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John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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Poetical.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night,
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

INTRINSIC WORTH.

'Tis not the bird of brightest wing
Doth loftiest soar or sweetest sing:
For brilliant plumage who would mark
The pinions of the warbling lark?

'Tis not the gaily painted flower
That sweetest blooms in wood or bower,
The violet of humble mein
Breathes out its fragrance all unseen.

'Tis not the sparkling fountain's flow
That gladdens most the vale below,
The silent dew, the gentle rain
Will more refresh their thirsty plain.

'Tis not the costly pearl of gem
That forms the loveliest diadem;
The ornament that most adorn,
Are by the lowly spirit worn.

'Tis not the fairest form or face
That most reveals the spirit grace;
The noble virtues of the mind
Lie deep within the soul enshrined.

'Tis not the man of shining parts
Has strongest sway o'er human hearts,
But he of sympathetic soul,
The willing passions doth control.

'Tis not the boasting Pharisee,
Who finds acceptance for his plea;
The contrite heart alone will bring,
To heaven a pleasing offering.

Miscellaneous.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

A British officer, who was at the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and very descriptive of the Western hunters, many of whom marched to the defence of New Orleans, as volunteers in the army, under the renowned Andrew Jackson:

We marched, said the officer, in a solid column of twelve thousand men, in a direct line upon the American defences. I belonged to the staff, and as we advanced, watched through our glass the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer only feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be it successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless scrutiny.

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales—a new material for breastwork—with the crowd of human beings behind, their heads only visible above the line of defence.—We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of Gen. Coffee directly in front, with its great mouth gaping towards us, and the position of Gen. Jackson, with his staff around him. But what attracted our attention most was the figure of a tall man standing on the breastworks, dressed in linsey woolsey, with buckskin leggins, and a broad rimmed felt hat that fell around his face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and graceful attitudes peculiar to those natural men-dwellers of the forest. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upwards; the right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the muzzle, the butt of which rested near the toe of the right foot, while with his hand he raised the rim of his hat from his eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath intensely upon our advancing column. The cannon of Gen. Coffee had opened upon us, and tore through our ranks with dreadful slaughter; but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group. Our eyes were rivited upon him. At whom had he levelled his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, and my right hand companion, as noble a looking fellow as ever rode at the head of a regiment, fell from his saddle.—The hunter paused a few moments, without moving his rifle from his shoulder, then reloaded and resumed his former attitude. Throwing the hat rim over his eyes and again holding it up with the left hand, he fixed his piercing gaze upon us as if hunting out another victim. Once more the hat rim was thrown back, and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast short glances at each other, to see which of us must die; and when the rifle again flashed, another of us dropped to the earth. There was something awful in marching on to certain death.

Gen. Coffee's battery and thousands of musket balls played upon our ranks. We cared not for them; there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was levelled towards us, and its bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must as surely fall! To see the gleaming sun flash as the iron came down, and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full-primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still march on, was awful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming, through the smoke, the supernatural appearance of some giant spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unfailing aim: and it was with indescribable pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the sulphurous smoke gather around us and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle, and to my mind the Kentucky riflemen contributed more to our defeat than anything else: for while he remained to our sight our attention was drawn from our duties, and when at last we became enshrouded in the smoke, the work was complete—we were in utter confusion, and unable, in the extremity, to restore order sufficient to make any successful attack.

So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people; so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer at one hundred and fifty yards, in the most vital part: so long as there is a great portion of the Republic who live free as the wild Indian, knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable, and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Allegheny mountains, would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

SINGULAR SCENE IN A CHURCH.—A singular incident occurred here yesterday, (Sunday) afternoon. A preacher from some other town had been expected to hold forth in the Baptist Church, and the audience were gathered, and the preacher arose. After announcing his text he proceeded with his sermon, but had not gone far when he said to the astonished audience:

"I have been instructed not to preach anything of abolitionism or republicanism—*but I must serve my master, and I* ——"

At this juncture Deacon Doolittle rose and said:

"Hold on. It's my impression that you have said enough." (Turning to the audience,) "Meeting is out."

