

# The Lancaster Intelligence

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"WHAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

**THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.**  
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**YANKEE SARAH NADE.**  
 BY SAMUEL SLOCUM, OF GOLDSMITH'S.  
 My sitting on the style, Mary,  
 Sitting on the style, Mary,  
 But the bull dog in the front yard  
 Keeps barking all the while;  
 Why don't you tell your pa, Mary,  
 Or John, if he's about,  
 To ask old Sammy Slocum in,  
 And make the dog get out!

Now I'm sitting on the fence, Mary,  
 Before the kitchen door,  
 But the pesky ugly bull dog  
 Barks louder than before;  
 And I thought I saw a shadow, Mary,  
 A shadow elm and tall,  
 All arms and legs, like Reuben Brown,  
 Against the whitewashed wall.  
 If that is Reuben's shadow, Mary,  
 If that is Reuben's shade,  
 'Twill bring the specky back on me,  
 I'm very much afraid,  
 Oh, why this cruel treatment,  
 Why keep me in suspense?  
 Why don't you make that dog get out,  
 And let me of the fence?

I've got a know and wink, Mary,  
 The calf is three weeks old,  
 A score of pretty sheep, too,  
 As ever fed in fold;  
 And daddy told me yesterday,  
 When Dapple had a colt  
 He'd let me have it sure—  
 Ain't that Reub. Brown a doil?  
 And mammy's knitting stockings now  
 By a cotton web—  
 One-half the sheets are to be mine,  
 One-half for sister Deb;  
 And mammy says whenever one  
 First brings a partner home,  
 Shall have the pumpkin blossom quilt—  
 Say, Mary, won't you come?  
 Guewhilkins! you'd ought to see  
 The rooster and the hen  
 That uncle Peleg Shaekeford  
 Sent me by cousin Ben;  
 I guess he waxes the folks around  
 When he gets to town—  
 If he was here to blow his horn,  
 He'd bring you up, I know.  
 But, Mary, if you won't have me,  
 And will have Mr. Brown,  
 I guess as how there's other gals  
 That's wide awake in town.  
 But one thing you had ought to know  
 Before I turn my back,  
 That is, that Prudence Pattigale  
 Gits year Reb. Brown the sack.

**Joe Chickweed's Courtship, and how he was cut out.**

BY LOUIS N. BIRDICK.  
 'I vow,' said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well-oiled hair, 'if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Melinda Martin, then I'm a covey. The critter's always acted so pesky skittish there's been no getting around her. I like her and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes me, but she likes more than one string to her bow, and ain't sure but she'd slip me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her injustice, and I hope I am; but she acts somewhat 'tarnally like a red squette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to-night '—he added, fiddling an immensely high an immensely wide brimmed hat upon his shining head, 'to-night I'll settle the matter '—I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Melinda ain't got a bad speck, and I might do worse most anywhere else.

'Do tell it if it's come to that,' exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room unnoticed by her son, in time to hear the last sentence, 'well I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' in that er direction.'  
 Joe turned red from his eye-sweepers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds, with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he could not reach, but said nothing.

'There ain't no one to be ashamed on, Joe,' continued the loquacious old lady, apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had, 'and you spoke gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Melinda's a nice girl.'  
 'Well,' said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, 'I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, if '—  
 'If what,' asked the old lady.  
 'Well, if everything's favorable.'  
 'Don't you fear anything's agin it. You just do your duty, Joe, and Melinda's yours. Remember the farm.'  
 'It's a fine farm, no mistake,' said the young man, earnestly.  
 'No better farm of its size in the whole county than the widdar Martin's,' said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone.  
 'No, I think not.'  
 'Oh, I can see how it is stocked; two yoke of the best steers in all these parts, besides the rest of the critters. And of course, they'll all go with Melinda when the widdar's dead, and before, too, for you will go right onto the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything.'  
 'It's a good opening, that's a fact,' said Joe; 'but I put a higher value on Melinda than all the property.'

And well you should, though the farm and fixin's ain't to be despised.'  
 'Oh, I ain't one to despise them.'  
 Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way as expeditiously to the gloom would permit, towards the residence of the widdar Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door and was admitted by the widdar in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor.  
 He was already occupied by two persons—Melinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who recently returned to Springfield from California, and who was looked upon with especial disfavor by the young farmer.  
 'Joe was welcomed by the young lady, not so cordially as formerly, and by no

means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mrs. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way, that raised the ire inwardly. However, the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widdar retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be returning, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Melinda at once asserted that it was very early indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Melinda should be so taken up with the company of a young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country and what he had done there.  
 'Then you weren't in the diggin's?' inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.  
 'By no means,' replied Sparks, loftily. 'I left diggin' to those who were used to it. I hadn't a taste that way.'  
 'Oh, then you stopped in town?'

