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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. V. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1852.

NO. 51.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS:—

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOME OF THE BLEST.

They say there's a place where the weary may rest;
A haven prepared for the good and the blest;
Where sorrow ne'er blights the fair cheek in its bloom,
Nor beauty springs fresh on the verge of the tomb.

If it's so, then how happy! how passively blest,
Is the exile, arrived in the mansions of rest!
Whose heart long had yearned for a friend or a home,
Whistled fast a stranger mid' strangers to roam.

What wonder the thought has a magical charm;
To the weary a solace, the wounded a balm;
What wonder the soul worn and weary with woes,
Should part for a home and a blissful repose!

There the storm-cloud ne'er spreads its black wings o'er
The sky;
Nor night's sable mantle e'er darkens the light;
But a light, not the sun, yields the long lasting day,
And the odors of life on the zephyrus may play.

If there is such a sphere, O, how blest it must be
To a soul from a world of affliction set free!
Who has long in lone pilgrimage wandered forlorn,
Where the good and the just are rewarded with scorn.

O, would were this world such a haven of rest,
Where all might be happy and equally blest;
No lone heart might ache with the burden of woe,
And the tear-gush of sorrow might never more flow.

MISCELLANY.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The morning dawned on the unfortunate Hale's confinement just as he had committed to paper and secured the information he had ventured his life to obtain. He knew that he gazed on the blessed sunlight for the last time forever. He felt that in a few hours, a portion of the beautiful earth now spread out so gloriously, would be lying a cold mass on his bosom. He thought of his parents in their bereaved loneliness; of his betrothed in her broken-hearted grief; and his heart expanded with sorrowing tenderness. He was as brave a man as ever confronted death; still he felt it a fearful thing to yield up his life in its young hopes, to enter into the unknown boundlessness of eternity, with a few hours preparation. He asked for the company of a clergyman, but none came; for a bible, but it was not procured. He knelt down in his last prayer, and the outpouring of his soul was broken in upon by those who came to conduct him to the gallows-tree. He went forward to his execution, not seeking man's applause on the very brink of eternity, by a false bravado against nature, rushing, with his pride, up to the very presence of the Most High, overcoming nature's just fears, and challenging after ages to admit the boldness with which his ambitious soul could pass to the awful face of Jehovah; there was no such presumption in Hale's death. With a full and calm consciousness of the awful event, he went to meet his fate as a Christian, a soldier. His soul was bowed in humility to God, and his last words were, "Oh, that I had more lives to offer up to my country."

It was a splendid scene, the dinner-table of the English commander; from his own land of luxury he had imported the massive plate and delicate china that covered it, loaded profusely with viands. British gold had purchased the tory farmer's cutlery; goblets sparkled with wine, like melted rubies or liquid amber, and brimmed to the lips of the gay, young officers, who, in their glittering uniforms, surrounded by song and wine, revelled on the brink of intoxication. Loud rose their voices of merriment in gleeful chorus, when a servant entered with information that a female had arrived at their camp with a flag of truce, and demanded an interview with Gen. Howe.

A haughty smile curled the Englishman's lip, as he addressed an Aid-de-camp.

"What trick is this, think you? The rebels must be reduced to extremities, indeed, when they send a woman instead of ambassadors."

The Aid-de-camp answered his general's smile, and demanded of the servant if the lady were young or old?

"Young, sir," answered the maid in soft tones.

"And pretty?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Rather pale, your honors," replied the girl, with a trembling lip.

"Young and interesting! our gallantry is bestirring itself," exclaimed some of the voices.

"General, pray admit her."

"Silence, gentlemen, silence! the wine has made you noisy," replied Gen. Howe, rising from the table, and ordering the servant to admit the visitor immediately.

Most of the young officers were on their feet, and all eyes were turned to the entrance as Sarah Easton advanced. Her deep mourning rendered her pale features almost ghastly, and her crape veil thrown back so as to display her white forehead, and eyes, touchingly sweet in their expression, even while resting on the form of him who had made her heart desolate. Not a word was spoken by the group that surrounded the dinner-table; the merry smile was quenched in the warm lips of each gay individual as he looked on the young American, who stood before them in the beautiful majesty of her grief. Howe advanced with stately politeness to receive her, but she shrank from his approach, and with steady dignity requested the aid of Nathan Hale for Christian burial.

