PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT WOODSFIELD, O.,
BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

TERMS.

$1 50 per annum, if paid IN ADVANCE.
$2 00 " " if paid within the year.
$3 00 " " if payment be delayed until after the expiration of the year.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until all arrears are paid.

☞ All communications sent by mail must be post-paid.

Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per square, (fourteen lines or less,) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

VOL. II. WOODSFIELD, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845. No. 26.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

Methought that in a sacred wood,
I slumbered on a bank of flowers,
Sooth'd by a streamlet's wandering flood,
That gurgled thro' the whispering bowers;
And dreams did visit me—so bright,
Elysium only could beget them,
They brought me such intense delight,
I never, never can forget them.

It seem'd that *thou* wast present there,
Thine eyes with living lustre beaming;
The star of morning deck'd thy hair,
And all around its radiance streaming,
Imparted to thy lip—thy cheek—
The brightness of immortal glory;
O, we can ne'er such visions seek,
But in some old romantic story!

And near thee hung a Lyre of gold,
Beneath a bough of shadowing roses—
Roses—like these that *Love* enfold,
When from his toils the *God* reposes;
And when thy fingers touch'd the strings,
Thy yielding numbers rich and swelling,
As when some spirit sweetly sings
At evening from her viewless dwelling.

Yet changeful was that Music's strain,
It told of *Hope*, and *Youth*, and *Gladness;*
Of pleasure's Wreath, of True Love's chain,
And then of blighted *Joys* and *Sadness*.
At last an answering *Voice* there came
From a bright *cloud* that then descended,
And while it spake—a quivering flame
Was with the fleecy whiteness blended.

I may not tell the words so kind
By that same plaintive voice then spoken,
For the dark night-storm's rudest wind
Came o'er my dream, and it was broken,
But, lady, tranquil be thy hours,
And smooth the path of life before thee,
For surely, from celestial bowers,
Some happy spirit watches o'er thee!

LAST CRUISE OF THE WASP.

BY J. E. DOW, ESQ.

"The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won."

* * * * *

"The gnashing billows heaved and fell,
Wild shrieked the midnight wale,
Far, far beneath the morning swell,
Sunk pennon, spar, and sail."—*Holmes.*

It was a lovely morning in midsummer, in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the silent shores of Cornwall. The gentle breeze from the ocean now signed through the neatly fitted rigging of the belligerant stranger, and the faint ripple at the bows gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead. The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken swells before her, and the lingering glow of sunset, as it glanced from summit to dark green summit, seemed like the smile of dying day upon the rolling prairies of Illinois.

Her light sails, from sky to water-rail, swelled beautifully to the rising shores of merry England, and the starry ensign of the free streamed gallantly over her quarter deck; her ports were shut in; a silence equal to that of a forsaken bark reigned through her halls of thunder, while a solitary battle lantern gleamed at the cabin door. The tread of the orderly on duty, alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a spectre ship, 'some galleon freighted with the dead!' Hour after hour lazily rolled away. The land now began to grow more distinct, while the haze of morning settled deeper upon the shadowed water. At four A. M. a bright flash appeared where the shade of the land and the moon-lit bilow mingled together, and then one after another the gleaming sails of a ship of war hove in sight.

'Beat to quarters!' thundered the commander of the American vessel, and then as quick as thought the silence of the quiet vessel was broken by the shrill notes of the fife, the tapping of the drum, the tread of armed men, the tricking up of ports, the rattling of cannon shot in the racks, and the running out of heavy pieces of ordinance.

The chase now showed English colors, turned swiftly upon his heel, and ran up the private signal of the channel fleet.

'Show them the stars,' cried the immortal Blakely. 'Forecastle there.'

'Aye, aye,' replied the master's mate.

'Are you all ready with bow gun?'

'All ready, sir.'

'Luff, quarter-master.'

'Luff it is sir,' said the old salt at the helm.

'Stand by forward—Fire!'

