

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

VOL. II.

OREGON CITY, O. T., JULY 26, 1856.

No. 15.

We are not in the habit of publishing many articles upon controverted theological topics. We have, however, done so in two or three cases, where religious bodies have been assailed by sectarian organs and the injured parties have been denied the right of a reply. It was but a short time before the *Expositor* was issued that its editor, C. H. Mattoon, requested and received the use of our columns after he had been repulsed from the *Advocate, Standard*, and we know not how many more papers. The following article has found its way to our office, after it has been ejected from the sanctuaries of the *Expositor* and *Statesman*. We believe most emphatically in the freedom of speech and of the press, but at the same time we must use our own judgment as to the expediency of publishing what we receive. We publish the following as an act of justice to the writer, and we hope that the editor of the *Expositor* will hereafter have the manliness to open his columns to those whom he assails. It would be occupying too much of our precious space to allow all those who open upon us with his pop gun to return the fire through our columns. The size of the game wouldn't pay.

Brother Mattoon—On my return home, after several days' absence, I found the 3d No. of your paper on the table. In your reply to my question, "Why you chose to call us Campbellites, instead of a scriptural name or names by which we call ourselves," do, you say you "did not use the term Campbellite by way of reproach; but probably used it inadvertently." Now as Webster's definition of inadvertently is "heedlessly, carelessly, from want of attention, and inconsiderately," I am encouraged to hope that your humble correspondent will enable you to see and acknowledge that in other expressions and statements with regard to us, you have been inadvertently also. I say I have hopes of this succeeding, as you have confessed that probably at least you used the term "Campbellite" heedlessly, carelessly, from want of attention, inconsiderately—which I have no doubt is obvious to many of the more discerning Baptists—and as you are a young man, and quite a young editor, and as we don't wish our young men, and especially our young editors, to be inadvertent, I will remind you of some other expressions which appear very inadvertent to me. One at least of your most prominent Baptist ministers has already been heard to say, "I fear brother Mattoon will be too rash."

So you see I am really afraid if we do not succeed in curing our young editor of his inadvertency and his rashness, the Baptists will not adopt his paper as their *Expositor* after all, at their next Association. Consequently it will be rendered somewhat unpopular amongst them. But perhaps there is still a chance for it to be sustained, as some of my brethren have already assisted in getting it started; and as they seem well pleased with it, excepting its inadvertency, if the Baptists will not adopt it as their oracle, when you come to be inadvertent in your terms and language about us, we will double our diligence and see what can be done. But I do hope you will not be reduced to this alternative, for I agree with brother Riley that it is doubtful whether the Baptists will, to a man, rally to your support. Hence you must depend (to some extent) for support upon subscriptions outside the denomination. So if the Baptist brother above referred to will undertake to cure you of your rashness, I will try to cure you of your inadvertencies in speaking of us. Then I can bid you God-speed in some things that I suppose you would do speedily, such as advocating Bible revision, believers' immersion, &c.

And now to my part of the undertaking; but don't be alarmed for I am going to be a troublesome customer; for if you will acknowledge your inadvertencies as fast as I point them out, the job will be a short one. But you have already acknowledged that you probably used the term "Campbellite" inadvertently. Well, just settle out the "probably," and we will say all right, so far.

2d. You say you have "no objection to calling" our people "Reformers," or "Disciples" as suits them best, if this will be any satisfaction, or please them any better. I answer, these terms, or either of them, "will suit us better," for the following reasons: Webster says a "Reformer" is one who effects a reformation, or amendment; a reformer of manners or abuses." Then call us "Reformers," and tell every body in Oregon, yes, send the *Expositor* throughout the world; send it to every Baptist minister, especially in Oregon, and let him see that although you cannot call us "the Christian church," or "the church of Jesus Christ," because this "would be virtually giving up that we, and not the Baptists, are the true church," yet we "Reformers" (some it is true from other denominations, but principally Baptists originally,) being