'Certainly.'  
 'Business, I spose, first rate there.'  
 'Yes; a young man of talent will soon engage himself, in profitable employment.'  
 'Then I s'pect you must have done extraordinary well,' said Joe, in a tone intended to be sarcastic.

'Oh,' replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, 'and winking with one eye at the lady, who seemed to take and enjoy it accordingly—as for that matter Joe ain't complain.' I think I improved my chances—I rather think I did. No, I don't complain, by no means.'  
 'Then why didn't you stay longer?—You weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and made yourself independent.'  
 'Perhaps I am independent already; I say perhaps. Of course I can't tell you the exact amount I made—that I think is quite unnecessary.'  
 'Oh, quite.'  
 'And, perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world more alluring than gold.'

He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't at all fancy the course affairs seemed to be setting. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage, if he remained much longer, and so he hinted it was about time for him to be going—and what served to enrage him more than aught else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered to accompany him. So he took his hat and departed, with bitterness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

'I don't like the look of things at all,' he muttered to himself, as he walked on through the dark; 'she's altogether too tender with that chap to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there must be a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought money enough from California to buy a rope to hang him. He's after the widdar's farm, now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Melinda, and I've been fool enough to wait till this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet; he added upon a few moments' reflection; 'maybe she'll consent to have me try, if I lose no time in asking her.' And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Melinda Martin, the widdar, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparkses, who were endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beat his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widdar, but Joe was silent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eyes, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and with a look of determination stamped upon his features, he once more set out to visit the sickle Melinda.  
 He found her at home and alone.  
 'Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday,' remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the young lady.  
 'Oh, yes, I did, I assure you,' was the reply.

'Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very entertaining young man.'  
 Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary.  
 'He is, indeed,' responded Melinda.  
 Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke: 'I came here last evening,' he said, 'with the intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—'  
 'Here you are,' said Melinda, smiling at his embarrassment.  
 'Yes, here I am. And now that I'm here I'll tell you what I have come for.—You know I love you. I've flattered myself that I weren't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?'

Joe having arrived at this important question, looked tenderly and appealingly into her face, and breathlessly awaited her reply. She colored slightly, and bent her eyes to the ground.  
 'You are quite right,' she said, 'in supposing that you are not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly.'  
 'Then all my fears have been groundless!' uttered Joe, exultingly.  
 'But,' continued the lady, 'I cannot very well grant your wish regarding—'  
 'What?' cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.  
 'I cannot very well marry you.'  
 'And why can't you? I'd like to know what's to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me.'  
 'There is one reason in particular.'  
 'What is it?'

ed in any way as he should not,' remarked the young lady warmly.  
 'He's a cheating villain!' replied Joe indignantly.  
 'You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind.'  
 'It's you that don't know him; but you will before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so,' continued he, snatching up his hat; 'it's the money he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as likely as not you won't be able.'  
 He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return.

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed sat very little, but he thought much. One morning he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at the sudden change in her son's manner.  
 'Why, what on airth's the matter now, Joe?' said she; 'hope you ain't got no go crazy?'

'Not by a long shot,' replied Joe; 'I ain't quite so bad a fool as that.'  
 'Then what ails you?'

'Oh, I've got it all arranged, at last—I've got 'em now.'  
 'Who?' asked she.  
 'Why, Melinda and that vagabond Reuben Sparks—ha! ha—I'll surprise him.'  
 'Well, how are you going to do it?'

'Oh, it's all right,' said Joe, laughing; 'I'll do it—damned if I don't. I'll fix the sneaking critter!'  
 'But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got in the boy?' cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what his plan was.  
 'Well, now, I'll tell you all about it, began Joe, assuming a more sober tone.  
 'Well, I just wish you would.'  
 'You know the widdar has always favored my keeping company with Melinda?'

'Well, and I do believe she is a desperate down on that fellow Sparks coming into her family.'  
 'Yes.'  
 'In that case she wouldn't be very willing to let her property go into his hands.'  
 'But 'ording to the will of old Mr. Martin the property ain't to go out of her hands till she is dead.'  
 'Just so—but Sparks would have all the benefit. And now I'm coming to the point—it's just there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks.'  
 'Well, do let me hear?'

