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Job Work .- The office of the Inderendent Harmannak is provided, with three printing process, a STEAN PRIVER PRESS, a large HAND PRESS, and a CARD PRESS therefore with a great assertion of a doubling maderials cantral is in of John Work, such as Cardy, Checker, Paters, Handblin, Labels Pamphiets, Acc, will be done needly and promptly. Blanks, - Justices and Constables, Blank School Blanks, Notes, Deeby Ledes, Lind Controls, Jc., Lept. shool and for sale at the last represent the resultant office.

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Wm. W. Smith & Co., CABINET AND CHAIR MAYUFAC-increa. Keep constantly on head all kinds of CASTREY Francisco or foundated all Montross, Fa., May 28, he keeped to of Main Street, Montross, Fa., May 28, he keeped Hayden Brothers,

WIJOLENALE DEALERS IN ANNEE NOTIONS, Watcher, U. Jeweler, &c., New Milford, Suig, Co., In Control and Pedians amplied at New York Jobing Prices, New Milds, May, Med-19 William & William H. Jessup, A TTORNEYS AT LAW, Moximus, Pa. Practice is Susque A hanna, Bradford Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne countles.

Wm. H. Jessup,
ATJORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, AND COMMISAND CORNER OF DEEDS, for the state of New York, will attend
all trailment entrusted to him with promptures and Admity,
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A TTORNETS AT LAW, AND BOUNTY LAND AGENTS... Albert Chamberlin. A TTORNEY AT LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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A TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Mest's frug Store, respensate Distant, Pr William N. Grover, A TTORNEY AT LAW, ST Laws, Missener, A the Civil Course of Resourced with cooler as another from Front Will of the UPT WELL No. 40 Cert Full Street.

DEALERS in Store, Store Pipe, Tin, Copper, and S Ware; the, Window Such, I'm Theory, it indow Battle Linuxer, and all Finds of Epilding Materials. Tin S John W. Cobb, M. D.,

BEING how prepared to practice MEDICINE and SURGER has noticed himself in Modito of Fig. and well strictly and some with which he may be invered. Of Fice over of his marr, opposite Bearle's Horei. Morta on Sue, Co., Pa., March 2, 1839.47

Dr. A. Gifford.

Dr. G. Z. Dimock. DIVINICIAN AND STANEON, inspermentally located him I all Heatron, Susque insure county, Ira., OFFICE over Will was horse. Locations at Scarle's Hotel. Dr. Wm. L. Richardson

WOULD respectfully leader his professional warriers
Lithauts of Mortroe and its strictly. OFFICE
Storm. LOBGINGS at the Expision Hotel,
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J. Lyens & Son

Baldwin & Allen, THOLEFALE and Retail Desires in Flour, Sait, Pork, Law, Gran, Pork, Law, Grand, Gandian, Chorer and Thanthy offer. I with it with the beauty of the Control of Practice Avenue, one door bears J. Etheringe's Practice, Avenue, one door bears J. Etheringe's Practice, Avenue, one door bears J. Etheringe's Practice, Avenue, one door bears J. Etheringe's

Z. Cobo, DEALTH IN GROVERITES Are not the store of Court a Report March 100 Per

News Office! VEW YORK CITY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPA PERS, MAGAZINES, &c., for sale at the Monthson Diore by

A. S. BULLARD.

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Independent Republican.

"Freedom and right against slavery and wrong."

VOL. 5.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1859.

NO. 25.

From the Independent. The Arctic Ocean. BY S. C. W. B.

A weind and awful sea, its surges roll In solitude, and unexplored expand from age to age around the Arctic pole, And beat will indlow roar a frozen land, Whose adamantine crags behold no sail leel on that howling ocean to the northern gale. No ancient capitals its shores adorn,
With domes and pinnacles glancing royal gold;
But on its wonderful, untrodden bourne
Rise battlements of ice, whose turrets, old As the creation's dawn, forever gleam like orient poorl beneath the North's auroral beam.

