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MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

BY ABRAHAM SCOTT DUNNWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, "THE HAPPY HOME," "WALTON SQUARE," "FACT, FATE AND FANCY,"

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SENIOR HARDINE'S WILL.

When a good man dies, the very atmosphere around his decomposing tabernacle of clay is burdened with sorrow. No matter if for years he has been an unproductive piece of dilapidated human machinery, and a consequent burden upon the bounty of his loved ones; no matter if for many a day he has been weary of life, when at last the vital cord is snipped in twain and the imprisoned spirit, no longer able to animate the decaying body, frees itself by vigorous endeavor and passes joyfully to the higher life, the ties it leaves behind are so strong and endearing that the agony of a great sorrow sweeps over many a lacerated heart-string when he goes to his long home. But when the hour of final departure, which no hand can stay, has come to the man whose life has been the personification of greed and selfishness and tyranny, the nearest relatives can only grieve with quiet gladness, however severely they may be tried by the circumstances that accompany his death.

The obsequies of the deceased were as imposing as the family knew how to make them. No pains were spared to place the memory of the Hardine dead in a respectful light before the grandchildren of the family, who were now numbered by the dozens. But the surviving John Hardine, junior now no longer, could with difficulty disguise his impatient haste for the services to be over.

The neighborhood, which at this time numbered as many families as their square-mile donation claims, here and there subdivided into half and quarter-sections, could accommodate, turned out en masse to attend the funeral; but of all the actors in this or true tale with whom the reader has been acquainted from its beginning, but one was there who knew the decedent from the commencement of his story save those who were related to the family by ties of matrimony or consanguinity, and this one was Sam Harpjan, now a prominent politician and well-known incumbent of judicial honors, who had learned much of the partisan chicanery which he had long managed so successfully under the tutelage of the senior and junior Hardines.

After the obsequies were all over, "Lize returned with her mother to the paternal home, and sent her children, except the three youngest ones, back to Portland in the custody of Peter Tubbs, who thought himself the most abused, and as he certainly had become the most helpless, of husbands. Like John Hardine, he was looking forward to the reading of the senior's will with no little interest. He remembered well the broad hint of his nephew, who had said, alluding to the death:

"You're in luck now, Uncle Pete. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

But Mrs. Peter Tubbs was quietly determined to have her own way for once. She would remain at home with her mother, and her husband and the older children should return to their Portland home.

"You'd do anything?" growled Peter Tubbs. "The boarders 'll all leave, and there's no telling how we'll get a living. I can stay here and manage this business. Women don't know anything about these matters, anyhow."

"The deceased was my father!" exclaimed "Lize, arousing herself and speaking with more vim than she had ever used in addressing her husband since their wedding day. "He was my father, and my mother is yet spared to me. I will not desert her now. The property that we are to inherit, if any, is mine, and the time has fully come for you to begin to act the man, if there's any manhood in you."

Had Mrs. Tubbs been accustomed thus to assert her husband, he would have been used to it; but, as it was, her unexpected self-assertion cut him to the quick. He dropped his head forward as though a blow had paralyzed his spinal vertebra, and meekly did as he was bidden, while John Hardine and Joe Ridgeway looked on and silently pitied the long-suffering, much-enduring husband of their unresponsible, unlovable and strong-minded sister.

"We're ready now to call a lawyer and open the will, in the presence of the family," said John Hardine, while his mother sat like a statue in her great chair by the fireside, so benumbed with the thought of the great change that had suddenly befallen her that she was mentally and physically feeble.

"All right," heartily exclaimed the husband of Sally Hardine.

"But I am not ready!" exclaimed "Lize, loftily, "and I insist that, after we have been as fair to the world as we have been to-day, that we consider our mother's feelings as of greater moment than our own avarice. God knows I need my portion far more than any of you, but I'd wait till the first shock to

mother's nerves had been relieved before I'd begin to talk about the will in her presence, if I was half starved. I see no reason why father should have made a will, if mother had died, it wouldn't have been necessary. And I think it is nothing more than our duty to put a will aside, if there is one, till after mother has no longer use of the property that would have been father's without a will until his death, if she had died before her husband."