The sloop yawned gracefully at the command of the trumpet, displayed her ensign, which had been hidden by the mountain of canvass that towered before it. A heavy roar followed a volume of fire and *wooly* smoke from the American vessel's bows, and then a sharp and crackling sound from the chase—as though a heavy body had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice of laths, and had passed through it, accompanied by a cry of agony, that echoed fearfully over the still waters, told but too plainly the work of bloody death had commenced.

'They have felt the sting of the Wasp,' cried the American captain, as he scanned the chase through the night-glass. 'Steady your helm quarter-master, this is but the opening of the ball.'

'Steady, so,' answered the attentive gunner at the wheel. And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

'And still the sails went on
A pleasant noise 'till noon,
A noise like a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.'

At fifteen minutes past one, P. M., the Wasp tacked—the chase also tacked to preserve the weather gage. At three, P. M., the enemy bore down on the Wasp's weather quarter, answered her cannon of defiance, and stood gallantly down to close. When within sixty yards of the American, the chase fired a shifting gun from his top gallant fore castle, and repeated the same unwelcome salute for several minutes. This destructive fire was, however, borne without a murmur by the Wasp, which vessel could not bring a gun to bear upon her antagonist. A favorable moment had now arrived.

'Put your helm down!' shouted Blakely from the quarter-deck.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began to show its teeth to the enemy, and soon the stranger received his former double shotted salute with interest.

'Haul up the mainsail!' thundered the deck trumpet.

The order had hardly died away, before the heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main yard.—The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the Captain of the British cruizer, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his larboard coming foul. The English commander now uttered the magic command—'Boarders away!' and placing himself at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the Americans drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell from the Wasp's mizen rigging, while in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck. At forty-four minutes past three, Captain Blakely gave the order to board in turn. The American seamen now started *en masse*—bounding over the hammock nettings of the enemy like a living torrent; and in one minute, amid the clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of boarding-pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells of the wounded, were master of the foe. As the sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the capstan, the flag of Britain dropt suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer; and ere the spectator could mark the movement, the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an 18 gun sloop of war, and had a complement of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded, while the Wasp had but 5 killed and 22 wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient, where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessels crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France. Having made few prizes, she stood further out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September, found herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Armada seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Capt. Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in amid the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, while the boarding officer was busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc with her heavy thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the look-out man from his airy height watched with eager eyes the horizon around. The cry of 'Sail O!' now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed along the cleared decks, and the shot rack received a further supply of iron messengers of death, while the active powder-boy stood with a spare cartridge in his leathern passing box beside his gun. Four sails now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man-of war, and the Wasp ran down to speak to her.

At twenty minutes past nine the chase was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death-dealing shot into the enemy's bridle-port, and swept his deck fore and aft. The shot was promptly returned by the chase; when Blakely passed under his lee fearful lest he might escape, the wind blowing high and the Wasp going ten knots. Having reached the desired position the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the true character of the stranger. It was now nine o'clock at night.—Darkness rested upon the ocean, save when illumined by the bright flashes of musquetry; and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid the din of the swelling waves. Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the return made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteens. The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessel plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came upon the top of corresponding waves, the practised gunners fired, and when they rose again beheld the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's fire ceased, and Captain Blakely, leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—'Have you surrendered!' No human voice replied—but a few long eighteens thundered back the emphatic 'No!' A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time—'Have you struck?' A faint 'Aye aye,' now came over the waters, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the wave, the look-out man cried 'Sail O! close aboard!' The smoke having blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp. The cutter was therefore run up to davits, and the crew sent to their guns.

The Wasp was soon in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sails heaving in sight astern, the conquerer was forced to leave his shattered prize. The helm of the Wasp was, therefore, put up, and the ship ran off free in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy away from his consorts.

