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POETRY.

DREAM-LAND.

BY MARY D. R. BOYD.

Traced on the window's crystal pane
By elfin's feathery dart,
The thoughts that from the slumberer's brain
With morning's light depart.

The cradled babe with snowy brow,
And lips half open to kiss,—
Angels are stooping o'er him now—
He dreams—he dreams of bliss.

Pure as the snow 'neath moonlit
skies,
Youth brightest fancies view;
Hope paints the vision as it flies,
Rose-tinted—love's own hue.

Stern manhood hath its varied
schemes
To wile the midnight hour;
And in the witching world of dreams
These thoughts have double power.

The statesman feels his fingers clasp
The baton's slippery hold;
The miser in his trembling grasp
Beholds the wished for gold.

On fairy wings, through rainbowed
skies,
The poet speeds along,
And gathers buds of beautiful dyes
To weave in deathless song.

Now seeks the wide and princely
halls,
Where lord and lady meet;
Anon by ruined chapel walls,
Or grotto's cool retreat.

By flood, by fell, on light'ning's
wing,
Rock'd by the stormy main,
Or full of soft imagining,
He breathes his pensive strain.

The captive sleeps in dungeon dim,
'Neath tyrant's stern control;
Fetters are on each noble limb—
"The iren in his soul."

But ministering angels bow
His lowly couch above;
A soft, light touch is on his brow—
His heart is filled with love.

Visions of bliss before him rise;
Unheeded man may frown;
"Be mine the martyr's death!" he
cries;
"It's need the martyr's crown!"

O world of transitory bliss!
If thus thy vision fly,
Welcome the hour that calls from
this
To lasting joys on high!

POPPING CORN.

We were popping corn,
Sweet Kitty and I;
It danced about,
And it danced up high,
The embers were hot,
In their fiery light;
And it went up brown,
And it came down white,
White and beautiful,
Crimped and curled,
The prettiest fairy dance in the
world!

The embers were hot;
In their fiery light,
And it went up brown,
And it came down white.
Ah! many a time are the embers hot,
Yet radiant, forth from the fiery
light,
Cometh transformed and enrobed in
white.

HARD CASE.—The free negroes recently expelled from Arkansas, have published an appeal to the Christian world to protect them. They say Indiana shuts her doors upon them. Illinois denies prairie homes to them. Oregon will not receive them, and Minnesota is debating whether or not she shall admit them. They complain of being forced into a cold climate suddenly from a warm one, and present sad picture of the distress that they suffer.

A SKETCH.

FACTS ABOUT THE BODY.

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthly materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-four small bones, called the vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than five hundred. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just within the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is opened or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood as it flows into the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from 70 to 80 beats in a minute, a hog-head of blood passes through the heart ever hour. In fevers the pulsations are accelerated and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from three to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juice, and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the wind pipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of the air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane early dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the air cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes purified; then passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood; they act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres, like branches of twigs to trees.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

We have already mentioned that General John B. Plache, an estimable citizen of New Orleans, who fought in Jackson's memorable battle, died in that city on the 2d inst. In a notice of his death the Delta says:

An incident with which the name of General Plache is connected has been made the text of one of the most invincible errors that has ever crept into history. It is a striking illustration of the difficulty of arresting a false statement which happens to interest the fancy of mankind. Nothing was ever more transparently absurd than the idea which is embodied to nearly all the histories, poems and pictures relating to the battle of New Orleans, than the assertion that the mound behind which Jackson's army was entrenched was composed of cotton bales. The only basis of this story was the attempt of some young soldiers, in the rivalry which had sprung up after they had occupied the line of Rodriguez's canal, to increase the height and breadth of the parapet in front of them, by throwing in a few cotton bales. Others, too, were used to form the embrasures for the guns.