"That's all a woman knows about business!" exclaimed John Hardine. "What do you say, mother? Have you any objection to the will being read here and now?"

"What did you say?" the mother asked in reply, as though the question had failed to address itself to her senses.

"I want to know if you've any objection to our opening and reading father's will to-day?"

"Whose will? Will, did you say?" Evidently her mind was wandering.

"Father's will. The monarch's will." She understood him now. John had never called his father by any other name than "the monarch" since he had grown too big to be flogged for it.

"Do as you please. It's nothing to me."

"But I say it is, mother. It's everything to you," said "Lize. "You ought to control the property that father left at his death on precisely the same terms that would have legally been father's right if you had died. For my part, I protest against any difference if you do protest, mom," said Sam Harpjan, who had for a long time carried the title of "Judge," an appellation which he was exceedingly anxious to perpetuate.

The reader must not think that there has been no outcome in Judge Harpjan during the intervening years since he last beheld him. He is not only a politician but a lawyer now; and, though his grammar is faulty, his logic murky and his apprehension obtuse; though he smokes and chews and drinks whisky and "damns 'em" like a gerrilla, yet he occupies a leading position among his constituents, who would not hesitate to vote for Dagon or Centaur if they were nominated by their "party," so he has fair prospects for a continuation in high place and almost absolute power, at least till he shall have done with him in connection with the important facts hereinafter to be dealt with in relation to the principal characters herein concerned. He is called a good judge of law, is Judge Harpjan; but, upon my word, I differ with men who say so.

For it seems to me so potent as to need no further declaration, that he is merely a good judge of a hard bargain and cheap whisky.

"And why won't it make any difference if I protest, Judge Harpjan?" asked "Lize, imperiously. Then she turned with a filial kindness that was beautiful to behold and silently caressed her dazed and staring mother.

"Because, you see, you're only a woman, and women ain't s'posed to know anything pertickler about law."

"Lize looked at the learned Judge with a contemptuous sneer. How she loathed the man, she could not imagine words to express, and she wisely held her peace.

The will was then produced from the cavernous depths of one of the Judge's coat pockets, and opened with exceeding composure.

Passing over the interminable verbiage with which legal documents are usually so densely smothered as to render their meaning sufficiently abstruse to make the employment of several attorneys necessary to discover their real import, I will content myself and gratify the reader by interpreting the verbose platitudes of the great expounder of common law, in whose handwriting it was, and whose orthography, if in anything else, had the merit of being original.

"I will read bequeath to my eldest son, John Hardine, my individual donation claim, comprising three hundred and twenty acres, more or less."

"I further bequeath to the said John Hardine all the notes, bank stock, transportation interests, and other property not including horses, sheep, swine and cattle of which I may be possessed."

"I bequeath to my daughter Sally, wife of Joseph Ridgeway, five cows, to be selected for her by John Hardine, and not to exceed in value two hundred dollars."

"I bequeath to my daughter, Eliza Tubbs, my weaver's loom, with all the necessary fixtures thereunto belonging."

"At this juncture Judge Harpjan paused and asked for a drink of water."

"Lize buried her face in her hands and stifled back the hot tears that would force themselves to her eyes. She had thought that she had not lotted upon her father's estate, or any portion of it, as Peter Tubbs after a few of his speculations had ended in disaster; but she suddenly remembered that she had hoped to secure a few cows, or a few hundred dollars, either of which in the form of a bequest just now, would be to her of invaluable assistance in her arduous struggle for daily bread.

"The loom, did you say?" asked her mother, as she slowly comprehended the situation. "Did father will 'Lize the loom?"

"Yes, mom!" was the pious answer of the blatant Judge.

