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## A SKETCH.

### A SKETCH OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY A DOWN EASTER.

In the dark shadows of Fisher's Island, gloomy, sullen and grim, lay like huge monsters upon the waters, the British fleet, "The Mistress of the Seas."

The broad red cross of St. George floated from their mast heads; proclaiming their enemies of our country. Long had they lain thus in the inglorious inactivity of a blockading squadron, crushing; it is true, the little commerce between the seaport town of Connecticut and the cities of New York and Boston, but in reality putting themselves to far more trouble and inconvenience than their enemies.

The commander of the British Squadron, Sir Thomas H. Hardy, as loyal and brave a man as ever trod the quarter deck of an English Seventy-four, grew heartily tired of his monotonous life, and wished that some cursed Yankee Privateer or Commodore would make an attempt to run the blockade.

While he was thus thinking, a party of Yankees on shore, wearied and exasperated by the continual and petty annoyances of the English fleet, were laying a plan to decoy a portion of them ashore.

Capt. Sim Harvey, as true, beloved and patriotic Yankee as ever played a trick on an unwary foe, accordingly loaded a large boat with old boxes filled with some worthless articles, and manning it with a few trusty comrades, pulled down the river Mystic into the Sound, as if determined to give the British squadron the slip and run their goods to New York. Com. Hardy seeing the boat, instantly gave orders to midshipman Chambers to man the barge and capture the Yankee Rebels. His orders were promptly and cheerfully obeyed, for his men were glad of the opportunity to have a brush with the Americans.

Capt. Sim and his men pretending not to see the movements of the enemy, held steadily on their course, laughing to themselves meanwhile that the bait they had thrown out was so quickly swallowed. The British, excited by the hope of a prize, pulled vigorously at the oars, and the barge gained rapidly on Capt. Sim's boat. Suddenly the Americans seemed for the first time to become aware of the approach of an enemy. With loud cries they bent to their oars, but so thoroughly frightened did they seem, that there was no sort of time kept by rowers, the effect of which to retard rather than add to the progress of the boat. They managed however to get the boat headed toward the mouth of the Mystic. The British were hard on their heels and gained rapidly on them. The Americans had gradually recovered from their fright and now were lustily at work. The distance between the boats now, was kept about the same, each party rowing at the top of its strength.

At length the daring Capt. Sim ordered his boat up to a certain point on the west side of the river, about one mile from the Sound, where it had been arranged that he should land, disembarking the boats the crew ran over the bank. The British by this time had also effected a landing, and no sooner had their barge's keel grated the sandy shore than they encountered a most sudden and unexpected fire from a volunteer company from Mystic and vicinity, composed of Captain Anson, Avery, Haley, Cray, and Denison, and thirty others secreted behind the bank for that purpose. The British, startled and confounded by the sudden apparition and the fall of several of their comrades, leaped like frogs into the water.

And none was left to man the barge but midshipman Chambers, who stood with drawn sword like a statue in the stern sheets.

When commanded to surrender, he, with the coolness of a brave general, ordered his men from the water and delivered up his sword.—Having secured the prisoners, litters were made for the dead and wound-

ed, on which they were borne to the village. The prisoners were formed in the centre of a hollow square and marched into Mystic to the enlivening strains of the "Rogue's March," and the shouts of the hardy and patriotic citizens.

These shouts of joy on shore were echoed across the water to the British fleet, which told Com. Hardy the fate of his brave midshipman, and his brave crew. Turning on his heel, he walked down the companion way into the cabin of his flagship; there seated like a king on his throne, muttered curses deep and long, about the revenge he would yet have on these "infernal tricky Yankees."

Revenge being the sweetest thing that Com. Hardy could think or dream of, he was determined to revenge himself if possible, and on the morning of the 10th of the same month he ordered his fleet up to bombard the little town of Stonington. For two days and nights the fleet poured into the town shot and shell of every description, but with very little effect. The Bomb Brig Terror took her station in the line nearest the town, and made night light as day with the blaze of rockets, while her shot and shell hissed like maddened vipers through the air, the floating batteries and line of battle ships making everything tremble with their thunder, but the hearts of those Yankee boys that manned the guns on shore. They, behind breastworks hastily thrown up, headed by the same daring Capt. Sim, with hosts of other brave fellows at their guns on those hot days, like blacksmiths at their forges, firing with such precision and taking such deadly aim that hundreds were killed and wounded on board the enemy's fleet, while the Bomb Brig Terror was made a perfect wreck, so much so, when ordered by the Commodore to retreat, she dare not take time to weigh her anchor, but slipped the cable and floated off with the tide, amid the shouts and cheers of the warlike hosts on shore.