a reformation necessary, an amendment in "manners" necessary, with regard to many things, of which time would fail us to speak, particularly such as "divisions, strifes, contentions, heresies," (sects,) creeds, confessions of faith, refusing to commune with each other, without regard to difference of opinion, monthly meetings and Saturday courts, instead of meeting when practicable upon every first day, as did the first Christians; commencing three or four times a year, instead of "meeting together on the first day of the week to break bread." Yes, call us Reformers, and thus acknowledge that we have "amended" abuses in manners. This will "satisfy us," will "please us." Then, if you still believe the Baptists "right in every particular," you of course believe them "right" in name. And if we have "reformed" with regard to the name, then it stands thus: in calling us "Reformers," you virtually say the Baptists are right, and we are "righter." Query, who is "righter"? I am aware that right, in the King's English admits not of comparison; but as you charge me with appearing "ridiculous" in asking you to call us "the church of Jesus Christ," I will quit this point by saying that I whom you call "ridiculous" have placed you in a "ridiculous" attitude, and have manufactured some "ridiculous" grammar in doing so.

Pardon me, I must say one thing more in regard to the name "Baptist church." Now as you cannot find the sentence "Baptist church" in the Bible, (unless you can find what I could not, when I began to reform from the "abuses," even of name,) and as a "Reformer" is one who reforms from abuses, and as I conceive it to be an abuse, so far as name is concerned, to call ourselves the Baptist church, when we can not find that name used in the Bible by any writer with regard to church or denomination, therefore when you call us "Reformers" you but use another term to tell us and others that we have reformed from the abuse of the name. So I think you might as well conclude yet to call us the "church of Jesus Christ," or Christian church. Yet "Reformers," or "Disciples," suits us very well.

I may possibly in my next try to show you a few other inadvertencies; but don't get too anxious about it, and, in undertaking to write an answer, pen down too many inadvertencies, or I fear I cannot write my next with any certainty of success.

By the way, don't get "rash," and charge me as you have brother Campbell, that I was excluded from the "Baptist church," for this would not only be rash, but untrue. I walked out from the Baptist "abuses" as I recommended as heart could wish. Such is the case also with many, very many of our brethren, in Oregon and elsewhere.

In conclusion, for the present, I will say that my recollection is that brother Campbell, and the church to which he belonged, left the Baptists and their creed, and first "reformed" from Baptist "abuses." (I have just had a chat with father Davidson, his recollection is the same.) And they, the Association, excluded him, as they called it, afterwards. But our memory may be at fault, but if our recollection is correct, no doubt they (the Baptists) thought it "heresy" for the greatest man of the age to leave them, and take with him from their ranks much of the bane and sinew of the denomination.

JOHN E. MURPHY,
Monmouth University.

INTERIOR OF NORTH WESTERN AFRICA. The American Colonization Society propose to raise \$100,000 to establish a colony, with all necessary provisions, for emigrants, in the interior of Africa, away from the malarious influence of the coast. At the meeting of the State Society, in New York, the present week, Rev. John Sells, a former resident of Liberia, announced that he was intending to visit Liberia soon to test the salubrity of the upper country in the interior—to which emigrants might be sent without being exposed to malaria. He believed from what he knew of the country that it was salubrious, rich in vegetable productions, and that the temperature was never below 70 deg., and never above 90 deg. The cotton in Africa was a perennial plant—growing to gigantic size and it is equal to the best sea-island cotton. The iron ore is so pure that it yields over 99-100 of metal.

ESOTERIC CLOCK.—Silliman's Journal says: "The city of Marseille has undertaken to establish a complete system of electric clocks. One hundred clocks will be set up by the first of May. The arrangements require the laying of 40,000 meters of conducting wire. The clocks will be placed in the street gas lamps, so that the hour may be read by night as well as by day. The whole will cost only 22,000 francs, and the care and supply of them per year 2,000 francs."

PAUL JONES.

Engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis.