"Don't see what good the loom'll do

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The inevitable Kellogg case is dragging its slow length along in the Senate, under what seems almost an interminable discussion of its merits and demerits. Yet, aside from the legal hair-splitting disquisitions of such able lawyers as Senator Carpenter and Hill, an occasional argument appears containing much general interest. One of these was the speech of Wade Hampton, who took the ground afterward occupied by Mr. Carpenter and others, that, whether elected by fraud or not, the Senate was now barred from retrying the case and unsavory Kellogg, through the fact that he had been formally seated, and there was, therefore, no power existing to undo the wrong. He said, in reply to a personal appeal from Mr. Hill, that he had followed the palmetto flag on bloody fields to uphold the honor of his State, and, though he regretted the necessity which compelled him to differ in opinion upon this question from Mr. Hill, he but followed his convictions now as during the war. It is not at all likely that Kellogg will be disturbed in his seat this session, notwithstanding the persistent effort of Senator Hill to oust him, for General Hampton undoubtedly represents the balance of power in the test by vote, and should he adhere to the sentiments expressed in his recent speech, Mr. Hill will appear in the minority on the final issue.

For a number of years Congress has been procrastinating the "Claim of the Choctaw Nation," but it reappears in the new Congress to clog the wheels of legislation and crowd out matters of National concern. The House occasionally devotes a day to its discussion, to the exclusion of vastly more important matters. Back of this claim is a powerful lobby, like the Pope of Rome, seems to have an inherent power of perpetuation, for as far back as the Forty-third Congress it was pushing the Choctaw claim as vigorously as to-day, and was as successful then as now in finding champions for the measure, notwithstanding a legislation is asked for that will enrich many a spoil.

Senator Morrill deserves the Nation's thanks for opposing the proposition to extend one of the Capitol fronts and put in the edifice the Congressional Library. It is inexplicable why able Senators should urge that the grand outline of the Capitol should be utterly destroyed by constructing at right angles from its center this proposed building, which is no more a necessary adjunct to the Capitol than the Patent Office. A space of several acres will be required for the accommodation of the present stock of books, while provision should of course be made for future accumulations; hence, when Mr. Morrill urges a separate structure, he simply acts as any sensible man should. The Capitol should not be broken in any of its external proportions or outlines. It is now the finest and grandest legislative building in the world, and it is to be hoped that ignorant legislators and worse architects may keep their vandal hands off it.

One by one our old landmarks are disappearing under the march of improvement. So great are the changes occurring that soon little will be left of old Washington in the northwestern part of the city. Opposite the Post Office Building, on the south side of E street, a few weeks ago, stood the Seaton Mansion, a plain, old-fashioned dwelling house, which bore every mark of having been erected by a former generation of people. More memories of the great men of the city's past clinging to its walls than to those of any other private mansion occupied since 1840. Hardly a notable figure figured prominently in the affairs of the Nation prior to 1850 but made his home at some time or other under its portals. Presidents Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren and Harrison; Chief Justices Marshall and Taney; Kosuth, the Hungarian patriot; Lafayette, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, and a host of other celebrities, were all quartered here. But all these are matters of the past. All have had to give way to the necessities of the present. King Lager Beer has swept every material thing out of existence, and in a huge hall erected on the site will hereafter celebrate his triumph over old Washington and its revered memories of the good and the great, in so far as they were connected with the pile of bricks and mortar. When Lafayette made this house his home, he planted several young trees in its yard or garden to celebrate his farewell visit to America, and these, having grown into large and shady proportions, have been spared by the new proprietor, so that his customers may quaff their beer to the honor and memory of those whose former days. The Seaton Mansion has disappeared, and on its ruins has arisen a beer garden.

Courtney, the carman, is a splendid physical specimen of the live Yankee.

Nothing is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations, and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile, hop right off at his own store.

LITTLE "RHODY."

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 15, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The Head of Narragansett Bay sends greeting to her kith and kin of the far distant Northwest.

Now is over the "winter of our discontent," and Spring is fairly with us—the gentle patroness of early blossoms, refreshing showers and "loves of bonnets."