Howe was evidently surprised at the nature of the petition, but, courteously answered that it could not be granted, Captain Hale having already been buried three days.

"Yet, surely he might be disinterred!" persisted she, eagerly stepping forward—then, seeing denial in his look, she added beseechingly, "You will not refuse his old parents a fast look on the face of their son; if you are a father you cannot be so cruelly deaf to humanity."

"Are you the sister, or the wife of the deceased, that you thus urgently ask for his remains?"

"Neither, oh neither!" replied the tortured girl, pressing her hands over her eyes to hide the burst of tears the question had unlocked.

A young officer pitying her distress, handed her a chair. She sat down, and was endeavoring to check her untimely tears, when another advanced—a thing of blood, scarlet and huge

epaulettes—and, touching her white neck with the tip of his finger, demanded "if she were neither the wife nor the sister of the handsome spy, what else could she be unless it were a sweetheart?"

The blood flashed into the marble cheeks of the insulted girl, like a sudden sunset; but without answering him she turned to Gen. Howe, and said—

"I expected, at least, to be secure, but I find myself mistaken; I request an answer to my petition and liberty to withdraw."

Howe cast on the young impertinent a look of stern anger, then turning to the maiden with the smooth suavity of manner so common to the unfeeling man of the world, and difficult to contend against, so artfully does it charm away opposition—

"Young lady, I regret that it is not in my power to grant your request. The remains you seek have been disposed of according to law in such cases, and must not be disturbed. I should be extremely happy to gratify you, but in this as I have said, it is entirely out of my power."

Sarah was about to speak again, but with a bow of dismissal, he requested the young officer who had handed her a chair, to conduct her to the boat in which she came.

Sarah shrank from the proffered arm of her conductor, though much her trembling limbs needed support, and walked silently to the shore; but just as she was stepping into the boat, he drew close to her side and whispered—

"Be it that little cove yonder at midnight, and I will help you to the possession of the body you are so desirous to obtain."

Sarah, with a stifled cry of joy, seized his hand.

"And will you indeed help me? God bless you."

"Restrain yourself," he said, "we shall be observed; sail out of sight of the dam, and at midnight come as I have directed, to the cove—the grave is near by, you can see the tree!"

He hesitated, but too late; Sarah's eyes had fallen on that oak standing black and alone, spreading its huge branches against the sky, like the congregated arms of giant executioners.

A remnant of rope dangled from one of its gnarled limbs. Sarah gave one long, piercing look, and her heart seemed for a moment in the clutch of a culture; then, with a shuddering gasp of horror, she sprang into the boat, and shut out the fearful sight with her locked hands.

The same moon that witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shone upon her as she lay by the side of his old father, in the boat that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide and drifting by degrees towards the shore. The watchers were anxiously looking for the appearance of the generous Englishman, within hearing of the sentinel near the grave. His heavy, measured tread at length ceased, and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing—

There was silence for a few moments. A crackling in the brushwood that skirted the cove, and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few paces of them.

"Quick! put on shore!" he cried in a suppressed voice. "Hav'ng got rid of the sentinel for half an hour; quick! or we shall not have time."

Two or three strokes of the oars brought the boat to the shore. The old man arose, the very picture of stern grief, the moonlight displaying the full lines of his face, and he grasped with both of his, the large white hand extended to assist him on shore. The boatman followed, and Sarah was left alone.

It was a fearful half hour to the poor girl, with the waves moaning like unquiet spirits about her, and the dread sound of shovelling earth and muffled voices coming from the distance. She dared not look after the three as they went towards the grave, for her heart sickened at the thought of again looking on the gallows tree with its horrid appendage.

