THE CALEDONIAN,
PUBLISHED BY
C. M. STONE & CO
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

TERMS.—One copy per annum, $1.50
If not paid within the year $2.00
☞ No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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Per square (of 15 lines) three insertions, $1
For each subsequent insertion, 25c
Business Cards of ten lines, per annum, $4

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Saxe Upon a Stump.

From the Springfield Republican.

[A correspondent of the Boston Post informs us that Saxe is on the "Stump," and means to *laugh* the "nigger" question out of the canvass in that state.]

The world is full of wonders now,
Portents, in church and state!
Buchanan wears a cloudy brow,
And Douglas thinks of fate;
M. Blondin walks a rope as high,
As poor Sam Patch did jump,
While Wise goes sweeping through the sky,
And Saxe is on a stump.

Ye brave Vermont republicans!
Are any of ye *black?*
Don't mar the shrewd satirist's plans,
But please to clear his "track;"
He'll thrash you like some "proud McBride,"
With wit's unyielding flail,
Or treat you to an aching side
With "riding on a rail."

Oh, you will have a jolly time—
And he will do it "Brown,"
When democratic cant or chyme
Can put the "nigger" down,
With logic first, he'll "go it strong,"
But if this fails to thump,
He'll strike his humorous mercy gong,
And charm you from a "stump."

Or else, he'll talk *ad hominem*,
With anecdote and fun—
But, if he can't convince with them,
He'll face you with a pun.
Oh, we will all fling up our hats,
When through each free hilled town
The green Green Mountain democrats
Shall *laugh* the "nigger" down.

For Stark and Allen used to lead
"The leather apron boys,"
To many a wild and daring deed
Amid the battle's noise;
But now—the times have changed, no doubt—
They've got a rig for trump,
And mean to play the "nigger" out
With Saxe upon a stump.

Well! well! we guess they'll have a "time,"
When with their squibs of fun,
And modern Stark, well armed with rhyme,
They music "Bennington;"
And if our vision is not dim,
When next election figures,
Are read, some folks will *laugh* at him,
Who, now, "laughs" at the "niggers."

Adams, Mass.

Phunnygraphs.

"Joe, why were you not so late last night?"—"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of 12."—"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch: it was 3 o'clock."—"Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

A cockney's last order is as follows: "Henry, take the across hoff the orse, slip the alter hover is ead, hand give im some ay hand boats."

"Every dark cloud has a silver lining," said the philosopher, when the negro grinned and showed his ivories.

"Boy!" called out Brown, to the waiter at Sam's.—"Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter.—"Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown; "and don't call this mutton *lamb* any more!"

A lady said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence, "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers."—"No, I think not," answered the affectionate husband—"Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who wears them ought to know."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN—Get a piece of calico that will *wash*.

DOWN-EAST LYCEUM—Question for discussion: Can a big man ache harder than a little man?

Why is the French Emperor's baby like the tail of a fish? Because it is the last of the bony parts (Bonapartes.)

A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say:—"Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

In a graveyard in New Jersey, there is a tombstone on which is the following simple, yet touching epitaph: "*He was a good egg.*"

THE CAUSE OF OLD BACHELORHOOD.—What's good for one's good all round, in the long run. I'm no friend to young fellows a marr'ng afore they know the difference between a crab an' an apple; but they may wait o'er long. "To be sure," said Mrs. Poyser, "if you go past your dinner-time, there'll be little relish o' your meat. You turn it o'er and o'er wi' your fork, and don't eat it after all. You find fault wi' your meat an' the fo' It's all i' your own stomach."—*Adam Bede.*

"Mr. Tomkins," said a young lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."—"Divine Julia," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

From the Salem Gazette.

Strong Men.

The recent lecture of Dr. Windship, in Boston, on Physical Culture, illustrated by exhibitions of his vast personal strength, has brought out notices of several other very strong men. Dr. Windship's greatest lift was that of 600 pounds dead weight.