Leaving the North, Commodore Jones cruised off the mouth of the Humber and the adjacent coasts, and destroyed many coal vessels bound for London. On the morning of the 23d of September, 1779, he unfortunately fell in with the Alliance, with which he had parted company a few days before. His squadron then consisted of the Alliance, the Pallas, the Vengeance, and his own, the Bon Homme Richard, an old half worn out merchant ship, carrying forty guns, with a crew of about four hundred men, composed of representatives of almost every nation in Europe, and even some Malays, while the number of Americans did not exceed eighty. The crews of the other vessels were mostly Frenchmen. Jones had been anxiously waiting for the Alliance; and on the afternoon of that day it appeared off Flamborough Head, forty sail in number, and conveyed by the new ship Serapis, mounting forty-four guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. The apparition of the American squadron in the northern horizon caused much alarm and confusion in that merchant fleet, and Jones hastened to profit by it. Again the perverse Landais was his evil genius. When Jones signaled the squadron to form a line of battle for attack, Landais refused compliance. Jones then pressed sail on the Richard, and made chase, followed by the Pallas and Vengeance. The canvas of all was but slightly bent by the gentle land breeze at sunset, which scarcely dimpled the smooth bosom of Bridlington Bay. When the English perceived escape to be quite impossible, their two armed vessels prepared for action. Slowly the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis approached each other, and at twilight they were not yet within reach of each other's guns. They were so near the land that hundreds of people, who had collected on the shores, saw the marine duellists approach for combat.

For a little while the pall of night lay black upon the land and water. All was darkness and silence; and the excited, half-breathless spectators on the shore saw no signs of the lightning and the thunder that were soon to burst from the brooding gloom in the east. Then the golden disc of a full moon arose above the arc of the North Sea, away toward the shores of Denmark, and upon the shimmering curtain of pale light around it the forms of the two hostile vessels, black as ravens, were sharply penciled. Slowly they approached each other, like diabolical figures. Up went the ensign of the British navy, instead of the cross of St. George, and was nailed to the flag-staff of the Serapis. Sluggishly in the gentle breeze flattered the stripes and stars over the Richard, as she rounded to on the harbor quarter of her antagonist, within pistol-shot distance. A glitter and a glare flashed over the dark waters as the lower deck ports of the Serapis were tried up, and displayed two complete batteries, and a well armed spar-deck, all lighted and cleared for action. The Richard displayed her heavy guns at the same time, when the English commander hailed "What ship is that?" Jones hurled an eighteen-pound shot in reply, that went crashing through a port of the Serapis and splintered a gun carriage on the lee side of her lower deck. The tempest-cloud was now given, and the lightning and the thunder of two heavy broadsides flashed and boomed over the smooth waters. Thus was begun one of the most terrible sea fights recorded in history.

The Richard had a gun-room battery on her lower deck, of six old eighteen-pounders, which had served faithfully in the French navy for thirty years. At the first discharge two of them burst, killing almost every man in the gun-room, and partially demolishing the deck above, while the heavy round shot of the Serapis made severe breaches in the decaying timbers of the old vessel. Jones instantly ordered his lower deck ports to be closed, and that battery was abandoned. The firing was incessant, and each ship strove earnestly to gain an advantage in position over the other. There was not wind enough to aid skillful seamanship, and in a few minutes the Richard ran into the Serapis on her harbor quarter, and their spars and rigging became entangled. The great guns of the combatants were now almost useless, and Jones, at the head of his Americans, attempted to board the enemy. After a sharp and close contest on the quarter-deck, he was repulsed; and Capt. Pearson, of the Serapis, who could not see the American flag in the midst of the smoke, cried out, "Has your ship struck?" Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

The vessels now separated, and Jones made an attempt to lay the Richard athwart the bows of the Serapis. He failed, and a moment afterward the two ships lay broadside to broadside, the muzzles of their guns touching each other. The Serapis was much the better sailer, and Jones's hope of success was in his present position, so he lashed the ships together, and in that close embrace they poured their terrible volleys into each other with awful effect. It was now half-past eight in the evening, and the conflict had raged for an hour. It grew more furious as the flow of blood increased; and from deck to deck of the entangled vessels the combatants rushed madly, fighting like demons with pike, pistol, and cutlass. Jones seemed almost omnipresent—now directing the gunners, now urging the musketeers in the tops to vigorous action, and at times engaged in the thickest of a terrible hand-to-hand fight. The Richard and her crew suffered terribly, yet they fought on. She had been pierced by several eighteen-pound balls below water, and leaked badly; yet her pumps were untouchable, and the warring voice of her carpenter was unheeded.