The audience rose simultaneously, and, taking their hats, went out. The minister sat down. Deacon Doolittle went to the pulpit and said to him:

"If you want to preach politics I have no objection, and my house is at your service.—But this church is not the proper place, and it cannot be permitted. If you desire to give a *political sermon or speech* you can do so at my house, or any other place, and I will warrant a good audience, and you shall have fair play and not be hurt. *But you must not attempt it* in this church."

There was no more preaching in that church that afternoon. These are the facts as related by some who were in the audience when this scene took place.—*Hartford Times.*

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—The annual report of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital says that out of 1,047 cases since the institution went into operation, only 502 have any recognised occupation. Of them, 105 have been from ill health; 137 from domestic trouble, 84 of these being females; religious excitement of all kinds, including Millerism and spiritual rappings, 11; intemperance, 27; and opium-eating, mortified pride, politics, loss of money, with other excesses and immoralities, foot up about 55 more. There are over 400 single or widowed men insane to 219 married. With females, however, there are about as many married as single and widowed who are out of their minds. As to the previous occupations of those who have become insane, though farmers and laborers might be expected to furnish less than the average proportion, still, by taking in the weavers, the proportion is about kept up. Private asylums, no doubt, take oft a large proportion of the insane belonging to the wealthier and more intellectual classes. Still there are, or have been, about twice as many students in the hospitals as there ought to be, according simply to the proportion of their numbers. The merchants, from the exciting nature of business, furnish more than the proper proportion, very considerably.—Thus, out of 13,000 merchants, 22 have been in the hospital, while out of 21,000 carpenters but 12 have been there.

A GREAT BORE.—General Palmer, an officer of great distinction in the British service, was as remarkable for his eminent abilities as for playful retort and brilliant repartee. On one occasion, when in India, a young and forward officer, whether of the company's civil or military service, the chronicle sayeth not, was rather freely and pertly cross-examining the General as to his early career and rapid promotion. He insisted on knowing the date of every grade, and the history of every distinction. Things went on quietly for some time; at length the General fired the following shot, *en ricochet*, and the curtain fell:

"I have now, young gentleman, had the pleasure of satisfying your curiosity; will you likewise permit me to indulge mine?"

"Assuredly, General—I shall willingly answer any question you may put to me."

"Well, now, I told you how *I* came to the country, and when; may I ask in what capacity *you* arrived in it?"

"Doubtless, General. I left England in the Kent, as a guinea-pig," (an inferior sort of midshipman.) "It was two or three years ago."

"Really! Well, upon my conscience, I thought so. Are you sure, though it was only two or three years ago? You have grown up such a great *bore* since."

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—An unfortunate affray happened at New Orleans, on the 19th instant, between J. M. Vernon and Joseph C. Bossier, co-proprietors of the Louisiana *Courier*, which it is feared, will terminate fatally for the latter gentleman. The difficulty happened in Judge Cotton's office, where they had met to discuss some business matters. Some high words were spoken, when Captain Bossier made a blow at Mr. Vernon, who, avoiding it, pulled out a pistol, upon which Captain Bossier shot at him, the ball not taking effect. Mr. Vernon then fired four shots in quick succession; two of the balls took effect in the lower regions of the stomach and one in the face. Captain Bossier's wounds are considered dangerous; he was taken to Dr. Stones Infirmary. Mr. Vernon was arrested; he is unhurt.—*Picayune.*

HOW TO KILL OWLS.—If you find that an owl is looking at you from a tree, if you wish to bring him down without the expense of powder and shot, you have only to keep your eyes steadily fixed upon him, and move slowly round the tree: in his eagernes to watch your movements—owls are wise—he forgets to turn his body, and his eyes following yours, his neck is soon twisted off.

☞ The *Baltimore (Md.) Sun* says a young lady who attended the execution of the four murderers in that city, on the 8th instant, came *home in the evening acting strangely*, saying she was to be hung on Friday; would partake of no food nor medicine. She gradually sank, expressing much gratification at the thought of dying, as it would save her from hanging, and on Wednesday last she died.

☞ Law is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient."

Personalities in Washington.

