

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

"ANOTHER REAPETH."

John 4: 37.

BY THE REV. T. H. NEWTON, D.D.

I've looked o'er acres rich and broad,
Well pleased to call them mine;
Mine by my toil, a life's reward,
Home for my life's decline—
Yet this clear and dewy to see
Could not regain those roads for me.

I've built a mansion neat and fair
Well fitted to my mind;
I hoped to spend life's journey there,
(To quietness inclined);
But others sleep within my rooms
Whilst I seek rest in stranger's homes.

I had two thousand books in store,
(I dread a vacant mind)—
My only sin I sought for more—
To knowledge well inclined,
But war comes on with 'fortiate face
And burns my shelves before my face.

These lost—new projects to regain
What thus had fled away—
Bore my hope onward still in vain
For sickness needed prayer,
She touched such fibre in my frame,
And left me not of health the name.

Thus one by one hopes depart
And sadden leave the breast;
But as they go they teach the heart
To seek not here a rest.
We learn the worth of things on high:
None snatch our treasures in the sky.

The' spoiled of all not one thing ours,
Nor call I 'trod unkid,
E'en deserts yield new crops of flowers
And thus new sweets we find!
God reaps our toils—they are not lost:
None snatch our treasures in the sky.

But if he reaps, (yet drops no grain)
'Tis not that he's a sower;
He garners up our yearly gain
To make our profit clear.
All shall be trophies in His train
When He comes to own his right to reign.

So tho' we call them losses now
It's that we little know;
Full soon He'll tell us, strangely, how
He'll make our profit show.
Those faithful in life's toilsome hours
Shall rank as first of heavenly powers.

Selections.

HOW COLONEL HUGER TOLD THE STORY. BY THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

I fulfil the promise made in my last paper by giving the story of the attempted rescue of Lafayette, as told by Colonel Huger, when dining at my father's house in Quincy, October 3d, 1825. The report, of course, is not stenographic; but, as it is chiefly taken from very copious notes made at the time by my sister, Miss E. S. Quincy, the reader may rely upon its substantial accuracy.

"My first recollection of Lafayette is that of a child three years old. By a singular accident my father's house, on North Island, South Carolina, was the first American roof which sheltered him. Late one night in the year 1776, our family was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door. Fearing an attack of the enemy, we barred our windows and refused admittance. At length we were made to understand that the applicants were the Marquis de la Fayette and the Baron de Kalb. They had taken to their boat, to avoid British cruisers, and had been directed by some of our servants to my father's house. They were, of course, admitted, with every token of welcome and hospitality, and, accompanied by my father, left the next morning for Charleston, from whence they at once proceeded to the American army. Young as I then was, the incident made a distinct impression upon my mind."

After a short pause, Colonel Huger proceeded to the events that led to his second meeting with Lafayette. "The merit of the contrivance to rescue Lafayette from the Castle of Olmutz belongs not to me, but to Dr. Bollmann. He was a Hanoverian physician, of great courage and address, who had been engaged by friends of Lafayette to discover his prison and attempt his rescue. Bollmann commenced his search in 1793; but for some time could only learn that the Russian Government had given Austria the custody of this dangerous republican, and that he was probably somewhere in that country. The next year, after many ineffectual attempts, he found out that certain French prisoners had been taken to Olmutz, a strong fortress in Moravia. Suspecting Lafayette might be one of them, Bollmann at once repaired to Olmutz, where he managed to make the acquaintance of the military surgeon of the fortress. Representing himself to be a physician, travelling for improvement, he inquired one day, as if from idle curiosity, whether

there were any French prisoners in the Fortress? 'Oh! yes,' was the reply; 'and Lafayette is among them.' Bollmann then mentioned that he had some French books with him, that he would gladly lend this famous prisoner. He was informed that this would be permitted, provided the books were inspected by the proper officer. The books were accordingly sent; but in one of them, upon the margins of separate pages, Bollmann had scrawled words which, when put together, formed the following sentence: 'If you read this book with as much care as that lent your friend at Nudgeburg, you will receive equal satisfaction.' The person referred to had received an account of concerted plans for his escape from prison written in lemon-juice on the blank pages of a book. Lafayette understood the allusion, and, holding it to the fire, soon deciphered a request to instruct his friends how to attempt his rescue.