We have always experienced one Spring joy peculiar to ourselves; this season we have two, viz.: The return of the clam season; that is our annual comfort. The second? Instead of the expensive Spring bonnets usually worn, each lady has economically utilized the remains of that boy's (or those) kites—the kite season being over—for a head ornament. Really, they are quite unique. Whether the fashion is Chinese or Jap, we know not. The wreck of the kite forms the bonnet, and the rag-tag and all sorts that adorned the lengthy tail of the kite is caught up in an airy mass at the back, and is artistically and carefully wound around the crown; the mass at the back floats its breeze, and the whole attracts much attention. Predominant colors of this gorgeous display are red, yellow and blue. Possibly we are mistaken; if so, we beg pardon of milliners and their much-to-be-pitied customers. The things positively look like torn, dismantled kites. Sensible people will wear gingham sun-bonnets until the milliners recover their lost sanity.

But the claims never change their style, and, as usual, announced themselves "at home" on and after May 1st. "All along shore" the savory bivalves will now impregnate the health-giving, salt-favored breeze with a savor all their own till October. Little "Rhody" has learned better than to resent any insinuations as to her size, but, with silent contempt for the base traducer, she proudly points to her smoking "tokes." The sneer is passed, nevertheless to return.

Despite all slanders to the contrary, Providence will assert her claims as a lover of art and culture. Within two years there have been established the now famous "Berlitz School of Languages" and the "School of Design." They have prospered far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The School of Design will hold its second annual exhibition in June. We attended the first, and, if permitted to visit the second, we hope to be able to give an intelligible account of what has been accomplished during the year. The work is chiefly such as can be turned to some practical account; had its intention been purely aesthetic, it could not have thrived in these hard times amidst a people like us New Englanders, world known as hard-fisted utilitarians. Last year we saw lovely specimens of china, admirable designs for jewelry, and other similar work. This year, we understand great attention has been paid to art embroidery.

Quite an excitement has been aroused in the State over the refusal of the Legislature to recognize the "Free Religious Society" as religious in any sense of the word, and consequently they refused to authorize the minister of that society to perform the marriage ceremony. This action caused the said minister, Fred W. Hinkley, to deliver a lecture on "What Constitutes a Religious Society." It is to be printed in pamphlet form for distribution. Those fortunate enough to hear the lecture, praise it much; we hope to read it soon. Members of the F. R. S. claim that by this act our Legislature proved false to the liberality of our Constitution—to the oft-quoted "soul liberty" here allowed since the day and time of Roger Williams. It promises to be an interesting matter, the F. R. S. claiming that, like the Quakers, they should be allowed to perform their own ceremonies.

The Providence professional and amateur artists have formed themselves into an art club, and are now "receiving" at their first exhibition. A private view and reception was given to their friends on the evening of the 11th. Oh! to have been one of those fortunate!

The German-American citizens of Rhode Island met in this city on Monday and formed an organization favoring the abolishment of the "property qualification clause" and the institution "in its stead of manhood suffrage." They will also demand the re-introduction into the High School of the German language, and, as far as practicable, into the Grammar School also. The German and the French are both becoming strong elements in our State, and both languages are needed, and such requests will be respected at last, if not at first.

The coming June regatta occupies constant space in the daily papers now, and fills that portion of the sporting man's mind not occupied with the study of base ball.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND TEMPERANCE.—The women were allowed to vote for the first time in the State of Illinois on the 5th of April in the town of Keithsburg. They improved their opportunity by gaining a sweeping victory against licensing liquor-selling in their village. Wouldn't it be a good idea to try that plan in Portland? They couldn't possibly make a worse out of the temperance question than we men are making.—Advocate.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, May 15, 1880. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Fashion does not absolutely exact that one should be imprisoned on an ocean steamer at this season, to be tossed about and mercilessly bruised for ten days or a fortnight. The goddess whom we worship has in her infinite clemency relaxed her decrees on this subject and allowed all possible scope to their interpretation. Such of her votaries as find it more convenient to stay at home may show themselves with impunity in the Fifth avenue and the Central Park during the month of May and the early part of June. In fact, to be seen at Jerome Park during the race week is almost *de rigueur* for a fixed star in fashion's firmament. But the lengthening days of June, with its fiery sun growing day by day hotter and hotter, usually bring a sudden collapse in the affairs of social life. And, finally, the remorseless heat of July and August is the mighty conqueror which reduces the spirited American to a condition of limp uselessness by day, and by night to a state of fretful misery. The spectacle of pomp and magnificence which in Winter time fills the soul with passionate longings, is recalled in Summer with disgust and aversion. Instead of hailing the rising sun with outbursts of song, one shrinks from his rays in days of intense heat as from the breath of a fiery monster.