In our city, very strong men have not been uncommon. The venerable and respected Capt. William Story (a brother of the late Judge Story,) now living in Bridge street, and verging towards ninety years of age, was possessed of remarkable strength in his earlier years. He has been known to raise, with ease, eight fifty-sixes by each hand, and could lift an anchor weighing 941 pounds. A townsman, whose grocery store is not far from the residence of Capt. Story, and was a lounging place for the neighbors, some forty or more years ago, as grocery stores were apt to be in those days, informs us that within that small circle were several men whose powers might be compared with Dr. Windship's. Among them was a young Englishman, who worked in Gist's rope-walk; he was of small and slight figure, but great strength, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He must have been very powerful in the jaws, as he would take the ring of a 56 pound weight, in his teeth, and lift it as easily as a dog takes a stone in his mouth; and would easily lift three fifty-sixes with his teeth when the weights were tied together. Mr. Thaddeus Gwinn, at the same shop, lifted a 56 lb upon the little finger of his right hand, and wrote his name upon the wall with the other fingers. Dr. Kittredge, in the same shop, lifted a full barrel of spirits with a man weighing about two hundred pounds seated upon it, by placing his hands behind him under the chines of the barrel, and straightening himself up. A much stronger man than any of these was Capt. Jeduthan Upton, whose power was enormous. But the strongest man who has ever lived in Salem, was, doubtless, William Dowst, a native of this place, who died in the year 1801, and was one of the strongest men that ever lived.

Dowst was nearly seven feet high, and weighed more than three hundred pounds. During the revolutionary war, he was on board a privateer, which got among the breakers off Cape Breton; when it became necessary immediately to cast anchor; but there being none upon deck, as many hands laid hold of one which was in the hold as could get at it, but could not start it; Dowst pushed them aside, seized it himself, and brought it upon deck, carried it forward, and held it upon the timberheads while a cable was bent to it, when he threw it over and saved the vessel and lives of the crew, as they were up on the point of dashing upon the rocks; the anchor weighed seven hundred weight. At another time eight or ten hands were sent to Beckett's shipyard, in the lower part of the town, from a privateer well known in those days by the name of the Grand Turk, to bring up a fore yard for the ship. Dowst was among them, but, naturally dilatory, he did not at first take hold; the others shouldered it, but began to stagger under it, and complained that there were not enough to carry it; Dowst, laughing at them, told them he could carry it alone; on which they threw it down, and he took it up and carried it to the ship without assistance. At another time when he attended the fish flakes formerly kept on what was called windmill Point, he was directed by his employer to go for a jackass which was in an adjoining field; when Dowst got him to the partition fence, being in rather a lazy mood, to save himself the trouble of letting down the bars, he took the beast and lifted him over, and then got upon his back and rode him to the place where he was to be employed. He once raised from the ground the anchor of the ship Rochampton, which weighed seventeen hundred weight, and which four men had previously endeavored in vain to lift, upon a bet. Being at Bilboa in the revolutionary war, in a privateer, an English vessel came in, which had in its crew a professed bully, who was challenging every one to combat, and hearing of Dowst, sent a particular challenge to him; they met, and the Englishman, who was superior to our Sampson in the art of boxing, knocked him down three times, and the last time twisted his finger into his hair to gouge him, when Dowst gave him a blow upon his arm which broke it, and with another blow broke three of his ribs, it was said he died of his wounds. Dowst, with his amazing strength, was remarkably good natured, and tender in his feelings and rather of an indolent habit; but when he was roused to anger, or exertion, his efforts were irresistible, he enjoyed through life a large share of health. For three months previous to his death he had been afflicted with the dropsy, but appeared to have considerably recovered; and the last day of his life he walked abroad the greater part of the day, according to his usual habit; but the next morning his wife found him dead in the bed.

☞ Writing to decline an invitation to lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Gov. Wise says:—

"I have no time for literary or any other composition. I am a bad shot at the best, and I am not going to *Boston* to shoot at game on the wing. I would like to bag you, if I could—Oh, if I *could bag Boston!*—the whole nation would be safe then. Yes! I always loved old Boston—she was the saloon of the Tea Party. And some of these days, God willing, I will try to see what is the matter with her that she don't—threw tea overboard like she used to do!—God bless her still."