The book was then returned, and Bollmann, upon examining closely, found the words 'Hold it to the fire' written upon one of its pages. On obeying the direction, he found that he had been understood. Lafayette informed him that he was frequently allowed to drive for his health, and, as he was personally unknown to Bollmann, he mentioned a signal by which he might be recognized, if they should meet. This was all he could say. Everything else was left to the courage and ingenuity of this adventurous doctor. The volume lent and returned was the only communication he had ever had with Lafayette."

"A short time after this," continued Colonel Huger, "I met Dr. Bollmann, at Vienna, where he confided to me his plans and begged my assistance. I felt it my duty to give him all the aid in my power. We hired a post-chaise and a servant; also two horses, one of them trained to carry double. We then set off for Olmutz, a distance of 150 miles. Upon our arrival, we sent the servant and the chaise on to Hoff, a post-town twenty-five miles from Olmutz, on the road we wished to travel. We mounted our horses apparently to follow him; but, in fact, to endeavor to meet Lafayette. Our pistols were not loaded, and we took no other arms. We had no intention of taking life to forward our design. It was the hour when we knew that Lafayette was allowed to ride. We rode towards the Castle; and, upon hearing the walls, saw an open carriage, in which was seated a prisoner in a blue surcoat, with an officer beside him and an armed soldier mounted behind. As we passed, the prisoner gave the signal agreed upon by raising his hat and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. The feelings excited by this assurance that the prisoner was indeed Lafayette I can never forget. We looked as indifferent as possible, bowed slightly, and rode on. Presently we turned and followed the carriage. When it reached the open country, Lafayette alighted, on the pretence of taking exercise. He gradually drew the officer who had him in charge away from the high road. Suddenly he grasped the hilt of the officer's sword and drew it. At that moment we galloped up to his assistance. A scuffle ensued, the officer was slightly wounded, and Lafayette's coat was stained with his blood. The soldier meantime hurried back to the Castle, to give the alarm. An unlucky incident here occurred. We had dismounted, and one of our horses, frightened by the sun gleaming upon the drawn swords, ran away. The officer now seized Lafayette by the collar and succeeded in throwing him. The latter exclaimed: 'He is strangling me! We then attacked the officer, threw him, and held him down, calling to Lafayette to mount the only remaining horse and escape. I said to him: 'Go to Hoff! a direction which Lafayette most unfortunately mistook for the English phrase 'Go off!' If I had only spoken in French, and said *Allez a Hoff*, our plan would have succeeded. Lafayette mounted and rode slowly away; but immediately returned, and declared that he could not leave us in such a situation. We reminded him that not a moment was to be lost, and besought him not to frustrate our design. With great reluctance he then galloped slowly away. We then let the officer escape, and, after much difficulty, I succeeded in catching our other horse. We mounted and attempted to follow Lafayette. But, unfortunately, the horse that he had taken was the one that we had trained to carry double. The horse was so excited, that we were compelled to mount, soon reared, stumbled, and threw us. It was impossible for both of us to escape. I then insisted that Bollmann should take the horse and follow Lafayette alone. He declared that he

could not leave me; but, upon my reminding him that he could be of great assistance to Lafayette, through his knowledge of the German language, of which I was ignorant, he reluctantly decided to go. "My situation was a forlorn one. In a few moments the whole country would be in pursuit of us. But I resolved to lose no chance that remained. I hurried toward a convent, that appeared upon a neighboring hill. Soon I heard voices behind me, and took refuge in a wood. I hid myself behind a tree, determined to strike the first horseman to the ground and to mount his horse. But my pursuers were too numerous. I was instantly surrounded, seized, and carried to Olmutz."

The characteristic delicacy of Colonel Huger led him to pass slightly over his sufferings while in prison. For ten days he was treated with the utmost rigor. He was chained to the door of a small arched dungeon, six feet by eight, from which light was totally excluded. His request to be allowed to send the words "I am alive" to his mother was rudely refused.

