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Written for the Spirit of the Age—Raleigh.

The Yankee Privateersman,

OR THE BOLD BRIG OF CASCO BAY;

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF '76.

BY W. M. T.

CHAPTER VII.

After the Englishman had hauled down his flag in token of submission, Reginald, accompanied by Jotham and his third officer by the name of Mapsey, had a boat manned and went aboard their first prize. They were met on deck by the captain, who saluted them politely, and drawing his sword, asked which was the captain; and being shown Reginald, his surprise knew no bounds and his anger was instantly raised. 'Well,' he spoke, 'by the God that made me, if I scarcely believe my own senses. What! that shaver, that younker there with a beardless chin, commanding nothing but a d—n Yankee fishing smack, with a parcel of flax-head green ones, has conquered his Majesty's crack ship! I swear by the Lord Harry, had I known you commanded that bauble off there, I would have blown my ship to atoms, rather than surrendered.'

'Wal, now, ole hoss,' spoke in Jotham, not liking to hear his craft made light of—'You have worked yerself into a perfect tornado, by darnation ye have, jest because our little Sea Gull, (God bless her and ole Long Tom) flogged King George's smartest craft. Wal, that aia't pertickaler nuthin'. That ar same sarcy brig o' ourn, fell in with the Flying Dutchman, one day, gin him a chase, and finally cooht him, and after a slight regular built skrimmage, captured him; but the old capting begged so hard that our capting here turned him loose.'

The English captain turned away in disgust at this little stretcher of Jotham's.—The Yankee was about to keep up his sallies on the Englishman, but was stopped by Reginald, who then spoke to the captain—

'Yes sir, 'tis as you say, you are conquered by a Yankee brig, with a strippling commander and a few Yankees under him. But I do not boast, sir. I may, the next time I have an engagement with one of my country's foes, be taken, tho' I hope to the contrary. Keep your sword, sir; you fought your ship as well as man could fight, placed under the same circumstances.'

At the first words of the young man, the captain raised his head, slightly started, and looked hard for an instant at the young man's countenance, then he muttered to himself—'My God, what recollections that boy's voice awoke. May be it *is*—no, it cannot be. 'Twould kill my brother to know that he had found'—but checking himself, he continued aloud in a courtly tone, 'will you tell me whom I have the honor of addressing?'

'Certainly, sir,' promptly returned Reginald. 'I am called Reginald Montfelling.'

'Reginald, you say?' exclaimed the Englishman, darting forward excited, then checking himself he muttered—'Reginald? yes, that was his name; but Montfelling—Montfelling? ha! no—Montfelse—strange, doubly strange'—then aloud—'were you born in the colonies, and are your parents still living?'

'I was born,' replied Reginald slightly embarrassed, 'in the mother country. I have no parent. I know nothing of my birth or parentage. I am living, that is, I *have* lived with one calling himself my uncle ever since I can recollect,' and the blood mantled his cheek.

The English captain started violently, and was about to address the young Privateersman again, but Reginald's back being turned, he did not observe the Englishman's agitation, and Jotham calling him at the same time, the captain's reply was cut short. As Reginald walked forward the Britton's eye followed and watched his every movement. 'His very carriage, the same noble form and mien! I swear by the eternal, I think'—and the rest the Englishman muttered inaudibly.

The man o' war was soon cleared of the wreck of the fore and mainmast. While the men were swabbing the deck, and cleaning up the blood, Reginald called Jotham aft. 'Well, Jotham, I think you can make out to get to Portland, with the prize, and I wish you could get there without fighting. I will give you five men, and here is my report; you can make sail in twenty minutes, and I reckon the sooner the better. And there, Jotham, is a particular duty for you to perform,' and his voice was audible to Jotham's ear alone, as he placed a nicely folded billet-doux in the Yankee's hand.—The reader can guess to whom the superscription was.

