

# The Independence Republican

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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## TRAVELER'S SONG.

BY MR. HERMAN.

Faintly, guide me! Day declines,  
Hollow winds are in the pine,  
Darkly waves each giant bough  
O'er the sky's last crimson glow.  
Hushed in the convent's bell,  
Which erewhile, with breezy swell,  
From the purple mountains bore  
Greeting to the sunset shore.  
Now the salter, frayer hymn  
Dies away.  
Father! in the forest dim,  
Be my stay!  
Darker, wider grows the night—  
No star sends quivering light  
Through the gray arch of shade  
By the stern old forest made.  
Thou! to whose unshining eyes  
All my pathway opens lies  
By Thy Son, who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness—  
Where no roof to that blessed head  
Sheltered thee.  
Father! through the time of dread,  
Save, oh! save!

## A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."  
"But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the tuppumbobs, and the hat of his name."  
"And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel."

His idea was to suitly personate his ladylove for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, quietly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time, I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that, in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and the persons were of the softer sex—these accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down the river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles, across the country.

At last, I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, with a great deal of feeling, much puffed out, and with an unbecomingly consciousness that my—my—shirt-sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D—, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pious were of the softer sex—these greeted me cavalierly, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go, though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee. Miss Withersall, Miss Lee and I are on a long string of brief introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, leggy looking man, with a hook-nose, and eye-glass and fluffly hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my person, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out—

"Nice-looking girl, that Miss Lee."  
"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go-ahead sometimes. Keep a little look-out on her will you?"—then, lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you old fellow; she is rich."

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest disappearing.  
"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day day!" and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, a frail creature that she was, hid told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D—, he left her there merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She, like a good daughter, kissed him, bid him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of head-strong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us, of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the Grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as long as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket (the boat was a regular excursion-boat), and purchasing enough oranges, pears, and candies, to set up a street stand. For five minutes, I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but but my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role hardest to play.

felt as if I were "obtaining goods under false pretences," and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground, at any moment.

A whole knot of crabs then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding-school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the Styles family lived, and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I could not divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding-school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be the town talk of the gentlemen!"

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my "raining gear" looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentleman talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl, who would as soon be frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little flagrant lace-edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me, in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.  
"Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.  
"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a leeked-air, which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as comfortable as a cushioning!"

"You flatter me!"  
"I do, indeed; praise of you cannot be fatty, Miss Lee."  
"Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.  
"We soon arrived at the grove, and found our hand—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course, dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard, at first, for me to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby."

I had first made him purposely jealous, by dancing with two other young fellows; one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman-killer—a sort of easy devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to "play off" against my legal adviser. I allowed him to hold me very closely and occasionally looked at him with a half-sneering expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm around my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to attend to the music to play a waltz—Bimby came immediately.

"Ah—Miss Lee, shall I—have the honor of—trying a waltz with you?"  
I smiled a gracious acquiescence and we commenced.

Now, I am old stager at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha or Schottische rings in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a year.

"Ah, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then!"  
But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?" he exclaimed. "Of course, I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much longer." I smiled a gracious acquiescence and we commenced.

For the first three minutes, my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder—

"On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slacking up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps.

"Ah—are you not—getting tired?"  
"Oh, no!" I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding round the room—"Oh no, I feel as if I could waltz all night!"

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see.  
"I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered, and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, and his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!"  
"Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff very—puff—puff—gasped he.  
"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?"  
He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.  
"Ah—puff—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't know."  
So, when we neared the musicians, I said, "Faster, if you please—faster!" and they played a whirlwind.  
Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast-pacer, and revolved after the manner of

a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, and walking to my seat, sent the young woman-killer for a glass of ice-water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.  
I got some idea from this, of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served as a ball-room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutching tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!"  
"What should I do?" I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead, and I wished myself a thousand miles away, and amathized Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly, with fearful malcontents.

I said I was tired out—could not somebody else go?  
"No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of the gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing."  
So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment! What if she should tell me to do some sewing! What, if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her!

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me, just then.  
However, I nervously exerted my best, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, having a sigh of relief, went to her room. She was about to proceed, but I flattered her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; "stop! don't undress for God's sake!"  
She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.  
"And why not?"  
"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why yes—how frightened you look!—Why what is the matter—Maggie!—you—why—oh!—oh!"  
And she gave three fearful screams.  
"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean you no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.  
"Oh, sir, really, I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story, as briefly as possible, and extracted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.  
I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars, so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendship and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.  
"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did.  
She blushed a good deal, but she did not resist, only when I got through, she glanced up timidly and said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."  
"When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands for supper, which was served in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz."

