The Biblical Recorder.

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The Family Altar and its Influences.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer united praise to the Father of mercies. True it is with this, as every other illustration of life in that better country much imperfection is mingled. A large share of our devotional exercises consists of confession of sin and supplication for strength against the time of temptation, besides which, wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often mar our worship, and render our solemn service vain.—Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself, as an emblem of his triumphant Church: and scarcely could one have been elected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks, by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths. I was acquiring a knowledge of men and manners, but the narration how, is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek maternal care, under whose blessed influences health soon returned.—The day before I again left home, to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto to done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her willing ear some account of my cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and kissing my forehead, said, "My son—*my dear son*, never think yourself forgotten by us. *Your father mentions your name night and morning*."

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times, for the temporarily absent one, and now as I was going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I *knew* the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world, even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degree realized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time, but I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally, anxiety would prevent me from offering more than the merest form of prayer myself—then would I think of my father's earnest petition, offered for me that morning, and in strength granted, in answer to it, rise beside the trial, if not immediately victorious over it! Sometimes pleasure would lure by her syren voice to a participation in unholy amusement, but the charm was powerless, when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old yet those words still ring in my ears, and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises, yet, in times of sorrow or perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are a cordial to my heart. In times of joy and prosperity I remember them, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathize with them, in their feeble attempts to do right, there let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your dispersed families, in a better country, even a heavenly.—*Family Journal.*

Shaker Bible.

We had a glimpse a day or two since of a shaker Bible, a book not often allowed to be seen by the "world's people." It is entitled, "A Holy, Sacred, and Divine Roll, from the Lord God of Heaven to the inhabitants of the earth, revealed in the Society at Lebanon, County of Columbia, State of New York, United States of America." This edition was published seven years since, at the Shaker establishment at Canterbury, New Hampshire, and the publishers say that as they have no regular printer among them, "It may not be perfect in all its parts." We imagine, however, that some printer had a hand in it, from its neatness and accuracy, unless it was printed by inspiration. It pretends to be a revelation—and the testimony of eleven mighty angels is given, who attended the writing of the roll. One of the angels is named Console tease-Jah-mon-shue, and another Pre-line-fi-nan-vas-ten-va-ren-va-na. According to the angelic injunction, the book must be printed and bound by the Shakers themselves to prevent its sacred-ness form being polluted by profane hands. The printing was done at Canterbury, but it was deemed so far necessary to deviate from the divine command, as to go to Concord to have the volumes bound, there being no book-binder at the establishment. It is bound in yellow, according to the divine command. The book appears to contain some passages from Scripture, altered, amended, enlarged, or curtailed, with original additions and amendments as they are deemed necessary, to suit the peculiar notions of the disciples of Ann Lee. It is a very curious volume—even more remarkable, though of less pretended antiquity, than the Mormon Bible. A copy is ordered to be sent to every king or potentate in Christendom—and one sent to the Government of Canada some time since, was returned or refused.—*Lowell Courier.*

Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

DID you ever hear the story of little Tommy? Abraham Croft was Tommy's father. Abraham Croft had a father who was very fond of him, and very kind to him. One day the old man said to his son, "Abraham, I wish to give you this house and garden, and these acres of land, and all I will ask of you is, that you will let me live with you, and take care of me while I live." "Oh! very well," said Abraham, "I will." When Abraham got the house and land, he thought himself a great man. He married, and had cows, and horses, and carts. The old man went out every morning to the garden, and worked all day for his son, as long as he had strength and was always very glad to see his son happy. Abraham had, after a time, a son, whom his parents called Tommy. As he grew up, he became very fond of his grandfather; in the evening he climbed his knee, as he sat by the fire and asked him to tell him stories. In the day, he went to the garden, where his grandfather was digging, to watch the little worms as he turned them up with his spade, and to look at the robins picking them up. The old man caught a bad cold, and coughed very much; he was not able to work, so he was obliged to remain in the house, in bed, or at the fire, to keep himself warm. Tommy's mother soon became very cross to the old man: he gave, she said, so much trouble, and took up so much room; getting his breakfast and dinner took up so much of her time, and that he was good for nothing. His son also became very cold in his manner, and did not speak to him; and one day when something annoyed him, he said to his old father, "How can people be bothered with you here? You ought to go to the workhouse." The old man felt his son's words cutting him to the heart; he was very uncomfortable; he rose up from the fire, took his stick, and tried to make his way into garden. He sat down in an old house that was cold and damp; he got a fit of coughing, and became sick, and was pained in heart. Tommy went out after him, and when he saw him he was very sorry. "Go in, Tommy," said the old man, "and bring me out the quilt that is on the bed, and I will put it about me and go to the workhouse." Poor little Tommy went with a heavy heart, sobbing all the way, and he thought his heart would break. As he was going for the quilt he met his father. "Where are you going?" said he, "I am going for grandfather's quilt to put about him, as he says he is going to the workhouse." "Let him go," said Abraham; "the workhouse is the proper place for him." Tommy got the quilt, and brought it to his father, and said, "Father cut this in two for me." "What for?" said the father. "Because," said he, "half of it will be enough for grandfather, and the other half will do for you when I am a man, and turn you out of my house." "What!" said Abraham, "my own son to turn me out! But I am turning my father out!" He hung down his head, and tears fell from his eyes. He went to the garden, and said, "Oh, father, will you forgive me, and all the days of your life I will be a kind son to you? Come and take your seat at the table, and your own place at the fire." His good old father forgave him, and kissed him. Tommy's heart danced when he saw and heard what had passed. The old man came in, and tried to be cheerful; but he did not live long; unkindness had broken his heart. He went to his bed: his little Tommy was always at his bedside. The last thing the old man saw was Tommy weeping, and the last sounds he heard were words of kindness from Tommy's lips. He gave Tommy his blessing, and closed his eyes in death. Dear children, pray to God to make you always kind to your parents, who are so good to you.