The Key affair in the metropolis almost involuntarily brings to mind the name of Francis S. Key, Esq., the father of the young man who met his death in such ignominious circumstances. He was a little, active man, having an earnest and anxious expression of countenance, as if care sat heavily upon him, but at the same time, genius and benevolence blended their expression in his face. He was eminent at the bar of Washington and Baltimore, held arguments with Wirt, Swan, Pinkey, Walt. Jones, and others of similar rank, all of whom have disappeared from the arena, and only one of whom is alive, Gen. Jones, who at a very advanced age, is often seen slowly walking along Pennsylvania avenue, as if he were lingering beyond his time about the mortal shores. Wirt, a man of large stature and commanding presence, was accustomed to look on Jones, though of small stature and poor presence, as the most dangerous antagonist he had to encounter before the Supreme Court of the United States.—Mr. Key was a man of great integrity, of strong affection, and of a poetic turn of mind, as well of a patriotic spirit. In composing the heroic song of the "Star Spangled Banner," he in a measure associated himself with the glory of his country. He held the office of District Attorney here under Gen. Jackson, and of course was a political friend of that daring President. At the same time he was religious in his tendencies, a member of the Episcopal church, and a warm friend of Sabbath Schools. On an anniversary occasion of the District S. S. Union, Mr. Key, in company with the late Senator Southard, delivered an address in the open park, East of the Capital, under the shelter of the beautiful shade trees which there abound, and amid the glow and animation of early summer.

As an executive officer, Mr. K. was energetic, as well as conscientious, having while in office undertaken the herculean task of purging the city of the houses of prostitution. The purification of the Augean stables was a light task compared with this, but considerable success attended the effort, though this kind of depravity quickly rebounds, and rebuilds itself through the aid of the base passions of human nature—man's libertinism and woman's weakness. Mr. Key was esteemed as a Christian man, not of the formal, but of the evangelical order, and would have shuddered at the idea of the frightful guilt and atrocity connected with his name. But he is guiltless. Nor can his name be tarnished by the conduct of his guilty and unfortunate son, who, in the fierce infatuation of his lusts, forgot the reverence due the memory of his sainted parent, as he did the affection due his motherless children. It is indeed a case as full of horrors as the ocean is of waves. The picture has not one point of relief.

But it is not to be mentioned, save as a warning to young men of hot blood and ungoverned passions; to men in whom a confiding Chief Magistrate has 'reposed special trust,' expecting they will not betray it. This trial of Mr. Sickles must be painful to Judge Crawford, before whom Key was accustomed to plead, and who feels a natural pride that all associated with him in maintaining the dignity of the government at its very seat, should demean themselves with propriety and decorum. It is, however, a rare occurrence, not likely to be repeated in half a century. There was indeed a murder committed two years ago in one of the upper rooms of the Pension Office, (Winder's building,) by a clerk of the name of Lee, on the person of Col. Hume, of Virginia, who called him to account for accusing him of stealing Lee's pocket book—an accusation which everybody knew to be unfounded. Unfortunately, Hume raised a stick offensively over his head, and perhaps struck him, and this was reciprocated by a deadly shot from a pistol. Key, then District Attorney, conducted the prosecution, but Lee was acquitted, and is now at large in this vicinity. The last time I saw Lee, he was walking along at the West End with a slow pace, his eyes fixed on the ground. He threw me one glance and resumed his downward look. He carries a heavy load on his conscience. If there be not so many street fights in the metropolis as in some of our western towns—I mean with the pistol and bowie knife—those weapons are often carried, especially when any quarrel is on hand, or when one is sought. Members of Congress have carried them concealed. One desperate fellow kept his knife sheathed at the back of his neck, displaying it occasionally by way of intimidation. Having a consumptive disease, which has since carried him off, he would have stood a poor chance in a bodily struggle. Gen. Foote drew a pistol in the Senate Chamber on Col. Benton, which was taken from him and locked up in a drawer. Col. Benton himself, when once threatened by a pugnacious Missourian, is said to have gone, heavily armed, to the Senate for a few days. The London *Times* takes sharp notice of these rough features of American life, not so much as to pronounce us wicked above other nations, as making a more salient and terrific exhibition of our wrath, something after the fashion of our Indians, who brandish the tomahawk and scalping knife over their enemies. Let us take the hint, and confess that we are rather too much a "law unto ourselves," and grow more civil in our future history.—*Journal of Commerce.*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A woman who professes to speak from experience writes thus of marrying for money:

I was married for money. This was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is one thing which we both like, and that is what we both cannot have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys, never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just been quarrelling over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like hands upon Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been aroused by their din to scream in chorous. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never keep a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thundergusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced into the room yesterday, flirting her dusters and muttering, "Real old maid after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut" with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear—for fear of dying old maids.