He didn't take the hint.  
Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning over the river. On one of these latter, a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind, and from sight.

Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball-room, and purchased several of the wonder-working woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all cares or fears for my theophano, and revolved in the pleasure of holding—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until this month of August, in this year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven, for I might know, had the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company gone to wonder where we were.

This wonder-begotting question, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks, prevented them from hearing us or us them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along, single file, until they got to the open space above.  
Then they saw a light.  
I was sitting on a tree and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair loose, and I was passing in the streets,

where a three story building was in flames. A strange terror just crept through the crowd, chilling every one into stupor, as the shriek of a child came, faintly, out of an upper window. The eye of the stranger took in the scene, in an instant. A ladder was placed against the already tottering walls, and he mounted amid smoke and flame, disappeared for a moment, and then returned to the window, with the child in his arms, and what a shout greeted him! He hastily descended, and barely escaped the falling roof. As he went away, his companion remonstrated with him for perilling his life in that way; why, said he, "it wasn't your child." "No," replied our hero, "but it was somebody's child!"

And to return to our subject, the School System, like every other human endeavor, will need to be improved and perfected, as time shall suggest.

Ought not Teaching itself to be more systematized?  
Young men resort to it as a necessity, a means to get into some more coveted pursuit. They never regard it as a calling, a life-task to usefulness and honor. It ought to be a profession, set apart to such only as have stood the proper tests of competency. We undervalue this office. To excel in it, requires not only attainments of mind, but the best qualities of heart. We err, too, when we suppose any teacher will do in the primary school, and so, commit our children, in those tender and impressive years, when all that is seen, heard, and felt, sinks into their nature, and indelibly indurates in to character, to the care of strangers. In this School, it needs patience, gentleness, child-sympathy, and delicate tact, united with a nice sense of the beautiful and the good in nature, and in morals. Rare gifts, but necessary in those who plant the head-germs of thought and emotion, and shape its first-outlets, and give to flow on, with gathering volume and power, until they fall into the infinite ocean of mind. This is a nicer work than surgery, and more delicate than the painter's art!

The budding thought of childhood, is so chilled and blasted, in the cold air of sternness and neglect; it only expands into blossoms, amid genial warmth and sunshine.  
The boys and girls of school are sure to be hardened when they come to be associated with tasks and punishment; and the teacher's influence is better maintained by kindness than by severity. While strict order should prevail, still the discipline must be so tempered as to spread over the benches and desks, sunshine and freedom, instead of terror and restraint. The same rule should obtain at home, too; and parents ought to second the teacher.

You have all heard how our distinguished countryman, Gen. Marey, loved to relate a school incident of his early boyhood, to which he ascribed his after-success. His first teachers were severe and cruel; and the boy was given over as obstinate and wicked. Then came another teacher, who was fore-warned, even by his father, of his difficult temper. As he finished his first recitation, and was handed the book, he recoiled, as if expecting a blow. The teacher, fixing his thoughtful eyes on him, said, "I believe, after all, you are a good boy." The words, and the manner, so new and unexpected, sunk into his heart, and he resolved to merit them. From that hour, he was the best boy of the school; and, before the term was out, the teacher predicted for him a great career.

How many dispositions are soured; how many tempers hardened; how many bright natures clouded; by unkindness of parents and tutors! Harshness sours upon all pride and resistance; while a kind word, or tone, touches an answering chord, and melts into cheerful submission. Oh, the severity may be carried far enough to break the child's spirit, and reduce him to abjectness. No man can tell how much the world has suffered from abuse in early discipline. O bright, careless, hopeful, joyous youth—that gone, never returns! True, we may forget them, when, with one foot upon the threshold of man or womanhood, we catch the first breeze from the summer fields of life, or when in the later, hot pursuit of the selfish objects of this hard, grasping world,—but when the dusts of the great hereafter, and the unsheltered arms of our being bend and blacken in the wintry storms of age; or then, how the bruised and worn heart yearns over the scenes of childhood,—how the eye moistens, as it looks back over the moonlit waters of memory!