All the ships in the line getting the worst of it, a general retreat was ordered. With shot hole plugged up and pumps working, the monster ship moved slowly and sluggishly off, like a wounded lion to his lair. They again dropped their anchors under the dark shadows of the Island, where a

Few short prayers were said  
O'er proud St. George's dead.

**MISCELLANY.**

### THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

It is a matter of common observation that English women belonging to the higher classes unite with their mental accomplishments, far greater robustness and strength of physical constitution than are usually found in the females of this country, and all are ready to admit that the human form, in classic antiquity, far exceeded in the perfection of symmetry and vigor the ordinary development of the present day. The race that gave to the world a Venus and an Apollo, is still regarded as furnishing the best examples of physical strength and beauty, and perhaps those who are familiar with the social customs of the ancient world will concede that this perfection was the result of systematic training and exercise of the body, then made an essential part of education. In the ages of chivalry, too, when a man held it a greater honor to excel in feats of arms than in scholarship, we read of wonderful achievements of physical strength. But all the lessons of the world's experience in such matters seem to have been lost in our modern civilization, at least in America.

Look at the women of our higher circles, with their thin and willowy forms, their pale and sallow faces, their inability to endure the slightest exposure or fatigue. Observe in all classes how early the cheek loses its youthful freshness; how common are complaints of "delicate health;" how universal the appearance of fragility. It is true, that public at-

tention has, within a few years, been in a degree awakened to this subject, but as the light in Milton's infernal prison only served to make darkness visible, so that attention has only exposed the utter and fatal neglect of the duty—a neglect almost everywhere apparent.

If a panoramic view of the evils growing out of neglect of the proper physical training of children could be presented, the horror and alarm created by such a survey would drive fond parents into the adoption of a better system. Mothers who now compel their infant offspring to live as prisoners, pining in vain for fresh air and invigorating exercise, because Mary or Biddy cannot find time to take them out, would not only make the servants perform this duty every day, letting the house work go rather than omit it, but would make some arrangement for more thorough exercise of all the limbs than a mere walk can furnish.

The little ones allowed to play half the day out of doors, running and wrestling "at their own sweet will," need no gymnasia to develop their strength, but city-bred unfortunate will be benefited by calisthenic exercises. The increase of institutions for this purpose is a good sign. A lady who presides over a large one in this city, appropriated exclusively to women, and where there are now thirty invalids, informed us she received children three years and half old, and would warrant the manifest improvement in their health in three months.—Amusement she makes an essential element of these exercises; for as all the muscles of the body should be brought into play, the powers of the mind so intimately and mysteriously connected with the physical frame, should not be inactive.

We would advocate, or rather insist upon the attachment of a gymnasium to every school; and if one were in every house, it would prove an actual saving of more than its cost, in physicians' bills, medicines, and nurses' wages. A frolic every day with the "reclining board" or the "parallel bars," would put to flight many juvenile ailments, banish the phlegm from the chest, and shed a glow of cheerfulness throughout the household. The benefits that would result to the community and to future generations from such a system are absolutely incalculable.

The evil of a hot bed education, where culture of the mind is attempted, with neglect of physical development, are not so universally recognized as they should. The dependence of the integrity of the brain on the health of the body—the need that organ has for rest as well as exertion ought ever to be borne in mind. Nature should be allowed her bent in harmonizing the employment of the intellect with physical activity, by alternate exercises. And no school deserves patronage where this subject has not due consideration.

