. in Church History; Cowles's Exposition of Daniel; Regeneration; Esther; The Millennium; Philosophy of Divine Worship; Contemporary Literature.

A more extended notice may be looked for hereafter.

PREMIUM. It will be observed by an advertisement in another column that a premium of \$500. is offered for the best manuscript, by D. Lathrop and N. P. Kemp, 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, who design to issue a first class Sunday School Literature.

## Denominational News and Notes.

## Revivals, &amp;c.

HOULTON, Me. The revival in this place has resulted in an addition to the church of 23 by baptism, and 14 by letter. The church numbered nine at its organization one year ago. Its membership is now 71. The revival still continues, and new cases of interest occur from time to time.

M. H. TARBOR.

HARTLAND, Me. Seven have recently been added by baptism to the F. W. Baptist church in this place.

PITTSFIELD, Me. The first Pittsfield F. W. Baptist church received six members by baptism, May 3d. Rev. G. D. Garland has received and accepted a call from this church to become its pastor. He is to labor with them half the time.

BANGOR, Me. Rev. S. E. Root of Bangor proposes to close his labors with the F. W. B. church in that place sometime during the coming summer. He does not propose to settle with any church at present.

SOUTH BUXTON, Me. Revs. J. Stevens, E. True, P. Smith and the writer met in council at this place, May 2d, to take into consideration the propriety of organizing a church here. After due deliberation and prayer, we proceeded to organize a church according to the usages of our denomination, to be known as the "South Buxton Freewill Baptist church." Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of baptizing eight happy converts. The church now numbers twenty, with the prospect of more additions soon. It is a good time. The revival influence is still with us. Praise the Lord! L. H. WITHAM.

LAONIA, N. H. The Lord is still with us. Last Sabbath, 17th inst., was a glorious day to the church at Laconia. Fifteen happy converts, five of them young men, were baptized by the pastor and united with the church. A. D. SMITH.

WEST JAMAICA, Vt. I have just returned to New Hampton from spending my vacation with the church at West Jamaica, Vt. While I was with them, God was pleased to bestow upon them his reviving grace. God's people were quickened, one wanderer reclaimed, two young persons commenced praying lives, and others, both the youth and those in advanced life, were deeply impressed by the Holy Spirit to become Christians. It seemed evident that with continued appropriate efforts, a harvest of souls might soon be gathered there. The church is greatly in need of a pastor. Who will go to their aid? Should a minister be disposed to correspond with that church he can do so by addressing Benjamin Payne, West Jamaica, Vt. J. F. S.

KNOXVILLE, Pa. For a number of years past there had been but little revival interest in Knoxville and vicinity, and the friends of







## Poetry.

## May.

The sweet, voluptuous May  
Is here at length—through all the sunny hours  
Over the grateful earth to sprinkle flowers  
In beautiful array;  
And clothe with deeper verdure hill and plain,  
And give the woods their glory back again.

No bird whose swelling throat  
Quivers with song, or whose extended wing  
Fans the soft air, but cheerier doth sing,  
While on the breezes float  
Odors from blossoms which the sun's caress  
Wakes to new life in field and wilderness.

The shimmering sunlight falls  
On mount and valley with a softer sheen;  
And lot the orchards, newly clothed with green,  
Lift up their coronals  
Of flowers bright-hued, or, shaken by the breeze,  
Rain their sweet largess from a thousand trees.

The green and tender maize  
Pierces the moistened mould, and from the air  
And earth and sunlight gather strength to dare  
The sultry summer days;  
And spring's sweet promise of autumnal fruit  
Lives in the blade of every fragile shoot.

Out underneath the sky,  
Where the free winds may toss their sunny curls,  
Frolic glad companies of boys and girls  
In sinless revelry;  
While nature smiles approving on their play,  
And lambs and birds with them keep holiday.

All gentle things rejoice  
In the new life and beauty 'round them spread—  
Green earth beneath, the blue sky overhead—  
And with exultant voice  
Pour their thanksgiving to the Lord of all,  
Whose loving care notes even the sparrow's fall.

Then welcome, bonny May!  
The breezes, fragrant with the breath of flowers,  
With song and sheen that make thy laughing  
hours

The glad year's holiday!  
With grateful hearts thy presence do we bless,  
And in thy gifts rejoice with thankfulness.  
—*Liberal Christian.*

## The Family Circle.

## The Trial Sermon.

It was one thing to the rich parish, and quite another to the poor minister whom they had sent for to preach on trial. He had gone to his present home, in the retired little country town among the rugged and barren New England hills, where he first left the divinity school. The four hundred dollars salary they offered him had seemed quite a competence in those days; and when he married and brought home his wife, and they gave him in addition the rent of the little parsonage close by the old church, he had been well satisfied, and thought he could live and die there. But as the years passed on and three children played in the small rooms—three children to be warmed, and clothed, and fed—and then the war came, and prices doubled, times grew hard with him, and he knew that some change must be made.

The minister did not blame the little parish of his first love. Times were hard with them, too. They had raised his salary one hundred dollars, and five hundred a year, besides the parsonage, was as much as they could afford; for among the farming people of his parish money was not made easily, and none of them were rich. Henry Eastman would have been glad to remain with them. He knew that no other people and no other place would ever be so dear. But it seemed to him that all his energies were used up in the single struggle to keep out of debt; and every year his children needed more, were growing more expensive. Yes, he must go; and the Woodburn church must content themselves again with some young man, hopeful and unembarrassed as he was once, who would be willing to come to them for his ministerial novitiate. They understood it all; and though their hearts clung to him they were unselfish enough to wish him God-speed.

And so it happened, about, through the influence of a cousin of one of his Woodburn people—a lady who had listened to him in many a summer visit—that he had been sent for by the large and influential parish of Colmore, to preach a trial sermon in their just then vacant pulpit. It was one trial among many to them. They were sure of being suited by-and-by, and could afford to wait. To him it was an epoch of most intense and feverish interest.

Before he left home he had talked the whole thing over with his wife. It was a great matter to choose what sermon to take, among the eight or ten which he accounted his best. Usually his wife was the most simple and unworried of women. She was so eager now that she scarcely knew her. She seemed almost to forget that God held control in this as well as in other concerns of life. Her cheeks glowed, and her hand was feverish. Her voice fairly trembled as she said, the very last thing,

"O Henry, don't think of failing. Remember the children—how soon they'll need to go to school and college—how much you'll want to see them grow up in the midst of refinement and culture."