It has been inferred that Dryden wasn't opposed to sherry coblers from a remark he once made—"Stars may be made the instruments of happiness."

A Squinting Jury.

Once upon a time, or to be a little more particular, nearly half a century ago, there dwelt in the town of ——, in Old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney-at-law, who although not fair to look upon, (for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man) was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order. It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G—— G——, Esq., was appointed high sheriff of the town of ——. He was a man of fortune, and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well known festivals from the private house of the high sheriff.

It was of course the duty of the high sheriff to summon a grand and petit jury, to attend at the quarter sessions, of which the recorder, mayor and aldermen of the borough composed the court. In the perfomance of his official duty in summoning the petit jury, our high sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place, he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appears that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a good deal of sweating, squeezing and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated they presented to the eye of the court, the barristers and audience, "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in a court room. Literally they became, much to the amusement of the court and its robed advocates, "a packed jury," and no mistake!

For the January term, our facetious high sheriff, (in consequence, it was said, of some hint from the recorder that there should be no more fat pannels summoned to his court,) went to the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men he could find in the borough; and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room enough for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it happened that among the latter were the very perruquiers who dressed the recorder's and barristers' wigs, and some of the latter, arriving late at the bar had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed or half dressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure, amid the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The high sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked "grave as a judge," while he tried to keep silence in the court-room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish functionary occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury at the summer sessions in July. For that term of the court the high sheriff, not having the fear of the recorder, the mayor, and the aldermen before his eyes, actually summoned a squinting jury: twelve as queer looking hipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to "well and truly try, and true deliverance make, between their Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar."

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and aldermen followed suit. The barristers laughed while their wigs became bald, powderless; nay even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put upon trial, and some of them undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining in the general cachination! And when the learned recorder commanded the high sheriff to bring the court-room to order, and intimated, with a half-suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning "such a jury," the drollery of this court scene was considerably hightened by the quick, ready, and sonorous response of the high sheriff, who, looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed—"All good and lawful men, your honor."

But our humorous functionary has long since "shuffled off his mortal coil."

A MYSTERY OF THE PAST.—An immense catacomb can be seen at Rothwell, in the interior of England, near the direct route from Liverpool to London. It is an immense vault built of masonry, under a church which dates back apparently for its first erection to about the year 1150, and contains the skeletons of 30,000 men, probably warriors, of great size, piled up in regular order so that skulls and large bones only appear on the outside of the piles. The skulls show marks of spear and hatchet, but no gunshot wounds, and their owners probably fell in mortal conflict anterior to the invention of gunpowder. The vault was discovered by accident 160 years ago, and has no connection with the church as far as known; in fact the mystery is that there is no historical evidence nor traditionary legend which throws the least light upon the obscurity of its creation. No anatomist, historian, ethnologist, antiquarian, nor savan of any stripe has been able to decide the people even, to whom these bones once belonged. Were they native Saxons, or Romans, Danes, Normans, or what? Nobody has more than guessed? A plausible theory is that they belonged to Danish invaders, slain by the Saxons, about the year 1000; still this is but a probability.—*Springfield Republican.*

"Nice Girls."

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

To my mind there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so loveable, as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl, or an elegant girl, but a "nice girl," one of those lively, good-tempered, good hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not the languishing beauty, who dawdles on a sofa and talks of the last new novel, or the last new opera; or the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an effect by sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there she does not think it necessary to show her bare shoulders; but sits generally away in the back of the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home."—Who is it that rises first in the morning, and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mama's tea, and puts buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time, yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the "fine girl," but takes the initiative herself and kisses the boys, one after the other, with an audible "smack," which say aloud, "I love you ever so much." If ever I coveted in my life it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl." She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from the hob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day she is running up and down stairs, always doing, and always cheerful and lighthearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together, and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When sickness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought that it would be happiness to be sick, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl," is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," or "e-e's"—those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my beau ideal—or should it be in this place, belle?—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and a well shaped ankle, and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint. Young men, is it not so? Yes, you confess it. Women old enough to be your grandmothers, have piloted you from Pall Mall to Pemlico by the sheer force of a neat foot. Such is the influence of tidy ankles.

