

"I have agreed with the host here for my board till next spring." "And next spring?" "Then I shall begin housekeeping myself, and take a cook; I shall live above and she below."

"We live below," said Caspar.

"Yes, but next spring you will live there no longer. I have just asked the Assessor to give you warning to quit come next May."

"Zelaton," cried Caspar, striking the table with his fist, "am I to build on your meadow or not?" "No."

"Or in your garden?" "No." "And am no longer to inhabit my father's house?" "No."

"Then will I build on the strip between the house and the Rhine, or may Satan seize me, and the spirits in this glass turn to flames and fire in my throat! Good night, men." And so saying he swallowed down his rum, and burst out of the house.

[Concluded next week.]

#### WHITE JACKET OVERBOARD.

We give our readers the following thrilling adventure of the author, in which he lost his *White Jacket* after its faithful service in sunshine and storm for nearly three years!

Just then the ship gave another sudden jerk, and, head foremost, I pitched from the yard. I knew where I was, from the rush of air by my ears, but all else was a nightmare. A bloody film was before my eyes, through which, ghost-like, passed and repassed my father, mother and sister. An unutterable nausea oppressed me; I was conscious of gasping; there seemed no breath in my body. It was over one hundred feet that I fell—down, down, with lungs collapsed as in death. Ten thousand pounds of shot seemed tied to my head, as the irresistible law of gravitation dragged me, head foremost and straight as a die, toward the infallible centre of this terraqueous globe. All I had seen, and read, and heard, and all I had thought, and felt in my life, seemed intensified in one fixed idea in my soul. But dense as this idea was, it was made up of atoms. Having fallen from the projecting yard-arm end, I was conscious of a collected satisfaction in feeling, that I should not be dashed on the deck, but would sink into the speechless profundity of the sea.

With the bloody, blind film before my eyes, there was a still stronger hum in my head, as if a hornet was there; and I thought to myself, Great God! this is death! Yet these thoughts were unmixed with alarm. Like frost-work that flashes and shifts its sacred hues in the sun, all my braided, blended emotions were in themselves icy cold and calm.

So protracted did my fall seem, that I can even now recall the feeling of wondering how much longer it would be, ere all was over and I struck. Time seemed to stand still, and all the worlds seemed poised on their poles, as I fell, soul-becalmed, through the eddying whirl and twirl of the Maelstrom.

At first, as I have said, I must have been precipitated head foremost; but I was conscious at length, of a swift, flinging motion of my limbs, which involuntarily threw themselves out, so that at last I must have fallen in a heap. This is more likely, from the circumstance, that when I struck the sea, I felt as if some one had smote me slanting across the shoulder and along part of my right side.

As I gushed into the sea, a thunder-boom sounded in my ear; my soul seemed flying from my mouth. The feeling of death flooded over me with the billows. The blow from the sea must have turned me, so that I sank almost feet foremost through a soft, seething, foamy lull. Some current seemed hurrying me away; in a trance I yielded, and sank deeper down with the glide. Purple and pathos was the deep calm now around me, flecked by summer lightnings in an azure afar. The horrible nausea was gone; the bloody blind film turned to a pale green; I wondered whether I was yet dead, or still dying. But of a sudden some fashionless form brushed my side—some inert, coiled fish of the sea; the thrill of being alive again tingled in my nerves, and the strong shunning of death shocked me through.

For one instant an agonizing revulsion came over me as I found myself utterly sinking. Next moment the force of my fall was expended; and there I hung, vibrating in the middeep. What wild sounds then rang in my ear! One was a soft moaning, as of low waves on the beach; the other wild and heartlessly jubilant, as of the sea in the height of a tempest. Oh soul! thou then hearest life and death; as he who stands upon the Corinthian shore hears both the Ionian and the Enean waves. The life-and-death poise soon passed; and then I found myself slowly ascending, and caught a dim glimmering of light.

Quicker and quicker I mounted; till at last I bounded up like a buoy, and my whole head was bathed in the blessed air.

I had fallen in a line with the main mast; I now found myself nearly abreast of the mizzen mast, the frigate slowly gliding by like a black world in the water. Her vast hull loomed out of the night, showing hundreds of seamen in the hammock-nettings, some tossing over ropes, others madly flinging overboard the hammocks; but I was too far out from them immediately to reach what they threw. I essayed to swim toward the ship; but instantly I was conscious of a feeling like being pinioned in my feather bed, and, moving my hands, felt my jacket puffed out above my tight girdle with water. I strove to tear it off; but it was looped together here and there, and the strings were not then to be sundered by hand. I whipped out my knife, that was tucked in my belt, and ripped my jacket straight up and down, as if I were ripping open myself. With a violent struggle I then burst out of it, and was free. Heavily soaked it slowly sank before my eyes.