She had not thought or spoken of herself—Alice never did. He thought of her none the less, however, as he rode on, in the lumbering farm wagon, toward the five-miles-off railroad station, where he was to set out on his journey to Colmore. How pretty she had been ten years ago, how young, how bright! He knew that something more than the ten years had changed her to the pale, hollow-eyed woman who had just bidden him good-by. The cares, which had pressed heavily enough on him, had fallen with double weight on her. He knew how she had lost youth and brightness. And to what good? he asked himself, in a thankless, almost despairing mood.

As there was to be a Sabbath school concert in the afternoon, he was not expected

to preach but half of the day, and had chosen at last, among his sermons, one from the text,—"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you." This was a discourse of the kind which offends no one, yet which all agree in describing by the one adjective, beautiful. Mr. Eastman had chosen it because it could jar upon no one's prejudices. Colmore, he had heard, and heard, with great regret, was—well, let us say—a very conservative parish. There are a few such left in Connecticut, low be it spoken. It would not do to preach to them that fiery sermon in which, as his old deacon grimly told him, he had proved himself a very "son of thunder," from the text,—

"But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, and who is my neighbor?"

Sometimes, perhaps, that very sermon, with its stern denunciations of wrong, its fervent claim of neighborhood and brotherhood for all races, and classes, and kindreds of men, might do these Colmore people good. But that must be after he had taught them to respect him and his faith; and to like him, personally, as well.

Just now it was all important to him to please them—he must treat them to "smooth things." The discourse he had selected would soothe rather than alarm. In it the river of life flowed through the "living green" of celestial meadows. On peaceful heights the "many mansions" rose, fair and stately in the eternal light. Through the golden streets walked harpers, harping in tune. Towards these pleasant haunts he beckoned them gently. The whole was more the dream of a poet than a prophet's warning cry. Surely, Colmore would listen and approve.

It was nightfall when he reached his journey's end. Already the streets were lighted, and he was astonished to see what a city-like aspect the place wore. The gentleman whose wife had been the main-spring of the movement to send for him, met him as he stepped from the train.

"The Rev. Mr. Eastman?" he asked, holding out cordial hands.

Mr. Eastman bowed.

"My name is Garfield—you have met my wife."

And then the minister was hurried into a light open carriage and driven away rapidly, his companion keeping up a constant flow of easy talk. He stopped once to point out the church—a gray stone building handsome and substantial. A faint flutter of worldly pride stirred in the country parson's heart. It would be pleasant to be pastor of such a church. And the congregation, if these Garfields were specimens, would be such people as Alice belonged to, as their children ought to grow up among!

He passed the evening in making himself agreeable, and learning what he could about the arrangements of the church. The salary was fifteen hundred dollars. That seemed riches to Mr. Eastman, but he said nothing when Mr. Garfield suggested that the parish could easily afford to raise it if they were entirely satisfied. The candidate was to preach and directly after the service of the morning, a meeting was to be held to decide upon his claims. He had come to them so highly recommended that the committee having the matter in charge had thought immediate action expedient in his case although such meetings were usually held on week days.

The minister went to bed late, his brain in a whirl. He was thankful to be so familiar with his sermon that he need not even look at it. That was all right—well for him that it was so, for never had he felt so incapable of constructing a single sentence.

He rose late again next morning, and it was not until just before church that he found a moment to try and quiet his mind, and bring his heart into harmony with the work before him. After he had knelt to ask for aid and strength, he hastily unfolded the manuscript of his sermon and started to his feet with a cry of dismay. By what unlucky chance had he brought the wrong parcel? He had long believed that there was no such thing as accident, but belief, faith, hope, all seemed slipping away from him now. The text of the sermon he was to preach—the only sermon he had with him—stared him in the face. It was not—"In my Father's house are many mansions," but, "Who is my neighbor?"

What should he do? He had never extemporized a discourse in his life—least of all could he do so now, with this whirling, anxious brain. For one weak moment he was tempted to feign—and there would have been very little feigning about it—a sudden indisposition, and refuse to preach at all. He threw himself upon his knees in utter helplessness and prayer. When the time of service arrived he rose to his feet, strengthened in heart. A noble purpose had been born within him. He now held fast to his old faith and trust in God for direction. It was meant that he should preach this very sermon, and no other—should he refuse to do his Master's work? It would lose him his opening for a new career—what of that, if it should quicken one soul with the breath of a new life?

Mrs. Garfield thought his face shone like the face of an angel when he came out to walk to church with her and her husband. And, indeed, for this once, if never again, he felt himself God's messenger.

He went through the preliminary services calmly and reverently. His appearance pleased the people of Colmore, but of this he took no thought. His hope was no longer in them. When he announced his text his voice rang out clear and strong. Then he looked round, for a silent moment, over that full and fashionable congregation—those well-to-do men, and graceful, faultlessly dressed women—and again his tones sounded solemnly above them, "Who is my neighbor?"

Verily, Colmore heard such words that day as Colmore had never heard before—was taught then where to look for the neighbor. If she ever forgot afterwards the sin be upon her and her children; Henry Eastman's skirts would be clear of it. In all wrong-doers—in crime-stained men;

in outcast women, such as the Lord drew with cords of love to his very feet and then forgave; in all down-trodden and oppressed races; he bade them see the neighbor whom they were called upon to aid—would be to them if they passed by on the other side. No one who knew that congregation would have believed that they would have sat still through such a sermon. But a spell was upon them which they seemed powerless to break. Full of rage as some of them were, they yet sat quietly. As for the minister, he had put aside utterly the fear of men. He knew well enough that he should never stand again in Colmore pulpit; but none the less did he call out to them, whether they would hear or forbear, his message from God. His soul was full of holy joy. He was raised for the time above all earthly things, and talked to them as one "who would not go to heaven alone."

When the service was over he went home silently by Mrs. Garfield's side. Her husband remained to attend the church-meeting—a meeting whose verdict the minister knew well enough beforehand. Only when he passed by her in the hall, to go to his room, did she say to him, with tears in her eyes,—

"You have done right. It was doing God's own work to preach that sermon. Let that comfort you."

That he should get no other comfort he knew well enough—just as well then as as when Mr. Garfield, an hour later, conveyed to him as delicately and kindly as he could the adverse decision of the meeting.

The next day at noon he reached his own door, his waiting wife.