No treasures delved by slaves in cavera gloom Lie buried underneath its huary wave; is wildest tempests never knelled the doon Of wretches sinking to a watery grave. lesounds not there the combat's baleful trum

The same as when the choral stars song forth.
Their jubilee throughout th' eternal arc,
Still heaves the desolate occan of the North;
Still oer its waters broods primeval dark,
Mysterious twilight throbbing with the chime
of constellations ringing our the march of Time. Perchance the hero of the British isle, Much wept, much sought for, slumbers on the His faithful comrades by his side; the while For noble hearts that perished at their post. The dreary winds sweep o'er the angry surge, ly, what a sepulchre for hero's head!

Ay, want a separative for new 8 nears.
The stars, undying links, light up his tomb,
Majestic bergs, like angels, watch the dead,
And ever upwards through the polar gloom
Most solemu and sublime the wild wind rolls.
The grand cathedral hymn for the departed souls.

Melly's Nose.

NELLY and I stood by the brook-the brook that ran like a zigzag stripe of silver through a shrubby meadow; flushing red and gold in the early autumn. The glow of sun-set drifted like a crimson mist over Nelly's white robe, and as she turned her head towards me, I saw that the ivory of her throat was stained by the same pink light. Her straw hat swung by its broad green ribbons from her arm, and the heavy braids of her soft brown hir, falling over the little comb of wrought silver that was almost too slight to confine them, dropped their rippling lengths upon her shoulders.

Ah, my lover's heart, beating, high with ove and tenderness, called Nelly beautiful, though I knew all the while that no eyes but partial ones would ever have seen her so.-Her features had no air of chiseled regularity-her complexion, though fair, was pale-her white forehead was quite too full and high for feminine beauty. Her mouth was no rosebud—its soft crimson curve was not dainty enough for that. But her eyes had something in their depths that reminded me of the flowing of the clear, bright waters at our feet; a sunny sparkle and a shadowy our feet; a sunny sparkle and a shadowy ing path that led to her home.

darkness, that sometimes poured their full I knew the bettle was more than half won, or less than stars imprisoned in little rings x azure. The hair drooping back in heavy curves from the whiteness of her full fore head, had a tint like the under side of a robn's wing. The slightest possible flush ofnded oval of her olor lay always on the rou cheeks-a color at once so faint and so fresh voulcould think of nothing but apple blos-

soul while watching it come and go upon ber face. Her slender figure had a mellow grace in every outline-her-but what's the senf going any further? I might carry my iescription forward forever, dear reader, and ion would never see her as I saw her the by the brookside-standing so near me that he hem of her fluttering, garments, touched my font-the reflected light of the blood-red unset pouring over her like a rosy baptism. had been taiking about-aboutardly like to tell what, the subject was is stry singular and unromantic for a pair of overs to be discussing-about noses. Some hing suggested the topic, and we were soo deep in a merry controversy upon the re pective merits of the different styles of th diactory organs distributed among the his man family. Long noses, short nosesstraight noses and crooked noses—flat nose

and humped noses-thin noses, and thick noses-moses big and noses little-hooked coses and pug noses-all came under ou Now Nelly's Nose, be it known, had just he daintiest idea in the world of aspiring kyward-scarcely enough to be perceptible -but just sufficiently to give an arch, pi-

quant expression to her face. I told her of t jocosely. Goodness gracious, the tempest raised! [Moral.-Never joke with a woman about

her looks. The dickens may be to pay if vou do.1 You will notice that I have departed from

the stereotyped method of story-writers, and thrown my moral in at the commencement. am not accustomed to give any such in structive turn to my articles, and was afraid should forget it. Well, Nelly resented it. Although I had

not thought to offend, the flushed face, the I shall at least learn in what estimation my pouting lips—the indignant sparkle of the gifts are held. That will be some advan illating eyes, showed me that Nelly was not | tage.' only wonder-struck, but provoked at my im-

