

THE "SEXTANT'S" REPLY TEW "GASPER."

Doubtless all our readers remember to have read "A Appeal for Are to the Sextant of the old Brick Meetin Ouse," printed in number 45 of last volume, originally published in the American *Agriculturist*. The following reply, by the Sexton, sent to the *Agriculturist* by a subscriber, is capital:—

O Gasper! your 'peal is heard, but not yit
Acted on, for reasons plain as nozes on foax faxes.
Don't you think i no witch side my bred is buttered?
Spouse i drop the winder & let in 'pewer Are?
A mouful apiece or so, or let the bad Are out,
(Witch is the same think in Dutch or Inglisb)
Whoad sta threw sarmon time in weather cold as zero,
Or even in a windy day in Summer?
The foax would leave the metinhouse,
Children, men, & wimmin, specially the latter.
Tha dont want 'pewer Are' no such think,
Dont i no thats tended metinhouse
This 40 year & over, most all my life?
Wy, tother Sunda, when the fliers was blazin
In the stoves as hot as peper, ize told
Tew shet the dore that wasut open 1/2 an inch,
& dont i no that when the parson looks
That wa, he menes the same & more tew,
& tother da, ize told to putty up
That winder, cause the wind blew in.
Bad bre hs is bad enuf but not so bad
As cold, so people thinks & so dew i.
Metinhouses is grate placis for ketchin colds,
& takin konsumpschuns and such like aies.
Taint nothink tew me, i tends for the bull
Kongregashun, & not for 1 nor 2 nor 3.
Ef tha want the winder up or down or dore open,
Wy dont tha sa so & tha shall have it,
Aw! the dore & aw! the winder & holes cut tew.
Wy dont you talk tew them & not tew me,
Mebby tha dont no, & mebbly i dont no
Wat tha want & wats good for em.
Mi bizness is to give them wat tha tell me.
The preacher tells them how to act at meetins,
& ef you no more nor him wy dont you preach.
Now mebbly you is right, & i are rong.
No matter, i shall dew as i are told.
Ive been tew school tew long tew disobej
Order, cause ef i did, who then would be

THE SEXTANT.

THE BOY PATRIOTS.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

History is filed with the deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriot women forgotten in the "burning words" of the annals of '76; but where is the historian who tells of the patriotism of the boys of that gloomy period?—Who writes their biographies?

There were boys in the revolution, boys of noble patriotism and dauntless spirit, boys who would not become traitors, tho' the rack and the gibbet confronted them; boys who toiled with an endurance and boldness unequalled in the annals of a nation, for the independence of the "Old Thirteen," and had they now a just desert, the brightest star in America's constellation, and the widest stripe in her broad canvass, would be dedicated to the "boys of '76."

Let us relate an instance—it was in the year of 1777. Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scoured the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenantless storehouse, in the little village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely and, with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen years, mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the narrator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eye and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain, homespun jacket throbbed a heart that never quailed in danger, nor shrunk before any obstacle.

His father was the commander of the Delaware regular troops, and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narration, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army—

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket, I would not stand idly here, with my hands hanging useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"None. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the old tory Livingston has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard; he has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easily as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply that readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy.

"If there is any three boys in this company will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces!"

Every boy in that little crowd, without a moment's hesitation, stepped forward.

The boy's eyes flashed like stars. "Now, by the dead of Bunker Hill, I will search old Living-

ston's residence though death stand in my path." With a firm tread and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Squire Livingston's.

Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man, and therefore avoided. His house was situated a short distance from Whiteclay Creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason. At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night; still, it was not dark, the new moon was shining brightly in the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining a solemn silence. At length, they gained a bank of the creek, and, slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little, low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into Whiteclay. James Wilson ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoiter the premises first to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here until we return. Make no noise and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarce had they gone from their companions, ere the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise. "Hist!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. The noise soon resolved itself into a human footfall, and in another moment George Livingston, the Tory's son, stood opposite the tree. James Wilson darted from his covert, and tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor and I'll toss you in the creek!"