"O Henry, what did you do? You carried the wrong sermon."

She spoke with pitiful eagerness, and he answered, very gently,—

"No, dear, I carried the right sermon, for it was the one God meant me to carry. I am satisfied to have done his work, though we must content ourselves to stay on here at Woodburn a while longer."

This is the true end of my story. It has nothing to do with the purpose of it that a stranger had been in Colmore church that day whose thoughts and ways were not as the thoughts and ways of that goodly town; and through whose representations the preacher was called to a parish where the rewards of this life would be offered him in as large measure as they would have been in the conservative Connecticut town that refused to sit under his ministry.

Of that matter the great Paymaster took note, whose promise is not only sure, but has no end. The one lesson is to trust Him—to do His work. The reward will come in His own time and way; if it please Him, "in this life houses and lands;" but better than these, "in the world to come the life everlasting."—*Watkinson and Reflector.*

## Wild Flowers of May.

Now the wild flowers will not be afraid to show their heads. Some were brave enough to twine their delicate blossoms in the damp hair of April, but many thought it wiser to wrap their cloaks around them and wait for the sunny locks of May. Did you look for flowers in April? and how many did you find?

You found, let me see, as many as eight, perhaps, or ten. If you had looked very sharp, you might have found twenty; but it takes some time to get acquainted with the manners and customs of the woodland darlings. You will not find all the flowers the first summer, nor the second; but every year you will find more and more.

And you will find out where these pets of yours prefer to set up housekeeping, for they have a choice as to situations. Some always hide away under old leaves; some establish themselves under some tall protecting old tree; some lift their bright heads from dark green mossy beds; others choose to live near enough to the little brooks to be able to wash their fair faces every morning in the sparkling water; some choose the seams and clefts of rocks, some the highest hill tops, some the lowliest valley. Then there are some that you will never find near cultivated land, or on the borders of the woods—they grow far away in the depths of the forest, and are generally brought home by the adventurous boys who go out on tramps where the little girls do not often go.

Some summer day your brother will come in with a spike of most beautiful, pale, purple blossoms, fringed and fragrant, and if you have learned how to examine flowers, you will take your botany and look at the leaves and stems, till at last you exclaim, "O, I know what it is—it is the purple-fringed Orchis."

You do not know how pleased you will be to be able to do this. But now I must tell you of some of the flowers you can find in May. Many flowers that begin to blossom in April, keep on through May and June; and so, if you did not look for them in April, it is not too late to begin now. You should find Wood Anemones, Hepaticas, Wild Columbine, Squirrel Corn, blue and white and yellow Violets, Spring Beauty, Saxifrage, Buttercups, Dogwood, Dandelion, Azalea, May-flowers, Blood-root, Spring Orchis, Wild Geranium, Jack in the Pulpit, Yellow Wood-Sorrel, and the beautiful violet-colored Innocence, Swamp Pinks, Rhodora, Trillium, Bellwort, Saxifrage, Barberry, Adder's Tongue, and many others. I have not room to tell you how or where these grow, and I have not spoken of the fair tribes of early garden flowers, the Crocus, the Snowdrop, the Hyacinth, and others. These are beautiful and dear to all, but I have spoken only of wild flowers; because, if any little girl wishes to study Botany, and learn how to examine flowers by the rules laid down in Botanical books, she must take the wild flowers to examine, and I will tell her the reason. Flowers that grow in the gardens and are cultivated, are often very

much changed by cultivation, and grow more and more double every year; they are not easy to examine, botanically, because they are so variable. Every little girl knows that a beautiful rose picked in the garden, has so many lovely petals that she would try in vain to count them. Now the true rose has only five petals; the pretty wild roses are the true ones, and they have but five petals, and all over five in the garden roses are stamens turned into petals by cultivation. So the wild Buttercup has but five petals, and the cultivated Buttercup has dozens and dozens. So that all beginners in botanical studies find it much easier to examine wild flowers than cultivated.

The great botanists, who have spent years in studying flowers and who have made all the botanical books, call cultivated flowers monsters, which is a dreadful name, I think; and we will call them beauties, if they are double and hard to examine.

—*Little Corporal.*

## Story of Robin Redbreast.

I was born in the state of New Hampshire, in a cherry-tree close by a farmer's house, way up among the thick boughs. Mother said she built her house there to get out of the sight of the naughty boys, and that I must look out for them when I grew up. So I kept peeping over the side of my nest to watch them. Sometimes they would come out and look all around the tree to see if they could find my little house, and a stone would now and then fly past among the branches, and make me tremble.

One day I looked down and saw a little white-headed boy climbing up the tree to make a prisoner of me. He had a little cage on the ground, and I heard his little sister say, "Willie, don't hurt the little robin." Just then a limb broke, and I saw the little fellow scrambling down, dreadfully frightened.

One morning I woke up and my mother was flying about and screaming at the top of her voice. I looked out, and a large cat sat glaring at me, and mother told me to put down my head, and I sank all quietly down into the nest, expecting every moment puss would be after me; but the limb was too small to bear up puss; and I saw how wise mother was in making her house.

Soon my wings had grown out long, and my body was all covered with feathers, and one day mother watched, and when there were no boys or puss in sight, she came and said that I must go out of my nest and see if I could fly; I had been living on cherries and worms long enough. Well, I did not know how to begin, and so mother tumbled me out of the nest, and I thought I should fall, but I began to use my wings, and away I went down among the tall grass. I puss had seen me then she would have made a good meal of me.

Mother came and told me to try again, and so I began to flutter my wings, and away I went; delighted that I could fly. Then I began to pick the cherries for myself, and I felt as independent as could be. But soon the leaves began to drop off, and the berries were all gone, and the wind was too cold for my bare feet, and mother said we must leave our beautiful home in New Hampshire and go a long journey. So we started and flew all day, only stopping to get our meals over brooks and rivers, and we saw cities, and ships, and everything on our journey, till we came to a beautiful country; it was nice and warm, and there were oranges, and we made our home in a magnolia tree, and it smelt so sweet we thought we would always live there.