The musical world generally is preparing to wing its flight to distant and less burning climes. Singers and instrumentalists are meditating speedy departure, some to London, where the season fortunately springs into life as ours gives its dying gasp, and others to watering places and seaside resorts near home.

The French Opera Troupe will give a brief series of farewell evenings and benefits to the more prominent members during the ensuing fortnight.

Nothing of importance has been produced at the theaters this week, but a few light novelties have appeared. At Booth's Theater, Miss Neilson has been continuing her Shakespearean characters. On Monday she intended to vary the monotony by appearing as Julia in "The Hunchback," but was obliged by indisposition to relinquish the part. At the pretty little Bijou Opera House, a witty and sprightly piece, called the "Spectre Knight," was produced on Wednesday. The libretto is by James Albery, and Alfred Cellier has set it to music of the graceful, light sort likely to become popular. It will add considerably to Mr. Cellier's reputation as a composer of taking music for the stage. The piece is capably acted and well sung. At the Madison Square Theater, "Hazel Kirke" was played for the hundredth time on Tuesday night, and the occasion was celebrated with appropriate managerial rejoicings.

SEND FOR MOTHER.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I'm old and expect to have some comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother!'"

And the dear old soul grows and grumbles, and dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off and got her safely in your home, and she flies around administering remedies and rebukes by turns, you feel easier. It's all right now, or soon will be—mother's come!

In sickness, no matter who is there, or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong somehow until you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this fits its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple, to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten to dislocate its chin; its wonderful sleeps, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out, "Send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience that three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous, and given mother a good many trots for nothing.

Did you ever send for mother and she failed to come? Never, unless sickness and infirmities of age prevented her. As when in your childhood those willful feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to do as long they are able. And when the summons comes, which none yet disregarded, though it will be a happy day for her, it will be a very sad one for you, when God, too, will send for mother!

A new author who intends to make a living by good advice says: "Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and pinch your hands on the other side." Perseverance, and all that sort of thing, in the right direction, is well enough, and even commendable; but if the new author's advice is carried out, somebody is likely to get his ears boxed.

The season for "greens" has come, ha, ha! With success and vegetable truck; The festive cucumber will bid us to, And to his spring work will bid us to, The lively small boy will keep an eye on The piece, summer mischief to hatch, Biting his time the watermelon patch. To sicken the muskmelon patch.

—[Old City Derrick.]

IN HOPE.

A child in a meadow, one Summer day, Laughingly gathered the flowers in play. And tossed them into the rippling dale. To his trill in merriment replied, "Give me something, brook!" he said, In trustful innocence, nodding his head. The years roll on, the years roll by; The tears of a child are quickly dry.

The child, to manhood's stature grown, Stood by the stream of the world alone; He flung to the work a roving boat. He said: "In thy life I shall have a part; Thou wilt bring me friends and fame—who knows?"

And the hurrying stream in music rose, The years roll on, the years roll by; In the heart of the man lies a hidden sigh.

An aged man leaned silently, Over the stream that glides so sternly; He thought of the bonnet work of years, Or vanished dreams, of unshed tears; "Dear me, O stream!" he said; "There's a world where rich reward I see; The solemn flood must sweep me on; The flower, the work, the life was gone. The years roll on, the years roll by; In hope we live, and in hope we die.

—[N. Y. Home Journal.]

Causes of Insanity.