You are Deceived.

READER, if you are living in impenitence, convinced of your duty to God, yet putting off the work of repentance and reconcilation to him, on the supposition that His service is hard and gloomy, you are deceived. It has a chilling effect upon your feelings, to think of giving up the world in exchange for Christ, but you are deceived. The deception of sin is upon you. The whole dominion of sin over the soul is one of deceitfulness and fraud. You are made to believe that it would be a kind of death-blow to your happiness, to give up your worldly pleasures for a life of religion, but rest assured, you are deceived. You are under the power of an alluring spell, that will soon break and vanish for ever. Esau, for a moment of self-gratification, sold his birthright. You read the story, and say within yourself, "Fool that he was, to give up so much for so little!" But pause a moment. Are you not re-enacting the same folly? He was deceived when he made that bargain. His reason was dethroned, and he was for the moment, under the dominion of appetite. "Ye know that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." And you are now acting under the same deception. Sin blinds and deludes you, and makes you call evil good and good evil. You cling fondly to that which will destroy you, and turn away in disgust from that which would prove an infinite blessing to your soul. Do you suppose that God wishes to harm you by the offers he makes you in the gospel? Can you believe that he is plotting against your peace and happiness? Your mind is laboring under a wretched deception. Unless you break resolutely away from this spell which now fascinates you, you will be lured on to death, through this deceitfulness of sin. You will wake at last with the dreadful conviction, that you have suffered yourself to be borne along by this deception, until there remains for you no place of repentance, though you may seek it carefully and with tears.—*Congregationalist.*

Rev. J. N. Maffit.

A Brooklyn paper contains a letter from its Mobile correspondent who attended this unfortunate man in his last illness, and from whom we learn that anguish of mind had much to do with his sudden end. While temporarily supplying the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Milbourne, in Mobile, he was assailed from every side, and the papers supplied with abundant materials from New York, teemed with the vilest abuse, which stired up the populace and brought down on his head a storm of opposition such as he had never before been called to encounter, and which affected him deeply. On the night before his death, while walking up and down the room and speaking of troubles, he said, "I believe these things will kill me." He then knelt down (says the letter) and prayed earnestly for his enemies. During that evening he said frequently that "his heart was breaking," an exclamation which proved to be nearer the truth than was supposed. On the following day he was taken suddenly very ill, and died within a few hours. It was immediately reported that he had committed suicide by poisoning himself; but a post mortem examination made by Dr. Nott and others soon revealed the true cause of his sudden disease. It was found that he had died of an aneurism of the heart; and that his death was caused by the bursting of that vessel; so that his heart was indeed literally broken. He died at the house of Major Chamberlain, about three miles from Mobile, and his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of citizens. Dr. Hamblin preached an eloquent discourse over his remains, from the words chosen and designated by the deceased, contained in the 1st verse of the 57th chapter of Isaiah. He also read the 31st Psalm. Mr. Maffit's son, Frederick, who resides in Texas, was accidentally with him during his brief illness, and did everything that a son could do, for him.