Another writes, "who of us does not, in this leaping from the starting-post of mind; in this first spread of the encouraging wing; in the free heaven of thought and knowledge, recognize the most joyous and unmingled of the emotions of youth? He who, in later life, has lent his faith upon the charity of a sect in religion,—who has sought his bright honor with the tools of political ambition,—or has lived, hoped, and trusted, in the wider arena of life and manhood, must look back upon days like these, as the broken-winged eagle, upon the sky,—or the Indian's subdued horse, upon the prairie."

Again, care should be used to train the physical powers, by labor. A strong mind, preying upon a weak body, is a pitiable abortion. What wretched foppery of the schools, is that, which looks upon hand labor as degrading! Such apes are below the reach of contempt.

As to this weakness, is the slavery to fashion—a feminine folly—which accompanying vivacity and beauty can scarce redeem from disgust. When will our women learn that their sex will be lifted in the scale of being, just in proportion as they give more care to solid attainments, and less to the enervating frivolities of fashion?

Another, indeed the first object of all intellectual training, is self-discipline. I mean the power to grasp a whole subject; and then to reduce its thought and expression into a compact order. This is the highest attainment of mind; the one element of power; the great Napoleonic force; compared with which, all the accomplishments of wit, and grace, and eloquence, and learning, are vain and trifling. To reach this, you must not study by fits and starts, nor tire of a difficult subject. Then, grow upon you a habit of order and method in your study, and thought, and of clearly comprehending every subject, before you leave it. Let your wonderful how the mind grows, under such treatment. It becomes intense in argument; laying distinctly its premises, and then marching with logical precision, to its conclusions; that grow strangely luminous; and their weaving round the whole a garland of imagery that

at once commands the judgment and wins the fancy. This compact, clear order, is the very essence of mind,—never soared to by mere Nature, however gifted,—but slowly gained, by an ascent so toilsome, that it is forbidden to all but the few, who are too persevering to loiter, and too courageous to deviate. No brilliancy of natural genius can do more than to dazzle for a moment, and then disappear, like the summer flash, upon the bosom of some distant cloud. A slow, rambling thought lends its own weakness to the speech, and to the life. In the Common Schools, is the foundation of this discipline to be laid. As is the seed-time, so is the harvest.

Let us turn now, to contemplate some of the wider results to flow from Education.

And first, we look to it for the abatement of Party spirit. It is written, in the blood-stained pages of the world, that the animal frenzy of Party passion; forbade all popular, or self-government. Our own Country has, more than once, trembled on the verge of this very abyss. Between two great rival parties, the clash of opinions, soon leads to the clash of arms; amid whose babel thunders, the voice of law is hushed; the arm of Government is palsied; and civil war spreads its red pall over the sanctuaries of Liberty; through whose reeking fields, slowly emerges the great form of monarchy. "This is an ancient lesson,—time approves it true,—and those who know it best, deplore it most."

There is but one remedy.—As equal education prevails, reason, always calm and reflective, takes the place of animal passion. It ever votes for a soberer, when let every voter be educated. Then we shall be a nation of men, and not of bigots. While firm in our own belief, we shall still respect the opinions of others; knowing that their right to self-thought is sacred as our own, and that, after all, they may be right. Thus, difference will be but a healthy friction,—polishing and improving both—a wise medium, between the extremes of dogmatism, and of a senseless, and that other one, of wild, lawless passion. The more bright, who hates every man that differs from him, is just removed from the brute. Liberty is not a great bone, to be gnawed over, and snarled at, by a pack of human dogs; but it is a bright, heaven-descended blessing, earned and preserved by the calm and manly judgment. The political light is composed of a serene mind and a malicious heart,—he lives in agitation and discord,—and would anticipate, on earth, the kindlings of his native hell. All the projects of law, all the glories of Freedom, all the joys of Country, are nothing, in the eye of his narrow hate; these men, that would fiddle, when Rome was on fire. Why, an American citizen is greater than a King! Liberty is a broad platform of civil and social equality and brotherhood. The great arm of this mighty Republic is ever outstretched, to avenge the last wrong, done to our humblest citizen, in the remotest corner of the earth.

Lastly, we look to a diffused Education, for the reduction of Party-spirit in religion. "We are sectaries," said the great Irish orator, "dispute about creeds, in the heat and acrimony of the causeless contest, without the glory of one world, and the guide to another, drifts from the splendid circle in which she shone, into the comet-maze of uncertainty and error."