A new enemy now appeared. When the Richard gave chase to the Serapis, and the Pallas bore down upon the Countess of

Scarborough, Landais placed the Alliance at a safe distance, and with the seeming disinterestedness of an umpire he looked on calmly when the unequal contest began. When it had raged for about two hours, and the moon had ascended high enough in the unclouded sky to flood the vessels and the sea with light, and make their condition clear, he ran down toward the grappled ships under easy sail, fired a broadside into the Richard's quarter, and killed several of her men. As he ranged past her harbor he gave another raking fire, with fatal effect; and thus he continued pouring death upon that crippled, shattered, sinking ship, while her signal lights of recognition were in full view, and despairing yells from her deck shouted supplications, in his God's name, for him to forbear, for he was bruising the wrong vessel. It was the right ship for him. He made no mistake, but was practicing foullest villainy—blackest treason. He hoped to kill Jones, make an easy prize of the Serapis, and gain all the honors of a great victory. There was a God of justice who defended the right, and the mercenary failed. The courage of Jones quailed not in that dreadful hour, nor were his wonderful efforts slackened, though the guns of the Alliance had swept many of a fine corps of marines from the Richard's poop, and had aided the enemy in silencing every one of his great guns except two nine-pounders on the quarter-deck. Soon the commander there was badly wounded, and his men were scattered. Jones took his place, collected a few brave fellows, and shifted one of the harbor guns to a proper position. These were the only cannon fired from the Richard during the remainder of the action. They swept the deck of the Serapis with grape and canister shot, and against her main-mast double-headed shot were hurled with destructive effect. The marines in the tops of the Richard soon killed or dispersed those of the enemy, and they cast hand-grenades with such energy and success, that the Serapis was set on fire in a dozen different places at the same time. One of the grenades ignited some cartridges, and the explosion killed twenty men, and maimed as many more.

In the midst of the appalling scene, when both ships were on fire, the wounded carpenter of the Richard said he must sink. The frightened gunner ran aft to pull down the American flag, but a round shot had carried away the ensign-yard an hour before. Then the gunner cried "Quarter! for God's sake quarter! Our ship is sinking!" He continued his cries until Jones silenced him by hurling a discharged pistol at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway.

"Do you call for quarters?" shouted Captain Pearson to Jones.

"Never!" responded the lion-hearted Commodore.

"Then I'll give none," replied Pearson, and immediately sent a party to board the Richard. They were met at the rail by Jones, with pike in hand, and supposing he had many like him at his back, the enemy retreated. At that moment there was the sound of many feet rushing to the upper deck of the Richard. The master-at-arms, influenced by either treachery or humanity, had released all the prisoners on board. One of them had escaped to the Serapis and informed the commander of the utter, crippled condition of the Richard. Encouraged by the intelligence, Pearson renewed the battle with increased vigor. The situation of Jones was now extremely critical. His ship was sinking; his heavy guns were all silenced, except where he was fighting; one of his own squadrons was treacherously sailing round and raking his shattered vessel with deadly broadsides; some of his officers were determined on surrendering; others were crying for quarters; and a large number of prisoners were free to do as they pleased. Nothing ever appeared more hopeless than his prospect of success. But he had resources within himself, at such an hour, possessed by few men. He saw the afflict of the prisoners at the idea of sinking, and ordered them to the pumps to save their lives. As he expected, the first law of nature overcame their desire for liberty and duty to their king. They obeyed, and did not attempt to take advantage of the few efficient men left of the Richard.

Suddenly, now, the flames began to creep up the rigging of the Serapis, and in their glare, and the full light of the moon, Jones saw that her mainmast had been hewn almost under by his double-headed shots. He immediately renewed the assault at that point, and the tall mast reeled. Captain Pearson perceived his danger, and lacking the courage and obstinacy of Jones in the moment of great peril, he struck his flag, and surrendered to his really weaker foe. "It is painful," he said, in a surly manner, to Jones, "to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halberd around his neck." Jones preserved his temper, and courteously replied, as he returned the weapon: "Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner." Even so it happened, for knightly deeds awaited Captain Pearson, at the hands of King George the Third, because of his bravery on that occasion. It is said that when Jones was told of the honor conferred upon his antagonist, he remarked: "Well, he deserves it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him!"