The second stranger continued in chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up towards his consort, whose signal guns of distress now echoed in melancholy murmurs along the midnight deep. The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of his name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely shall muster together at the final judgment, then and then only, shall the conquerer know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amidst the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy and his consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning watch was called, the Avon gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settling swiftly by the stern, she sunk with gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns half mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister, firing minute guns in memory of the brave.

Having repaired her damages, which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September fell in with and took the brig. 'Three Brothers.' After scuttling her, she overhauled and took the brig Bacchus. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting place in cold water. As she neared the Western Islands, an armed brig hove in sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. The vessel proved to be the Atlanta, of eight guns and nineteen men. Midshipman Daniel Gaisenger, now a past-captain in the service, was put on board of her as prize master, and as the prize slowly parted from the conquerer at the dim hour of evening, the prize master and his crew were the last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following the Swedish brig Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth was boarded by the Wasp in latitude 18 deg. 35 min.—North, longitude 30 deg. 10 minutes West, and two passengers, Lieut. McKnight, and master's mate, Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the southward under easy sail. At 4, P. M., her topsails dipped in the Southern Ocean; and when the sun set she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert. At another time, she was said to have been sunk in a gale of wind off the Spanish shore after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the wild Ocean alone. At another, blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazine. History being silent upon the subject the pen of imagination must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic—the waves lept in the mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armour, upon their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell's battallion, played with the clouds and flut tered in the breeze. Loud rolled the thunder of heaven, and around the horizon the lightning-like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazine of hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of dashing waters completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner's bark were no where to be seen. It seemed as though man had left the ocean in its majesty to its God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and the water spout, the lightning and the deep-mouthed thunder gave terrific evidence of the Creator. But, hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale sepulchral light faintly glares upon the deep! And now with the velocity of the wounded whale, a sloop of war with her sails in strips her spars twisted, splintered and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off from her course, now she buries her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful billow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed to her sides seem waiting the hour of near destruction. The commander at the wheel with his brazen trumpet, is silent. His bright eye flashes like that of the chained eagle, as he soars the face of the deep. A few hours more and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a faint light gleams from her starboard binacle and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown from broadside upon the sideling waves.

The storm abates! The firceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentle billows and the heavens shower darkness instead of forked fire. A temporary rudder is rigged—a storm staysail is set—the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the jibbooms are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are chocked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

'Ha, my brave fellows,' thunders the commander, 'we are safe. Reilly, Tillinghast and Baury, nobly have you stood the test of this war of nature. All hand's save the ship.'

'All hand's,' shouted the first Lieutenant.

'Tumble up, tumble up,' cried the boatswain's mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon deck. Those who are lashed, cut their seizing as if by magic.—Grasping axes, the officers spring to the tops and work with the undaunted men. The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails are bent and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship of war. But, hark!—from the northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow rears itself from the edge of the horizon! And from the centre of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the anxious leader and his busy crew. In a moment more, the fierce Norther strikes the ship aback—from the top of a giant billow it hurls her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning's fire, and her tattered stars gleaming in the lurid glare down, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her immortal Blakely and his matchless crew.

One wild wail now rings along the solitary sea; it dies in echoes far away. The wind howls sadly in its fury, the waves leap in their majesty around—the thunder peal answers the roar of the billow, and the dead sleep in their coffin of glory in sweet forgetfulness.

AN APPEAL
FOR
THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

"Make a crusade against ignorance."—*Jefferson.*

NO. III.

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

"I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child, as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide for him the best education, as a man and a christian, which it was possible for me to provide—DINTER; *a Prussian School-Counsellor.*

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO:

I ask your attention to the following extract from a manuscript letter.

"There was a district school in the town of M———, a visit to which, gave me more pleasure than any other single incident of my journey. It was in the midst of a farming population, and had no other means of support, than what would belong to every common school in the land, if parents and citizens did but discharge their duty.