But after a long time, and we had seen some trouble to keep away from the hawks that tried hard to catch us, mother began to talk about our native home and the nice cherries, and we concluded to fly back again to New Hampshire. The first thing we saw after visiting our old cherry-tree was the old nest where I was born, and mother uttered a scream of delight which brought the same little girl to greet our return. Even Willie seemed glad to see us, and I hope he will not throw stones at us any more. —*Little Wanderer's Advocate.*

## Literary Review.

EXPLORATION OF THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. The sources, supply, and overflow of the Nile; the country, people, customs, etc. Interspersed with many highly exciting adventures of the author, among Elephants, Lions, Buffaloes, Hippopotami, Antelopes, and other great game of the country; accompanied by expert native sword hunters. With Illustrations. By Sir S. W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., etc. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. 1868. Octavo. pp. 608.

Among the explorers who have devoted themselves to the work of penetrating the interior of Africa and solving the mysteries which have so long surrounded the phenomena of the Nile, Sir S. W. Baker stands out most creditably prominent. He is at once a scientific student, a shrewd and effective manager of men, and a daring and most enthusiastic adventurer; while his skill in narrating stirring incidents, and describing the manners of the people and the characteristic features of a country, makes his pages as fascinating as a romance. His account answers many questions which have long waited for satisfactory replies, and Abyssinia especially becomes a most interesting country now that its features stand out in the clear light thrown upon it by his descriptions. His adventures among the people, his exciting experiences as a hunter, his many perils and remarkable escapes, all combine to invest this volume with the most absorbing interest. And the publishers have brought it out in a style that is nothing less than magnificent. The paper, type, and illustrations are all of the highest order. We have marked several passages for which we shall try to find room in our columns at an early day.

NEW POEMS: By Owen Meredith. In two volumes. Chronicles and Characters, Orval, and other Poems. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868. 16 mo. pp. 607, 618. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Owen Meredith, as Lord Lytton chooses to call himself, is a laborious, cultivated and artistic

writer, who appears in the verse of some other bards, yet he has neither mistaken nor belittled the function of the poet. No man capable of writing Lucile will be likely to sing feebly, or vex his muse with ambitious discord, or prostitute his muse to any ignoble purpose.

In these two beautiful volumes, which embody the exquisite but masculine taste of these well-known publishers, Owen Meredith has given us something unique and noticeable. It is a series of representations, in numerous short and independent poems, which are nevertheless so many sections in a great panorama—that set forth the human being and race, as successively seen in history, fable, art, philosophy, religion and science. The salient points of human character are grasped as they come out in their successive and more striking developments, and the poet is afforded an opportunity to scatter his theories and comments among his pictures. Much digested learning, critical thought and genial philosophy appear on these pages. The volumes embody the work of seven busy and laborious years; and while they contain many simple and pleasant things which even a hasty reader will both comprehend and appreciate, yet nothing but time and study and reflection will put one in full possession of what he is here bidden to take as freely as he will and can.

WHERE IS THE CITY? Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868. 12 mo. pp. 349. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

A title-page to provoke curiosity, a book to win and hold attention, a series of denominational portraits which will probably be more satisfactory abroad than at home, and a conclusion which many will think would have been more properly put into the Preface than on the last page, since the whole argument of the book was so manifestly shaped with a view of justifying it. A young man, Israel Knight, reads in one of the prophets of a city whose name is, "The Lord is there;" he infers that this means a church on earth, and so he makes a tour among nine different denominations, whose theology and spirit he sets himself to describe. He is unable to unite with any one of them, though finding good things in them all, and so decides to remain outside, keeping a charitable spirit and promising himself to recognize and commend every true worker among them, and be a brother to all the saints that may be developed in these rather badly regulated religious households. It is only just to say that Israel is rather a nice sort of young man, that he means to be fair even when he exaggerates and fails that he shows a kind spirit even when he yields to the temptation to be satirical or humorous or patronizing; and while the egotism of the book appears on almost every page, it is never allowed to be haughty and offensive, but is genial and juicy even when it is transparent and mischievous. The volume is however very readable and interesting; it may perhaps do something to promote charity among different denominations; but it seems to us quite as likely to nurture an easy indifference to the great things which are vital to human welfare.

A STUDENT'S BYE-WORDS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868. 12 mo. pp. 406. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Those who have read Jean Ingelow's "Studies for Stories" and her "Stories told to a Child," will need no other recommendation of this new volume, issued in a style uniform with its predecessors. There are here seven separate stories which are marked by the same high and pleasant qualities that appear in all this author's works. Strength, grace, freshness, sympathy, elevation and an eminent mental and moral health distinguish the woman, and they flow out alike in the music which is scattered while she sews, and in the story-telling which draws even the hearts of children to her side. The books of the Messrs. Roberts are always beautiful to the eye, for they insist upon mechanical excellence as well as literary elevation.

THE BOOK OF EVERGREENS. A practical Treatise on the Conifers, or Cone Bearing Plants. By Josiah Hoopes member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1868. 12 mo. pp. 435. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

This treatise on Evergreens is both elementary and advanced, as it opens with a presentation of the main facts which belong to elementary Botany, and then proceeds to trace out the family of Conifers to their remotest varieties and simpler details, taking first the Pine Sub-family, then the Cypress, and last the Yew. The amount of information imparted, both theoretical and practical, is large, and it is well classified, illustrated and interesting. It is an exhaustive statement made by a thoroughly competent Botanist.

HAND BOOK TO THE MASTERY SERIES. By Thomas Frederick, author of "The Mastery of Languages; or the art of speaking foreign tongues idiomatically." 1868. 12 mo. pp. 96. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MASTERY SERIES. French. Same author and Publishers. pp. 98.

We have looked over this system of Frederick with some care, after having actually tried the use of the European tongues with such a knowledge as could be gathered by a limited study of the grammar and vocabulary, and suffered the annoyance and mortification of stumbling and blundering in half the attempts to put a simple question into a foreign tongue; and our conviction is that the true method of learning to speak a new language has been discovered and developed. The principles involved in the process by which children acquire and use the idioms of a foreign language are here traced out, and the method of procedure is just precisely that which the instinctively adopt. It has proved eminently effective in trial, and we commend it to the special attention of those who contemplate making the acquaintance of the living languages of the old world.

THE TEMPERANCE DOCTOR. By Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "Old Sunapee," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1868. 16 mo. pp. 370.

THE OLD BROWN PITCHER. and Other Tales. Same Publishers. 16 mo. pp. 222.