A Russian Wolf Hunt.

We translate the following story from a late number of M. Dumas' newspaper. It is an extract from one of his letters from St. Petersburg:

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double barreled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team and not its form. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope or chain (for greater security,) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can go after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of despair arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror to wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go. The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he cease to be master of them; if they baulk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double barrel guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartriges. It was night when they reached the steppe; that is an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight. The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long ways off. Their number gradually increased, and as their number augmented, they became bolder. There were about twenty when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired a shot gun. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley. But the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns which gave chase to the sleigh. The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly, not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their number increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party. If one of the horses should have given out the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home, Prince," "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster." "Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, Prince." "Are you sure of our safety?" The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses and turned their heads toward home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to an increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the cresent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass. The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake! don't fire!" exclaimed the driver, "we are dead men if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a verst from them.—When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks the horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of more than two hundred wolves.

☞ A speaker, enlarging on the rascality of the devil, got off the following:

"I tell you that the devil is an old liar; for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company and lie and cheat, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar.

☞ At Queen Victoria's Levee, held in St. James' Palace on the 6th of April, Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, and Mr. Benj. Moran, Assistant Secretary of Legation, were present in the Diplomatic circle. Hon. Thomas L. Clingham, U. S. Senator from North Carolina, had a special presentation, Mr. J. F. Delaplain, and Mr. Edwdard Quackenbos, M. D., of N. York, were also presented.

☞ There is a man in Philadelphia who owns two good brick houses and a feed store, and has four thousand dollars invested in stocks; all of which he has accumulated solely by the business of catching rats, which he sells to proprietors of rat-pits.

☞ At a late trial, the defendant, who was not familiar with the number of words the law employs to make a trifling charge, on hearing the indictment read, rose and exclaimed:

"Them allegations is false, and that 'ere alligator knows it!"

How Much Should we Show our Pupils.

Some pupils require little or no assistance in the preparation of their lessons. Others, again require much attention, and would be constantly calling for help if permitted. Then, the same pupils require frequent assistance, in some of their studies and none in others. How far to aid them in this way, is an important question. If they are assisted too much, they will not depend upon themselves, and they will become weak and helpless; wanting in energy and perseverence. On the other hand, if they are not assisted, they will, or may, become discouraged; thinking that if the teacher does not care enough about it to help them, when they *can't* get along themselves, there is no use in their trying.

"I declare, our teacher is the meanest teacher ever was. She won't show us one bit how to do our hard sums. She just wants to keep us in. She gives us great long lessons, and then won't show us one bit about them, and then, if we miss any, down goes our names to be kept in. I do wonder if she ever had so cross a teacher when she was a girl and went to school? I have tried, and tried, to-day, to do my sums, and asked her, two or three times, to show me, and she just says I can do them easy enough. I won't try any more, and if she keeps me in, she may: I don't care a bit."

"Father, won't you please to explain this question to me? I dont know how to find the negative roots. I asked my teacher to show me and he won't do it. He has not shown one in our class this whole winter, and some of the boys have left the class because they could not get along, and he would not show them." "I would willingly show you, but it has been so long since I did anything at algebra, that I have nearly forgotten all about it. It would be almost impossible to aid you now. How have you been getting over your difficulties heretofore?" "James showed us and his father showed him. But he has left school and gone to the country, so we have no one to help us now." "Well, if you can't get along, you will have to give it up, for I cannot aid you now." "I hate to give it up, for there were fifteen in in our class at first, and now there are only four. I don't like the idea of giving it up. If I only had this explained I think I could go on." "My son, I am sorry I cannot assist you. Tell your teacher kindly and perhaps he will show you." "No, sir, I know he will not, for we have asked him over and over again." Then you will have to give it up. You may have another teacher next winter, and you can go on with it then."

These are no fancy sketches, but actual occurrences; and the legitimate result of such a selfish and repulsive course. Of such teachers the question has often been asked us, "what are teachers for, if they wont teach the children? Is it not the duty of teachers to explain to the childrens' comprehension, what they cannot understand of their lesson as it is laid down in their books?" We have answered "it is most clearly the duty of every teacher to endeavor to make each and every lesson thoroughly understood before entering upon another." We can conceive of no good argument for obstinately refusing to give pupils any explanations.