'The widdar Martin herself ain't a bad looking woman,' Joe remarked, in a sort of a mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.  
 'No; but what's that got to do with the matter?' replied the old lady, impatiently.  
 'And she ain't very old, neither,' continued he, with the same air.  
 'Why, she can't be more'n forty.'  
 'So I should think; and she has a good chance of living forty more.'  
 'Well, and what of it?'

'Just this,' said Joe, leaning over to reach his mother's ear—'I'll marry the widdar.'  
 Mrs. Chickweed, expecting as she was something startling, wasn't prepared for a mysterious exclamation of unbelief. She uttered an exclamation of unbelief, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.  
 'Well,' said Joe, 'I hope you don't see anything agin it.'  
 'No—no,' stammered his mother, recovering somewhat from the shock she had received; 'but are you really in earnest, Joe—will you marry the widdar?'

'To be sure I will, and that's the whole of it. I'm going up to see her this very day. I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and be revenged on Melinda for cutting me out of her heart. I'll teach 'em what's what.'  
 Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widdar and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, considering her years, she had never given over the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could possibly procure so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.  
 Joe made it a special proviso in his proposal that they should be married privately by the widdar's daughter, and it should be kept a secret till that widdar had taken place. To this the widdar readily agreed, although it was a hard task for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced, and prevent the secret being discovered.  
 The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Melinda at length arrived, and all the preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed. When darkness had fairly set in, while Melinda was so occupied with the company and conversation of her son-to-be husband as to be oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the widdar. The minister, who had been duly admonished to secrecy, was in attendance; and in less than half an hour thereafter, Joe was a married man, and the no longer widdar was on her way back to her home—parting from Joe with a single, but enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow from so doing on the morrow.

ing on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in summer. Yes, think I shall try country life for a while; I ain't in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me.'  
 'I'll respond Joe, deliberately, 'can't say that I'm sorry you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while; and we'll try to make it as comfortable for you as we can.'  
 Mr. Sparks looked at him; then they looked at one another and laughed.  
 'No doubt,' remarked Mr. Sparks, 'you'll make a very agreeable neighbor—very agreeable indeed.'  
 'Oh, we'll be nearer than neighbors, a good sight—of course we will,' said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence toward the former widdar.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at one another, but this time they didn't laugh.  
 'What do you mean?' they asked simultaneously.  
 'Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what I meant. The fact is, the widdar, here and myself, making a mutual liking to each other, were married last night. We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were so engaged.'  
 'What! married?' cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.  
 'Certainly, married,' said Joe, coolly.

'Is this so?' he enquired, turning to the widdar.  
 'You may rely upon all he says,' she replied.  
 'Then I have been awfully imposed upon—deceived! And you knew of this also, and led me on?' he continued in a violent tone, addressing his wife.  
 'You worked to net me, while this infernal cheat gets all the property.'  
 'No—it's not so!' exclaimed Melinda, bursting into tears; 'I knew nothing of it. And I thought you married me for myself, and not for money—you pretended to have enough of that yourself.'

Reuben Sparks smiled slyly and scornfully.  
 'It's even as I thought; his money's so deep in the bank that he never'll be able to dig it out,' remarked Joe.  
 'You scheming rascal,' gasped Sparks, looking as if it would be a pleasure to eat him ere away up, body and bones.  
 'Oh, fire it up! it don't hurt any, and I've got a long lease of the farm—'  
 'You scoundrel!'  
 'And the horses and steers—'  
 'Oh, your miserable cheat—'  
 'And the fixins generally—'  
 'Pooh!'

'And moreover,' continued Joe, assuming a more sober and sterner tone, and grasping Sparks firmly by the collar as he spoke, 'among other things, I've got a word or two of advice for you. You married Melinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug little property, palming yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are the real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice, and it will be well with you; use your wife as you know you should—go to work like a man—and strive to be an honest one. And, finally, don't let me here you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed upon me, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Remember, added Joe, giving him a shake, as a terrier would a rat, 'you're my son, now 'ording to law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your father.'  
 Reuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could act upon, and for many a year thereafter, Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

**REV. JOHN N. MAFFIT.**

For twenty-five years—years fruitful in adventure, vicissitudes and glory—the celebrated man whose name heads this article was the Whiteford of the American pulpit. From the Penobscot to the Colorado, from the pillars of the Capitol, the fame and the victories of the orator oscillated like the Indian Ocean, the oblation and flow of which resembles most the time when Wesley preached in the Babylons of England. Scarcely even in the Papal City did one man exercise a more potent influence than, in his mad career, did John Newland Maffit. Wherever he went, whether in the crowded metropolis or the hushed wilderness, whether the religious atmosphere was cold or hot—it was one continued scene of almost miraculous triumph. Friendship was converted into a feeling akin to adoration, and enemies were metamorphosed into friends.  
 He had no hobby, it was that of the press, and, as if the vision of God, the cross, and the vision of God, the preacher held in the heavens of his soul the august and hallowed emblem. Like the Roman Emperor, he beheld inscribed upon it, in letters of ineffable beauty:—  
 'In this conquer!'