After bidding adieu to Jotham and the men he left with him, and to the English captain, who seemed lost in revery, Reginald, and his second in command, went over the ship's side, and were soon aboard their own doughty craft. As soon as the first sail of the brig 'Gull' was open to the wind, the large and uncomely sheets just rigged on the man o' war Antwerp, were also hoisted, and soon the crafts were moving through the water in directions opposite to each other. In two hours both ships, visible from each other, were hull down on the now dusky horizon.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Antwerp behaved very well, under her master, and in a few days she made Casco Bay, where a pilot came out and soon the Prize lay at anchor in Portland harbor. Jotham soon went on shore, and to every acquaintance he met, he spun a different yarn, though all worded in glowing colors, 'of the tarnal fight they had with the Britishers.' He soon delivered the Prize and her crew over to the public authorities, and received in return the prize money, which far exceeded his highest hopes, and then he awaited anxiously and impatiently the return of Reginald to Portland. Leaving him to pray for the quick appearance of the 'Sea Gull' we will follow her commander on his cruize.

After he had left the Prize, he set his men to work, cleaning the guns, and repairing about the brig. He had sailed about a day and a half, in the same course without falling in with any craft, and was about to steer for other waters, when all at once, the always exciting cry at sea of 'sail O!' greeted his ears. He happened not to be on deck, but his then second in command promptly demanded 'where away?'

'Bout four points baft the beam on our larboard quarter.'

'What d'ye make her out?'

'A full rigged brig with a full complement of men, and I think, carries fourteen guns, and by all saints, a Long Tom! She is an Englisher, and has just descried us and hoisted her bunting.'

'Very well,' said Reginald, who had come on deck, 'keep a sharp look out, and report.'

Soon the boatswain's merry trill sounded on the brig, for all hands to prepare ship for action, and in a short time that command was neatly executed. On came the lovely craft, the exact counterpart of the Sea Gull, with flowing sheets and dauntless prow. The difference in number of men was vast, the English brig carrying nearly seventy, and the Privateer only twenty-five. Both moved through the water in grand imposing style. When within a mile of the Yankee brig, a light smoke curled lazily from the bows of the English brig, and the report of the signal gun to heave to, was heard on board the Gull. Reginald however, kept his course, and glass on the English war vessel.

A desperate and well-managed battle ensued, the Yankees commenced boarding the British Brig.

Then came the desperate encounter. The balls from the Yankee brig had done but little damage, and the crew of the Briton even now numbered more than two to one. Still the little band of gallant tars contended against strong odds, and at every stroke of the deadly cutlass a brave Briton went to his last long home.

But what a remarkable similarity is there between the Privateersman and the Briton? Both about the same age, equally well formed and good looking; two noble specimens of mankind as ever trod a quarter deck. The only perceptible difference between the two was the color of the hair; that of young Reginald was of a rich, dark brown, while that of the young Englishman was black as coal. Both fought bravely as lions; and as they crossed blades, their eyes met once, and both paused and seemed racked by some intestine emotion. 'Twas but for an instant, and again their gaze became excited, and they reveled in the mad excitement of battle! Their blades firmly clutched, struck fire, as every blow rung out its clanging notes. With expanded chests, bodies thrown back and with supple arm, the two young men gave and parried blows in quick succession. They had been engaged some minutes and neither had gained any vantage ground. Their blows were not as cool now as at first, but were dealt and executed hastily and excitedly. It was evident now, that the Englishman was losing ground, still he parried and thrust with good will. All at once, by making a feint, then a quick and expert twist, Reginald sent the brave young Englishman's sword, whirling around his head to the deck! He was at the mercy of the young continental, but he refused to take his life, and was about to present his sword to him. When suddenly a pair of brawny arms were thrown around him and he was borne to the deck. Again the melee commenced ten times more fierce and fiend-like than before.' 'Harm him not Manning,' exclaimed the young English Captain, harm him and your life's blood shall be the forfeit,' and he plunged again into the thickest of the battle!' The Yankee Privateersmenwere, by now, nearly wornout, and were fast yielding tho' fighting bravely for every inch they retreated. Reginald saw it all with harrowing feelings, but he could not prevent it; he shouted aloud to them, and encouraged them on; he strove to break from his bondage, but all to nought he saw his presentiment about to prove true, alas too true. Still the Yankees fought, with determined, unbounding courage, but 'twas their last struggle. They saw their numbers being thinned rapidly, and to stay on deck of the English brig longer was but foolishly to court death.