While we hold that it is the absolute and imperative duty of every teacher, to give that aid which may be necessary for the healthy and proper advancement of his pupils; yet, we also believe that too much help is very deletirious to the scholars' true advancement in knowledge. They should be made to work enough, at the acquisition of the beautiful truths they may be learning, to make them emphatically their own. If they are poured into them, without any labor on their part, they will make but little impression upon their minds, and consequently be soon forgotten. "Come easy, go easy," is a common axiom in regard to money, and is equally true in regard to acquiring knowledge, if such pourring in processes, be worthy of such an appellation.

By carefully watching the effect of our '*showing how*,' upon the mind of the child, we may be enabled to so grade it as to bring about the greatest good. But either extreme is to be most sedulously avoided, as deleterious to the child's welfare.

Cannibalism in the South Seas.

The Chinese passenger of the St. Paul, who was rescued by the steamer Styx, and arrived on Tuesday, has furnished us with the following account of a massacre of the Chinese passengers by the St. Paul, wrecked at Rossel island:

"The ship went on shore during the night, and when she struck, the passengers all rushed on deck, making a great outcry, upon which the captain drove them all below again. When daylight broke, we landed by means of the boats on the island, where we remained two days without any water, when some of us went on board the ship again to get some, as also provisions.

The captain left in his boat with some of the crew, and, we were not disturbed by the natives for a month after he was gone; they then came over from the mainland, distant about three-quarters of a mile, and made an attack on us. Some of us had doublebarrelled carbines, but we got frightened, and threw them away. The only white man left with us, after the departure of Captain Pennard, was a Greek, who, having armed himself with a cutlass, fought desperately and killed a great many of the natives before he was overpowered. They then took all our clothing, &c., which they partly destroyed. Any valuables that they found, such as sovereigns, rings, &c., they placed in a bag, which each man carried around his neck. A watch particularly excited their attention, as they were continually opening it to observe the reflection of their faces in the glass.

At night we were placed in the centre of a clear piece of ground, and fire lit in several places, the natives keeping a regular watch over us, and during the day they would select four or five Chinese, and, after killing them, roast the flesh, and eat it; what was not consumed being deposited in their nets. Their mode of proceeding was as follows:

The victims being decided on, they were taken out and beaten all over (except the head) with a kind of club, and then dispatched by ripping the stomach open. The body was then cut up in small pieces and divided, the fingers, toes and brains being eagerly sought after; the bones were all collected, and either burnt or thrown away. I saw ten of my fellow-passengers killed in this way. On one occasion some of the Chinese took a boat which belonged to the ship, and went over to the mainland at night to get some water, but never returned, so we thought they were killed. I saw these five the day the steamer came in sight, but when the natives saw the boats coming on shore, they took them to the mountains. I was sick and lame, and they would not carry me, so that I watched my opportunity and contrived to conceal myself among the rocks until the boat came on shore. They are very numerous, but do not appear to have any chiefs among them. They live on cocoa-nuts, of which there are large quantities, and a kind of yam, which they roast before eating; but, beyond a few dogs, I saw neither animals nor fowls of any kind.

LITTLE CHARLIE; OR, A PLEA FOR GENTLE WORDS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"There, now! I never saw such a troublesome child in my life. I do believe it is impossible for you to keep still a minute;" and a hand came down with no gentle touch upon the fair cheek of a beautiful boy, who stood timidly shrinking beneath the angry glance of his passionate mother. "I am so sorry, mamma, I didn't go to do it," the hot flush of shame mounting to the very curls that nestled upon his brow. "Yes, you are always sorry, but you never mend." These words, though spoken quickly, were much more gentle than the first angry exclamation, for the mother saw she had been unjust, that the accident had been caused more by her own carelessness than the child's; writing late the night before, she had left the inkstand open upon the table, where he had accidentally overturned it in reaching for his cap; like all quick-tempered persons she felt her fault most keenly, but was averse to acknowledging it even to herself. "Come Charlie, it is time you were going to school, and then I shall have a quiet moment;" slowly gathering his books he started for the door, the grieved look telling of the inward pain. "Where is my good-bye kiss, Charlie?" This was pleasantly said, but there was no answering smile, only a deeping of the flushed cheek as he replied, "I thought you were angry with me, mamma, and I was afraid to trouble you." Oh! poor short-sighted mother, why was not that little head pillowed upon your loving heart, tender hands put forth to part the clustering hair, and shower kisses upon lip, cheek, and brow, until those and eyes would beam with happiness again.—Alas! the hot blood of anger has stained your cheek, hasty words have escaped your lips in that pure presence, and both pride and shame withhold the fond caress.