Men recognized him everywhere, a man, and in that man the inspiration of an apostle. He accomplished among every nation, kindred, tongue and people. It is idle to say that a radically corrupt being, a cheat and a hypocrite, a knave clothed, in sacerdotal habiliments could have met with such unbroken triumphs the moment his feet touched the porches of the church. He had no other, but that who had fewer temptations laid to ensnare and entrap him. Calumny rose up like a mountain in his path—people of infinite turpitude—enemies a thousand fold more venomous than vipers, hissed with poisonous and forked fangs; but he trod upon and trampled them down, and stood as erect and complacent as ever! Bereyter thundered down the murmurs around the French Tribune—this man, rebuked, withered, exoriated—but it was in the language of the Sermon on the Mount, when the Divine Nazarene checked the insolence of the Scribes and Pharisees.  
 At length, far away in the land of Bianville, hunted down, with faded reputation, stricken and ill, but with unblenching spirit and unabated fire, the orator of a century lay down to die.  
 The malaria of death was in his nostrils and the last inevitable hour had come.—Would he swing loose without a hope of immortality? Would he dash headlong into the vast ocean of eternity, when the bosom of the great deep was swelling, distorting, bursting in the agony of the storm? Or, would he leave the world with that

**OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.**  
 SKETCHES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

travelling chivalry which always characterizes the christian whorlshipper? Silence! GENIUS is upon the rack!  
 With his dying breath he declared himself a calumniated man. Thou slanderer, think of that! He said that during his pastoral life he had been guilty of many frivolous, but no criminal acts—forgave his enemies, expressed an amicable treatise in the Maker of the Stars, and did not doubt but that all would be WELL.  
 Thus passed away John Newland Maffit; and if the reader will visit Toulminville, from whence can be seen the spires of Mobile, in an unobtrusive grave in that tranquil village, his eyes will rest upon the spot where lies the most splendid Pulpit Orator likely to be seen in a half a century to come. The star which arose in the East, over the bright waters of the deep and silent Shannon, culminated in the American Heavens, and went down in the West.

Upon a post-mortem examination, the left wall of the heart was found to be worn to the consistency of thin paper. The physician, skilled in the subtleties of his art, would give the condition of the heart a term known in medical science; but we have a much less technical name for a dis-ease like this, happening under the circumstances to the great central organ of life. Sensitive feelings in a delicate organization, long and powerfully worked upon, struggling against slander and vituperation, which, creating motions of anguish almost unutterable, and sending the crimson tide with seething violence along, might break the hearing and "loosen the silver strings."  
 With a few words about Mr. Maffit's power of oratory, and we have done. He was pre-eminently an orator. It was "action, action," that made him "violent in every part" of the pulpit. He has been accused of theatrical gesture, tone and attitude. Granted. Where do we look for accomplished declamation, faultless attitude, a gestulation and pleasing inflections, but to the actor and the theatre?  
 One may be eloquent, but yet no orator. I remember, Chatham and Patrick Henry were orators, and Maffit modeled after the great masters. He spoke with the inspiration of Isaiah; all the emotions, all the passions were planted before the eye, as upon the intended canvases.  
 He had not, like Bascombe, a world-wide range of thought—a power like that of the old giants who threw mountains at the gods; nor had he a voice like him, deep, sonorous and uprising as a Handel anthem, rolling its organ thunder.  
 'Thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, until he reached the sublimity of eloquence, and stood before the assembled audience the breathing, palpitating messenger, sent hither as—  
 'The wrath, the delegated voice of God.'