While they were thus wavering and faltering, Reginald exclaimed in thunder tones, 'Fly, my brave men—stay not thus to be slain—fly, and cast away the grapnels. Tell them in Portland, if you ever reach that loved spot, that I was taken fighting on the enemy's deck. Go, and all together!' and even as he spoke, a thundering aye, aye, sir, and 'long live Reginald the brave Privateersman,' proved to him the sympathy and admiration of his noble crew. They then retreated rapidly, and some few getting on board, leaving the others to keep the Englishmen at bay, to cast away the grapnels, and loose the sails, prepared every thing. Every one reached the deck of the privateer, the brave second Lieutenant being the last to leave the enemy's deck. As soon as every one had gained the privateer's deck, the Englishmen with loud execrations sprang to pursue them; but they were foiled, for the grapnels at that moment were cast off and the 'Sea Gull' being free once more, shot away like the swift arrow from the tightly strung bow; and as she sped away, her helm was suddenly shifted, and she ran starboard side to the English brig and the next moment a thundering report deafened the ears of all who heard it, and many a shaft buried itself in the massive timbers of the English brig. The Yankee brig had discharged her whole starboard battery, aided by the efficient Long Tom, with good effect. The next moment and the Yankee privateer was plunging the ocean with flaming banner and bursting sheets, on her homeward-bound course. The Englishman had now put his ship before the wind, and hoisting her snow-white sails, she moved through the water with a rapidity scarcely inferior to that of the Sea Gull, all the time sending a shot or so from the Bow-chasers to let the Yankees know that they had an enemy in their wake.

The space between the two vessels commenced widening every moment, and at the same time a loud hurra was borne from the Yankee Privateer, over the watery expanse to the ears of the chagrined Englishman. Reginald's eye kindled with pleasure when some time after that he saw the Sea Gull sink out of sight far on the eastern horizon. The Yankee Privateer was safe.

CHAPTER IX.

According to a privilege never disputed to the rules and regulations of Authordom, we transport our reader to a fashionable house, far from the scenes of battle which have claimed our attention for some time in the good city of Portland. In the parlor of a fashionable aristocratic looking dwelling sat a group; Miss Maud, and her father, Mr. Debrillion, (the owner of the house) a young officer in the becoming uniform of the British army, the wealthy Charles Lambally, and lastly our old friend Jotham Josby, whose business there the reader knows.

'Captain Calvin,' spoke Mr. Debrillion to the young officer, 'have you heard the news?'

'No sir, by my faith I have not any thing of importance?' replied the young officer in a full rich voice.

'Yes, certainly, 'tis of some interest to the British army.'

'You speak in riddles, Mr. Debrillion; pray enlighten us,' asked Calvin with curiosity.'

'Well, you shall hear. You all know that the Sea Gull (Maud's cheek slightly burned and she listened more intently) the Yankee Privateer, that boarded the British Transport, off Sandy Hook, and took off the Pikes! Well, that same Privateer, which is commanded by a dare-devil of a young fellow, thought by some to be Reginald Montfelling, Mr. Lambally's nephew, (don't speak Mr. Lambally, we know you are loyal enough;) well, as I was saying, that young fellow has been doing wonders on the ocean. He fell in with the man of war, Antwerp, which is large enough to flog a fleet like the Sea Gull, and by superior manœuvring, the lightness of

dismasted, raked and finally conquered her, and she now lies at the Long Wharf a prize, the wonder of these gaping foolish whigs.'

'What was her Captain's name? asked Lambally carelessly. 'He is a wealthy man by the name of William Langsdly, and every inch a ——.'

'Who! William Langsdly! screamed, rather than asked Lambally, and his face became as white as a sheet.' 'My God how can I meet ——.'

'What is the matter with you, Mr. Lambally,' asked Mr. Debrillion.'

'Why! 'tis nothing—I had a faint recollection—ah! I am not well.'