I say again there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay, that is too cool a word—I love the "nice girl!" Under every condition, every aspect, save one—that one is the condition of matrimony. When I hear that one of the "nice girls" of my acquaintance is about to be married—about to be monopolized by some jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly sister who is to be bridesmaid, I come over faint and sick at heart. Where "nice girls" dwell it should be written up, as on gates of choice gardens—"Do not pick the flowers." Oh, it is horrid, horrid to see that spruce gentleman come in and take her away into a corner for the rest of the evening. I may not waltz with her now; I may not catch her at blindman's buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the leaves as she sings "Auld Robin Gray," even though it were Christmas time; I may not any more kiss her under the misletoe; I may not even look at her! There is that horrid, spruce man with whiskers, glowering at me as if he would eat me. I sigh as the remembrance comes over me of the many "nice girls" who have thus been torn, ruthlessly torn, from me by spruce, and I am sure, stupid men in whiskers. Why, why are there such things as spruce men with whiskers? I am sure we could get on much better without them.

You may wonder why, since I such an admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one my own—why, in fact, I have never married one. I have loved, admired, and adored them too much for that. I could no more marry a "nice girl" than I could wilfully trample down a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered it, and still do consider it a crime, little short of sacrifice, to marry a "nice girl." Who but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with his back to the fire and monopolize all the heat? To the man who attempts to marry a "nice girl," I say, as Diogenes said to Alexander—"Get out of my sun."

No; let the "nice girl" alone. Let her be the life and sunshine of "home" forever.—Let as many hearts pine away and die with the rest. But, oh, change not Miss into Mrs.! rob her not of her girlishness and simplicity; pollute not the gushing fountain of her love, which flows for all, and falls like dew upon the world. Let her be a "nice girl," for such as she never grow old or lose the power to charm. If you must marry, marry the beauty—the flirt—the clever girl—the dashing—any kind of girl you like, but leave me, oh, leave me the "nice girl." For her sake, I will live a bachelor to the end of my days; and when I die, I desire nothing better than to watch over me and close my eyes.

The Secret.

"Here, boys, are twenty shillings for each of you," said Mr. Mitchell to his two sons, Clarence and Edward, on a bright winter morning as they sat at breakfast. He handed them each a gold piece. "I hear that you are at the head of your classes in French and Latin, and this is to express my satisfaction at your progress. You are at liberty, of course, to expend it as you please, but there is an art in spending money. It may be done selfishly or disinterestedly. It may be productive of happiness or of bitter memories, and though the sum be small, how to spend it may be worth learning."

"Tell us something about it, father," said Clarence, after they had both thanked him cordially, "which way do you think best?"

"I would rather, my son, that you should reflect upon the subject and draw your own conclusions. Wait for an opportunity to do with it something which your heart approves. The love of money, you know, is the root of all evil, but money may be made the source of good. Use it as you think best."

The boys looked very thoughtful. They wished that he would only say what he thought best. Then they appealed to their mother, but she approved of their father's decision, to throw the responsibility on themselves, and call their own judgment into exercise.

Some days afterwards, as the two boys were in their father's library, he said to them:

"You have not told me how you spent the gold pieces."

Edward drew his from his pocket: "There it is father. I have not spent it yet."

"And yours, Clarence?"

"It is all gone, father."

"Indeed! And what have you to show for it?"

"Nothing, sir."

Clarence bent his head modestly, but without shame, and there was a manliness in his tone which convinced his father that all was right.

"Nothing? Well, that may be, but I will venture to say my boy has not made an unprofitable investment."

"I hope not, sir."

"If he had done wrong with it he would not be my Clarence," said the mother, tenderly.

Clarence looked at her with an expression of deep feeling, then went to her silently, put his arms affectionately about her neck and laid his head upon her shoulder. When he raised it again a tear lay upon her robe.