The juvenile Temperance literature issued by this House is uniformly of a high order. "The Temperance Doctor" is a volume of real merit, setting forth the mischiefs of the cup in a manner at once impressive and true to actual life. Mr. Hall, intelligent, skillful, sympathetic and noble, though sometimes blunt and stern, is a fresh character; Esquire Randolph well illustrates the mischievous influence of dignity, social standing and wealth when they lend a sanction to moderate drinking; Eugene Vane is a noble and beautiful specimen of early womanhood; Mrs. Halsey, with her brusque ways and plain speech, is a character that acts like salt in any community; and the whole list of personages and succession of experiences furnish an unanswerable argument in favor of total abstinence.

The shorter stories in the second volume noted above have the same general aim and are of varied merit; but they are all well written, illustrating right lessons for the understandings and supplying wholesome impulses for the hearts of the young. They richly deserve a prominent place in the libraries of the home and the Sabbath School.

BESSIE IN THE CITY. By Joanna H. Mathews, author of "Bessie at the Sea-side." New York:

Robert Carter & Brothers. 1868. 16 mo. pp. 386. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

STACY'S SACRIFICE. By the author of "The Golden Ladder Series." Same Publishers, &c. 16 mo. pp. 306.

SHEEP OFF. A Tale. By A. L. O. E. Author of "Claremont Tales," etc. Same Publishers, &c. 18 mo. pp. 372.

These volumes, from the House of the Messrs. Carter, are among the excellent. The two Bessie books exhibit a rare sympathy with childhood, and an equally rare power in portraying it so that it retains its simplicity and zest while teaching high lessons. "Stacy's Sacrifice" is a book to moisten the eyes, and soften the heart, and kindle better purposes, and unfold the deep meaning of Christ's words when he speaks of revealing the things of the kingdom to babes; while "Sheep Off" lifts up a prophetic warning against evil paths, and exalts piety in humble life to honor, and shows it clothed with power. Such books indicate the increasing interest which is now taken in the young, and they cannot well be multiplied too freely.

THE HARD KNUT. By Mrs. Martha E. Berry. Boston: Am. Tract Society. 18 mo. pp. 264. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

MARBLEHEAD; or the Widow and her Family. Same Publishers, &c. 18 mo. pp. 192.

THE RABBIT SKAVES, and Other Stories. By Mrs. H. N. Marvin. Same Publishers, &c. 18 mo. pp. 128.

These are all choice books. "Marblehead" especially is a story that will strengthen as well as rebuke many thousands whom Providence has widowed, and kindle enthusiasm and aid in subduing an aimless and heedless selfishness in the souls of children who can be stirred by noble examples.

STEVEN LAWRENCE YEOMAN. By Mrs. Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell," etc. Elegantly Illustrated. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868. Octavo. Paper covers. pp. 422.

This reprint of the Serial which has been running through the successive numbers of the *Galley* for a considerable period, is issued early from advanced sheets received from England. Mrs. Edwards writes with a vigor that is marked enough to be called masculine, and yet with an admirable delicacy of perception, and sentiment that seems the special prerogative of woman. The unnatural and mischievous elements that are wrought into the very structure of English society are clearly brought out in this story, the shams are exposed and the follies indirectly but severely castigated; and the authoress has settled the question of her literary ability beyond all controversy.

J. L. Peters, Music Publisher, New York, whose excellent "United States Musical Review" we have heretofore taken sincere pleasure in commending; has commenced the issue of two other monthly publications, of high character and unquestionable value. They are as follows:

PARLOR COMPANION FOR THE FLUTE, VIOLIN AND PIANO. 16 large quarto pp. per No. Price, \$3.00 per year.

MONTHLY TREE HIVE. 14 quarto pp. per No. Price, \$3.00 per year.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## Battle of Missionary Ridge.

The battle of Missionary Ridge had about it a sublime dash and daring such as can never be witnessed or conceived without stirring the pulses of every one who has a live soul. It is thus pictured in the Life of Gen. Grant just written by J. T. Headley:

The orders were, that when the rifle-pits were carried, the line should be halted and re-formed for an advance up the heights. But, as the men bounded into them with a shout, they forgot all orders. Their blood was now up, and sending their loud hurrah about the deafening thunder-peals that shook mountain and plain, they began to scale the rocky slope. The fire that opened on them was a deadly hail. It was no longer round shot and shell, but canister, grape and musketry. Missionary Ridge, a volcano, a thousand torrents of fire poured over its brink, and rushed together to its base. But the line moved on and up. They cannot dash up that rugged ascent. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tears away comrades on left and right; it is no longer a shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all! Under tree-trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the Ridge. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum. Between the second and last lines of rebel works is the terrible zone of the battle. The hill sways up like a wall before them, at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily up—up—upward still!

It was thrilling, maddening to see those wavering banners fluttering alternately high over the steep activity, amid flame and smoke. Now one and now another would sink to the ground along the steep, as the bearers were shot down, but the next moment they would gleam aloft again, as gallant comrades seized them, and carried them farther up the slope. The ranks melted rapidly away, but the survivors kept on. Grant gazed, apparently unmoved, at the sight, yet with his whole soul in the struggle. Even the impassible Thomas, as he saw the slow and difficult progress, exclaimed to Grant: "I fear, General, they will never reach the top." The latter merely replied: "Give me time, General, give me time." At last the crimson, glittering tide reached the crest, and just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon, flooding the heights with its departing rays, it rolled over them, and Grant knew they were won. Then there went up a shout, like a far-off murmur of the sea, and as the muffled sound reached the ear of Grant, his compressed lips wreathed with a smile, and the burden lifted from his heart.

But the scene on the narrow plateau can never be painted. As the blue-coats surged over its edge, cheer on cheer rang like bells through the valley of the Chickamauga. Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed and wept, shook hands, and embraced; turned round and did all four over again. It was as wild as a carnival. Grant was received with a shout. "Soldiers!" he said, "you ought to be court-martialed; every man of you? I ordered you to take the rifle-pits, and you scaled the mountain!" But it was not Mars' horrid front exactly which he said it, for his cheeks were wet with tears as honest as the blood that reddened all the route.

He who thinks he has enough of the Holy Spirit will quickly find himself vanquished by the evil spirit.



**\$100** A MONTH SALARY will be paid Agents, male or female, in a new, permanent business; full particulars free by mail, or sample retailing at \$4.50 for 50 cts.