'Well let it be so, replied Debrillion.'

'Now dew tell,' exclaimed Jotham, with well feigned astonishment, 'ef that don't beat tarnation to nuthin'. By goose gravy and sassage meat, ef I believes Mister Reginald could be sich a darned traitor as to fight agin the ole country.'

The reader may ask how was it that Jotham had the boldness to go to Mr. Debrillon's house, after having been seen to come from the prize, also to have been heard telling his wondrous adventures, and then profess astonishment, ignorance and wonder at 'sich a terrible fight,' in which he was an active participator. Jotham, however, as the reader knows, had dared every thing to do the bidding of his captain, and confessed to himself when the ebulition of his joy and pride had subsided, that he had been too public entirely to carry out the wishes of his superior officer aboard the Gull. However, he determined to brave every thing, pretend ignorance, and deny every thing, and in that mind we see him at the lordly mansion of Debrillion, after supper, having succeeded in delivering the letter unobserved.

The young Englishman before alluded to was the Captain of a parcel of dragoons in the British army, and was to all appearances the accepted suitor of Miss Maud. He was good looking, intelligent, and the very soul of honor! Maud liked him as a friend standing on neutral ground, but she loved him not as he wished, and abhorred him as an opposer of the American arms. He had come into town that evening and intended going away on the morrow. He heard from Maud's own lips, that evening, that she could not love him, but esteem him only as a friend, (and even that conditionally;) that her heart was already given and her hand engaged to another. * * *.

Jotham remained only long enough to get a letter in reply to the one he had handed Maud, and then departed, the company not being agreeable to him.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer, though it may be cloudy till ten or elven o'clock in the forenoon. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings, and fifty years' observation has shown the writer of this that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.—*Exchange.*

One mad action is not enough to prove a man mad.

Communications.

For the Spirit of the Age.

MR. EDITOR:—Our old particular friend, Tolson, who distinguished himself while in Raleigh last session, by his onslaught upon the Sons of Temperance, is again a candidate in Union county for the Legislature. Whether or not he desires to resume his seat on the Piano, I am not informed; but I refer to it because I have no well authentic information of his sitting any where else while in your city. Rumor says he and his friend F. sat on their victuals box, which was covered with T.'s big yellow sheep skin, and ate out of a pan, while a jug stood near at hand, covered with a tin cup, which were used pretty freely while masticating. But this is only rumor, and I cannot vouch for the correctness of it.

Two years ago Tolson rode into the field a pie-bald, three-tailed pony—one tail whisked towards the whigs, one towards the democrats, and the third for bald-face whiskey. Upon this mongrel connestoga he managed to win the race last heat; and he again mounts the same old horse, expecting to distance the field. But it is believed he will be so completely and shamefully distanced himself, that he will deny he ever entered the race.

His friend F., too, has deserted our man Tolson, and now says if his constituents want a more stringent liquor law, he will vote to give it them. There is also hope for Tolson, as I learn he has come out in favor of the Rail Road from Charlotte to Wilmington, through Union county. He says—"Every feller I meet in the destrict is in favor of it; and as the State *will* go in debt, I don't see why we mout not have a Rail Road as well as other folks." You know he has always been opposed to internal improvements and every thing else good and great; and this little sign of a change for the better has aroused suspicions in the minds of his fellow antediluvians that he is going to "jine himself to the human institutions, and 'fore long he'll go for the Maine Law, as its gitting mighty popular." It is believed they will ex-communicate him in advance to save themselves the shame and disgrace such a result would bring upon them. We hope our friend Tolson will see the error of his way, repent and be converted.

The skies are brightening down here, and ere long the broad refulgent light of day will dispel the clouds of ignorance, bigotry and superstition from our moral horizon.