"My darling boy,"—she embraced him tenderly—"the secret is yours. You have a right to it, and I am sure it is an honorable one."

"Thank you, mother," he whispered in her ear. "Does father think so? Is he satisfied?"

His mother repeated the question.

"To be sure, my son. I am satisfied. Come here," and he threw his arms around him and kissed him—"father will trust where he has never had cause to distrust."

Clarence could only once more whisper his thanks. It was tenderness, not grief, that was noble and generous in boyhood. Had he been otherwise, had he expended his gift in folly or in vice, no reproaches that could have been uttered would have affected him, or called him to bitter repentance like the confidence which was reposed in him and the tenderness that had just been manifested. To prove himself worthy of that love and confidence would be henceforth his earthly ambition. Oh, that all parents would but understand this, and appealing to the higher nature the nobler attributes of their children, call them into exercise.

Edward wished from his heart that his brother would reveal to him what he had done, but there was a code of honor in that household, as there should be in every home, and it was understood by all its members. Clarence had shown by his silence that he did not wish to be questioned. Yet no one doubted that he had made a right use of his money.

And now, although Clarence supposes his secret to be safe from all but the eye of his Father in Heaven, we who have followed him unseen, and watched him through all, will relate it in confidence to our readers.

The day on which he received his gift was bright, clear and frosty. It was December, and though the sun shone cloudlessly in the blue heavens, it had no power upon the icicles which fringed the iron railings or fell from the trees in showers of brilliants, splintered and shivered by the wind. The air was beautiful and exhilerating to the well clad, but to the poor, unprotected child of want it came too keenly. Clarence hurried on with his skates flung over his shoulder, to join a skating party. It was vacation now. Eddie was to join them later. His hands were thrust into his coat pockets, and he pressed on against the wind, when he felt his arm seized from behind.

"Quick, quick, come quick!" said a little bare-footed and bare-headed boy, seemingly half frantic with grief and terror. "I believe mother is dying. Do come quick!"

Clarence obeyed impulsively, while the child clinging to his coat, dragged him on.

The home, if such it could be called, was not far off, and the scene which presented itself on his entrance was awful indeed. A woman surrounded by three or four children screaming in terror, was lying on her miserable bed in frightful convulsions. The foam was on her white lips, and her clenched hands seemed fixed in an immovable clasp, and her aspect was altogether horrible.

"I will go for a doctor," said Clarence, and remembering that he had seen a physician's house on his way, he ran with all his speed to summon him.

The doctor followed him immediately, and while he was administering to the poor sufferer, Clarence had time to observe the scene around him. What misery was there! Never had he seen or conceived anything of the kind before. The woman had toiled until over exertion and starvation had brought her to her present state. The children were thin and meagre, only half clad, and no fire upon the hearth. When they saw his friendly, earnest face—for children understand well a look or tone of sympathy—they gathered around him.

"Are you hungry?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes; dreadful hungry."

"And cold too," he said.

And with a heart bleeding at the sight of such misery and destitution, he hurried to a restaurant near by. His gold piece was now in requisition. Thank God for its possession!

Hot rolls and hot coffee in abundance soon drew the little famished creatures to a corner of the novel where they satisfied their hunger and hushed their cries.

For a full hour the agony of the mother lasted, then she lay motionless from utter exhaustion, and finally fell into a profound slumber. A portion of the gold piece still remained and Clarence tendered to the doctor the usual fee. A smile stole over the face of the wealthy Doctor S——, (for it so happened that one of the physicians in the city had by chance been summoned) and there was a tear in his eye as he looked at him earnestly.

"God bless you, my noble little fellow," and he laid his hand on his head.

"No, keep your money for other good deeds—but tell me who you are."

Clarence looked up at him and smiled, after a moment's pause.

"Only my father's son."

"Well, well, you choose to do your good deeds under a veil, I see; any father should be proud of such a son. I never saw you before, but I think that we shall meet again. You have a heart, my boy, too large for that manly little frame."

He laid his hand kindly upon his head, shook him warmly by the hand, and disappeared.