The Tory's son was struck dumb with fright, and found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grip of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear?"

"Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I—cannot tell," stammered the half-dead boy.

"You shall tell, or—"

"Spare me, and I will disclose everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Braustone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is the captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous designs that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children left exposed to the pitiless foes. The old tory was to receive as his reward the land whereon the village stood, and an annual pension from the British government.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a tory neighbor, about two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them beside their captain. Major Braustone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demagogue, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sickly wife. Not a few in that youthful band of patriots trembled for a widowed mother or defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was tied hand and foot and a handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band of followers, they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung Whiteclay creek.

"Now boys," said James Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and, as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red-coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British band descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered; "let no one drop his rock until I give the word, and then all at once."

It was a beautiful night to wreak a work of death. The heavens were spangled with innumerable stars, and every object which the moonbeams played upon, sparkled with a silvery radiance.

Closer came the doomed royalists, and the hearts of the boy patriots beat wildly in their

bosoms. Peering cautiously over the cliffs, James Wilson saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bows, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical fiend, Major Bardstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence, and shouted, "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing and gazed with astonishment above them. The impetus which the boat had acquired caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the doomed words:

"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rock, nothing was seen but a few pieces of floating wood. The boat had been burst to pieces, and the occupants had found a grave at the bottom of Whiteclay. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed long in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in the efforts to free himself, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal chord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field-pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls, etc., were found concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found there were given over to the American troops, and found a jovial welcome at their head quarters.

Had not the British party been as signally defeated along the banks of the Whiteclay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Green and served with distinction in the Southern Campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Spring, bewailed by all who knew him. James Wilson lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever-to-be-remembered words on his lips, "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and it is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Such, reader, were the acts of the boys of '76, and though they have no monumental pile to preserve their memories, they live in legends, songs, and verses, where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity.

Let our literary men redeem from darkness the deeds of American youths, and while they recount the noble achievements of our Revolutionary patriots, let them not forget the boy patriots.

A Negro Sermon.

Negro sermons are common, but they are chiefly simultaneous or imitations. A genuine one is a novelty, and therefore we give the following, which was taken down phonographically, as uttered by a "colored expounder" named "Daddy Jim," before a congregation of whites and blacks, in a cabin near the Seminary Buildings, Limestone Springs, S. C. It is not, perhaps, so racy as a fictitious production, but it has the merit of accuracy and reality, which is something in these degenerate days. It has been forwarded to us by a friend who resides in the vicinity, and commences with a prayer, thus:

"Dou dat dweldest way up mong de bims and de cherubims. Dou has said whar two or tree of dy childrens are gadered togeder as teachers, and a aimin at one ting; dare Dou will come to bress. Be pleased to mount de white gospel steed, and take a gentle ride round de territory, and stop awhile at hell's gate, shorten Saltan's chains, and sink him one thousand sadoms lower. Bress all de bond and de free bond; bress our dear massa and our missus; may dey draw togeder like de match horses of de ancient time, and may de springs of de body rise up and call 'em bressed."

Then comes the sermon: "Gentlemen and ladies—My text on dis occasion might be found, if I mistake not, 'bout de 9th verse of de 2d Peter, 3d chapter:

'De Lord knoweth how to deliber de ungodly out ob temptation.'

"Kind-hearted and tender breeding; I'm agwin to speak a few words to you dis evening, and re-skover to you how dat de Lord had care of all you ungodly ladies and gentlemen. Hence we receive how dat God Almighty told Noah to build a big ship, and he put into it a he and a she of ebery kind. Den de big cap. and gen. come along, say: 'Whar de old man gwen to get enouff water to float his big ship?' By me by, den Noah he goes in de ark, an all de ungodly ladies and gentlemen kept on asingin and adancin, and affiddlin and aceck-fightin, and a margin and agivin in marriage. Den de doors ob de ark was shut, an de doors of heaven was opened, an de rain gan to ascend and reascend up de earth.—Den de waters come up to de first floor, dey say, 'Nebber mind, fiddle up; and dey went to de second floor. Den de water it come dare, and dey put der heads out de winder and say, 'Noah! ain't you gwin to let us into your ark?' 'No, I's full.' Den dey hold on to de eaves and dormer winders, and de waters came up ober dem and

take dem down de stream. Hence we receive dat 'de Lord knoweth how, etc.'