She avowed that her nose didn't turn up a particle—that nobody had ever insinuated such a thing before that her nose was not tide; and we both watched it with a sort of any worse looking than some other folks's sympathetic fascination till it rettled, a tiny lowes she had seen in her life. (I knew by gold speck, on the pebbly bottom of the the way in which she glanced at mine-Roman on the largest scale—that that shaft was aimed at me.) She said her nose was decidedly a Grecian, as anyone with half an eve might see-that Ned Hinton had said so (Ned Hinton was a sort of a rival of mine hated him and she knew it)-that if couldn't get anything better to do than to find fault with other people's looks, she sho'd advise me to go where folks relished such meddling impertinence better than she did. How long her pretty red mouth could have discharged such an englacken torrent of indignant words, I don't know, for I inter-

rupted ber gently : " "But, Nelly, my dear-" "You needn't call me your dear ! I won't be deared by any nuch great, cross, disagree able man! My nose turn up, indeed! I tell you it's straight as an arrow,"

"Why, Nelly, I know it's only just the slightest bit in the world—the merest triflebut there is no denying that it does turn-" A great wide open flash of Nelly's blue eyes checked the sentence. She turned her back to me in a buff, shrugging her shoulders

bubbles of fire upon its bosom. hand coaxing upon her arm. She shook it

ered gently down to the brook. Nelly tempt was a failure. naintained a frigid silence.

"I didn't say it was, Nelly." " You did!"

"I didn't!"

" You did !".

"I didn't!" Words ran high. It was a regular outnd-out lovers' quarrel. Nelly looked up as hough she had a good mind to bite me, and —ungallant fellow—it I could have acted my pleasure, would have shaken the little antalizing witch half out of her senses. A blank silence of many minutes fol-

owed. Nelly twisted her hat ribbons off on her slender lingers; while I, confused and irritated, fumbled away at my vest pocket. As luck would have it, my fingers came in contact with a folded, paper, and a sudden flash of recollection, forgiveness, and delight, down upon her dripping shoulders. Then thrilled over me at the touch. In at was a the air trembled with the merriest, most deing. A ring I had bought for Nelly that very day. I had forgotten to give it to her pefore; but now I would make a peace-offering with it, I thought > 1 drew it quickly from its resting place, and unwrapped it carefully. Nelly caught sight of it as the light glimmered on it. Her head was averted in-

"Come, Nelly," said I, reaching out my hand," where's the use of quarreling? Let us be friends." The averted face was turned towards me

trifle-that was all. "See, I have something for you, Nelly.

Will you accept it?" The head moved another trifle. I saw her steal a sidelong look from under her lashes at the ring, and a ghost of a smile rippled across the redness of her exquisite lips, as I crowded the fairy circlet on the end of my little finger, and extended it towards her .--Then she gave her head a haughty toss, as much as to say she would not be conquered so easily drew down her features into un expression of the most profound indifference and yawning with a pretty affectation of weariness, looked innocently up the brown wind-

radiance upon me from under the fringed and with a quick, daring motion, caught one shelter of their lifted lids, quite dazzled me of her hands, and prisoned it in my grasp here was a short struggle-a little burst of sughter that would come, in spite of her eforts to restrain it, and then I released her. The ring was glittering on one of her taper ingers like a thread of sunshine. She did not thank me, but stood coodettishly silent. er head tipped very archly on one side, the abite lids drooping till their lasbes darkened her checks. A bashful color drifted into her ace—a smile half pleased, half pettish, prooked her mouth, and she drew the slender rolden circlet backward and forward upon ier tinger with a childish air of uncertainty,

ovness, and embarrassment. All at once she looked up into my face pened her blue eyes to a dazzling width and rching her brows with a coaxing, aggriced nanner, peculiarly her own. Then she stole s intle soft hand forward, and dropped it with a sly, fluttering motion, like the fall of white dove's wing, upon my arm.