Clarence went also, but returned in an hour, bringing with him a pair of shoes for each of the two eldest children. This exhausted the money he had with him then, but his charity-box was at home, and on that fund he determined to draw in behalf of the sufferers. While deliberating on what they most needed, his good intentions were forestalled by the appearance of the doctor's carriage at the door; and the doctor himself sprang out hastily, and took from it numerous packages of clothing, provisions, &c.—an ample supply for their present wants.

"Here," said he to the eldest girl, a child of six years, "dress your little brothers and sisters in these clothes, and see if your little hands cannot make the room comfortable."

The child's eyes brightened, for food had strengthened, and his cheerful tone encouraged her, and she was at once busily employed. He smiled cordially as he discovered Clarence, and said:

"I told you that we should meet again."

He hastened away to other engagements, but a supply of fuel came by his orders immediately after, and Clarence remained to aid the helpless children, nor did he leave until he saw them warmed and comforted.

The doctor visited the family daily until the poor and grateful widow was perfectly restored and able again to take care of her little ones: then his wife provided employment for her, and she required no further assistance. One more visit revealed all this to Clarence, but he and the doctor did not meet again.

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Four weeks had passed. Clarence's good deed was still his own secret, when his father encountered Dr. S——.

"Mr. Mitchell, what a noble specimen of humanity you have in that son of yours. I congratulate you on being his father."

"Which one doctor?"

"Why the one with the dark hair and dark eyes. He does not tell his name."

"What do you mean, doctor? I hope he is not ashamed to own it?"

"Then he has not told of his recent encounter with me?"

"Not a word."

"Is it possible? Let me tell you, you have reason to be proud of that boy; he is a noble little fellow."

Then he related to Mr. Mitchel every circumstance of that day connected with Clarence, delicately withholding his own part in the proceedings, which did not however, long remain a secret.

With a heart overflowing with thankfulness to God for such a son, Mr. Mitchell returned home that night, and related all to his wife. As soon as Clarence came in he took him by the hand. "My son, I know the history of that twenty shilling piece."

Clarence looked up in wonder.

"Dr. S—— is an old friend, though we do not meet often. He would not rest till he had traced you out; and now, my boy, receive your father's blessing." He bent down and kissed his forehead; then he lead him to his mother. "There," said he, "take to your heart the noblest son that God ever gave a mother—take him and say God bless him!"

She did fold him to her heart in silence. The mother's feelings were too deep for words. Edward came in. "My son, you have done well in the purchase of your bible; your brother has done well in the practice of its precepts. Emulate his noble example. I am proud of you both."

Mrs. Mitchell withdrew with Edward into the library, and there related to him the story. Scarcely had she concluded it when he rushed back, and threw himself in tears on his brother's neck. "Oh, Clarence! I must be good like you."

"Why, it is but little I have done," said Clarence. "I had everything that I required; it was no sacrifice."

"But you lost the skating party, Clarence, and you know that you wanted a new riding whip; you said so when father was giving us lessons on Poney, in the last vacation."

"No matter for that," said Clarence.

"My boy," said his father, "why did you keep it so secret? Did you not suppose that we would all approve and commend it?"

"Yes, father, but I remembered what you read to us that morning in the lesson of the day:"

"Take heed that you do not you alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven."

THE WEST POINT CADET—HOW HE LIVES.—The arduous duties of the West Point Cadet are not more than half realized by the hundreds of young gentlemen seeking appointment there. Rise at five in summer and six in winter, bed clothes put away and room arranged for inspection in half an hour. Study till seven; guard-mounting at half past seven; class parade at eight; recitations and study until one; dinner and recreation until two; another class parade; study until four; sunset, general parade, supper, and in thirty minutes the call to quarters; until half past nine, study, and at ten every light extinguished. Of course, these duties are sometimes evaded but it is dangerous business.