"My friend R———, who resided in the district, conducted me to the school house, 11 o'clock in the morning. I found it a little ways from the dust and noise of the road, in the centre of a lot of about half an acre of ground, which was situated upon the southern slope of a gently rising hill.—While it was open to the pleasant summer winds, it was protected, at the top of the hill, on the north by thick woods. As I approached the school house from these woods, before I caught sight of it, I heard the loud laughter of the merry hearted girls of the school, who were just then enjoying their morning recess.

"The grounds, though perfectly free from damp, were partially shaded by some fine forest trees, irregularly planted, as if by nature; and interspersed, were occasional clumps of shrubs and flowers.—There were two open spaces for play grounds, the one for boys, and the other for girls, separated from each other, by a close fence, extending from the rear of the house. The proper out-buildings had been provided in proper places, and near the house was a good pump, which brought from a fine well the necessary supply of refreshing water.

"The house itself was a plain, but substantial building, containing, as I found upon going into it, a spacious entry, with divisions for boys and girls, a small room by the side of the entry, used sometimes as a recitation room, and a large, handsomely lighted, and well ventilated school room, with seats for 80 scholars. The seats were of heights carefully adjusted to the convenience of the scholars, and with the desks attached, were far enough apart to allow the pupil or teacher to move freely among them. The desks were also of proportionate heights, so as to be perfectly convenient for the exercise of writing.

"As my visit was in the month of June, I saw no fire, but observed that provision was made for warming the room by an excellent fire-place upon the side towards the entrance. A neat wooden clock embellished the mantle-piece, and upon the table, near the teacher's desk, were a couple of globes, and some philosophical apparatus. Several elegant outline maps hung upon the walls of the room, and I noticed a bookcase behind the teacher's desk, containing the district library. About the whole room, there was an impress of neatness and airy comfort, which must have been of most healthful influence upon the minds of its youthful occupants.

"The teacher, an intelligent young woman, whom my friend introduced as Miss G———, received us with politeness and perfect self-possession, offering chairs to each of us, and retaining one herself. The pupils, of whom the boys only were then present, glanced at us for a moment, showing their bright eyes and happy countenances, as we took our seats, and then seemed all busily engaged upon their studies. Every thing we saw was in perfect order, as was fitting in the room where the sons of freemen are trained to the duties of self-government;

"Miss G———, exchanged but a few words with us, and then rose and pursued the business of her charge.

"Kindness marked each tone of her voice, and confidence and affection shone in the faces of her pupils. It was easy to see that the chastisement of the shameful rod was never needed there. In a few minutes the ringing of a small bell announced the termination of the girls' recess. Nothing could be more pleasant than the sight of those rosy cheeked and intelligent young girls, as with side long glances at us, they quickly and modestly took their proper seats, and resumed their studies. We remained, as delighted lookers on, until the dismissal of the school for the mid-day intermission. Our presence seemed to cause not the least interruption or embarrassment, and class after class was examined before us, the promptness and correctness of whose answers would have done honor to the most perfectly cultivated minds.

"I was particularly pleased by the distinctness and apt emphasis which all the pupils displayed in the exercise of reading, and by the neatness of their penmanship. The examination in mental Arithmetic showed that the pupil was never permitted to hurry over first elements without understanding them; and that, in Geography, evinced that the teacher knew how to associate the knowledge of facts with the knowledge of localities.

"The last exercise of the morning, was the reading of historical anecdotes, and it was delightful to listen to the various criticisms and remarks which questions from the teacher elicited, upon the events and acts that the anecdotes recounted. In one case, for instance, the pupil, a noble looking boy of 14, had been reading about the distress of *Columbus*, before he had yet seen land, while upon his first long and weary voyage to America. It seemed that at a previous lesson, the class had read about the conquests of *Alexander, the Great*, and so the teacher asked the pupil, "Which he would rather have been, Columbus in his distress, or Alexander in his triumph?"—"Columbus," was the quick response; "Why?" said the teacher; "Because," said the boy, "Alexander was destroying a world, and Columbus was finding one."—This and other similar answers, showed that while the pupils were learning to read, they were also learning to know and admire whatever was pure, gentle, magnanimous, virtuous and brave.