Colonel Huger continued his narrative thus: "After the rigor of my punishment was abated by a removal from the dark dungeon, I discovered that Bollmann was in the apartment above me. We soon contrived to hold some communication, and from him I first learned the total defeat of our plan. He had reached Hoff; but, not finding Lafayette, he lingered on the frontier till he was arrested and sent to Olmutz. I have already explained the misunderstanding of my direction, 'Go to Hoff' which frustrated our design. Lafayette, thinking that he was only told to go off, wandered into the village of Zagorsdorf, where he was stopped as a suspicious-looking person, his clothes being stained with blood. We were all three brought back to Olmutz, and confined there separately, ignorant of one another's condition. When our trial came on, a young man who served as an interpreter became deeply interested in our fate, and told our story to Count Metrowsky, an influential person residing in the neighborhood. Touched by the conduct and sufferings of two men he had never seen, this nobleman gave our young interpreter the command of his purse, and the judges of the tribunal were bribed to such effect that, after an imprisonment of eight months, we were released. We had just cleared the Austrian dominions, when an order commanding a new trial reached Olmutz from Vienna. Had we been there to meet it, there can be no doubt that the result would have been a sentence of death."

"When I met Lafayette, the other day, in New York, I had not seen him for thirty years. Determined that our meeting should have no witnesses, I went to the house that had been assigned to him early in the morning, and was admitted before he left his chamber. He remained in prison three years after the event I have related. He was told that we had been taken and sentenced to execution, but was not informed of our liberation. For months he daily expected to see us taken out to be shot."

"While Colonel Huger was speaking," writes the lady to whom the reader of this narrative is indebted for its preservation, "the countenance of his little audience round the table expressed alternate hope and fear, joy and anxiety. The interest of the most highly-wrought novel was not surpassed by that of the story, as it fell from the lips of one of the chief actors, himself the best personification of a real hero we had ever seen."

"Before returning to the city, Colonel Huger amused the ladies of the family by the account of a play then very popular at the theatres of New York. It was called the Castle of Olmutz, and he figured in it as a conspicuous character. 'But are you not the hero?' asked one of his admirers. 'Oh! no, indeed,' was the reply. 'Heroes are always married at the end of the play, and I am not so fortunate. I am represented, however, as desperately in love with the daughter of the governor of the Castle, and I am left in the same unhappy situation at the end of the play. I have always had a particular aversion to romantic love stories, and I thought I should ever see myself figuring in one of them.'—*Independent.*

How to make sermons short.—We like to preach short sermons just as much as you like to hear us; but if you want to have the sermon short, you must look out for your own sins, for we have got to name them all before we come to the application, and the length of the sermon depends entirely upon yourselves.—*E. E. Hale.*

THE SKEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

"I have read," said the shoemaker, "a good deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings or other."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" said the Bible-reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answer; by doing so we shall save much time, and arrive quicker at the truth."

"Well," said he, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are but few things but what I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given to us in the Gospel concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say, "Well, if all men were really Christians in practice as well as theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promise you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer; will you do the same?"

"Oh, yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question; perhaps I shall get on better with that; you have got to chalk this time against me."

"Well my next question is this, Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of London and of the world?" He seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent, the reader doing the same.

At length he said, "You certainly have beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society; I now see that where the Christian builds up, the infidel is pulling down. I thank you I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called he had to sit on an old, dirty chair, with a number of half-starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him, neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace.

"Where the Christian builds, the infidel pulls down." Why is this? The fact cannot be denied, infidel France wrote, "Death is an eternal sleep" above her cemeteries, and then tore down civilization and quenched the light of humanity in seas of blood. And French communists in 1871, while arresting ecclesiastics and describing them as "servants of a person called God," dug down the foundations of law, order, peace and truth, and with fire and sword destroyed their fellow men by thousands, and made the streets of Paris red with blood.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

[The Methodist.]

Relieving some overburdened pigeon holes of their accumulations of old letters, this morning I came upon the enclosed which I received from the late Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, shortly before his death. Mr. Abbott's literary position will make the letter interesting, and its serenely expectant spirit helpful, I doubt not, to your readers. I am faithfully yours, JERU DEWITT MILLER.

"Peppeneck," N. Y., July 22, 1880.

THE LETTER.