It was never designed by our Creator that the life of a human being should be made miserable by ill-health. Strict observance of his wise laws will secure health; indeed we would not be afraid to say that any child born of healthy parents, allowed abundance of exercise in the open air through childhood, and preserved in youth from injurious habits, may be sure of immunity from disease, till nature's great debt becomes due in the course of events. Entire freedom from headaches and indigestion with its train of diseases, will be his portion whose early life has had this judicious training. Think of this, mothers and teachers, we treat you! and when you opine that an infant "must have worms," or note symptoms of languor in the pupil—ask yourself if the young creature is not suffering from privation of the blessings God gives freely to the poorest, and which cannot be denied without entailing a train of miseries upon such a portion of life as your neglect may leave to the child under your care.—N. Y. Express.

Fifteen million dollars are supposed to be spent annually by the people of the Union, for newspapers.

## MARRIMONIAL BLISS.

It is a folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage; every woman was made for a mother; consequently children are as necessary to their peace of mind as health is. If you wish to behold melancholy and indignation, look at an old maid, if you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

"Now won't stand that," replied my aunt, "an old maid myself, and not a penny the wiser nor indigestible. My piece of mind I'm going to give you in a minute. I would never touch a baby during my existence, except with a pair of tongs. Young mothers and sunshine, indeed! Why, they are worn to fiddle-strings before they are five-and-twenty—when an old lover steps in and sees his grandmother instead of the little Mary who use to make him feel as if he should crawl out of the toes of his boots. Yes, my mind is quite made up about matrimony. But as to babies—sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—on the whole, I consider 'em a decided humbug. It is a one-sided partnership, this marriage; the wife casts up all the accounts. The husband gets up and pays the bills to the looking glass; curls his fine head of hair; puts on an immaculate shirt bosom; ties an excruciating cravat; spinkles his handkerchief with cologne; stows away a French roll, an egg, and a cup of coffee; gets into an omnibus; looks splay-footed at the pretty girls; and makes love between the pauses of business in the afternoon. The wife must hermetically seal the windows and shut out the fresh air, and sits down, gasping at the table more dead than alive, to finish her breakfast. Tommy spills a cup of hot coffee down his bosom—Julianus has torn off the strings of her school bonnet—James wants his geography corrected—the butcher wants to know if she'd like to have a joint of mutton; the milkman wants his money—the iceman wants to speak to her just a minute—the baby swallows a bean—the husband a boy from the store to say that his partners will dine with them—the cook leaves all to go to her sister's dead baby's wake, and the husband's thin coat must be ironed before noon. Sunshine and young mothers! Where's my smelling bottle!"

**"GOT CHEATED."**

Under this caption, the Canawha (Va.) Valley Star tells the following hard story:—A colporteur, quite recently, in an adjoining county, approached a man whose name we will not make public, and solicited him to purchase a bible. The man refused, and gave for his reason for so doing that he had no money, and that he could not read. The colporteur ascertained that he was a married man, and that he had no bible, became anxious to leave one of his bibles with him, and not being able to sell him one, offered to give the bible to his fellow creature. The man hung down his head awhile, and seemed to ponder on the proposition, and finally agreed to take one, provided it was given to him. The colporteur gave the bible; the man took it home and presented it to his wife, who could read a little. She examined the book very carefully, and gave it back, saying that only about half the book was the bible, that the other half was something else called the New Testament. The bright husband became enraged and went in search of the colporteur, declaring that he had "got cheated," because the book was only a half "bible."

## FOX AND WHITEFIELD.

Mr. Wilberforce, in the recollections of his parliamentary life, related that "Fox used sometimes to roll on at full tear in the House of Commons for two or three hours." Rogers, in his Table Talk, says he had often known Fox to take up the candle to go to bed, and stand talking until it had burnt out in the socket.

There is a well authenticated anecdote of Whitefield to the same ef-

fect. The night before his death he arrived at the house of Rev. Mr. Parsons, in Newburyport, after a week of abundant labor at Exeter and elsewhere. His coming was soon known. Before he had finished his supper, a crowd surrounded the house, and found their way into the entry. Whitefield, quite exhausted, rose from the table, and said to a minister present, "Brother you must speak a word to these good people; I can do no more." He then took a candle, and set on hurriedly for his chamber. But he had to pass through the hall, and as he ascended the stairs, looking down upon the crowd whom the word of life from his own lips had stirred up to the enquiry, "What must we do to be saved?" how could he pass them in silence? He could not. He turned on the stairs to commend these anxious souls to the Saviour, and continued speaking until the candle burnt down and went out—an emblem of his own laborious life, which in giving light to others consumed itself. These were his last words. He went to bed, and expired the next morning about six o'clock, in one of his paroxysms of asthma.