" My nove doesn't turn op, does it, Chellie Say no, there's a dear, good boy." Chellie was a pet name she had given cause, as she said; Chester was so hard to speak, and Chet was a disagreeable nick-

"Really, Nelly, I can't tell a fib to Your nose is just the sweetest, prettiest dear est little nose in all Christendom-I think so truly-but, for all that, I must say that it has slight, a very slight --- but what the deuce Why need you get so angry about

She had snatched her hand from my while I was speaking, and a quick rush of angry blood suffused her face as I finished. Here, take back your old ring, you hateful, cross creature! I won't wear it!" she drew it off with a gesture of proud disdain, reached it towards me. "Take it, I say," she added, with a stamp of her slippered foot, seeing I made no movement to

ccept it, " or else l'Il-" She held it threatningly over the brook. "Very well, Miss. It is yours to do what you like with." I folded my arms haughtly, for I had my share of pride as well as she and she had roused it. "There is no great loss, I have heard, without some small gain.

A scornful movement of Nelly's arm was my answer. The ring fell into the dimpled

water. There was a bubbling sound as it wound slowly downward through the silver brook. The waters were shallow, and a single dip of my arm might have saved it.-But I would have scorned to act so boyishly: I was thoroughly angry, and drawing myself proudly up, I stalked away with the air of an insulted emperor. Not before I saw the rapid cloud that passed over Nelly's face however. I carried that with me for a tri umph and a consolation. Strange as it may seem. I had not walked

half a dozen rode, before my wrath was en-tirely dissipated. I loved Nelly Heath to distraction, and Nelly Heath loved me.-Why should I take such child's play to heart? Were we not engaged lovers, and was not that the first difference we had ever known Should I let a moment's anger conquer years f live ! If I wouldn't hour with her on quetries and peevishness once, was I fitted r the relation I soon hoped to hold towards her? I was ashumed of myself, and turned to retrace my steps, vowing, as I did so, with a rush of lover-like tenderness, to reconcile her in spite of herself. But I thought I would give her a surprise

angrily, and tearing with a little defiant mo my sudden and angry departure had affected tion the scarlet leaves from a bush that grow her. So I stole back noiselessly by a round-beside her—tossing them upon the brook, about path, dropped down quietly behind the and, watching them as they floated away, like very bush from which she had torn the leaves so petulantly a few moments before, I waited a few moments, and then laid my and pushing aside the branches, glanced

Jubilate! I could have hissed her with lelight. She knelt on the bank, one rounded She did not answer me—only flung a arm bared and dipped even to the curve of handful of the flame-colored leaves upon the her polished shoulder, in the brook, over water, and set her dainty lies together as she which she was leaning eagerly. She was try-did it. "Nelly!"

Another little cloud of hery foliage flut- water, was all too short for she task-her at-

"What a ridiculous little goosey I am," "Nelly Heath, you are a little vixen!"

"And you, Chester Milt, are a great unannerly stupid! My nose is no more of a me! But, any way, he oughtn't to have said so shout my nose." Here she threw berself back with a pant of exhaustion. "I'm sure it don't turn up a bit, (she pouted, and with a disturbed smile, drew her hand doubt. fully over the questionable organ, flattering it with a comical gesture;) if I thought it did—I'd—I'd—but it don't."

And with this consoling exclamation, she returned to her task. In her eagerness, sho forgot to steady herself. The yielding turf gave way beneath hor weight, and with a faint cry, and a vain attempt to save herself, she fell forward into the water. Before I had time to rouse from my crouching posture she had struggled to zer knees, looking about with a glance that was made up of fright, chagrin, and mirth. She shook out her sat-unated bair, and a shower of pearls rained licious laughter that ever issued from human

I sprang up and confronted her. Her face reddened instantly, and she made an ineffect ual attempt to rise; but her long skirts (hoops were not yet come in fashion) were tangled in a clinging, unmanageable mass beneath her, and held her down.