GOURD VINE.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

It is not our province to inquire into the unparalleled circumstances of degradation, any farther than the use of ardent spirits is concerned, or so far as intoxicating drinks have contributed toward them. It is susceptible of moral demonstration, that their use had had much to do in the sad casualities which are diurnally taking a place in the papers published in our land. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with a statement of the amount of money spent foolishly, on account of the use of this intoxicating beverage; nor is it even proper that we should trouble him with the number of drunkards, or paupers, or criminals who have been created to fill up the ranks thinned by death, and the arm of justice. But we will assert that the moral pulse of the nation has been weakened, and the disposition and facility to do wrong thereby greatly increased. The bread stuffs and other nutritious substances, which have been converted into *wine, beer, rum* and *whiskey*, have been not only lost to the country, but their destruction has contributed in a great degree to the scarcity and high prices of food. Now if all these bounties of a kind Providence, which have been converted into intoxicating drinks, had been all swallowed up by an earthquake, our much loved country would be much richer than it now is. And still more, a large portion of the foolish bargains—the reckless speculations which have contributed so much to the present distress and degradation of so many poor widows and orphan children, whose husbands and fathers have reveled in wine, spent their earnings to no purpose, and thus brought their wives and offspring to penury and want—too frequently the whole tragedy derives its origin from the first glass.

Now, if every citizen will cease to manufacture, or buy, or use any intoxicating drinks, however unhappy may be our present situation, and from whatever complication of causes been produced, such will be the saving of wealth, the increase of corporal and mental energy, and the growth of industry and economy over the whole face of our wide spread Republic, that one generation of TOTAL Abstinence will retrieve all our pecuniary disasters and it will place us on a solid, healthful foundation for future usefulness and glory, on which neither we nor any other civilized nation has ever stood.

And now, in the fulness of our hearts, in the name of our country and our God, we ask, who will come up to this high-water-level patriotism, and christian duty? Who will set the example and kindly urge it upon those around him? Who of the *rich* and influential will give up the fashionable beverage? Who of the *poor* will show themselves 'nature's noblemen,' by refusing to 'follow a multitude to do evil?' Who, of the brewers and the few remaining distillers, will give ease to their consciences, and blessings to their fellow-men, by converting the grain of the earth into the '*staff of life*,' instead of the '*staff of death*? Who, of our hardy patriotic yeomanry will aid the brewers and distillers in this 'consumation devoutly to be wished,' by witholding from their 'fires of hell' the useful products of the earth, and suffering them only to be converted into food for man and beast? Who of our ships and boat owners will refuse to transport the poison? And who of our merchants will henceforth and forever refuse to buy or sell it? In view of all the wretchedness, and want, and misery around us, we make these inquiries, and ask who will come up to the rescue?

E. C. B.

CALDWELL P. O., July 5th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR: Although unaccustomed to writing for the press, I must say something to you about the progress of Temperance in this vicinity, as no one else will. I think I can say without fear of contradiction, that Little River Division has accomplished as much as any other in the State. Truly she has many rich trophies of victory, and more than that, she is not idle, not standing still, but advancing to entire victory. Have we not encouragement enough from these facts to labor more assiduously for the final extermination of the liquor traffic? We have! and we will never relax our efforts until one loud shout of—'Redeemed from the Liquor Traffic'—shall be heard from Currituck to Cherokee. But Mr. Editor, though we can see that our enemies are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less,' yet we have to regret that some are yet taking decisive ground against the demolition of the 'Critter,' for the obvious reason that their interests and tastes are involved, though they call themselves temperance men—are willing for great legislation upon the traffic—but you must not have Prohibition; you must allow every man to make it and drink it if he chooses, but don't care much if the license law is abolished.