We believe the church was right in calling Mr. Maffit to an account for his alleged delinquencies; but it was wrong, unpardonably wrong, in allowing him for many years to wander irregularly through its limits, idolizing him, flattering his weaknesses and petting his very faults till they grew into obnoxious peculiarities, and then seizing on them as the means of his disgrace and overthrow. A painful and, to generous minds, an affecting example has he been of the caprice and futility of popular favoritism. The Church may well learn a salutary lesson from his melancholy case, and cease to belittle its dignity and spoil its youth, by licensing eccentricity, and turning its holy solemnities into antic games of extravagance.—*Zion's Herald.*

A Public Rebuke.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE WHITE.

The late lamented Judge Hugh L. White of Tennessee, became conspicious, at a very early period of life, as a jurist and a statesman. He fixed his permanent home near Knoxville, amidst the scenes of his youthful sports and the companions of his boyish days. Rarely has a young man, continued in his own country and his own kindred, so soon attained such literary and political preminence. From his youth, the Judge was characterized by profound reverence for the ordinances of the gospel. He was a regular attendant at the house of worship.—And while he was a Presbyterian, that being the Church of his fathers and the Church of his choice, he was benevolent and generous towards others of the great Christian family. He gave to the Methodist Church at Knoxville, the ground on which their house of worship was built; and occasionally he would appear in the congregation and join with them in their worship.

Now, in those days, there was a noble presiding Elder in that region, called Father Axley a pious, laborious, uncompromising preacher of the gospel, who considered it his duty to rebuke sin wherever it should presume to lift up its deformed head within the limits of his district.—And while Father Axley was a man of respectable talents, undoubted piety, and great ministerial fidelity, he had, moreover, a spice of humor oddity, and drollery about him, that rarely failed to impart a characteristic tinge to his performances. The consequence was, that amusing anecdotes of the sayings and doings of Father Axley abounded throughout the country.

On a certain day a number of lawyers and literary men were together in the town of Knoxville, and the conversation turned on the subject of preaching and preachers. One and another had expressed his opinion of the performances of this and that pulpit orator. At length, Judge White spoke up—"Well, gentlemen, on this subject each man is, of course entitled to his own opinion; but I must confess, that Father Axley brought me to a sense of my evil deeds—at least a portion of them—more effectually than any preacher I have ever heard." At this every eye and ear was turned; for Judge White was known never to speak lightly on religious subjects, and moreover, he was habitually cautious and respectful in his remarks concerning religious men.—The company now expressed the most urgent desire that the Judge would give the particulars, and expectations stood on tiptoe.

"I went up," said the Judge, "one evening to the Methodist church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted; but Father Axley was in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon, he arose, and said to the congregation, I am not going to detain you by delivering an exhortation. I have risen simply to administer a rebuke for improper conduct, which I have observed here to-night.' This, of course, waked up the entire assembly: and the stillness was most profound, while Axley stood and looked, for two or three seconds over the congregation. Then, stretching out his large, long arm, and pointing with his finger steadily in one direction, 'Now,' said he 'I calculate that those two young men, who were talking and laughing in that corner of the house, while the brother was preaching, think that I'm going to talk about them. Well, it is true that it looks very bad, when well dressed young men who you would suppose, from their appearance, belonged to some genteel, respectable family, come to the house of God, and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him that dwelleth therein, or attending to the message of his everlasting love, get together in the corner of the house,' (his finger all this time pointing straight and steady as the aim of a rifleman,) 'and there through the whole solemn service, keep talking, tittering, laughing, giggling—thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation, and sinning against God.

"'I am sorry for the young men. I am sorry for their parents. I am sorry they have done so to-night. I hope they 'll never do so again. But, however, that's not the thing that I was going to talk about. It is another matter, and so important, that I thought it would be wrong to suffer the congregation to depart without administering a suitable rebuke. 'Now,' said he stretching his huge arm, and pointing in another direction, 'perhaps that man, who was asleep on the bench out there, while the brother was preaching, thinks that I am going to talk about him. Well, I must confess, it looks very bad for a man to come into a worshiping assembly, and instead of taking his seat like others, and listening to the blessed gospel, carelessly stretch himself out on a bench, and go to sleep! It is not only a proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but it shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows that the poor man has been unfortunate in his bringing up, as not to have been taught good manners. He does'nt know what is polite and respectful in a worshiping assembly, among whom he comes to mingle. I am sorry for the poor man. I am sorry for the family to which he belongs. I am sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But, however, that is not what I was going to talk about.'