Less terrible and less powerful than this gifted divine, Mr. Maffit was beyond controversy a more elegant and finished elocutionist—the most poetically gifted of the train. We do not say that Maffit had not power; his wonderful sway over the minds of men—the innumerable captives which he bound to the victorious chariot of Christianity—preclude such a conclusion.  
 Rapid, yet distinct in articulation; suiting the word to the action and the action to the word: at one moment, by a liquidly vocal information sweet as the music of a summer sennedae, he softened down the asperities of human nature, subdued the heart, and melted it into tenderness.  
 There was no bestriding the White Horse of the Apocalypse to ride Alexander-like into the mysteries, eruditions and enigmas of theological lore. An inexorable doctrine of theological lore, the orator, settled in the conviction that the auditory took upon trust the validity of the Bible and the grand principles of immortality illuminating its pages, plunged at once into the subject. He played upon the passions like a necromancer, and returned, by the vehemence and vigor of his eloquence, the prejudices which other men could not control.

In the after-time when the potential word of prejudice shall be broken—that after-time which never fails to consecrate—  
 'for, as Carlyle says, "Men crucify their gods and worship them in this correspondence." He has no intention of resigning the governorship of Kansas. He has thus far acquitted himself satisfactorily in the endeavor to distribute justice equally, and thus deserved the confidence which has been liberally manifested by all parties. He has avoided the common error of all his predecessors, by deliberating calmly before acting, instead of proclaiming principles which were not, and which he was unable to carry out. Had Gov. Walker stopped, after his first speech upon entering the territory, his administration would not only have been successful, but beneficial. He sunk into that quicksand.  
 BERSERK ALIVE.—On Friday, the 23d ult., whilst two men by the names of Bush and Richmond, were engaged in digging a well at considerable depth, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the curbing gave way from the pressure of the surrounding earth, and suddenly buried them to the depth of some twenty feet. So soon as it was known that they were thus entombed alive, the excitement in the vicinity became intense, and from every quarter the people rallied to the rescue. The first thing to be done was to remove the remains of the old curb and sink a larger one for the protection of the laborers engaged in removing the dirt. This was accomplished at great personal risk, as the sides of the pit were entirely unsecured. It was, however, done, a larger curb was put in, and the work of sinking it down to the buried men prosecuted vigorously. The situation made at the time, but it was not long before they were rescued. One of them had caught nearly dead, the other in a sitting posture. Every sound from above was audible to them, while no intimation of their existence reached their friends above. Hardness made no interruption in the work, but reliefs were sent down to them. At length, after twenty-six hours of toil, the first man was taken out almost uninjured, though exhausted by his close confinement. Some time longer was consumed in reaching the second, in consequence of his position, but he too was rescued, and the labor of the day was richly rewarded. Altogether, this is a remarkable instance of danger and successful rescue.

**NO. IX.—ORDER.**

DISTRICTS.	1.	2.	3.	DISTRICTS.	1.	2.	3.
Pulmon,	0	1	1	Penn,	7	2	0
Little Britain,	0	1	1	Warrick,	8	0	1
Coleman,	3	1	2	Clara,	6	0	0
Sadsbury,	6	2	0	Lancaster twp,	2	0	0
Eden,	1	3	2	Columbia,	6	1	3
Camargo,	0	1	2	Martinsburg,	2	0	0
Fredericks,	9	0	1	Hempstead,	11	1	0
Dramont,	9	0	0	Pequea,	5	1	0
Martie,	4	2	0	Conestoga,	6	2	0
Lewisburg Upper,	9	1	3	Manoy,	15	8	0
Earl East,	10	2	0	Maanheim,	6	4	1
Salisbury,	16	0	0	Ephrata,	4	1	0
Carrtown,	7	1	0	Ephrata,	7	2	0
Brookport,	7	0	1	Lampeter W.,	6	1	0
Adamstown,	7	0	0	Strasburg bar.,	2	1	0
Coalestown,	7	1	1	Lampeter twp.,	7	2	0
Donagel East,	10	2	0	Leacock,	7	0	0
Conoy,	10	2	0	Strasburg bar.,	1	0	1
Donagel West,	2	2	1	Washington twp.,	1	0	1
Millport,	1	0	1	Paradise,	5	2	1
Mc-Joy twp.,	2	0	0	New Middleton,	1	0	0
Rapido,	1	0	0	Sate Harbor,	0	2	2
Manheim bar.,	1	2	0	Total,	284	73	34