These bales had been thrown out of a flat boat which had come down to Jackson's camp with flour, pork, and other supplies, and were lying on the levee. They were a portion of a lot which had been consigned to Major Plache, and had been sold by him to Vincent Nolte.—The speculative efforts of the latter financier no doubt contributed to give form and currency to this story. He set up a preposterous claim for his cotton after the war, and, to maintain it, set on foot the story of the great service it had rendered. We are pleased to see that a recently published and highly spirited poetical description of the battle of the 8th of January, by Thomas Dunn English, this vulgar fiction is very effectually disposed of:

No cotton bales before us,
Some fool that falsehood told;
Before us was an earthwork,
Built from the swampy mould.

Major Plache, by the orders of Gen. Jackson, as soon as it was discovered that a few bales of cotton had been used in making the parapet, and that they greatly endangered the strength of the works, and exposed the ammunition to explosion by the flying particles of burning lint, had the bales taken out and thrown into the river.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWINGING IN THE BARN.

Swing away,
From the great cross-beam—
Through the scented clover-hay,
Sweet as any dream!

Higher yet!
Up between the eaves,
Where the grey doves cooing flit
'Twixt the sun-lit leaves.

Here we go!
Whistle, merry wind!
'Tis a long day you must blow
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!
Sweep the rough barn floor,
While we gaze on Arcady,
Framed in by the door.

One, two, three!
Quick, the round red sun,
Hid behind yon twisted tree,
Means to end the fun!

Swing away!
Over husks and grain!
Shall we ever be as gay
If we swing again?

A FABLE AND A LESSON.

An old lion, among other precepts that he gave his son, charged him that he should never fight with a man; because, if he was not too strong, he would, at least, be too crafty. The young lion heard him, but regarded him not; and, therefore, some day over he was full grown, he went abroad to seek a man to be his enemy. He came in to a field and saw a yoke of oxen standing ready furnished to plow, and asked them if they were men. They said, "No; but that a man had put these yokes upon them." He left them, and went aside, and espousing a horse bridled and tied to a tree, asked him if he were a man. He answered, "No, but that a man had bridled him, and would by-and-by come to rile him." At last, he found a man cleaving wood, and asked him; and finding him to be so, told him that he must prepare to fight with him. The man told him, "With all his heart." But first desired him to help draw the wedge out of that tree, and then he would. The young lion thrust in his paws, and in a little while opened the tree till the wedge fell out, and the tree closed upon his feet by its returning violence.

The man, seeing the lion fastened, and the lion seeing himself entrapped, the man cried to his neighbors to come to his help; and the lion, to escape his danger, tore his feet from the tree, and left his nails and blood behind him; and returning with shame and smart to his old father, said to him: "I had not lost my nails had I obeyed my papa's commands."

Oh, for the young lions and lionesses that are caught in the cleft sticks etc.

BE UP AND DOING.

Whoever becomes a man of influence by sitting under the harrow of despondency? What done ever benefits the world, his friends or himself? There is nothing like action coupled with cheerfulness. We see it everywhere. Who is he sitting on that empty barrel at the corner? A man with no energy, a prey to grief. He does not know what to do, and how to start. Who is that man standing in the market place? A lazy, do-little sort of a vagabond, who hardily earns his bread and butter. Do you wish to become such a character? If not, arouse yourself; away from the arm chair, up from the gutter, out of the downy bed. Move your arms, kick your feet, and start about; give the blood a chance to circulate through the veins, and the air of heaven to enter your lungs. Seize the first job presented and despatch it at once, up for the pay, and get another forthwith, you will soon earn enough to purchase a wheelbarrow or a hand cart, and then will begin to live. Who knows what you may become? Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings end in large gains; a penny well turned brings a fortune. Resolve then, to do something, and our word for it, you will bless us to your dying day for our plain-spoken advice.

THE CHAINS OF ST. PETER.