For almost three hours, the battle had raged with unabated fury, and fire was now rapidly consuming both ships. All hands were at once employed in extinguishing the flames. Soon after the English commander went on board the Richard, the vessels were disengaged. The entangled spars and rigging had kept the bows of the Serapis from falling; now it went down, with a terrible crash, carrying with it the mizzen topmast. The Richard was damaged past recovery. Jones said, in his report, "The rudder was cut entirely off, the stern-frame and transoms were almost

cut entirely away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast toward the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description; and a person must have been an eye witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck and ruin which every where appeared." Prisoners and men were all transferred to the Serapis, and on the evening of the 25th, the wreck of the Bon Homme Richard went down into the deep valleys of the North Sea.

The Baltic fleet had escaped behind Flamborough Head during the fight, because the Alliance and Vengeance were remiss in duty; but the Countess of Scarborough had surrendered to the Pallas after an hour's conflict, notwithstanding the wicked Landais had poured some deadly shots into that victor also, during the fight, and killed several of her men. After tossing about on the North Sea for ten days, Jones ran into the Texel with his little squadron and prizes, a few hours before eleven English ships of war, that had been sent after him, appeared in the offing.

The victory of the Richard over the Serapis, and the other extraordinary exploits of Jones during his remarkable cruise, caused a burst of applause wherever the facts were known. He was received at Amsterdam with the wildest enthusiasm. Crowds pressed around him with huzzas and compliments wherever he appeared. The cautious Franklin, who always took enthusiasm by the throat when it tempted him to toss up his cocked hat, wrote to him from Paris: "For some days after the arrival of your express, scarce any thing was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct, and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe that the impression on my mind was not less strong than that of others; but I do not choose to say in a letter to yourself all I think on such an occasion." The English Ministers were, of course, terribly enraged; but their liberal press and its best statesmen spoke out manly applause; and the epithet "Pirate," applied to Jones by the Premier, and echoed by Sir Joseph Yorke, the British Minister at the Hague, was hissed with scorn by every generous man. The French King gave him a flattering reception at court, and a few months afterward presented him with an elegant gold mounted sword, upon which, in the midst of blended emblems of France and America, was the honorable inscription: VINDICATOR MARIÆ LUDOVICI XVI. REMUNERATOR STRATEGI VINCIT—Louis XVI. rewarder of the valiant avenger of the freedom of the Sea. In America his name and deeds were uttered by every tongue, and eight years afterwards—tardy justice to his true—the American Congress gave him a gold medal in commemoration of his great victory.

A Fearful Adventure. The Missouri Republican, in a letter from a Kansas correspondent, has the following: "At St. Joseph I saw Mr. A. T. Gorman, of New York, who has just come in from the mountains in such a state of prostration and affliction as could only have been occasioned by such exposure, hardships and sufferings as, perhaps, no other man ever survived. In company with a Canadian Frenchman and two Kentuckians he left the country of the Blackfoot Indians last fall to join Culverson and party at Ft. Pierre and accompany them to the States. They arrived at Ft. Pierre two days after Culverson's departure, and hastened on after, in the hope of overtaking him. On the third day one of those snow storms known only in those bleak and elevated regions opened upon them.

It came down in solid masses to the depth of four feet, and was blown about by drifting winds, levelling uneven places, penetrating and filling their wagon and clothes and obstructing their progress. Evening was approaching and they resolved to make one more effort to reach a more protected place before the night set in. They urged their horses forward, but had not proceeded more than a few hundred yards—Gorman being mounted on one of the teamsters, and his companions in the wagon when suddenly he felt himself precipitated, he knew not how far, into an abyss of snow. He was completely covered over, and could not tell which way to turn.

He struggled on however, making a slow and tedious way, until he came to the surface—he supposed a hundred yards from where he sank. He looked around for his companions, but neither they nor the wagon could be seen. The place where they had fallen into the chasm was smoothed over, and presented a plane of snow. He cried aloud for them, but was only answered by wild and wailing winds.