Sink! sink! oh, shroud! thought I; sink forever! accursed jacket that thou art!

"See that white shark," cried a horrified voice from the taffrail; "he'll have that man down his hatchway! Quick! the grims! the grims!"

The next instant that barbed bunch of harpoons pierced through the unfortunate jacket, and swiftly sped down with it out of sight.

Being now astern of the frigate, I struck our boldly towards the elevated pole of one of the life-buoys which had been cut away. Soon after one of the cutters picked me up. As they dragged me out of the water into the air, the sudden transition of elements made my every limb feel like lead, and I helplessly sunk into the bottom of the boat.

Ten minutes after, I was safe on board, and, springing aloft, was ordered to receive anew the stun-sail-halyards, which, slipping through the blocks when I had let go the end, had unrove and fallen to the deck.

The sail was soon set; and, as if purposely to salute it, a gentle breeze soon came, and the Neversink once more glided over the water, a soft ripple at her bows, and leaving a tranquil wake behind.

A WILL AND A WAY.—Leigh Hunt tells an anecdote of an unjust and spiteful schoolmaster. He was in the habit of "spitting" C—; that is to say, of taking every opportunity to be severe with him; nobody knew why.

One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humors, and did not seem inclined to punish them, till he saw his antagonist. "Oh! ho, sir!" said he: "what! you are among them, are you?" and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians and said, "I have not time to flog all these boys; make them draw lots, and I'll punish one." The lots were drawn, and C—'s was favorable. "Oh! ho!" returned the master, when he saw them, "you have escaped, have you, sir?" and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecians, observed that he had time to punish the whole three. "And, sir," he added to C—, "with another slap, 'I'll begin with you.'"

He then took the boy into the library and flogged him, and on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference—"I have not time; after all, to punish these two other boys; let them take care how they provoke me another time."

FAST SHAVING.—The St. Louis Reveille tells the following good story:—"Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at a barber's shop in Olive street. A few days since one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the establishment for one or two days. About twelve o'clock another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of another person. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, mine goodness! dar man hash the fastest beard I ever saw. I shaves him in dis mornin', anoder shave him at dinner times, and he comes back now mit his beard so long as it never was."

A PENNY LOAF NOT ALWAYS A PENNY.—A short time since, as a well known English master in a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in the sum of "practice," he said, "Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?" when the boy innocently answered, "No, sir—the bakers sell them two for three half-pence when they are stale."

Too BAD!—"Vonce, a long vile ago, I vent into mine able orchard to glib a bear tree to get some beanches, to make mine vrow a blum budding mit, and ven I gets to de tobermost branch, I valls from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of de vence, and likes to shove my outsides in."

IT'S NO USE!—Love is as natural to woman as fragrance to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—you may confine her in a cell—you may cause her to change her religion, or forswear her parents; these things are possible—but never hope to make the sex forego their heart-worship, or give up their reverence for cassimères, for such a hope will prove as bootless as the Greek Slave and hollow as a bamboo.

DON'T WASTE.—Waste nothing. A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving bird. A large and useful volume has all been written with one quill from the wing of a goose; and an inch or two of paper has served for a despatch to save an army from falling into the power of the enemy! Waste nothing. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

WHERE THE ACES WERE.—A traveller and a sharper were playing "poker" on a steamboat. "I haven't seen an ace for some time," remarked the sharper. "Wall, I guess you bain't," said the other; "but I can tell you where they be. One of them is up your shirt sleeve there, and the other three are in the top of one of my butes!"

#### RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

[From the St. John Church, Witness.]

Among the characteristics of the Gospel, as contrasted with Judaism, one of the most striking is its simplicity. It lays less stress upon ceremonies,—it more clearly develops principles. It dispenses with what is gorgeous, it enforces what is substantial. It points to the stones of the material temple; not as objects of admiration, but as crumbling materials, destined to fall into ruins; it directs the eye of faith to "a living stone, elect, precious,"—to "living stones" built up thereupon, which are to constitute "a spiritual house," never to be subverted.

A forgetfulness of these truths marked the declension of piety in the early Christian Church. Among the first symptoms of its approach, and at the same time powerful instrument of promoting it, was the disposition to return to the spirit of the prior dispensation, by the multiplication of ceremonies. Even in the fourth century, the very season when Monachism rose into repute,—when Canobites and Anchorites were clamorous about renunciation of the world we find the splendour of Christian worship increased by the use of rich dresses, lights, incense, music, ceremonies, festivals, holidays, and magnificent churches. And the taste

for these things continued to increase just in proportion to the decline of the vital godliness in the Church; until the simple truths of the Bible were well nigh buried amidst the decorations of the ecclesiastical temple.