It is not necessary for any present purpose to go over the whole list of the causes of insanity which old Burton has so quaintly described in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*; for this catalogue, ingenious and laborious, is more found still wanting in the statement of the main causes of modern insanity, at least in some of our States. The report of the asylum at Utica, New York, presents the astounding fact, that by far the largest number of insane (282 in a total of 410), whose occupations were known, were farmers' house-keepers, that is to say, farmers' wives. Such a fact cannot be pressed too strongly on public attention. It comes as a revelation that the monotonous and laborious life of a large class of women, who have little or no relaxation or rest from the drudgery of the house and farm and from the pains and duties of maternity, is more liable to unsettle the mind and destroy the reason than a life of greater mental and social activity. We have been told that the Oregon asylum has from time to time contained many women inmates from like causes. Such a fact represents the tollman, suffering life of vast numbers. Farmers' wives, as a rule, terribly overworked. Sick or well, their labors must be performed; and great numbers of them, who are more than heart-sore, are never considerate enough to think of the necessity of affording their wives needed rest and recreation. Most of the patients of this class in the Utica asylum were between twenty and forty years of age. Very few were illiterate, but very few had more than a common school education. The fact that so many more women than men from this class go into the asylums would seem to settle the question as to which usually has the harder time of it, the farmer or the farmer's wife. In the asylums of the Pacific Coast, the proportion of men is greater than that of women, but this is due to special causes, mainly of a local character, which in course of time will doubtless be much modified. Dr. J. F. Adams, of Massachusetts, in a report to the board of health of that State not long ago, presented a large array of startling facts regarding the ill-health of women in the agricultural districts. His facts and conclusions corroborate in a remarkable manner the statements concerning insanity furnished by the report from the Utica asylum.—Oregonian.

The Planet Jupiter.

Jupiter's diameter is about eleven times that of our earth, and his mean density is about a quarter that of the earth, or about a third more than water. Now, a bulky body may be composed of heavy materials, such as iron, or be light, like an iron ship or a lump of pumice-stone, that will float in water. The pumice lump is light on account of its vesicular formation, so that the mass consists of heavy material and vapor, and the air it contains. Extract the air, and the pumice loses its floating power, though still far from heavy in proportion to its bulk. Most of the earth's crust is formed of solids much heavier than water. Gravities are more than two and a half times heavier than water, slaty rocks about the same, and so are ordinary limestones, the variations of all being from about 2.5 to 2.9. The ironstone group contains denser minerals; red hematite has a specific gravity of 4.5; magnetic ironstone, 4.5 to 5.2, etc., and many other ores are heavy. At some remote period, when only part of the now solid earth had been condensed from gaseous and vapory matter, our planet might have had a mean density, like that of Jupiter, as its rocky materials contain between 40 and 50 per cent of oxygen; and while condensations and chemical combinations were going on rapidly, our globe must have been the scene of "thunders, lightnings and prodigious storms."

And it is probable that certain stars which have suddenly blazed forth with passing splendor have exhibited to us the spectacle of configurations extending over millions and billions of square miles. Color changes in Jupiter—such as those noticed by Mr. Browning and the writer in 1869-70—may have been caused by soda-flames, though not fierce enough or extensive enough to add materially to its ordinary luminosity, which is estimated as always exceeding, though not by a very high degree, what it would be in mere reflection of light received from the sun.—Belgravia.

AN INDEPENDENT MINISTER.—There is a break among the Presbyterians of Covington, Ky. The Rev. D. F. Moore, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, has been preaching remarkable sermons in regard to the Lord's Day. He affirms that the observance of the day, as required by the standards of the Presbyterian Church, is not according to Scripture, but according to the mind of the Westminster Assembly, which formulated the standards. He says he does not believe in the gloom and melancholy which are too often enforced on the day of rest. In one of his sermons he remarks: "I shall take my pleasure and comfort as I did on this Sunday, and as I propose to do next Sunday, and every succeeding Sunday, and my children shall do so, and indulge in innocent and pleasant amusement, and I think I shall have kept the Sabbath day properly. Should any of you think differently, pursue your own course, but act consistently."