A feeling of dread and desolation and despair came over him, and he was about to yield himself to that death which seemed inevitable. Already had the cold penetrated his frame; darkness was entering his eyes; the increasing winds whirled the still falling snow more furiously; he was alone in a vast, inhospitable, unknown country, without provisions, without shelter, without arms or ammunition, and he was as fearful to take a step in any direction, lest he should again be buried in some deep abyss.

His manhood was subdued, he wept like a child; the memories of his happy home, and of his mother, came fresh upon him; he knew the many anxious hours, the mis-

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THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the ready receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

erable years, that his unknown fate would cause her; if he could only send her one word of affectionate adieu, he could die in peace; but that could not be and he must rouse himself. He offered his first prayer for heavenly aid; he arose and moved forward through the darkness and the drift, He sometimes fell from exhaustion, and felt inclined to repose; but he knew that one moment's pause was fatal, and he struggled on.

The next day he saw some bushes, which gave him hope of rest and warmth, but when he reached them he found, to his dismay, that the matches in his pocket were wet and spoiled, and could not be ignited. His feet had become sore, and so swollen from constant walking as to burst the soles from his shoes, and he was compelled to crawl and tumble himself along. Thus he worked his way slowly but unceasingly through the next night and the next day, becoming more faint each hour, and suffering a thousand deaths from hunger, thirst, frosted limbs, sore feet, weariness and drowsiness, when he desisted a but a short way off.

Suddenly revived, like a candle flickering in the socket, he sprang and ran forward a few steps and screamed for help, and fell senseless in the snow. Some Indians at the last saw and heard him, and went and brought him in, and used all their restoratives upon him; but it was several days before he returned to consciousness, and six long weeks before he left his bed. He lost several of his toes and is otherwise permanently injured, but, through the assistance of some generous gentlemen of St. Joseph, he will be enabled to reach his home.

His companions have never been heard of. The place where they perished Mr. Gorman ascertained to be about thirty miles from where the steamer White Cloud lies; but the snow was still deep in the gulches when he left there. He gave their names, but I regret that they have escaped my memory.

ABSORPTION OF INDIA BY ENGLAND.—The Marquis of Dalhousie has closed his eight years' government of India by adding to our Indian empire, already a very monster for magnitude, a country as large and populous as his native Scotland, and considerably more fertile. But this latest of the governor generals has had a very furor of annexation. He has annexed the Punjab, with an area of 78,000 square miles, and a population of 7,000,000; he has annexed Bessar, with an area of 20,000 square miles, and a population of 1,500,000; and he has annexed the kingdom of Oude, with an area of 24,000 square miles, and a population of 2,500,000.

Without including some minor annexations, such as Sattara and Jhansi, for the Dalhousie drag net brings in sprats and whales alike, the noble lord has thus added to our Indian dominions countries equal to twice the extent of the three United Kingdoms, with a population exceeding in number all the inhabitants together of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and the two Scandinavian kingdoms.

Truly, "a mighty hunter and his prey is man," is this Marquis of Dalhousie! The financial results are very far, indeed, from corresponding with the mightiness of these acquisitions. In every year of the administration of Dalhousie, with the exception of one, when there was a paltry surplus of \$252,000, there has been a defalcation of revenue averaging from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, and last year it was the worst of all, for the deficiency amounted to \$2,500,000, a sum equivalent to a defalcation of \$8,000,000 in the imperial revenue.—*London Examiner*.

DECLINE OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

The Colporteur, the organ of the American and foreign Bible society, says that of the one million of people in New York city and the places immediately adjacent, there are more than 800,000 who do not attend public worship. In Philadelphia and Boston it is ascertained that at least three fourths of the people habitually absent themselves from church, and the same is true of other places. The religious denominations, too, have greatly decreased in numbers within the past ten years. The membership in the New York Baptist churches has decreased 832 since 1845, although the population has increased 201,956. The Presbyterians in ten years, from 1843 to 1853, had decreased in number 600. The Methodists in the same time had lost 461; and there has been but one self supporting Reformed Dutch church planted in that city during fifteen years.

EDITORIAL THIEVING.—The worst stealing of all, is the republishing of articles, not news as original matter, without giving any credit at all. An editor would be equally as honest in stealing garments to clothe his body, as in stealing other men's ideas and language to clothe his own mental skeletons.—*Scottsbluffs Journal*.