"Thus Father Axley went on, for some time, 'boxing the compass,' and hitting a number of persons and things that he was 'not going to talk about,' and hitting them hard till the attention and curiosity of the audience were raised to the highest pitch, when finally, he remarked, 'The thing which I was going to talk, is *chewing tobacco*. Now, I do hope, when any gentleman comes here to church, who can't keep from chewing tobacco during the hours of public worship, that he will just take his hat and put it before him, and spit in his hat. You know we are Methodists—You all know that our custom is to kneel when we pray. Now, any gentleman may see, in a moment, how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well dressed Methodist lady to be compelled to kneel down in great puddle of tobacco spit!'

"Now," said Judge White, "at this very time, I had in my mouth on uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and train of remark had strongly arrested every one's attention. While he was striking to the right and left, hitting those 'things' that he was not going to talk about, my curosity was roused, and conjecture was busy to find out what he was aming at. I was chewing my huge quid with uncommon rapidity, and spitting and looking up at the preacher, to catch every word and every gesture; and when, at last, he pounced on the 'tobacco,' behold, there I had a great puddle of tobaco spit! I quietly slipped the quid out of my mouth, and dashed it as far as I could under the seats, resolving never again to be found chewing tobacco in a Methodist church.—*Western Sketch Book.*

A Magnificent Present.

By a letter just received from M. Vattemare says the Albany Argus, and dated at Washington on 2d inst., we are informed that he has just received advices from his agent at Paris, stating that the French Government have made a donation to the New York State Library of a copy of the celebrated Gallery of Versailles—a work containing several thousand historical engravings. "To give you an idea of this magnificent present (adds Mons. Vattemare) I need only say, that each copy occupies a case three feet square by two and a half high."

Woman's True Sphere of Influence.

Oh! I wish I could put into my words half the earnestness that fills my heart, when I think of the young girls springing up around us into beautiful womanhood—fair to look upon, and of gentle and pure hearts—whose genius, training or the shackles of foolish custom are depriving of their rights. Young sister, your soul has a right to knowledge: why will you submit to have it withheld from you? Why will you neglect your opportunities for acquiring it? Your hearts were formed to be filled with intense, and holy, and self-sacrificing affections. Will you wrong yourself by wasting such capacities in vain triflings, or by weakening them with your selfish indulgence? Do propose to yourself a worthy aim, without which your existense will be almost vain. Exert yourself to-day, and every day, to do good to others, and to make them happy.

Thank God for your intellectual powers, and improve them to the utmost as He gives you opportunity—

"for in the depth
Of glory, in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more."

If you have not the creative faculty of genius, you may at lest cultivate a power of appreciating genius in others, which is in itself, a cource of great enjoyment.—Your mind requires to be strengthened by diligent and judicious study and training; otherwise, however deisirous you may be of doing will, you will be found characterless and insufficient when called upon to act.

If fortune so favors you, and no necessity for active exertion arises, this study and training will still be required; for what is the young girl's obvious destiny? When she leaves the home of her childhood, where it was her right to be cherished with sheltering love—where she has stood as a guardian angel in the path of a brother tempted to sin, or cheered and soothed and blessed the hearts of beloved parents, she goes to a home of her own, where her very presence is to create happiness. Her husband looks to her for the charm which is to brighten his path of life. When the world frowns on him, and disappointment presses like an incubus on the active mind, is not the wife's privileges to sympathize with or cheer her husband a most precious right?

Would any true minded woman intermeddle with public affairs, or voluntarily devote herself to pursuits in which she can only acquire excellence by relinquishing her domestic avocations and privileges?—Who is willing to forego even her enjoyments of the graceful refinements of life, in a quiet and intelligent home circle—refinements which are perfectly consistent with my theory of usefulness, for the *eclat* attending a life of publicity? If a woman pursue only the more accessible paths of literature she need not forfeit the advantages of a home sheltered from the public eye; but a desire for FAME is often aroused, which deafens the ear to the music of love, and hardens the hearts to its influence which renders her unable to discern distinctly, her allotted task and its rewards, while it presents to her a vision of deceitful beauty in the crown to be won by ittellectual achievements. I would beg of any woman, however well qualified she may be for a public sphere, to consider if she is willing to resign her peculiar charms and her usefulness as a woman.

I pity the delusion of those who see no beauty in domestic life—who regard with contempt those whose time is frequently occupied in attending to their households.—They forget that contributing to the happiness and well being of those they love ennobles the most menial services, and that unselfish devotion to to such a purpose, when it is required, elevates, rather than degrades. It is true, much more time is often devoted to such employments than is necessary; with some house-keepers excessive neatness ceases to be a virtue, when the time devoted to its attainments is taken from more important pursuits.