## News Summary.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Trumbull called up a bill for the admission of Arkansas. Mr. Dixon thought it very advisable to afford an opportunity for the raising of the question as to the right of the Arkansas Senators to vote, on impeachment. Mr. Fessenden said it was not conceivable that Senators be so lost to shame as to permit these gentlemen to vote on impeachment in case they were now admitted, and advocated taking up the bill. It was not done, he thought other business should be transacted, and was in any event opposed to adjournment. The Senate finally refused to take up the Arkansas bill by a vote of 16 to 24, and agreed to adjourn from this evening till the 25th inst., by 23 to 19. Mr. Bucklew rose to a privileged question, and spoke at considerable length, bitterly commenting on the proceedings of the House in reference to the Senate. Mr. Sumner defended the House, and read an article from the New York World proposing to buy the votes of the Senators on impeachment who have but a short time to serve. Adjourned, after a long debate, to Tuesday. In the House, a resolution was adopted to investigate the circumstances connected with the recent letter of the Missouri Representatives to Senator Henderson, and whether it was written to corrupt or improperly influence his decision, &c. A very exciting debate on impeachment sprang up, in the course of which Mr. Stevens said he had no accusation to make against Senators, but that there had been somewhere a deep damnation no one could doubt, and he wanted an opportunity to see who was guilty and who was not. Authority was given the managers to investigate the affair.

On Tuesday, the House held a short session, but did no business of consequence. There was scarcely a quorum present. The impeachment managers examined Charles Wooley and they were quite jubilant over the acquittal, claiming to have discovered some important facts.

On Wednesday, the impeachment managers examined a newswoman, Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, formerly Blair, Edmund Cooper, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and re-examined Charles Wooley. The latter gentleman directly contradicted himself regarding the disposition of the money drawn by him from the bank, but nothing is known to have been elicited which tends to substantiate the charges of corruption. Senator Henderson was summoned by the committee, but he refused to appear, on the ground that he is a member of the court.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. Morton of Indiana held forth vigorously and ably in opposition to the building of bridges over the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. There was, however, an impatient interest to hear a personal explanation forthcoming from Senator Henderson, who soon obtained the floor and read from manuscript an account of his relations with the Committee of managers who had summoned him to appear before them. This Mr. Henderson had declined to do. He was irate and severely sarcastic on the Committee. Mr. Howe excused the action of the House and managers, and at his suggestion the resolution of Mr. Davis of Kentucky was taken up, which directs a Committee to investigate the charges of intimidation and threats to influence the vote and action of Senators. After further discussion and sparring in which several Senators participated the Senate adjourned. The House was not in session.

On Friday, neither House was in session. On Saturday, the Senate was not in session. The House met at the usual hour, but only a few members were present, it immediately adjourned.

Mr. Stevens has stated that he would have a new article, based on the President's use of the public patronage, ready for presentation Monday morning. Mr. Williams said that, in connection with Mr. Stevens, he had three articles which were to be laid before the managers Monday; Mr. Butler was to be at work upon a preliminary report regarding the recent investigations of the managers, stating in conversation that the evidence obtained is very important, while some of his associates deny that it is so.

The subject of the admission of the southern states to representation in Congress, it is generally considered, will be acted upon at a very early day. With the exception of Alabama, where a new election is likely to be ordered, it is probable that they will all be admitted before July.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

General Grant and Speaker Colver were serenaded in Washington last Friday evening, and both gentlemen acknowledged the compliment in brief and characteristic speeches.

The committee appointed by the Chicago convention to wait on Gen. Grant and inform him of his nomination to the presidency will perform this duty on the 29th instant.

Mr. Anson Burlingame and the Chinese Ambassadors have arrived at New York. The future movements of the embassy are uncertain, but they will remain in New York for some days.

The Legislature of Connecticut on Tuesday forenoon of last week elected ex-Governor William A. Buckingham, United States Senator, to succeed the Hon. James Dixon.

Mr. Stanton will not resign until more definite action is taken on impeachment, nor will the President make any effort to remove him, although the friends of the President are advising him to do so.

A Virginia planter has brought a suit for \$50,000 against Secretary Stanton, for injuries done to his plantation during the war.

Another disgraceful personal debate took place in the National House, Friday, the 15th; between Mr. Woodward (dem) and Mr. Pile (rep) of Missouri. The former charged Mr. Pile with "making faces at him."

The Mass. Democratic State Convention, for the choice of delegates at large to the national convention, was held at Worcester last week. The convention adopted a platform of principles and members were unusually reticent.

The National Temperance Association strongly favors Gen. Grant for President, avowing its belief in the rectitude of his labors after careful investigation.

Governor Fenton of New York has refused to pardon Joseph Brown, the Canaan child murderer, and he will be executed on the 30th inst.

## FOREIGN.

The Irish church question was the subject of debate in the British House of Commons last Friday night. The question was on the passage of Mr. Gladstone's suspensory bill to its second reading. The debate was very long (terminating at two o'clock this morning) and was participated in by both Messrs. Gladstone and Disraeli. On a division the ministry were again defeated, although the majority of the Liberals was somewhat decreased. The further consideration of the bill was assigned to June 5th. Previous to these proceedings Mr. Disraeli moved a vote of thanks to General Napier.

Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, took leave of the Queen at a special audience, Thursday, the 14th. Mr. Adams left London soon afterwards for the continent, leaving Mr. Moran in charge of the American Legation.

The Temps of Paris says that Mr. Johnson has been saved by legal form only. He has been deposited in the mind of the country. The Journal des Debats says that while Mr. Johnson is acquitted, the vote was such as to render him powerless hereafter.

A letter from Paris states that John C. Breckinridge has returned to that city from the Holy Land, and will soon leave for Quebec.

Hungary is anxious to secure for her citizens in this country the protection which the recent naturalization treaty with the North German Confederation confers upon emigrants from Germany.

## The Chicago Platform.

The following is the declaration of principles made by the Chicago Convention:

FIRST.—We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption by a majority of the States lately in rebellion, of constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all. It is the duty of the government to sustain these institutions and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

SECOND.—The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained. The whole question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

THIRD.—We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith, to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but to the spirit of the law under which it was contracted.

FOURTH.—It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation shall be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith shall permit.

FIFTH.—The national debt, contracted as it has been for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption, and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can be honestly done.

SIXTH.—That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt, is to so improve our credit, that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

SEVENTH.—The government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nurtured and fostered by Mr. Johnson, shall loudly for a radical reform.