Furtively glancing up and catching the softened expression of his mother's face, in a moment little arms are twined about her neck, tears fall thick and fast, while rosy lips close pressed to hers murmur, "I am not bad, mamma, only so sorry." This was too much for the mother's heart; he was her darling, her only one, and she loved him with all the ardor of her impulsive nature, and yet he was made to feel again and again the bitter effects of her passionate temper.

Kisses are withheld no longer now, but with quivering lip and tear-brimmed eye she fondly clasps him to her heart, and inwardly vows with the help of God to curb the impulsive temper which rules her to so much pain and sorrow.—"There, pet, you must run to school or you will be late;" *so the bright ringlets were smoothed* again, mamma's last good bye kiss given, and Charlie bounds away with a smile on his lip, but the long lashes still damp with the tears that glistened upon his cheek.

It was a lovely spring day, the air was scented with a dewy freshness, the warm sunlight softly bedded in the opening cups of the drowsy flowers, sought with eager kissing lips to unbind their winter dreams; light winds coquetting with the orchard boughs sent a shower of snowy blossoms to the ground; everything was bright and beautiful. Then why this sadness upon the mother's brow? Wherefore this uncomfortable choking sensation in the throat, as watching the last glimpse of her darling boy, and marking with a mother's pride the careless grace of his bounding limbs? A cold hand seemed clutching at her heart, a dark shadow to pall the sunlight, and with tears glistning on her cheek she slowly turns and wanders from room to room restless and unhappy.

Hurrah! school's out; merry shouts ring through the air, as troop after troop of noisy boys come rushing into the street; faces blooming, eyes bright with joy and smiles, for school is out an hour earlier than usual and they are brimful of fun and glee.

Hark! there is a clamor, a scattering of timid boys as a frightened horse comes dashing madly through the streets—a wild piercing shriek and little Charlie has fallen beneath those murderous hoofs. There he lies, his sunny ringlets trailing in the dust, their glossy beauty sadly marred by the crimson drops slowly welling from that cruel wound, a stifled sob, an upward look of the gentle eyes o'er which the death-film has already gathered, and those rosy lips still warm with a mother's kiss are stilled in death. Alas! who will dare tell that desolate mother the fearful tale?

The house is very quiet now, so very quiet, cold, and dark, although the warm sunlight comes dancing through the vines that drape the window; the sunny slopes are rosy with the blossoming peach, the cherry-trees have put on their surplices of snow, while bird-notes come rippling through the leaves like the "prattle of merry children." But he whose voice was sweetest, whose artless talk made music in that darkened home, lies hushed and still, his golden ringlets tenderly laid back from a cheek no longer blooming, but cold and damp as marble, his hands like folded lillies placed upon his breast "with dewy buds between."

His useless cap hangs in the hall, books and toys are tossed upon the table as he had left them in his childish play; a few violets, the first of the season, which Charlie had found and brought in to mamma, are smiling in their beauty as fresh and joyous as if the little hand that plucked them was not cold in death.

Dear little Charlie, you will never be sorry again, the smile that dwells upon those placid lips tells of a glorious home in Paradise, where there shall be no more sorrow, no more tears.

Fold back the ringlets from the dear one's head,
Strew summer blooms above the pallid breast,
Then breathe a prayer, while burning tears are shed,
And gently bear him to his dreamless rest.

"Oh, God! thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb," have mercy upon that stricken mother, now suffering a bitterness beyond the pangs of death, for there is no greater anguish than the remembrance of an unkind word, a wrong done to loved ones sleeping the silent sleep with the kiss of death upon their brow, the utter impotency of our yearning love to clasp them from the grave, and bring back smiles to eyes that will never smile again, and words of forgiveness from pallid lips now hushed forever.