Others, again do a great wrong to families, as well as themselves, by spending their time in preparations that pamper the appetite—degrading them to a level with the brute creation by making such sensuality their highest pleasure—enfeebling their minds and ruining their health. Those who thus waste their precious hours; of life, are truly deserving of censure; but not "the woman who attendeth diligently to the ways of her household."

The noblest right of woman claims our attention last. To the mother is committed a trust for immortality. Look at the young child: lovely it may be in person, in developments of heart, in the gleamings of a brilliant intellect. What higher trust can there be, than to watch over that beautiful being, and to shield her from the evil with which the world abounds that her spirit may be returned to its Maker ennobled and made more glorious by the mother's judicious care—by her earnest and well directed love. Is it not a holy right to guard that little heart till it becomes a well spring of all pure and faithful affection? It is your right to teach your child to know and recognize the hand of God in every event of his Providence—to show her, in the exquisite delicacy of the smallest flower, the handiwork of the same Being who hurls the thunder, and directs the lightning's flash—to explain to her the wonderful mechanism of her own little frame—to make familiar to her delighted gaze the stars of heaven in their nightly course—to point out before her the glorious path her spirit may pursue.

The proudest rights of our sex are vested in the wife and mother. She stands a helpmate in all good deeds to her husband, becomes his "crown" of happiness and glory. She who "teaches her son to be good"—who trains up high-minded daughters to exert their vivifying influence over the world, fulfils her mission as a woman; exercises her highest right, and "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

Rousseau.

Rousseau was not a mocker, or leveler, or a satirist, or an atheist. He resembled Voltaire only in one respect—in egotism.—He was not so learned as Voltaire, did not write so much, was not so highly honored or esteemed. But he had more genius, and exercised a greater influence on posterity. His influence was more subtle and dangerous, for he led astray people of generous impulses and enthusiastic dispositions, with but little intelligence or experience. He abounded in extravagant admiration of unsophisticated nature, professed to love the simple and earnest, affected extraordinary friendship and sympathy, and was most enthusiastic in his rhapsodies of sentimental love. Voltaire had no cant, but Rousseau was full of it. Voltaire was the father of Danton, but Rousseau of Robespierre, that sentimental murderer, who as a judge, was too conscientious to hang a criminal, but sufficiently unscrupulous to destroy a king. The absurdities of Rousseau can be traced in the ravings of the ultra transcendentalists, in the extravagance of Fourierism, in the mock philanthropy of such apostles of light as Eugene Sue and Louis Blanc.

The whole mental and physical constitution of Rousseau was diseased, and his actions were strangely inconsistent with his sentiments. He gave the kiss of friendship, and it proved the token of treachery; he expatiated on simplicity and earnestness in most bewitching language, but was a hypocrite, seducer and liar. He was always breathing the raptures of affection, yet never succeeded in keeping a friend; he was always denouncing the selfishness and vanity of the world, and yet was miserable without its reward and praises: but no man was more dependent on society, yet no man ever professed to hold it in deeper contempt; no man ever had a prouder spirit, yet no man ever affected a more abject humility. He dilated with apparent rapture on disenterested love, and yet left his own children to cold neglect and poverty. He poisoned the weak and the susceptible by pouring out streams of passion in eloquent and exciting language, under the pretence of unburdening his own soul and revealing his own sorrows. He was always talking about philanthropy and generousity, and yet seldom bestowed a charity. No man was ever more eloquent in paradox, or sublime in absurdity. He spent his life in gilding what is corrupt, and glossing over what is impure. The great moral effect of his writing was to make men commit crimes under the name of patriotism, and permit men to indulge in selfish passion under the name of love.—*Rev. John Lord.*

Nelson's Playful Decision.

Lord Nelson's manner, apart from duty, was universally kind and even playful to all around him; an amusing instance of which, as well as of his extreme quickness, occurred during his cruise in the Mediterranean. One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour through a very smooth sea, everything on board being orderly and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "man overboard!" A midshipman named Flinn, a good draughtsman, who had been sitting on deck comfortably sketching, started at the cry, and looking over the side of the ship, saw his own servant, who was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be off, the captain of marines had thrown the man a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room, to keep him floating, and the next instant Flinn had flung himself overboard, and was swimming to the rescue. The admiral having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter deck, was highly delighted with the scene; and, when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr. Flinn, praised his conduct and made him Lieutenant on the spot. A loud hurra from the midshipmen, whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their hats in honor of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention.—There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognized; and putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over to the crowd of middies, he said with a good natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentlemen. Mr. Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day—and he has done many gallant things before—for which he has got his reward; but mind, I'll have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard!"—*Memoir of Dr. Scott, Nelson's Champlain.*