At first she looked as if she hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; then the ludicrous ness of her situation recurred to her again and another musical trill of merriment rang through the mesdow. ... "Help me out, Chellie."

sfaction, and replied " No, Miss, you are on your knees to me

"No, Miss, you are on your knees to me time will permit. This journey I purpose now, and I mean to keep you there a while. making on foot—walking from school to Our positions are reversed from what they were a few moments ago. You must promise better fashions for the future, before help you." But, Chollie, my dear-"

"You needn't call me your dear, I won be deared by any such little shrew. "Do-do-help me-I shall drown. Chellie, do help me. "On one condition." " What is it ?"

She besitated, "I won't make any such promise. If you wasn't a monster you wouldn't stand there so coolly. I tell you I'll drown if you aren't

"You shall say yes to the next three ques-

"Do, dear. I should like to see you do it in two feet of water. " Chellie, dear, Chellie, Ishe said it with little grimuce,) i promise.

pug-a horrid pug?" No-l'il stay here forever before I yes to that," "All right, madam." And I turned to

is a pug, now, but it ever I get on dry land for usen this warrant me in decid "That won't do. Does your nose turn

"Yes, it is turning up at you this momon you obstinate old tyrant " Very well answered, Miss Nelly. Now

for the second question. Do you love me better than anybody else in the whole "Y-e-n-o-y-e-s! I'll pay you for this when i get able

"All right. And now for the third and last. Will you marry me in six weeks from to-day ?" son cheeks almost burned upon the water.-Then she looked up reproachfully.

" For shame, Chellie. But I was merciless. I had been tortured and tantalized and coquetted with enough. I would have my answer. "I suppose you don't like to give plump 'yes' for that. I'll be kind; if you think 'yes,' but can't say it, just put out

your arms to me, Nelly, dear." There was a struggle—I saw it daguerreo-typed in her face. Then, as if from a sudden, irresistible impulse, she made a loop of her white arms, and reached them up to my neck. I stooped put my head under her snowy yoke, threw one arm around her half sobbing, into my arms. "Now get the ring for me," she

struggling from my embrace. But the water is so riled, I can't see,

"Just try—that's a darling." I was willing to do almost anything oblige her just then. So I knelt down where she had knelt before me, and bent forward looking long and searchingly, into the disturbed waters. I could see nothing but the muddy waves. So I told her. Just then I lelt her two hands upon my shoulders a litlle, quick push, a merry laugh, a triumphant lapping of Nelly's rosy palms-and, reader, gracious knows how I hate to own it) I was oundering in the brook.

"I told you I'd have my revenge-I told ou-you monster! Now how do you feel ! My nose duesn't turn op-I don't love you better than anybody in the world, and I won't marry you till I get ready." And gather ing up her dripping skirts, she bounded AWSY.

A very demore little woman has less aid her nose ien't a pug-that it's purnly Grecian

up an giom. would see what she was doing-notice how I youder cradle. Adieu,

For the Independent Republican. Come to the Woods.

BY E. A. B. X. Come to the woods, to the woods away, For this is Nature's holiday. She hath put on her robe of green, Broidered with flowers of richest she Come to the woods, dear little child, With voice so sweet, and look so mild: Fond Nature's lap is spread for thee. Bound in, bound in with a sliout of glee!

Come to the woods, thou gentle maiden. Thy young heart with love thoughts laden Wouldst thou hidden tharms discover; Bring along thy proud boy-lover. He'll gaze into the violet blue, And say thine eyes have a brighter hue, He'll find the fair anemone, And call it fitting type of thee. Houstonias, like purest pearls,

He'll twine amid thy floating curls, The little, delicate speedwell, The secret of his heart shall tell. And thou wilt blush like the mountain plak, Such pleasant draughts of bliss to drink.

O the woods, the woods for love are meet, Then hie away to th' wild retreat! Ye sorrowing ones, who weeping gave The loved and loving to the grave, Come to the woods and solace find, O, learn that God is good and kind. For he who watched the germs of flowers

Through all the dreary mater haurs, Thy buried bads afresh will bring In the resurrection Spring. Sad child of poverty and woc. Come where the graceful lilies grow. And trust in him whose loving care Doth give each flower a robe so fair. Thou homeless one, thy lone heart bring Just where the little sparrows sing ! For He who gave to each a nest, Will bring thee to a home of rest.