A GOOD MATCH.—A writer in the *Home Journal* describes a couple who were "not unequally yoked together:

In short, the man was very poor,
And, what was worse, supremely lazy:
A kind of trouble hard to cure,
But such as rarely drives one crazy.
His wife was just his proper match—
An idle gossip and a slattern,
Whose frock from time and frequent patch,
Knew nevermore its native pattern.
They lived, as 'twere from hand to mouth—
She dwaddling over pans and kettles—
He in a constant state of drought,
And both in frequent want of vituals.

☞ An old soldier whose nose had been cropped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return,

"God preserve your eyesight."

"Why so?" inquired the veteran.

"Because sir," he replied, "if your eyes should grow weak, you couldn't keep spectacles on them."

☞ Mrs. Toombs, wife of the United States Senator from Georgia, encountered a fearful peril on the 14th ult. A horse attached to a buggy ran away while she was taking a ride. She leaped from the vehicle, by which she fractured her leg, but fortunately escaped without other injury.

Odds and Ends.

☞ If folly were a physical pain, what a moaning and groaning world this would be.

☞ Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadow of life.

☞ It is a terrible indication when the heart grows black as the head grows white.

☞ If honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar.

☞ Pride sleeps in a gilded crown, but contentment reposes in a cotton night cap.

☞ To cure Dyspepsia—Spade your own garden.

☞ Gratitude is a feature much admired, but rarely seen.

☞ There is healing in a smile, and laughter is medicine to the mind.

☞ No man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right.

☞ *Laziness travels so slowly*, that poverty soon overtakes her.

☞ Most men employ the first part of their life to make the other miserable.

☞ A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

☞ Out west they divorce husband and wife, if either party snores so loud the other can't sleep.

☞ He that has much and wants more is poor; he who has little and wants no more is rich.

☞ Modesty conciliates and subdues opposition, courage defies and *overcomes* it.

☞ To keep your hair from coming out never let your wife catch you kissing the chamber-maid.

☞ "I live by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lady. "You look, sir, as if you ought to live in a pen."

☞ When a preacher's sermons are full of power, we suppose we may call him Minister Plenipotentiary.

☞ We suppose that toleration is carried quite *far enough* when men tolerate intolerance.

☞ They say it is an ill mason that refuses any stone; and, there is no knowledge but is useful in skillful hands.

☞ It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

☞ In pursuit of happiness, how often sorrow, like a robber in ambush, unexpectedly waylays us.

☞ If we would get wisdom, we must do as the chickens do when they feed, pick up a little at a time.

☞ Sidney Smith says: "A great many people are very willing to do the Samaritan without the oil and without the two-pence."

☞ The Mayor of Reading, Pa., has ordered the police of that city to arrest all minors hanging about drinking places in the evening.

☞ A woman left Bangor, Maine, recently for Oregon, to marry a person there whom she had not seen for eighteen years.

☞ The Court Milliner recently died in London, leaving property valued at $400,000. She leaves most of it to charities.

☞ If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

☞ The culture of the social feelings, under the dew and sunshine of religion, is a duty as well as a pleasure.

☞ "I fear you are about sewed up," said a croaking friend to a cheerful invalid. "Oh, no, I have only one little stitch in my side."

☞ The happiest thing in life is to deserve and obtain the love of valuable men; and the next felicity is to get rid of fools and villains.

☞ Some minds are like almond-trees, they have no foliage, and their thought, like the white blossoms, springs from bare and leafless branches.

☞ "I loved my wife," said Mr. Caudle, "and for the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up. Ever since I have been sorry I didn't."

☞ It is published that several young ladies in New Orleans are studying dentistry. We suspect their object is to get near the gentlemen's lips.

☞ It was said of an exquisite portrait that, to judge by the eye, it did not want speech; for this could be detected only by the ear.

☞ We don't know that any person would be forgiven by God for killing himself, but certainly a good many would be freely forgiven by mankind.

☞ Travelers are entitled to courtesy and politeness. The man who undertakes to conduct a railroad train should have learned to conduct himself.

☞ All of the letters of the alphabet are contained in this simple sentence: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box, of quite a small size."

☞ Slyness or cunning is a characteristic of a pretty large proportion of the better of the sexes. Many a woman, like the Spartan boy, car