***** Your kind letter of the 5th has just been brought me. I am pained upon a sick and dying bed, with a little tablet in my hands. I can, without much difficulty, pencil lines to my friends. I suffer very little pain. My mind, it seems to me, was never more clear or joyous. The physicians assure me that I am liable at any moment to die. I am happy. I do not see how any one can be more happy out of heaven. I am expecting every hour that a group of loving angels will come and say to me, "Brother, God has sent us to convey you to heaven—the chariot is waiting." All the infirmities of flesh and sin will vanish from body and soul. I shall be the congenial companion with the angels in that most wonderful of all conceivable journeys from earth to heaven. I have several times taken the tour of Europe. And there was great joy in seeing the wonders of the old world. But there were sorrows too, the discomforts of travel, the need of economy; the mind burdened with those earthly cares which never can be laid aside. But when the angelic summons come, I shall be an "angel of God." He will provide the chariot and will meet all the expenses. All care, imperfection, pain will be gone. The escort will be glorious, angels loving me with a brother's love, and God will have made me worthy of their love. We shall pass Sirius, the Pleiades, Orion and Arcturus, or as Herschel calls them, other universes of unimaginable splendor. And then we shall enter heaven! All its glories will burst upon our enraptured view. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, will gather around us with their congratulations. We shall see God, his throne, the splendor of his court, and all the mysteries of his being, and enter upon blessings inconceivable, forever and forever.

All this I believe, my dear friend, as fully as I believe in my own existence. And I may enter upon this enjoyment before night shall darken around me. In the religion of the Son of God and in the atonement he has made for my sins, I find all that my soul craves. I am indeed happy. But writing these lines has exhausted me. I hope to meet you in heaven. Then we will clasp hands and lovingly refer to this correspondence, Yours affectionately,

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.
Fair Haven, Conn., March 3, 1877.

GOLDEN WORDS.

The habit of looking on the bright side is valuable. Men and women who are evermore reckoning up what they want rather than what they have—counting the difficulties in the way instead of contriving means to overcome them—are almost certain to live on corn bread, fat pork, and salt fish, and sink to unmarked graves. The world is sure to smile upon a man who seems to be successful; but let him go about with a crest fallen air, and the very dogs in the street will set upon him. We must all have losses. Late frosts will nip the fruit, the bud banks will break, investments prove worthless, valuable horses die, china vases break; but all these calamities do not come together. The wise course to pursue, when when one plan fails, is to form another; or when one prop is knocked from under us, to fill its place with a substitute, and evermore count what is left, rather than what is taken. When the final reckoning is made, if it appears that we have not lost the consciousness of intentional rectitude; if we have kept charity towards all men; if, by various discipline of life, we have been freed from follies and confirmed in virtue, whatever we have lost, the great balance sheet will be in our favor.—*Ex.*

Neglect of private duties is the great reason why the hearts of many are so dead and dull, so formal and carnal, so barren and unfruitful under public ordinances. On that Christians would fix this seriously to heart. Certainly that man's heart is best in public duties who is most frequent in private exercises.

Farm and Fireside.

HINTS TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

A most beautiful and easily attained slow of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale.

If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap water they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves and put forth fresh ones, and continue in the vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in the flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreen is easily insured for the whole winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water.

By striking young verbenas plants in the last days of July, and potting them first into thumbs and then into larger as soon as the roots have reached the sides, and keeping them in vigorous growth, pinching back the leading shoots and nipping off every-flower head, the verbenas may be made to bloom in the window all winter. There is danger from overwatering.

Now is the time to sow Carnation and Peacock seed for next summer's flowers. Sow in a partially shaded bed. As soon as the plants have made the second pair of leaves, prick out into a bed where they are intended to flower. Protect with a slight mulching of dry leaves during winter.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No! Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it:

While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin tough paper the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green beneath them, so that the name of initials now show plainly.

After that, bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently, "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple there?" You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.

DEPTH OF SOWING WHEAT.