Religious persecutions, and religious wars, have, in every age, desolated the world. Our Puritan fathers made a sublime sacrifice for his great cause, bidding alike to slavery, kindred, and wealth, they gathered to their loved ones,—braved the perils of the great deep,—and the greater hardships of our inhospitable wilderness,—here, to have out, in which Conscience might be free.

Obedient to this Heavenly impulse, they ordained, in the very organism of the Republic, that "no religious test should be made a qualification for any office,—and that Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of any religion." Conscience free, you see,—the creature linked to the Creator, by one tie, too sacred for other hands to touch!

Let us cherish this principle,—blanted thus, and only, in the New World. He is a great traitor than Arnold, who betrays the life and spirit of this American doctrine, by hatred, or by antagonizing his fellow citizen, on account of his religion.

Nor is this all; he defies God-ton,—who has ordained that diversities must be as numerous and intractable, as are the essential distinctions, which nature, habit, and circumstance have created amongst men.

In our world, there are no two men who are not as unlike in their mental, as in their physical aspect. All that meets the eye and all that arrests the ear, has the stamp of boundless and infinite variety!

The very harmonies of tone, of color, and of form, result from contrasts,—contrasts subordinated by one pervading principle, which reconciles, without confounding the component elements of the music, the painting, or the structure. In God's works, there would be no beauty, without endless diversity.

In religious life, is this all obtaining law of Nature reversed? Is, the one grand element of salvation, universal faith is commanded; for reasons unsuited to this Essay. But creeds and forms were left very much to the diversities of mind and circumstance.

We look too much to the mere outward and visible. Thus, in common hands, analysis steps after the species, and cannot rise to the class. Vulgar observers of Nature are content to distinguish birds from fishes; beasts from insects. But Cuvier could trace the sublime unity, the "universal" type, the fount idea, existing in the creative mind, which connects, as one, the mammoth and the snail.

So outward observers only see outward distinctions of form, in worship,—and they only minister to prejudice and hatred. Of all the forms ever assumed by blind hate, there is none so remorseless, so gloomy, and so terrible, as is that of religious bigotry.

We believe that many sects, who are now accustomed to denounce each other's errors, will, at last, come to be regarded as members in common, of the one great and comprehensive Church, in which diversities of form are harmonized by an all-pervading unity of spirit.

Go on then, Teachers,—pupils!—you are engaged in a noble enterprise. I feel the fullness of this, and of any attempt to shadow forth its vastness; that belongs to the unapprehensible mysteries of the future.

Never defend an error, because you once thought it to be truth.

at once commands the judgment and wins the fancy. This compact, clear order, is the very essence of mind,—never soared to by mere Nature, however gifted,—but slowly gained, by an ascent so toilsome, that it is forbidden to all but the few, who are too persevering to loiter, and too courageous to deviate. No brilliancy of natural genius can do more than to dazzle for a moment, and then disappear, like the summer flash, upon the bosom of some distant cloud. A slow, rambling thought lends its own weakness to the speech, and to the life. In the Common Schools, is the foundation of this discipline to be laid. As is the seed-time, so is the harvest.

Let us turn now, to contemplate some of the wider results to flow from Education.

And first, we look to it for the abatement of Party spirit. It is written, in the blood-stained pages of the world, that the animal frenzy of Party passion; forbade all popular, or self-government. Our own Country has, more than once, trembled on the verge of this very abyss. Between two great rival parties, the clash of opinions, soon leads to the clash of arms; amid whose babel thunders, the voice of law is hushed; the arm of Government is palsied; and civil war spreads its red pall over the sanctuaries of Liberty; through whose reeking fields, slowly emerges the great form of monarchy. "This is an ancient lesson,—time approves it true,—and those who know it best, deplore it most."

There is but one remedy.—As equal education prevails, reason, always calm and reflective, takes the place of animal passion. It ever votes for a soberer, when let every voter be educated. Then we shall be a nation of men, and not of bigots. While firm in our own belief, we shall still respect the opinions of others; knowing that their right to self-thought is sacred as our own, and that, after all, they may be right. Thus, difference will be but a healthy friction,—polishing and improving both—a wise medium, between the extremes of dogmatism, and of a senseless, and that other one, of wild, lawless passion. The more bright, who hates every man that differs from him, is just removed from the brute. Liberty is not a great bone, to be gnawed over, and snarled at, by a pack of human dogs; but it is a bright, heaven-descended blessing, earned and preserved by the calm and manly judgment. The political light is composed of a serene mind and a malicious heart,—he lives in agitation and discord,—and would anticipate, on earth, the kindlings of his native hell. All the projects of law, all the glories of Freedom, all the joys of Country, are nothing, in the eye of his narrow hate; these men, that would fiddle, when Rome was on fire. Why, an American citizen is greater than a King! Liberty is a broad platform of civil and social equality and brotherhood. The great arm of this mighty Republic is ever outstretched, to avenge the last wrong, done to our humblest citizen, in the remotest corner of the earth.