A suspension of sounds caused Sarah to raise her head from the folds of her shawl, where she had buried it. No living being was in sight; but the black shadow of the bloody oak had crept along the waters like a vast paler endowed with vitality, till its extremity lay along the edge of the boat, and was insidiously moving towards her. With a cry of terror, and shuddering all over as if the unearthly dew of another world was upon her, the poor girl snatched an oar and shoved the boat out into the moonlight. Again she looked up, and the three who had disinterred the dead appeared, bearing him over the bright grass, wrapped in the cloak of the Englishman, the feet supported by the generous officer, and the gray hairs of the father streaming over the body of his lifeless son. Noiseless they came to the shore; there the old man left his burden in the arms of the officer, while he took his seat in the boat, and then his quivering arms were extended, and the body of Nathan Hale, shrouded in its military winding sheet, was laid across the lap of his father, while his head rested on the chilled bosom of his betrothed wife.

They went out upon the waters, the living and the dead—when old Hale raised his head and spoke to the young girl.

"Sarah, in mourning for the dead, we must not forget the duty we owe our country. Let us search for the papers we are to carry to Washington."

They with his quivering hands, he unfolded the cloak and found the papers containing the information purchased at so great a sacrifice, secured in the vest. In taking them out, the bosom of the corpse was laid bare. The moonlight poured full upon its pulseless heart, and Sarah, with a cry of agony, saw the long, bright ringlet of her own hair.

Scarcely a young woman, not 21 years of age, was arrested in Philadelphia, last week, who has five husbands all living. Thus fortune blindly distributes her favors. Here is a female to whom the question has been popped five times, whilst many excellent, beautiful and tender-hearted girls complain that they have not been asked even once. They say virtue is its own reward; but here is vice encouraged to a fearful extent. The pleasure of courtship, which many maidens never know, has been experienced by that bad female over and over again. She has been kissed behind the door many a time. She has been taken to concerts and amusements often, and probably she has been ice-creamed to a tremendous extent—Five times have as many fond masculine hearts, with beating excitement, waited with agony for the answer to their impassioned declarations. Five times has the blushing and reluctant "Yes" thrilled the bosom of the enamored lovers with heavenly gladness. Thrice and twice has that

fair one prepared her wedding-gown, and on as many occasions she has patronized the kid glove market. Stranger too, five times has she promised to obey her husband, *ad interim*.

What a consumption of bridesmaids has she made, and how much do the clerical community owe to her efforts to increase the popularity of matrimony, and add to the annual aggregate of their wedding fees! In this general prosperity we fear that the newspapers had not their due share. The weddings were not published, we presume, for obvious reasons, and the typographical profession have thus been deprived of a portion of the profits which were legitimately their due.

This circumstance may have some effect in cooling the ardor of our admiration upon this subject. Marriages which are not published are poor affairs, and should not be permitted in an enlightened community. It can be seen in this instance what such a custom, if not frowned upon, must inevitably lead to. If the printer had been remembered, virtue and one husband would have triumphed. As he was forgotten, vice and five husbands are victorious!

An Ebony Beauty of Martinique.

In one of his recent letters from the West Indies, to the Home Journal, N. P. Willis gives us the following particulars of his acquaintance with a negro beauty "as black as your hat."

I have just been presented to a jet-black young lady, who is "the best of society" of Port Royal, (the seat of Government,) and who is said to be more admired, by the French officers stationed there, than any other lady on their visiting list. Of that city of ten thousand inhabitants, Mademoiselle Juliette Celestine, we are assured, is quite the fashionable young lady most attended to. She is an intimate friend of our fair hostess, and it was to this happy chance that we owed the privilege of a presentation to her. She was in town for a few days, and had called yesterday; and on Madame Stephanie's mentioning this morning at breakfast, (that she was to call again to-day, we so expressed ourselves as to be sent for on her arrival.

Mlle Juliette is of the blood that does not thin with the climate, as do the whites. She is about nineteen, and as plump as Hebe—her original model from nature apparently just perfected. Her skin, though as black as one as I ever saw, is fine-grained and lustrous, and her shoulders, (there was no denying,) quite beautiful. The gorgeous-colored Madras turban covered her forehead to the eyebrows, and, with a long sweep of twisted, gold over the cheek, concealed the hair—the lace hem of her snowy chemise being the next downward interruption to the lines of rounded ebony. Her features are strictly African—the lips full, and the nose of that degree of flatness which is only affectionate, and which I take to be the highest expression of this shape in contradistinction to the more repelling aquiline. Her eyes would have been beautiful if there had been anything white in the neighborhood with which to contrast them—black eyes on so black a ground were "coals to Newcastle." They had one fine quality, however; they had never been contracted with a suspicion, or a withdrawal of confidence, or an attempt to understand anything that did not speak for itself; and they were, consequently, as true as the cups of two water-lilies.