EIGHTH.—We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency; who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him and the cause which he was pledged to support; who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, the liberty and the life of the citizen; who has abused the pardoning power; who has denounced the national Legislature as unconstitutional; who has persecuted and corrupted by every means in his power every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has just been impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors and properly pronounced guilty thereof by a vote of 55 Senators.

NINTH.—The doctrines of Great Britain and other European powers, that because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if they are so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the government to interfere in their behalf.

TENTH.—Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war there were none entitled to more special honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise and imperiled their lives in the service of their country. The bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people; a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's fostering care.

Eleventh.—Foreign emigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources and the increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

Twelfth.—This convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed peoples which are struggling for their rights.

## Paragraphs.

IN THE CAMP before Vicksburg the Generals amused themselves in guessing each other's ages, when one remarked that McClellan was "probably fifty." "40, no," said Gen. Grant. "William A. that was never got up in fifty years," McClellan had not loved Grant since.

MR. GREELEY'S "Recollections of a Busy Life," for one week are devoted to "Seward, Weed, and Greeley." He speaks generously of Mr. Seward, and of Mr. Weed as follows: "Mr. Thurlow Weed was of coarse mould and fibre—tall, robust, dark-featured, shrewd, resolute, and not scrupulous—keen-sighted, though not far-seeing. Writing slowly and with difficulty, he was twenty years the most sententious and pungent writer of editorial paragraphs on the American press. In pecuniary matters he was generous to a fault while poor; he is said to be less so since he became rich; but I am no longer in a position to know. I cannot doubt, however, that if he had never seen Wall Street or Washington, had never heard of the Stock Board, and had lived in some yet undiscovered country, where legislation is never bought or sold, his life would have been more blameless, useful, and happy."

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, of Boston, whose labors in the cause of the persecuted Chinese have done so much to bring it before the people of this country, has commenced the publication of a periodical called *The Cretan*—a group of 8 pages—in which to explain the grounds upon which Americans are asked to contribute money, clothing, and food for the 50,000 Cretan women, children, and old men who have fled from their homes to escape the tyranny of the Turks. The Greek Relief Committee of Boston, of which Dr. Howe is chairman, solicits donations for this purpose. All funds that may be contributed should be sent to Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, Milk Street, Boston, or to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Brimfield street; exchanges containing articles on Crete to *The Cretan*; and letters from editors to Mr. James Redpath, all of Boston.

THE SALT LAKE TELEGRAPH of a recent date has full reports of the "Thirty-eighth Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." Elder Smith advised the abandonment of the use of "Swine's meat." In which Brigham Young warmly seconded him. The increase of the culture of fish was urged, and the multiplication of chickens. On home manufactures the cultivation of silk was recommended and so was the planting of mulberry trees. President Young wanted to see the ladies come to a conference with their straw hats and bonnets of their own manufacture. It is declared that an effort is made to bring over from Europe this season at least 5000 adults.

## Rural and Domestic.

## The Corn Crop.

There is not a shadow of doubt that there will be an immense breadth of corn in this year in all parts of the United States. The prices which have prevailed, both east and west, would be stimulus enough, were there no other reason, and there are many. Facilities for transportation have increased; the dullness of trade and manufactures has relieved the ranks of tillers of the soil; labor is less expensive; and every thing tends to induce extensive planting of our great staples. In regard to preparation of the soil, we earnestly advocate thoroughness, and abundant manuring. Who ever saw land too rich for corn, if properly cultivated? The plowing should be deep; the manure incorporated with the soil; and the harrowing and tillage previous to planting, in proportion to the amount of weed seed in the land, or grass and sorrel which repeated harrowings or rakings are required to eradicate. The first of May should see the land plowed, especially if it is given to being weedy, and if the weather is warm and the weeds start, about once a week the harrow should be thoroughly put over it, and across it. The land gains enough to pay for the extra labor, and there may be multitudes of weeds destroyed in the seed-bed. Tillage by horse-power, before the crop is planted, may be much more thorough than any subsequent working it can have, except careful hand-hoeing. In regard to what kind of corn to plant, we say that the easiest that yields good crops. Select medium-sized ears, well filled out, compact, even-crowned, and close of the butts. As a rule rather small-stalked kinds are preferable—they may be planted closer, and do not shut out so much sunlight from the soil; and when the proper distance to have the plants or hills apart is known and followed, we think they yield the largest crop. Be sure that the variety will mature early for your latitude—then on a fruitful source of disappointment and loss is shunned. As to planting, we say be in no hurry, provided the corn is just coming up by the first of June. Much excellent corn is raised every year which is planted after the first of June. It is far more important to have an early kind, and to have one crop of seedling weeds killed, than to plant before that date. This observation applies with especial force to the country north of the latitude of Washington. The warm weather, which reaches us in June above that parallel comes earlier to the southern states. Whenever it may come, corn waits for it—and we see little vigorous growth of this crop before we have hot summer weather. The rows should be put so far apart that as much as possible of the tillage may be done by horse-power. This is the limit of closeness, and cannot be practically less than three feet, except for dwarf varieties. Plant in drills, dropping the kernels so that they will average about two to the running foot. This will be an allowance of fully one-third for worms, etc., which leaves enough, and ordinary tillage to stand. It must be thinned out as soon as danger from the cut-worm and grub is passed.—*American Agriculturist.*

## About Fences.

"The cry, 'Down with the fences,' is daily becoming louder. One eminent English agriculturist has removed three and a half miles of what he regards as unnecessary fence from a farm of less than two hundred acres. It is estimated that Great Britain might dispense with 500,000 miles of fencing now in existence. If we suppose this fence to occupy a width of nine feet, which is a very moderate estimate for the wide, live fences of England, this would be an addition to the arable land of 380,280 acres. Our common 'worm-fence' usually occupies a width of four and a half feet—the rails being fourteen feet long. A fence made with longer rails occupies more space. The rails are shorter, the space occupied is less. To this it is safe to add eight inches for land that is not cultivated. This gives a width of two yards appropriated to fence. Every 240 yards of such a fence occupies an acre. An acre of land in a form nearly square, and consequently in the most economical shape as regards fencing, is 220 feet by 195 feet. To fence this requires 278 yards of fencing, which occupies just above one-eighth of an acre—that is one-eighth of the whole. Such a fence surrounding a ten-acre lot of the comparatively economical shape of 242 yards by 200 yards would occupy 1768 yards, or considerably less than one-eighth of an acre. This would be less than 1-32 of the whole amount—a striking illustration of the advantage of large lots over small ones.—*Country Gentleman.*