A letter from Rome in the Union says:

I have recently witnessed the celebration of a religious festival which the Romans always observe with particular fervor—I allude to the feast of St. Peter in Vinculis, during which the chains which fettered St. Peter in his dungeon at Jerusalem and Rome are exposed for a week to the veneration of the faithful. It is well known that, by divine permission, and in order to remove the doubts which had arisen in certain minds, the two chains used to bind St. Peter at Jerusalem and Rome clung together when brought in contact, and became so closely joined that it is now impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. These chains are preserved in the Church of St. Peter in Vinculis, built A. D. 442, by the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentine III., Emperor of the West. This

Princess presented to Pope Leo the chain with which St. Peter was bound by Herod's command in the prison of Jerusalem, having herself received it as a gift from Juvonal, the patriarch of that city. The church was rebuilt in the Sixteenth Century and modified in the Seventeenth. It contains the magnificent statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, and many admirable paintings by Guercino, Domenichino, Guido, and Guilo Romano.—During the week the church was crowded with people, all the more anxious to kiss the chains sanctified by the sufferings of the Prince of Apostles, as these venerable relics are only exposed at this festival, and cannot be seen at another time without an express permission from the Pope. The Holy Father, attended by several prelates attached to the household, came to the church to join in the prayers of the faithful, and venerate these precious chains which bound the first pastor of the Church whose seat he at present fills.

I WOULD NOT.

I would not kiss the sweetest lip
Unless it kissed me to;
As well from the young rose-bud sip,
The morning's clear cold dew.

Nor clasp a hand, though soft and warm,
Unless it pressed mine own;
I'd rather love the perfect form
Carved out of Persian stone.

I will not worship eyes, though bright
And beautiful they be;
Unless they bend their living light
On me—and only me!

I would not love a form that Heaven
Itself had stamped divine;
If I but dreamed his love was given
To other hearts than mine.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled,
Hush your voice to tender reverence:
Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead;
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strong-
then'd
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past prom-
ised,
Holy dreams, both strange and
new;
But the Present shall fulfill them;
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands.
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts to-day!

WITCHCRAFT.

In 1669, at Mora, in Sweden, of many who were put to death, seventy-two women agreed in the following avowal: That they were in the habit of meeting at a place called Bloclua. That on their calling out "come forth," the Devil used to appear to them in a gray coat, red breeches, gray stockings with a red beard, and a peaked hat with parti-colored feathers, on his head. He then enforced upon them, not without blows, that they must bring him, at nights, their own and other people's children, stolen for the purpose. They travel through the air to Bloclua, either on beasts, or on spits or broomsticks. When they have many children along they rig on an additional spar to lengthen the back of the goat or their broomstick, that

the children may have room to sit.

At Bloclua they sign their name in blood, and are baptized. The Devil is a humorous, pleasant gentleman, but his table is coarse enough, which makes the children sick on their way home, the product being the so-called witch butter found in the fields. When the Devil is larky, he solicits the witches to dance around him on their brooms, which he suddenly pulls from under them, and uses to beat them with, till they are black and blue. He laughs at this joke till his sides shake again. Sometimes he is in a more gracious mood, and plays to them airs upon the harp.

It is only one hundred and sixty-seven years since they were hanging witches in New England.

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me, as they like to dig their holes in some open place where they can put their heads out to see if any danger is near. I thought now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough beside a sugar maple, used for catching sap, and was soon pouring water upon the squirrel. I could hear it struggle to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me. "Well, my boy, what have you got there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground-squirrel; and an old man came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now it you was down in a little hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you to drown you, would you not think it was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' Said he, 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun?'"

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

OLD JOKE.

'Tis a very ancient saying
Time till now has proved it true;
'Do unto all your neighbors,
As you would have them do to you.'
But another saying now prevails,
Of an entirely different hue—
'Be sure and do your neighbors,
Or they'll certainly do you.'

THE NEW DIME.

The new dime has been issued from the Mint. It differs from the old coinage in several respects. The Goddess of Liberty is in a sitting position as on the old coin, but instead of the encircling stars there are the words "United States of America." The words "One Dime" on the other side of the coin are in a wreath of cereals, instead of the old fashioned wreath of leaves. We don't think it as neat a coin as the old one, and particularly object to the obliterating of the stars—long may they shine.