Temperance men understand such chat very well. You won't deceive us by a deceitful declaration of your principles, when your words, actions and conduct, under other circumstances, plainly contradict them.—Among the objectors, Mr. Editor, is an old gentleman whom we will denominate 'Capt. Joe,' a keeper of a Jug Tavern. The Capt. claims to be a Temperance man with a good face but certainly with a guilty conscience, if he has any; professes great sympathy for women who have to suffer from the liquor-scourge, &c. But there is one circumstance alone (beside the absurdity of a grogseller and drinker being a good Temperance man) which forever silences his mouth-confessions of temperance and sympathies for the unfortunate drunkard's relatives. This circumstance is as follows: In this neighborhood lives a poor man who has suffered himself to be overcome by the habit of drinking, so much so as to become a slave to it. He is a faithful adherent to Capt. Joe, and as he is a poor man, he must work a part of his time in order to get means to furnish himself with drink. This man has a wife who has to support herself and children without any assistance from her drunken husband, he giving all his wages to the Captain, a 'good Temperance man.' Not long since his money run out and he asked the Capt. for some liquor on credit, but which he very generously refused to let him have. The man thus stymied, went home, and some cloth with which she was going to make herself and children clothes, but if he would let him have liquor he would bring him the cloth to pay for it; which the Captain very sympathetically agreed to! And he actually did take this, the only thing that this poor suffering woman had to shield her children from the inclement blasts of winter's storms.

You are very well understood, Captain, when you praise temperance, &c. And another thing which gives the broad black lie to an assertion of temperance principles by such men is, that they are busily engaged in trying to prejudice the minds of all voters they can against such candidates as they suppose to favor the temperance Reform. And as the people of old Orange will vote 'Reform,' or 'No Reform' in August, this same Captain, *alias* 'Good Temperance man,' attended by a certain Esquire of his ilk, are busily engaged, on Sunday especially, in canvassing this region to stir up those of their friends whom they fear will be overcome by these foolish temperance men. By the way the Squire knows all about the laws, Constitution &c., and is ready to give counsel, advice or opinions about temperance men's intentions, what sort of laws they want, their wishes in every point, and tell what sort of a liquor law is constitutional and what is unconstitutional. He is a very prominent man, gives opinions gratis, and of course is always right.

Mr. Editor, we have no doubt that at the election the Reform Ticket will have the majority by many votes, and we will have representatives from old Orange who will regard this majority. Temperance men everywhere, let us labor with a more fixed determination. If we will only do our duty, we will certainly achieve a glorious victory which will result in the downfall of King Alcohol.

LITTLE RIVER.

The Doctor's Story.

I am a physician, kind reader, residing in the beautiful City of Elms. I was born in this same city and have always lived here. I know its every nook and corner. I have reveled beneath its lofty elms, through its streets by day and by night, for many and many a long year. My business has called me abroad as often by night as by day, and I have heard the old clock up in the steeple of the 'middle church' strike all the hours of the night, and that, too, a great many times. I have been called up late at night, very many times—more than I ever shall again, for I am old now; my forehead is wrinkled, and my hair has been white a long time; and the last call that I shall have will come soon. But to my story—and in commencing, let me say that events which I am about to relate, took place a great many years ago, and you, my friends, do not recollect the time I write of. I was a young man then and had been in 'practice' but a few years. I remember as well as though it were but yesterday, the morning I am about to tell you of—and a colder one I never saw. There was snow upon the ground, and the cold wind had piled it in huge drifts; the wind was blowing a tremendous gale, and the snow was still falling fast; I had just come from my breakfast, and was sitting by a hot blazing wood fire in my office. I had taken my boots off and sat warming my feet when I heard the door open, and turning I beheld a little girl, a very little girl—she could not have been more than six years old. 'Well, what do you want?' I asked, sharply, for I was not in a very good humor that cold stormy morning. The little thing stretched out her tiny red hand, and in her childish voice I heard, 'Please, sir, give me a cent to buy some bread?' Why I did not give her what she asked and more, ask me not; but I drove her from my door. I have shed many bitter tears over the fact, and prayed many times to be forgiven the act of that moment of my life. I told her to begone and called her a little Mab. She shut the door, and I took my seat again by the fire, but I was not easy. I lit a cigar and puffed away at that, but I could not forget the little girl. 'Please, sir; give me a cent,' was ringing in my year. I arose and walked to the window. I rubbed off the frost with my hand—and looked out, I saw the tracks of the poor little creature's feet, and discovered for the first time that she was barefooted; yes, upon that cold morning she was wading thro' the snow with her feet bare; yes, there were marks of her feet in the snow—and in the centre of one of them was a spot of blood. Great heaven! what would I have given to have called her back! Alas! it was too late—and 'Please, sir, give me a a cent,' rings in my ear to this day. I tried every way to forget the little girl, but I could not—and every time I looked out of the window, there were those little footprints; I believe they would have drove me mad, had I not taken the office broom and erased them. Night at last came, and the snow was still falling; the wintry blasts swept through the deserted streets, the snow fell against the windows, and the trees groaned as they bent before the storm. It was a dismal night, and few were abroad. I retired early and was soon asleep, from which I was startled by a loud knock at the door. Inwardly hoping that no poor mortal would require my service that night, I opened the door. A gust of wind put out the light and half filled the hall with snow. When I got my eyes cleared, I perceived to my astonishment, a little boy standing shivering on the steps. He was poorly clad, and the little fellow was almost frozen; but he looked up into my face and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, 'Good, kind Mr. Doctor, will you come and see my poor mother? she is very sick, she is indeed—and mother is very poor, and she says she is afraid you won't come because she can't pay you, Sir; and little Sis says she'll never come to your place and make you angry again, Sir, because she's very sick, and she says she is going to die, Sir.'