One grand effect of the Reformation was to set the Gospel free from this accumulation of ceremonies, to give to substantial the prominence they deserved, and to exhibit the Church of Christ once more in her simple native dignity. The necessity for such a process is well expressed in the introduction to our Prayer-book.

"Christ's Gospel is not a ceremonial law (as much of Moses' law was,) but it is a religion to serve God, not in bondage of the figure or shadow, but in the freedom of the spirit; being content only with those ceremonies which do serve to a decent order and godly discipline, and such as be apt to stir up the dull mind of man to the remembrance of his duty to God, by some notable and special signification, whereby he might be edified. Furthermore, the most weighty cause of the abolishment of certain ceremonies was, that they were so far abused, partly by the superstitious blindness of the rude and unlearned, and partly by the unsatiable avarice of such as sought more their own lustre, than the glory of God, that the abuses could not well be taken away, the thing remaining still."

So our Reformers reasoned, and to them, as the result of their sound discretion and piety, we are indebted for that simple, scriptural, unnumbered form of worship which for centuries has been the happy medium of intercourse between believers and their God. Why then, at this late day, when arts and sciences are advancing,—when the powers of the human intellect are expanding, and when Providence is opening facilities for the evangelization of all nations, do we witness in the very bosom of our Church, a retrograde movement,—an attempt to revive a variety of obsolete forms and ceremonies; an effort, complex, deliberate, persevering, to assimilate the usages of our Church to those of the Church of Rome?

We are led to this inquiry, by that startling account in the English prints, which we have given in our columns to-day, of the late proceedings at Shevock Church in the diocese of Exeter. Passing by the internal arrangements of the building, which are studiously adapted to the taste of a by-gone age, we ask, Why all these processions of surpliced boys within the Church? of priests and deacons without it? Why these endless changes of position in performing the different parts of our simple and impressive liturgy? Why these crossings and genuflections? Why these flowers, vases, candlesticks and crucifixes? Why these intonings of collects? These turnings to the East? What, we ask, has the simplicity and grandeur of Christianity to do with this accumulation of trifles? Well has the Christian poet said—

"Oh how unlike the complex worships of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unnumber'd plan!  
No meretricious graces to beguile—  
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;  
From ostentation as from weakness freed,  
It stands like the cornelian arch we see,  
Majestic in its own simplicity."

Let it not be supposed that these things, being trifles, are therefore harmless. The very fact of their being trifles, and at the same time multitudinous, renders them objectionable. They occupy time and thoughts that ought to be otherwise employed. They divert the mind from great and leading truths,—from the grand realities of religion; to its circumstantialities, and those circumstantialities in the present case, foreign to its spirit and design. They put the feelings of serious minded Christians; put a rock of offence in the way of the wavering; and act as poison to the formalist, by furnishing him with substitutes for vital godliness, about which he can be busy without being pious.

Another evil that arises from them is, that they smooth the way to Rome, by familiarizing the minds of men with customs peculiar to that Church. It may entertain a doubt upon this point, let them take up the list of the recent converts to that communion, and mark the number whose transition state has been coincident with the adoption of these ceremonies. The fact is too obvious to be denied. Wherever these novelties are zealously embraced, the Church of Rome soon claims their votaries. Nor is it any breach of charity to aver, that the instigators to these things are perfectly aware of their tendency, and content to plate the issue with feelings of complacency. Union with Rome is the ultimatum of their desires. Upon this point hear the Rev. Thomas Allies, while Rector of Laughton, and professing to advocate the Church of England—"Thousands," he says, "and tens of thousands feel, the whole rising mind of the Church feels that we are torn from Faith's ancient home—that we groan within ourselves, waiting until God, in his good time, restore a visible unity to his Church—fill the East and the West, and the South be one again in the mind of Christ." And how is this end to be achieved? By Rome's coming over to us, or by our going over to Rome? Mr. Allies has practically answered the question. He has become a schismatic from his own Church, and joined that of Rome; and now we have figuring in the public prints the following notice—

The See of St. Peter, the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity. By Thomas William Allies, M. A.

Such is the result, and such, in most instances, is the deliberate design of introducing these innovations. Let the sound members of the Church of England be aware of the fact. Let those who are truly attached to her principles, who would grieve to see her bulwarks undermined, and her towers dismantled, set their faces like a flint against these novelties. Let them shun every approximation to them. Let them do their utmost to preserve their brethren from falling under their delusive influence. If the Church is to maintain her ground, it must be, under God, through their faithfulness; and that faithfulness must be shown by their efforts. It is no time when the deserters from the ranks of her officers begin to be counted by fifties, for her loyal sons to fold their hands and sit down in apathy and supineness.