Such is but an outline of the day's work, repeated from day to day, for five years, with no interruption day. At the end of the first two years, there is a furlough of several weeks, this being the only time during the course in which the cadet is allowed to leave the Academy. There are endless opportunities during the military exercises for incurring demerit, and if any cadet incurs one hundred in six months, he is declared deficient in conduct. For all this drilling, the cadets receive $30 per month, and are required to pay $9 to $10 per month for board, and $2 for washing. Other expenses, as clothing, etc., consume the whole. The fare is of the very plainest kind.

HOW OUR REVOLUTIONARY FATHERS SERVED THE TORIES.—Marshfield was the stronghold of tories in Plymouth county, Mass., during the revolutionary struggle. There was a band of 300. In Bridgewater, Halifax and Middleboro, there were a few. They appear to have been a class of persons not highly esteemed nor kindly treated by our patriotic fathers. In 1774 one by the name of Jesse Dunbar lived in Halifax. He gave great offense to the people by his conduct, and on one occasion, having bought a lot of fat cattle from a mandamus counsellor, he drove them to Plymouth for sale. Having slaughtered, dressed and hung up one of the largest, the whigs of that village, by way of revenge or resentment, cut it down, put the carcase into an ox cart, and confining Dunbar in his belly, drew him the distance of four miles, and having extorted from him a dollar, delivered him up to a mob in Kingston. They drew him four miles farther in the same posture, and having demanded of him another dollar, delivered him up to another mob in Duxbury. These tender-hearted gentlemen having several times slapped the animal's tripe across Dunbar's face, wrapping him up in the same, took from him another tribute and then drew him to the house of a hateful tory in that town, by the name of Ray Thomas, and before his front door tipped up the carcase with its living tenant, thus reversing Samson's riddle, for on reaching the ground, out of the meat came forth an eater. From this worse than John Gilpin ride, Jesse Dunbar had to make his way home the best way he could, without little hope of redress under the then highly excited state of the public mind.—*Middleboro Gazette.*

The Foreign Soldiery.

A comparison of the drill and discipline of the French army with that of Austria has been suggested by the late battles in Italy—naturally very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Montebello, Magenta and Solferino have, it is said, proved once more the superiority of the loose formation, the play of individual activity and intelligence, over stolid and compact lines, in which every man counts for very little and the mass for everything. The French are capital representatives of the former system, the Russians and other continental armies of the latter. Everybody who is at all familiar with the appearance of the various European armies, whether on parade or on the march, must have observed the marked contrast which the French troops present, both in movement and appearance, to that of any of the other great powers. The French soldier is, except the Russian, the dirtiest soldier in Europe, little or no attention is paid by his superiors to the cleanliness of his person. His beard, his hair, his linen and his necktie are almost as much under his own control while in the ranks as before his enlistment. As long as he wears the regulation coat, the regulation trousers and regulation gaiters, his officers don't trouble themselves much about every button being in its place, how his shoes are laced, or when he shaved. His belt is black, and so are all his accoutrements. The same laxity is visible in his movements on the march. The line he forms is disjointed, irregular and moves fast rather than evenly. Keeping step is evidently a matter to which the troops have not been taught to pay very much attention. They seem to trot or rumble along rather than march. To wheel, face about, walk and run rapidly and dexterously are the main objects of their drill. Squareness and regularity, straightness and uniformity are clearly of secondary importance.

Nothing can present a greater contrast than all this does to the English, Austrian and Prussian systems. In the British service cleanliness is placed amongst the first of military virtues. The soldier's face-washing, shaving, and hair-cutting are all matters in which the requirements of the service are inexorable. After these comes the soldier's appearance in the ranks—the whiteness of his belts, the blackness of his cartridge box and his shoes, the brightness of his buckles. His "set up," as it is called—that is, his erectness and squareness and rigidity—is the essential next in order. And finally, as the sum and crowning of everything, the line must be straight, regular, unbroken, the march stately and in rigid time, and all the evolutions must be made with the truth and accuracy of a machine. The rage for appearance on parade is carried to such an extent among English and Austrian military men that any attempt on the part of the government to get the soldiers engaged in useful labors, such as road making or ran digging has always met with the most determined opposition from the commanding officers of regiments, on the ground that it injured the

The Caledonian.

VOL. 23--NO. 11. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1152.