Could I refuse such an appeal and from such a source? No! I went with the little fellow to his home. Away up in the ten of an old frame house I found what he of the world. I thought I had seen poverty—but I must confess that I never saw a sight like that before. A small piece of a candle was burning from the mouth of an old ink bottle, by which I got a view of the premises, the windows were entirely gone, and large drifts of snow had formed open the floor. Upon a bundle of straw, covered with old rags, I found a woman, and the little child of yesterday.

'My God!' I exclaimed, how can you live here on such a night?' The poor woman opened her eyes—she was too far gone to speak, and pointed to a crust of bread upon the floor, for she had no table. I broke off a piece, and she motioned me to give some to the little creature at her side. I took the little girl by the hand; and upon doing so she opened her eyes, and recognizing me, she exclaimed, 'Oh sir, you will not hurt me will you?' I assured her that I would not, and she fell asleep again. They were both sick. Cold and want had brought them to the verge of the grave; they were too sick to be removed, and I was thinking how I could best make them comfortable, when the little boy who had been standing all the while spoke. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'can you do anything for them? you won't let mother and Sis die, and be buried in the ground as poor father was, will you, Sir?' I told the little fellow that I would do all in my power to save them. I asked him why he did not call me before. 'Oh, Sir,' says he, 'I was just going to see you yesterday, when Sis came, and she said you was a dreadful cross man, and she said you had driven her away, and I was afraid you would put me in the poor house, and I did not want to go there, Sir.'

Don't tell me it's unmanly to cry! he must have a hard heart, indeed, who could stand where I did and not feel as I did; I told the little fellow I was very sorry and he should never want for a home or a friend while I lived. I told him to watch by his mother and sister, while I would go and get some wood for fire, and some other necessaries; I did so, and returning as soon as possible, found the little fellow completely exhausted, and fast asleep.

The mother was dead, and the little girl's fever was much worse. If it had been my own child I could not have done more for it than I did for that little girl; but death had marked her for its own, it was too late, and before the sun had set the following day, her little spirit had gone to him who gave it. I saw them both buried. I shall never forget the scene in the burying ground; the grave-digger with his pick-axe; that heap of frozen earth mixed with snow; that dismal looking opening in the earth; all form a part of a picture I never shall forget. The old minister who officiated has long been dead; there was no long line of carriages, no mourners but that one small boy and myself. The minister and myself lowered them—mother and daughter, into the same grave, where they will sleep until the judgment. God knows I wept bitter tears that day, for I was a wiser man. A few words about that boy and I am done. He lives. I took him to my home, reared and educated him; some twenty years since he made the South his home, and this day that little fellow who was, is one of the most eloquent members of the bar at——, and an ornament to the profession. He has been a member of the State Senate three terms, and of the United States House of Representatives one.

My friends, my story is finished, and the old Doctor will conclude by saying, when you put money in the contribution box for foreign missionaries, also *remember the poor at your own door.*

Learn every thing, but Know Nothing.