Her smile was of the same never-faded confidence—coming and going with the ease of a shadow—and her teeth were only too white and perfect for any piquancy of expression. No jeweler could have cut them more evenly out of pearl. Her little flat black hands were daintily tapered, and looked lady-like. She wore large rings, and these, with the enormous gold ear-rings, which they call *cing-cloos*, made a sort of barbaric glitter, with her lively gestures and expressive motions of the head, which seemed to me very picturesque. I was pleased, by the way, with the consistency with which she adhered to the dress and ornaments exclusively worn by those of her own color.

The *cing-cloos*, ear-rings, particularly—masses of solid gold, resembling five small keys welded together by the sides—are seen in every respectable black ear, never in a white one. It would have been natural and reasonable for her, considering her means and social position, to have graced her beauty with some of the French fashions abundantly within reach and worn by the Creole ladies with whom she associates.

Mademoiselle Juliette's reception of us was politely cordial and entirely without embarrassment. It seemed odd to us, at first, to hear the French, which we consider an accomplishment, come so fluently and elegantly from a mouth of that color, but it heightened the novelty and charm of her impression. After a little talk upon climates, conversation turned upon the usages of our ladies, and the difference of etiquette in our different countries, and she laughed immoderately at some of the American distinctions between propriety and impropriety in female manners. Love of fun seemed to be her uppermost quality, and her own views and notions, though entirely modest and delicate, were a singular mixture of frankness and droll mockery. It could easily be seen how the French officers at Port Royal might find a constant pleasure in her society. Our visit ended with an examination of her monstrous ear-rings, (for which she held her cheeks towards us with the simplicity of a child,) and with an exchange of souvenirs between her and myself—I giving her my watch-guard, and she giving me two berries of the acacia tree, which she carried as charms in her pocket. My friend and I agreed that Mademoiselle Juliette Celestine was a memorable addition (of a new color) to our acquaintance.

The Woman of Endor.

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seems all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great had been the mental suffering of Saul, that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the seer, his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell all alone upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold, thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life; now, also, I pray thee hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayest have strength."

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal?

We confound her with the witches of Macbeth.

the victims of Salem and the Moll Pitchers of modern days.

Such is not the Woman of Endor—we have adopted the superstition of monk and priest, through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age hath lent a shadow to the picture.

"Harken to the voice of thy handmaid and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor rises before me in the sublime attitude of her kind, earnest entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of her features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril and the lip shading the ruby. The cold, haughty grace, becoming the daughter of the Magi, hath now yielded to the tenderness of her woman's heart.

Such was the knowledge, and such the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise and the beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the girl nor the child, but the full, intellectual and glorious woman.—[Mrs. Seba Smith.

Congregational Singing.

Lowell Mason, now in Europe, in a recent letter to the N. York Musical World, speaks warmly in favor of congregational singing—Singing hymns and chanting selections from the Word form a part of divine worship, and should be engaged in by all. The delegating to a choir the performance of a portion of worship—in some cases hiring them with money, to do it—is rather a singular way of rendering pious service to God. And yet, in how few of our churches do we find the "great vocal chorus."

"I am," says Mason, "a great lover of music, I delight to listen to an orchestral performance, and never intend to omit an opportunity of hearing a good concert. But on the Sabbath day, when one wishes to turn his thoughts upward, and bring himself into converse with his Father above, I love the great vocal chorus, plain and unpretending though it be; and, laying no claim to either science or art, yet it glories with the spirit of worship, draws it out, and bears it with certainty and rapidly towards the object of its search; and penitence and thanksgiving, and adoration fill the soul. Oh, that those who love the worship of God in our happy land, knew the power of song to their aid; and knew, too, that form of song so well adapted to their end. I love the choir; I would spend days and nights in its trainings, and labor without being weary in attempts to bring it to perfection. I would listen to it on the Sabbath, be made sorrowful by its tones of penitence, strong in faith and confidence by its full, and scientific-wrought harmonies, jubilant by its Hallelujahs and Hosannas; but even this is not enough. In addition to all a choir can do, I want the plain song of all the people, above science, above art, above every thing save Him into whose presence it hastens one, and before whose throne it fills one with the spirit of them who sing without ceasing." "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