"We remained a few minutes after the school was dismissed, at noon, when Miss G———, exhibited to us the *school register*. In this were recorded the names of all the pupils, with each day of their attendance noted, as well as their studies, their scholarship, their manners and general conduct, the commendation awarded to them, or censure bestowed on them, and all the particulars, indeed, which kind and intelligent parents would wish to know concerning the education of their children. The various items thus recorded were sumed up at the expiration of every month, and offered to the inspection of all the patrons of the school.

"It had been ascertained by the school officers of the district, that there were then residing in it, 78 children, over 4 and under 16 years of age, and it appeared from the register of Miss G———, and that of her predecessor, who had taught in the winter, that during the year, the school had been attended by 72 scholars. There were then 60 in attendance, all of whom Miss G———, easily instructed, simply requiring the use of similar text books, and avoiding the unnecessary multiplication of classes.

"The district library was also shown me. It contained about 300 well selected volumes, of which, as Miss G———, informed me, 60 or 80 were constantly drawn out by the adult inhabitants of the district.

"You may be assured, my friend, that when I bade adieu to this young female teacher, it was with a pleasant consciousness of heartfelt respect for her, as one engaged in a glorious labor of love and usefulness, which patriot citizens ought ever to cherish and support, as the true beginning and only assurance of a nation's future greatness and prosperity

"On our way from the school, R———, informed me of many other particulars in relation to it, which I have not space to communicate. These concerned, principally, the manner in which it was taught in the winter,—the constant interest taken in it, by parents and by the neighboring clergymen,—the orderly conduct of the pupils when out of school—the great proficiency sometimes exhibited by scholars of unusual natural talents,—the effect of it upon the character of the neighborhood; its influence, by way of example upon all the country around—and finally, its comparatively trifling pecuniary cost to those who enjoyed its inestimable advantages. But enough; and too much, already, if I did not know that you think, with me, that, in this our time of the advancing power of knowledge, the common school is the most important institution of a free State."

The shool, of which the foregoing is an outline sketch, was not in this State of Ohio; else I would gladly give such names of place and persons, as might fully verify the reality of its existence, and cause it, perhaps, to be still more distinctly and forcibly presented to the citizens of Ohio, as a model of what a common school easily may, and always should be.

THE COST.

Let no man, however treat it as a mere fancy sketch, or turn away from it as from a foolish vision of things impracticable. It needs but a slight effort wisely directed, on the part of those whom it most concerns, and in a little while, just such a school, or one just as good, and pleasant, and useful, might be seen in every school district throughout the State. To show how very slight that effort would be, as to *pecuniary expense*, I present the following statement:

Annual cost of such a common school, as is above described, for a single district in the State of Ohio, that shall be kept open 8 months in a year, 3 months under a male, and 5 months under a female teacher.

Interest on school house ($400,)	$24,00
Annual repairs,	10,00
Fuel, &c.,	10,00
Wages of female teacher, five months, at $12 per month,	60,00
Wages of male teacher, three months, at $25 per month,	75,00
Incidentals,	6,00
	$185,00

How trifling an expense, compared with the object attained! If there were seventy five scholars in the district, the annual expense of the school would be less than two dollars and a half per scholar. Ought not the very humblest laboring man to be able to devote that small pittance to the education of his child?

Your fellow citizen,
JOHN LUTHER.

Dr. Caldwell, an American writer on physical education, contends that a wellbalanced brain, contributes to long life. While a passionate and turbulent one tends much to abridge it—and if persons knew how many dangers in life they escaped by possessing mildness of temper instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT, OF ENGLAND.

God said let there be light!
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then started seas, and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, 'Tis day! 'tis day!
Hail holy light! exclaimed
The thunderous clouds that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Leaned sweetly o'er the lilly's breast,
And blushing, murmured "Light."