"De Lord commanded Jonah to go prophesy gin Ninevah. Den Jonah went aboard ship, and a big hurricane come, an Jonah he an de captain, had a big talk, and dey trow Jonah overboard.—Den a big whale swallow him. Den Jonah he tink it all ober wid him, sure, but by me by he gan to pray, and de more he pray de more de whale gan to grow sick. Finally he trow up, and Jonah gits on de dry ground. Hence we receive, etc.

"De great king, Nebuchednezzar, gin out word dat whom call on de name ob de Lord for tree day de lion hab him. Den Daniel he go straight home an open all de winders, and pray to God Almighty. Den de ungodly men dey take him to de king, and he put him in de lions' den. Next morning, fore de crack ob day, de king goes to de den an say, 'Ho, Daniel! lion bite you?' Den Daniel say, 'No, oh king! I feel I lib foreber. De Lord he shut de lions' mouf, so he not bite me, Hence we receive, etc.

"De Lord he said to the angel Gabriel: 'Go get your silver trumpet. Den he blow to de North, and blow to de South, and blow to de East and blow to de West, and all de ungodly ladies and gemmen go down to hell, but de righteous dey had a golden crown on der head, silver slippers on der feet, an white robes comin down to der toes, an golden harps in der moufs.—[Pittsburg True Press.

Kindness to Parents.

The following, which we clip from an exchange, is well worthy of a perusal. How many children there are who, after they go out into the world, "forget the old folks at home."

"Mother, how is the flour barrel? ah! getting low?" said a firmly built man, as he paused for a moment before leaving the house where his gray-headed parents lived: "I must send you some, I have lately bought of the No. 9 brand just for you to try. Upon my word it makes the nicest and sweetest biscuits that I have ever tasted—and you'll say so, I think."

And the next day came the barrel of flour, but not alone. There was a good supply of coffee and tea, and a dozen little niceties, and all for the old folks to try. That man knew the value of kind parents. He was a son to be proud of.—Were any repairs to be done, he found it out almost intuitively; and he never called upon them with his hands empty. Something that "mother loved" or "would make father think of old times," invariably found its way into their pantry. And he actually seemed to like nothing so well as to leave in their absence some token of his fondness and respect for those who had worn their lives out in serving him.

But how many leave their parents desolate and in need or give them a place by their fireside where they are expected to delve and work out the obligation. Is it any wonder that such, conscious that they are in the way, grow querulous and fretful, and die, perhaps, unregretted?—Others are ashamed of their honest old parents—shame on them—and keep them in some by-place, giving them a small pittance upon which they can barely subsist.

Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that led from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow, damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the gray-headed father, that you were very kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly, have they ever been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed upon their first born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and the cherub form were all mysterious to them.

Mr. Harvey, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American*, tells the following tale:

A young man presented himself to Mr. Corwin, when he was a member of the cabinet, for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest, and the secretary advised him in the strongest possible terms to abandon his purpose, and go to the west, if he could do no better outside the Departments.

"My young friend," said he, "go to the north-west, buy 160 acres of government land—or if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an ax and a mattock, put up a log cabin for a habitation and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear and live like a free man, your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence on anybody. Do that and you will be honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here and you sink at once all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position."

I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out again to-morrow; and there's another man over there at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by and bye can kick him out; and so we go.

But if you own an acre of land it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

If the thousands who ardently strive for places under government would ponder well these words, and exercise a sound discretion in their application, many a young and gallant spirit would be saved from inanition, to be useful to the world, and a joy rather than a grief to its possessor.