I heard the congregational singing hymns of praise to-day; the loud organ led them on, binding all together, so that the voices were as the voice of one man; the grand chorus filled the house of the Lord; it seemed to say, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts! let the whole earth be filled with his glory!" and I came away, wishing that the people of New England could hear it too, hear it until they should know what we mean when we speak of congregational singing, become sensible of its immense importance to their worshipping assemblies, and hasten to take the appropriate, preparatory measures for its introduction."

Hints to Teachers and Others.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—You have always been hearing a great deal about Physical Education. Upon this subject allow me to think that my own experience gives some value to my opinions; for I have been working for more than thirty years as hard every year, I suspect, as any one of you has worked any year, and yet, in that time, I have been able, out of a broken constitution and the poorest health, to build up a strong and somewhat vigorous constitution and a cheerful health. My experience resolves itself into a few common sense conclusions:—Do not over-work yourself; never hurry; when you are weary, rest; if possible, sleep—sleep long enough at night to restore your powers—when you have worn out your vital energy by keeping school, do not think you can use it over again in walking, or any other laborious exercise. Above all, when you have done with school for the day, and shut your school-room door, shut in there all the cares, anxieties and solicitudes which have all day been haunting you, like evil spirits.—Go home free; not one of your pupils will be the better for your lying awake with anxiety about him.

One of the blessed instructions of the Saviour is—Take no thought for the morrow, and this is one sense, it seems to me, in which we teachers are to receive this divine lesson.

It may seem hard to say to you, do not over-work yourselves, when many of you have so much to do that it is almost impossible to get through without over-working. But I hope that one of the effects of meetings like this we are now holding, will be to shorten the daily sessions and to lengthen the vacations, particularly to shorten the sessions in the schools for the younger children.

The importance of active exercise to the teacher is constantly and, I think, sometimes excessively over-stated. When we have done our day's work, we have commonly labored enough. What we want then is air and sunshine and rest—refreshment. The greatest physical evil in our calling is that we are usually shut up, during the brightest, and freshest hours of the day, from air and sunshine, not labor, for, of that, we have had enough.

As to diet, do not be afraid of wholesome food of all kinds, in reasonable quantity. Within the same limits, do not be afraid of tea and coffee, which might with propriety be called the scholar's beverage. Above all things, avoid that foolish dream, of ignorance so gross as to see no difference between the Brambling's constitution, formed by a residence of fifty centuries within or near the tropics, and that of the Saxon, who, ever since we have known him, has been contending with the elements in a cold and severe climate—I mean Grahamism.

STUDY. The second thing I have to say relates to study.

Lord Bacon says: "Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for use;" and I am content to take the order as well as the substance of his remark. He adds: "Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retirement."

You and I get completely weary, worn out; and it is of no use, in that state of body, to attempt any severe study. We must then read only for delight and refreshment. For that purpose, let us not be afraid of fiction, in prose or in rhyme. From the earliest times, fiction has been one of the chosen vehicles of the highest instruction; and our Saviour himself has, in his parables, consecrated it to instruction, even in divine things. A good novel or romance is one of the best relaxations possible for the over-worked brain. What more delightful than the amiable extravagances and exaggerations of Dickens, with his true pathos and sympathy, and warm love of human nature, and his protest against oppression in every form, from that of the Court of Chancery to that of the vulgar schoolmaster in Do-the-boys Hall, or of the bundle in the parish workhouse?—What more restorative than to forget ourselves and all our troubles, while transported to the scene of the tournament at Ashby de la Zouche, or the conflict of heroes by the Diamond of the Desert?

Only let us take care not to degrade the imagination, which should be the handmaid of pure and ennobling thoughts, and, by reading the vile trash which comes to us from over the water, make her the pander of brutalizing appetites.