We might enter upon a discussion on the above matter and explain what order is; then prove that it is indispensable to the school room. In the next place lay down rules for its attainment, and finally close with a few practical applications to teachers of our deductions; but we are very much afraid that such a sermonial essay would frighten away all the readers, and become, in fact, a very dry affair. Besides, we shall take a shorter and easier track, and assume as true some things named above.  
 In this world we have many words that possess only a relative meaning. What one man calls good, another calls down; what one terms good, another stigmatizes as evil. Among teachers the word order is exactly of this type; what one would esteem discipline perfected—another would esteem confusion doubly confused. Any attempt to convince either of their error would prove a futile labor. Each one has his own ideal standard—derived from early experiences and associations; and it would require the wisdom of a Solomon and the logic of a Bacon to drive him from his conclusions.  
 On one occasion we visited the school of a young man who professed to be somewhat of a fancy teacher; but we soon found his fancies and ours did not agree. Nothing could surpass the sublimity of the rote that incessantly broke upon our ears. When leaving, I thought a few words of kind advice might be useful, and so ventured to begin modestly by saying, "If I were in your place my first efforts would be directed to securing better order." At this point I was squarely stopped by a broad intimation that my advice was not needed, and the following speech was delivered: "I, sir, consider the order in my school equal to that of any in the county, sir. I have followed one of the best models, sir, and I have improved his system by some of my own ideas, sir." &c. I went away reflecting how great a difference it made whether we look at the thing inside or outside, and how liable one was to make mistakes from hasty inspection.  
 This reminds me of a good illustration of the above. A gentleman well known to the friends of education in the county and in the State—a long leader and now looked up to as the fostering father of the system—has a very peculiar way of piling up papers, books, &c., in his office; and calls his arrangement perfect order. It so happened that a gentleman from the county, who was precise in his notions—called at the office of our friend, but upon opening the door he was so amazed at the disorder, and the grotesque appearance of things, that he quickly closed it and walked off. A few days after he informed me of his visit, but said he did not go in as they were just moving, and everything was thrown about in piles over the floor. So the world goes.

Whenever I find it necessary to speak of disorder, I am told "they are worse today than usual," or "you are too strict," or "if you had ever taught such a school you wouldn't say so," as it is, you know nothing about it," and a host of other phrases are rung their changes on my ears again and again. Exceptions there are in the case of whom I mean most respectfully, and labor to do as they are requested. We have noticed, gratefully, many such instances from year to year, and we have received the sincere thanks of such for our counsel; but we have some who will neither hear nor do—fixed in their ways—joined to their idols. We find them and their schools always alike.  
 We cannot forbear giving a description of a scene we met with last fall. Owing to some difficulty in finding our way, we were late in arriving at the house—about 9 o'clock. We found on entering two pupils but no teacher. Our inquiries elicited the reply "that they reckoned he was down there somewhere," pointing to a swamp and woodland. Toward 9 o'clock we came, and soon after commenced operations. To one inexperienced, some of these were rather startling. As the scholars fell in one by one, each very gravely took in his basket, or bucket, or satchel, a piece of pie, or cake, or apple, or some other refreshment after the morning walk. To dispatch these was the first item of the bill of fare. Afterward followed an indiscriminate rough and tumble sort of scuffle, having no further object than I could discern than to see how big a hubbub could be made for my entertainment. After various efforts to obtain some variety with indifferent success, if I except a new method of teaching mental arithmetic, which I there learned, I left. On looking back into the house, I observed a boy perched on the top of a stack, trying his skill at throwing peach stones clear out the door. And yet this man is held up as one of the best Teachers we have. Last fall the Directors had grown sceptical as to his superior ability, and gave the school to another. But such a stir as it made among the old patrons, who did not want any of these new notions, was too much for the nerves of the Board, and the hero of our story was replaced.

youngful form too much, but the best order is not inconsistent with a half dozen five-yearlings constantly trotting about the room—talking and playing ad libitum—whilst a recitation is to be heard or explanations made, would soon grate and ruin any school. Moral discipline does very well in some cases and administered by some persons, but with others it is a perfect failure. The dear little indulged ones must be taught to obey. In this connection, I desire to draw attention to one fact. In the schools taught by females, mostly, I found the order good. I might safely say that three-fourths of these were marked No. 1. I am not aware that more than two females had schools that rated No. 3. I mention this fact because it contradicts a false public sentiment as to the capacity of women to administer the discipline of the school room.  
 We submit the above in the hope that it may allow a lonesome spell if it fail to interest or instruct. Of one thing we feel assured, the sentiment of Teachers is becoming better on this subject, and in no point have more abundant success on the part of our teachers, than in the department of school government. A few years will make the reform general in this county.—The stubborn will be put off, and the incapable will die off or cease of their own will. What great results from a few years of labor have gladdened the hearts of our pioneers!  
 JNO. S. CRUMBACH,  
 County Superintendent.

**CARDS.**

- REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. ANSWER,** Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into the brick store, nearly opposite Trinity Lutheran Church