Lastly, we look to a diffused Education, for the reduction of Party-spirit in religion. "We are sectaries," said the great Irish orator, "dispute about creeds, in the heat and acrimony of the causeless contest, without the glory of one world, and the guide to another, drifts from the splendid circle in which she shone, into the comet-maze of uncertainty and error."

Religious persecutions, and religious wars, have, in every age, desolated the world. Our Puritan fathers made a sublime sacrifice for his great cause, bidding alike to slavery, kindred, and wealth, they gathered to their loved ones,—braved the perils of the great deep,—and the greater hardships of our inhospitable wilderness,—here, to have out, in which Conscience might be free.

Obedient to this Heavenly impulse, they ordained, in the very organism of the Republic, that "no religious test should be made a qualification for any office,—and that Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of any religion." Conscience free, you see,—the creature linked to the Creator, by one tie, too sacred for other hands to touch!

Let us cherish this principle,—blanted thus, and only, in the New World. He is a great traitor than Arnold, who betrays the life and spirit of this American doctrine, by hatred, or by antagonizing his fellow citizen, on account of his religion.

Nor is this all; he defies God-ton,—who has ordained that diversities must be as numerous and intractable, as are the essential distinctions, which nature, habit, and circumstance have created amongst men.

In our world, there are no two men who are not as unlike in their mental, as in their physical aspect. All that meets the eye and all that arrests the ear, has the stamp of boundless and infinite variety!

The very harmonies of tone, of color, and of form, result from contrasts,—contrasts subordinated by one pervading principle, which reconciles, without confounding the component elements of the music, the painting, or the structure. In God's works, there would be no beauty, without endless diversity.

In religious life, is this all obtaining law of Nature reversed? Is, the one grand element of salvation, universal faith is commanded; for reasons unsuited to this Essay. But creeds and forms were left very much to the diversities of mind and circumstance.

We look too much to the mere outward and visible. Thus, in common hands, analysis steps after the species, and cannot rise to the class. Vulgar observers of Nature are content to distinguish birds from fishes; beasts from insects. But Cuvier could trace the sublime unity, the "universal" type, the fount idea, existing in the creative mind, which connects, as one, the mammoth and the snail.

So outward observers only see outward distinctions of form, in worship,—and they only minister to prejudice and hatred. Of all the forms ever assumed by blind hate, there is none so remorseless, so gloomy, and so terrible, as is that of religious bigotry.

We believe that many sects, who are now accustomed to denounce each other's errors, will, at last, come to be regarded as members in common, of the one great and comprehensive Church, in which diversities of form are harmonized by an all-pervading unity of spirit.

Go on then, Teachers,—pupils!—you are engaged in a noble enterprise. I feel the fullness of this, and of any attempt to shadow forth its vastness; that belongs to the unapprehensible mysteries of the future.

Never defend an error, because you once thought it to be truth.

## THE NIGHT HAWK.

BY MR. HERMAN.

This bird is called a bat in some of the Southern States. It is by many supposed to be the same bird as the whip-poor-will; but on comparing the two birds, the difference between them will be readily observed; and their manners also are strikingly dissimilar. The night hawk lays its eggs on the bare ground, in an open space in the woods, or in the corner of a field, where the color of the leaves and ground may resemble the general tint of the eggs: The male and female are constantly near the nest during the day.— It sits lengthwise on the branch of a tree, instead of crosswise, like most other birds, their legs and feet being too slender to grasp the branch firmly. While the female is sitting, the male keeps a most vigilant watch around. He plays about in the air, mounting by several quick vibrations of the wing, uttering all the while a sharp harsh squeal, till having gained the highest point he suddenly precipitates himself head foremost, and with great rapidity, down sixty or seventy feet, feeling up as he descends, at which instant is heard a booming sound, resembling that produced by blowing strongly into the bung-hole of an empty hoghead; and which is doubtless produced by the sudden expansion of his capacious mouth, while he passes through the air. This singular habit belongs only to the