The eloquence of both these remarkable men was an illustration of that divine maxim, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Fox, the statesman, patriot, and scholar, poured out inexhaustibly the themes and thoughts of which his heart was full. So did Whitefield, the Christian preacher, rich in the words of Christ, and burning with love to the souls of men. Here is the true source of fluency—a mind full of thought, a heart full of emotion. The best preparation to speak to others of divine things, is thus the highest mental and spiritual culture in ourselves. "Cultivate tender love of souls," said Doddridge to his students, that will make you eloquent." "Meditate in these things," said Paul to young Timothy, "give thyself wholly to them—that thy profiting may appear to all." Apollus was mighty in the Scriptures, and fervent in spirit and therefore an eloquent man. Let your heart be as a quiver full of arrows of God, and let them fly on this side and on that; for they are like the arrows fabled by the ancient post to be gifted with intelligence, and longing to reach their work.

## HOMES OF AMERICA.

The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall have become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes, and the life of those homes, than anything—than all things else. Unity is the God of almost universal worship. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture on the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then, it is a mean, meager, and most miserable thing! A child will go forth from such a home as a horse will go from a stall—glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's money and the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things. I would have you build up for yourselves and for your children, a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home which shall be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting and precious upon earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, propriety, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have

good influences flow into neighborhoods and communities. In such a home I would see noble ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then I would see you, young husband and young wife, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences, as will come to you through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.

## HOW WALTER SCOTT WROTE HIS ROMANCES.

Dr. McKenzie, in a recent article in the Philadelphia Press, says:—"We are now aware from what Lockhart has related, that in 1819 the far greater portion of the Bride of Lammermoor, the whole of the Legend of Montrose, and almost the whole of Ivanhoe, were dictated from a bed of great bodily pain, as well as heavy sickness." John Ballantyne, who, with Wm. Laidlaw, was one of his amanuenses, on these occasions, reported, though Walter Scott, "often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath." But when a dialogue of particular animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph over matter; he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were, acting the parts. The wonderfully striking dialogue in Ivanhoe, between Rebecca and the templar, in which he passionately solicits her to fly with him, and exchange expected martyrdom for a queenly sceptre, was not among the dictated passages, but we have seen the manuscript, and it does exhibit a single creature a single erasure. Indeed, so rapidly was it written, that Scott did not delay to dot an i, cross a t, or put in the slightest punctuation."

## STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.

It overcomes difficulties. Not with a rush and a shout, but one by one. They melt away before the incessant pressure, as icebergs before the steady radiance of the sun. It gives one the strength of a happy conscience. A weather-cock of a man whiffing about with every breeze, cannot have true quietness of mind. Dissatisfaction worries and annoys him. But a cheerful vigor and energy, grows out of intelligent and unvarying purpose. It gives dignity and honor to character. Men cannot but admire the mind that marches steadily on through sunshine and shade, calms, smiles and frowns, glad and favor, but pressing on without it, thankful for aid, but fixed on advancing at all events.—Such men cut out for themselves a character which cannot but be seen and honored. It gives success. In any enterprise that is not down right madness, such a man must succeed. He has the chief element of a triumph over every difficulty, and if he is not an idiot, he will do something in the world. But he will meet them. He moves not rapidly, but assuredly. When you want to find him, by and by, you know where to look. You will look at the top-most round of the ladder of success, and you will find him about there somewhere.

It is proposed to vary the size of bank notes according to their denominations, as a preventive against the alteration of the same.

The wharves of New Orleans rent annually for one million dollars.

A gentleman regretting the loss of his first wife, in the presence of his second wife, was told by her that no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she.

There is a maiden lady in Connecticut who is so modest, that she turned away her washerwoman because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man. Very prudent!

*Rev. N. W. Burman*