It may be said emphatically, that this is an age when children learn every thing, but know nothing. This is especially true of young girls. The fashionable seminaries, for the education of the future wives and mothers of the republic, usually undertake, with the most self-complacent absurdity, to instruct their pupils in every thing, from French to embroidery, from geology to music. A young lady, in this age of progress, is not considered to be making any advances at all in education, unless she is studying at one and the same time, the harp and piano, German and Italian, crotchetwork and fashionable netting, drawing and dancing, the art of composition and the art of making a courtesy, physiology and painting, algebra and astronomy, with natural philosophy in all its branches, and artificial manners in their conventionalities. As a consequence, the rising generation of young females exhibits myriads of smatterers, but very few thoroughly educated women. The fair students almost invariably forget to day what they were taught yesterday. Undertaking to learn too much they end by learning nothing. Even what is acquired is held only superficially. And what is true of young girls is true also of boys, though, we are glad to say, not in so great a degree.

It is the fault of modern academies generally to attempt to teach too much. The popular notion, that the more studies a pupil has, the better must be his education, is radically wrong; and yet instructors, who know better, in order to make their schools flourishing ones, truckle to this idea. But a good education depends, less on the number of branches studied, than the thoroughness with which a few are mastered. Far be it from the Ledger to say that a child should remain in ignorance of geography, arithmetic, spelling, history, or other necessary branches.—This is not what we mean. What we do mean is, that our children should be taught these fundamental studies thoroughly, before they are carried forward to others of less importance, or instructed in what are merely accomplishments. We maintain that the woman who writes and speaks her own language correctly, has a more finished education than she who cannot spell common English words, though she may jabber bad French. We assert that the boy, who has mastered one thing thoroughly, whether it be the mathematics, the humanities, or the sciences, stands a better chance to succeed in life, than he who can conjugate in a dozen languages, dead or living, and is therefore no proficient in either, or his own.

We once knew an old lawyer, who, when a new student presented himself, put Blackstone into the young man's hands. 'Read that for a year,' he was accustomed to say, 'and then I'll give you something else.'—To spend a year over a single treatise, comprised in but four volumes seemed, at first, a useless waste of time. The student, if a quick reader, had generally finished the book in a month. But the preceptor was invariably inexorable. 'You think you know it, do you?' he would say sarcastically.—'Well, what is the rule in Shelly's case?' Perhaps the youth had been fortunate enough to notice and remember the abstruse distinction taken on the famous trial. But, even if he had, the old lawyer was sure to trip him up, in five minutes, on something else.—Back to Blackstone the student went, at last aware of his deficiences, and read, and noted and analyzed for perhaps a couple of months more. Then he returned to the old story, that there was nothing left to be learned.—But the thorough old common-law advocate soon caught him again. When Blackstone was finished at last, it was finished, as it were, for life. Every line almost was fixed forever in the student's mind. He could look back, mentally, over the four volumes, as a spectator gazes from a mountain top over a wide level country spread beneath him, and map out the whole without a single omission or blunder. He had a life-long clue to the labyrinth.

The old lawyer's plan of teaching law is the only correct plan of teaching anything. Boys or girls, educated on a similar thorough system, at least know what they are talking about, when they talk at all. They have acquired discipline of mind, and clear ideas with it. If they undertake to write, they write sensibly and correctly. If they are called in the duties of life to decide in some novel combination of circumstances, they think accurately, because they immediately know where to look for the keystone of the problem. The vast field of knowledge is no longer a labyrinth to them, for they hold the clue to it in a disciplined mind and a capacity to study properly. It is never difficult to recognize such persons, even in a five minute's conversation. They are distinguishable, at a glance, from those imperfectly educated individuals of either sex, who, to use a simile of Lord Bolingbrook, rattle on as meaninglessly as alarm clocks that have been sprung prematurely.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

At a social party, one evening, the question was put, 'What is religion?' 'Religion,' replied one of the party, 'religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy.*'

'What monsters these cotton factors must be,' said Mrs. Partington; 'I'm told some of 'em has more than a hundred hands. My poor Paul often wanted me to go and see them, but I'm thankful I never went.'

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.