Then was the skylark born;
Then the rose embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then in the stillest night the moon
Poured forth her pensive rays;
Lo! heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo! trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom.
And shall the immortal sons of God
Be senseless as the untrodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No; by the *mind* of man,
By the swart artisan,
By God, our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heaven!
The shroud of souls is riven.
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;
Earth's deepest night from this blest hour,
The night of mind is gone!

POWER OF KINDNESS.

The power of kindness in school teaching is beautifully illustrated in the following anecdote, which we extract from the answer of Hon. Horace Maun to the rejoinder of the masters:

'In a town not thirty miles from Boston a young lady, who aimed at the high standard of governing without force, and had determined to live or die by her faith, went into a school which was far below the average in point of good order. Such were the gentleness and sweetness of her manners and intercourse with her pupils that for a few days there was nothing but harmony. Soon, however, some of the older pupils began to fall back into their former habits of inattention and mischief.—This relapse she met with tender and earnest remonstrances and by an increased manifestation of interest in them; but it was soon whispered among the transgressors that she would not punish, and this added at once to their confidence and their numbers. The obedient were seduced into disobedience, and the whole school seemed rapidly resolving it to anarchy. Near the close of one forenoon, when this state of things was approaching a crisis, the teacher suspended the regular exercises of the school, and made an appeal individually to her insubordinate pupils; but finding no hope-giving response from their looks or words, she returned to her seat, and bowed her head and wept bitterly. When her paroxysm of grief had subsided, she dismissed the school for the morning. After intermission she returned, resolving on one more effort, but anticipating, should that fail, the alternative of abandoning the school. She found the pupils all in their seats. Taking her own she paused for a moment to gain strength for her final appeal. At this juncture of indescribable pain several of the ringleaders rose from their seats and approached her. They said to her that they appeared on account of the school, and particularly on their own, to ask pardon for what they had done, to express their sorrow for the pain they had caused her, and to promise, in behalf of all, that her wishes should hereafter be cordially obeyed. Her genuine sorrow had touched a spot in their hearts which blows could never reach, and from that hour the school went on with a degree of intellectual improvement never known before; and like the sweet accord of music, when every instrument has been tuned by a master's hand, no jarring note ever afterward arose to mar its perfect harmony.'

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.—A farmer bought five peaches from the city, the finest that were to be found. But this was the first time that the children had seen any fruit of the kind. So they admired and greatly rejoiced over the beautiful peaches with the red cheeks and soft pulps. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to their mother.

In the evening, as the children were about to retire to sleep, their father inquired, 'Well boys, how did the peaches taste?'

'Excellent, dear father,' said the eldest, 'it is a beautiful fruit, so juicy and so pleasant, I have carefully preserved the stone, and will cultivate a tree for myself.'

'Well done,' said the father. 'This is husbandry to provide for the future; and is becoming to a farmer.'

'I ate mine,' exclaimed the youngest, 'and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. O, that tasted so sweet, and melted in my mouth.'

'You,' said the father, 'have not acted very prudently, but in a natural manner. There is still time in your life to practice wisdom.'

Then the second began, 'I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away and cracked it open, it contained a kernal that tasted as good as a nut And my peach I sold, and got for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city.'

The farmer patted him on the head, saying 'that was indeed prudent, but it was not natural for a child. May heaven preserve you from being a merchant.'

'And you, Edmund?' inquired the father.

Frankly and generously Edmund replied, 'I carried my peach to George, the son of our neighbor who is sick with a fever. He refused to take it, but I laid it on the bed and came away.'

'Now,' said the father, 'who has made the best use of his peach?'

All exclaimed, 'Brother Edmund.'

But Edmund was silent; and his mother embraced him with a tear standing in her eye.

Time, patience, and industry are the three grand masters of the world—they bring a man the end of his desires; whereas an imprudent and turbulent murmur oftentimes turns him out of the way to his proposed ends.

'Look not mournfully to the past; it comes not back again, wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.'