## Cabbages as a Field Crop.

Farmers who keep cows for milk, and have tried cabbages as a field crop, will find that they furnish a small cost a very large amount of fodder, at a time when the pastures fail. They are highly relished by cows, secure a large flow of milk, and if fed but once a day immediately after the morning milking, they impart no unpleasant taste to the milk. Either old ground of a fresh sod may be taken, and it should be manured very liberally. We have succeeded well by planting cabbages as a succession crop between rows of early potatoes, setting the plants the last of June or first of July, and digging the potatoes from the 4th to the 20th of the latter month. In this case, superphosphate of lime, bone-dust, or some concentrated fertilizer should be applied as soon as the plants are fairly established. If no other crop is attempted, plow with a double Michigan plow, and manure thoroughly early in the season. Keep the weeds down with the harrow until June, and at any time, from June 1st to July 15th, set out the plants, three feet apart, and two feet in the row. Six or seven thousand plants can be raised to the acre. The transplanting and cultivating can all be done by boys, costing not more than one-half as much as the labor of men. If the cultivator be started soon enough after the transplanting, the hoe need not be used at all. A good deal depends upon getting the right varieties of cabbage and seed of the best quality. The Bergen Drumhead, Premium Flat Dutch, and Stone Mason are among the best varieties for field crops. Sow the seeds in well-worked, rich seed-beds three or four weeks before the plants are wanted.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

## Bees on a Small Scale.

There are many householders whose means will not enable them to buy a cow or to provide keeping for her, were they in possession of one. But they may be equal to the purchase of a colony of bees, and to provide hives for the swarms resulting therefrom. Bees, like other stock require pasturage, but unlike horses, cattle and sheep, they are free commoners, ranging at will in search of stores, nor can they be arrested and punished for their intrusion upon premises alien to their owners. A single colony of bees, in good condition in the spring, may be counted upon to double or triple their numbers in a single season, securing ample stores for winter consumption, while supplying a gratifying surplus each autumn for household uses. This accumulation will prove most acceptable in families especially, while the price of butter rises so high as to place it beyond the reach of those not blessed with elongated and plethoric purses. Try a colony of bees as an experiment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

pecially, while the price of butter rises so high as to place it beyond the reach of those not blessed with elongated and plethoric purses. Try a colony of bees as an experiment.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## Bones and Ashes.

Bones and ashes pass through the house-keeper's hands every day. Wood is still the chief fuel in the farm house, and the value of the ashes is pretty well understood. They are prized for the 'lye' they yield; and if there is any surplus from the soap-making they help the kitchen garden at the back door. The bones are generally thrown to the dog and lost. Now if the careful housewife would save the bones as regularly as the ashes, she would practice a very economy and help her kitchen garden twice as fast. Bones are worth twice as much as ashes for manure, if dissolved, and the ashes will reduce them. Put both into a barrel in the barn cellar, if you please, and after mixing them, half and half, keep them constantly moist with soap suds—the hotter the better. The suds should not be poured on in such quantities as to leach the ashes. In a few months the bones will be disintegrated, and the whole mass may then be mixed and will make an excellent fertilizer for the flower border or the kitchen garden.

## To Destroy the Wire Worm.

A correspondent of *Gardener's Chronicle* says that he destroys the wire worm in his flower garden by using a liquid composed of one gallon of sulphuric acid to twenty of water, and applying it plentifully to the soil late in the autumn, when the plants have done blooming, and early in spring before vegetation commences. It is better to use it on the soil before the plants are set out or the seed is sown, as when it comes in contact with the larvae, it is very injurious to them. He says that he tried it on soil that was very much infested by these pests, and it killed every one of them.

To those who have worn down their teeth masticating tough beef, the *Western Rural* says that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks the day before using into slices about two inches thick. Rub over them a small quantity of soda. Wash the next morning and cut into suitable thickness, and cook to taste. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c.

CUCUMBERS, grown in hot-beds, will require constant attention that the beds do not become too moist, or mildew may appear.

## The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending, May 20, 1868.

For the week ending, May 20, 1868.			
CANDLES.		MOLASSES.	
Moulds.....	14 1/2	Cuba, tart.....	47 1/2
Sperm.....	45 1/2	do sweet.....	47 1/2
Admiral.....	23 1/2	do Muscovado.....	52
COAL.		Cienfuegos.....	54 1/2
Canal.....	18 1/2	New Orleans.....	24 1/2
Pictou.....	7 5/8	OIL. <td></td>	
Andriatic, reg. 00	7 5/8	Oliver, gal.....	24 1/2
Java.....	33 1/2	American.....	17 1/2
St. Domingo.....	22 1/2	Crude Sperm.....	20 1/2
Do. N. H. ....	22 1/2	do. S. W. ....	20 1/2
COTTON.		Refined.....	20 1/2
N. O. & Mobile.....	22 1/2	Sperm.....	20 1/2
Ordinary.....	22 1/2	do. S. W. ....	20 1/2
Mid. to good mids	33 1/2	Extra.....	1 55
Ordinary.....	30 1/2	do. S. W. ....	1 55
DOMESTICS.		Neatsfoot oil	gal 140
Sheetings and Shirtings.....		PAINTS.	
Heavy.....	12 1/2	Lead, R. Am. 11 1/2	
Medium.....	14 1/2	Am. dry, pure 0 1/2	
Drills, brown.....	17 1/2	Ground, pure.....	14 1/2
Drills, white.....	17 1/2	No. 1.....	14 1/2
Cotton Flannels.....	10 1/2	Zinc, ground in oil.....	
Cotton Jeans.....	11 1/2	No. 1.....	13 1/2
Prints.....	20 1/2	Span Brown Am. 1/2	
Shirting Stripes.....	24 1/2	Verdigris.....	20 1/2
Ticking.....	20 1/2	White.....	20 1/2
Carpetings.....	15 1/2	Putty.....	4 1/2
Ginghams.....	15 1/2	Whiting.....	4 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	French Yellow.....	25 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Vanishes.....	1 50
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Putty.....	4 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Whiting.....	4 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Superfine.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
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Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
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Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
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Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. White.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
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Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
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Do. Blue.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Red.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Purple.....	15 1/2	Crude.....	1 1/2
Do. Black.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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Do. Green.....	15 1/2	Refined.....	1 1/2
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