Farmers who are wide awake and given to investigation don't sow as much wheat per acre as they formerly did, and they don't sow it so deep. The great, heavy harrows of ten or twenty years ago, are now employed by them in covering seed, and the drill, which can be depended on better, is becoming universally popular. A Wisconsin writer gives the result of an experiment in planting at different depths—on the surface, one-fourth inch, one-half inch, three-fourth inch, and so on to several inches. That on the surface lay two weeks before sprouting; that one-fourth to three-fourth inches deep came up in four or five days, and so on, getting later as the depth increased.

The last to come up was planted three-and-a-half inches deep, and was fourteen days in reaching the surface. None planted deeper ever reached the surface. At the end of six weeks that planted one-fourth to one-half inch deep stood way ahead of the rest.

DYSPEPSIA CURE.—In mild cases take one teaspoonful sweet oil, after eating, three times a day. In severe forms take a dessert spoonful. This, followed up, has cured cases where doctors have given them up. Ye who suffer from this dreadful disease don't fail to try it; surely it can't hurt you.

To cool the blood drink cold water acidulated with pure, powdered cream tartar.

FRIENDS, assist us in extending the circulation of the SUN.

SELECTED RECIPES.

If a groove is made in a hen roost and filled with a mixture of lard and snipner, the fowls will not be troubled with lice.

It is said that a tea made of chestnut leaves, and drunk in the place of water, will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days.

FITS can be instantly cured by browing a spoonful of fine salt as far back into the mouth of the patient as possible, just as the fit comes on.

In feeding bran to stock we obtain a return almost equal to its cost in the active quality of the manure. Always bear this mind and feed your stock liberally on it.

MIXING fowls from different localities is the most fruitful cause of chicken cholera. The different breeds of game fowls seem less liable to this disease than any other, and if kept free from contact with "strangers," are not likely to contract this malady.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.—For cholera infantum, the whites of two eggs, well beaten; then mix with water; add one teaspoonful of orange flower water and a little sugar; a table spoonful every hour. It will, says an exchange, cure the worst case of cholera infantum.

DIARRHEA IN PIGS.—Change food or a short time. Mix equal meal one part; bran seven parts; corn, ground to parts; mix and add a little salt. For one hundred pigs put two ounces of tincture of veratrum viride in a sackful of warm water, and moisten their food three times a day. Get a quart of the veratrum.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, six ounces of sugar, butter of the size of an egg, the yolks of four eggs, flavored with lemon and bake as custard.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, and mix with it a cup of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon; spread a layer of fruit jelly while hot; cover with the frosting, and bake until slight brown.

This is to be eaten cold with cream or warm with any sauce.

TO PRESERVE QUINCES.—Pare and core them nicely, and have some whole and some cut in large slices. Put in a kettle and boil until you can pass a straw easily through them; then put them on dishes to cool.

Take some of the water in which they were boiled make a syrup of one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Boil it, and when clarified put in the quinces. Cover for a while with a gelatine (it makes them light colored), and let them boil slowly until they are clear. Every now and then take them out of the kettle and lay them singly on dishes to cool a little, and then put them back to cool more.

This process is suitable for preserving pears and peaches likewise.

REAL HASTY PUDDING.—Put a kettle with the quantity of cold water in which you wish to have of pudding, put in salt; some like more some like less (use your judgment about that). When the water is at a boil take the corn meal in one hand and the pudding stick or spoon in the other. Let the meal fall gently through the thumb and fingers, and stir it all the time until it gets precede in the last cake when ready to bake. When a sheet that thickness boil it about five minutes, pour it out into a greased pan, and pour very deep. When wanted for breakfast cut it in slices about half an inch thick. Fry in lard a little until it is used for griddle cakes. So and of like it fried or boiled in fat as doughnuts are, but it is rather too rich.

REED BIRD DUMPLING.—Reed birds may be good roasted or broiled but there is a little fish about it serves reed bird dumpling which has charms.

Eugene Sue tells about a hunter who in a wild boar park, in the turkey a pigeon, that pigeon an ortolan, then 50c. Better the boar and all, and through store, everything but the ortolan, alone ate.

Reed bird dumplings tied by Mr. J. B. like this: Take a reed bird and W. L. Daughtrey's in him. Make a dough ring and put him inside. Better dumpling through your the dumpling. NURSERY

It was an old gung delivered ware river, third, cooked reed bird, S. S. SE