Next to that of mere amusement and recreation, there are three objects we should have in view in our reading and study.

The first is, to make ourselves familiar with the things we are teaching.

The next is to study to enlarge and strengthen our minds, and carry ourselves onward.

The third is to liberalize our minds.

The branches we are daily teaching are amongst the most important for any person to know. They are those which every one ought to be acquainted with. If they are not, we ought to reform our course of study. If we are teaching anything which is not important to men and women should be acquainted with, we are wasting the time of our pupils in learning and our own in teaching. We ought, therefore, to be teaching what every one should know. And we have opportunities which no other persons have, of learning and making ourselves familiar with those branches. One of our first objects, then, will be to make ourselves as familiar as possible with the branches we are teaching.

Our aim should be to go behind and above our text-book. If we endeavor to do this, we shall not be in danger of falling into a mere routine in teaching. If we do this, we are not teaching the same thing three hundred times in a year; we are adding something every day to our knowledge, and every day we are communicating something new to our pupils. I admit there is danger of our attempting at last to teach too much. The first and most important thing is, to make our pupils learn by their own study. [Mr. George B. Emerson's address before the Teachers' Institute.

Schools in Exeter, N. H.

The School Committee of Exeter, have recently made a humorous report, from which we make a few extracts. Speaking of a School taught by a Miss Ellis, they say:—

"It has become a pleasant fashion in these latter days to bestow suitable testimonials of approval and appreciation upon those who, in responsible positions of trust or honor, have acquitted themselves like men. It is no unusual thing for Sea Captains and Clergymen, Police officers and Statesmen to receive from their friends, Gold Medals or Silver Pitchers, as a reward for long continued, faithful service. Now, the 'elder (not elderly)' Miss Ellis has not, it is true, commanded a ship, nor worn a white cravat on Sundays, nor carried the staff of a Marshal Turkey, nor has her eloquence fulminated from the Capitol, but she has been a laborious and successful Teacher in this town for twenty-five years, during which time she has probably done more than any other single human being to give shape and direction to the young minds in this community."

Here is another extract which we cannot refrain from making, in which a comparison is drawn between two teachers in the same school, the one teaching the summer and the other the winter term. The school was in district No. 6, teachers, Miss Locke and Mr. Sanborn, of whom the committee thus speak:

"Miss Locke had thirty different scholars; Mr. Sanborn had thirty-six. Miss Locke's intellectual qualifications were very good; Mr. Sanborn's were by no means deficient. Miss Locke was gentle and at the same time firm; Mr. Sanborn, so far from being tyrannous in his exactions of obedience, was as easy as an antiquated slipper. Miss Locke made her pupils sing; Mr. Sanborn did not make his dance. Miss Locke was careful to keep the room neat and clean; Mr. Sanborn was content to let it go dirty. With Miss Locke the scholars studied hard most of the time; with Mr. Sanborn they whispered hard all the time. In looking upon the exercises, as conducted by Miss Locke at our examination, we were favorably impressed with the stillness which prevailed; in listening to the dissonant hubbub of Mr. Sanborn's young disciples we thought of what an old poet has said:

"The earth and planets in their course
Move along with silent force;
The smallest chaff that walks the footstool,
Makes more racket by a jug-ful."

Miss Locke's children made rapid progress up the hill of science. Mr. Sanborn's slid down the same hill. In a word, Miss Locke kept a good school; Mr. Sanborn kept no school at all."

A MAN-OF-WAR, OR A MAN OF PEACE.—It will probably be remembered that a few years ago, a great excitement was caused by the discovery of vast deposits of guano upon the island of Ichaboe, situated on the West coast of Africa. The remarkable fertilizing qualities of guano gave it great value as an article of commerce, and a large number of vessels were despatched from various ports to take in cargoes at the island. It was computed that at one time not less than five hundred vessels were lying off Ichaboe, and as there was no settled authority to regulate the trade of the place, a scene of indescribable confusion and tumult soon presented itself. The crews of several of the ships having established themselves upon

the table-land at the top of the island, (the island being little more than a huge rock, rising with almost perpendicular cliffs from the ocean,) a dispute arose between them and their captains, which soon proceeded to open mutiny on the part of the men. The only access to their position being by long ladders, the men set their masters at defiance, and held possession of their stronghold, which was inaccessible except by permission of the mutineers. The captains despatched a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of laying a complaint before the governor, and soliciting his aid. The governor was about to despatch a man-of-war—the only remedy that is generally thought of in such cases—when a good, devoted man, a missionary at Cape Town, named Bertram, hearing of the affair, represented to the governor his earnest desire to spare the effusion of blood, and his conviction that, if he were allowed to proceed to the island, he could bring this quarrel to an amicable settlement.

Mr. Bertram obtained the consent of the authorities, and the order for the sailing of the man-of-war was suspended. He proceeded to Ichaboe and being rowed ashore, began to ascend one of the lofty ladders. Two seamen, well armed, who had guard above, shouted to know who he was and what he wanted. "A friend, who wants to speak to you," was the reply. "The guards seeing a single man, unarmed, climbing fearlessly towards them, permitted him to ascend. He called the men round him, spoke kindly but faithfully to them, heard their complaints, and undertook to negotiate for them. He did this with so much tact and judgment, that a reconciliation was soon effected, and harmony restored between the captains and their crews. Mr. Bertram remained ten days with the men on the summit of the island, employing the time to the best advantage in preaching and teaching amongst them. It was only on the plea of urgent duty that the men would permit him to leave them. They clustered round him, as he was about to descend from amongst them for the last time; each was eager to wring him by the hand, and tears rolled down many a weather-beaten cheek as he bade them a last adieu. "God bless you, sir!" they exclaimed; "you have been our true friend; would that you could stay amongst us, for we feel that you have done us good." It will be well for nations when they have more faith in the power of a man of peace, and less in that of a man-of-war.—[Bond of Brotherhood.

Old Jokes.

There are but few persons who can relate an old story and make it interesting to the hearers; but there is one old chap of our acquaintance, residing in the State of New York, who is noted as a story-teller, and no one has ever yet heard him relate an incident that was supposed to have occurred during the present century.

The peculiarity of the old man's jokes, is, that his stories are always called to mind by an anecdote just related by some one else, where the similitude can never be seen but by himself.

For instance, if a person relates an anecdote to illustrate the strength and endurance of the physical system, the old joker is reminded of a story not having the least reference to man, but which illustrates the velocity with which light travels, the intense cold of the Northern latitudes.

If he hears a story of the purity and strength of woman's love, he is instantly reminded of a thrilling circumstance which illustrates the beneficial effects on society, of the steam-engine, or the best plan to adopt to raise cucumbers.

The old man invariably sets his hearers in a roar of laughter—not by the point of his jokes, but by their entire absence of point.

We recollect listening one day to a thrilling, blood boiling sketch by an ex-Mexican officer, in which a mother and her two infant children were stolen from their cabin by a desperate band of guerrillas, and while in their rapid march to escape the cruelties which they were sure to meet with, if captured, the whole party were struck by lightning, and the mother was literally skinned from head to foot by the burning fluid.

The old joker stretched his mouth to a broad grin, refilled it with a large chaw of pigtail, ran his long, bony fingers through his bristly hair, and commenced—

"Ha, ha, boys! that makes me think of a rich incident that occurred a few years since, that I'm knowing to. An old fellow owned an orchard, in which stood a tree that bore just the bestest fruit you ever seed in your life. Well, there was a boy in this neighborhood who was death on apples, and he was bound to have some of the old man's best. So he climbed up into the tree and began to help himself to the ripest he could find, and just as he had fairly got his jaws in motion, the old man came out and requested him to immediately descend to the ground and leave the fruit; but the young saucy-bod replied that he wouldn't, whereupon the old man tore up some tufts of grass, and exclaimed—

"Won't you? I'll see!"

He then pelted the boy some time, but the youngster only laughed in his face, and said that—

"Grass was cheap, and apples were sweet, and the one that got tired first should give in."

"Very well," says the old man; "if neither kind words nor tufts of grass will turn you from your wicked path, I'll try what virtue there is in stones!"