Come ye who joy, and ye who grieve, Where th birds and breeze soft music weave, And read the lessons, read with care, By God's own finger written there.

For the Independent Republican

Staff-and-Satchel Lapers.

NUMBER ONE. THE work of the Spring of 1859 is finished. and the labor of school visitations is before me. Nearly or quite one thousand miles are I folded my arms with a grim smile of sat to be traveled and as many schools visited in the different districts of the County as school, and from town to town. I have chosen this method of

or several reasons: 1st. It is more convenient.

3d. It is more healthful; which is a con alderation not to be overlooked. Many man buries years of his life in a premature grave because he will not exercise his physical ical system as much as the laws of his being lemand. Or, in other words, to make still plainer, laziness has a strong tendency to kill men physically and intellectually and I might add morally, too, to: laziness. what the old Indian termed "original sin." There are other reasons that might be giv en why the mode I have chosen is preferable but I need not enumerate them here, as the mind of every sensible man will suggest enough of them, in addition to those I have

During my journeyings, I intend to take notes of what I see hour think of what othe ers think, or say, at least; if it is your pleasure, I will furnish such portions of them a may be thought'to be somewhat interesting to a share of your readers, for publication in Four Journal.

Of course, as would be inferred, I shall have something to say about Schools, Education. Teachers, &c. ; but I shall hardly consent to confine myself to these subjects alone. Agriculture reasonably claims a share of our stiention. Free Schools and Agriculture are ndeed the Joseph and Benjamin of our People, and he who now "sells the one into Egypt" shall one day have the satisfaction of bowing down to him, and of accompany ing the other in his search after Knowledge at Joseph's most bountiful treasury. One of my leading objects in writing these notes to aid in inspiring the young men of our county with an intelligent, enduring love for not only the theory but the practice of Agriculture—not such a love as the politician and demagague has for it, which is very sure to uste just previous to election; but that nobler jove which has root deep down in a christian neart, and which says, "Here is the true field of my mission—one that invites me to an active, a glorious, a triumphant manhood-one that shall crown my life with use fulness, with a consistent love for the welfare of mankind, and ardent, intelligent, christian worship of 'Him who doeth all things well." Such a love as that will have no culmination except the continual culmination of a glori-

I have a desire to do something towards orrecting the errodeous opinions entertained by some, that Education and Agriculture annot live in harmonious fellowship-that a good education is not necessary to an agriboth interests such views are, they would certainly allow a "change to come over the spirit of their dreams," they would no longer persist in the unnatural divorcement of Eng from Chang, but would allow these Siames I wins, whose true mission is mankind's elevation, to enjoy that life and growth in a harmonious union which neither can enjoy when

separated from the other.
But Ignorance leads on the crusade agains the marriage, declaring it to be an improper and unholy wedlock, that the husband is a fop, a drone, a non-producer, and, withal, an aristocrat, while the wife, is an industrious, unlearned, faithful, and, voluntary slave to It the best interests of mankind. Well, there is no opinion without its re

the ears. Oh, mercy! how she pulle! She con; (do not mistake prejution for obtained) says I must tell you my dear renders, that and the opinion that equation tends to weak. ness, laziness, arrogance, and pride, is not

education has tended to such results, or that such was the object of that which has; but that the practical results have been, in far too many instances, as above indicated, can not be, it seems to me, successfully denied, and what, upon first thought, seems still more paradoxical than almost anything else, is, that a large portion of those farmers sons who receive a somewhat liberal education are the victims of this unwise and ruinous policy. I have often known professional and other men to wonder how young men can leave the farm and a pleasant home to seek their fortunes in the already over-crowded professions—how they can expect to find satisfaction and joy in a life which has allorded them little but disappointment and regret; and they learn finally to look upon it is the sad, yet almost certain fatality of a carriously hidden Fate. And still the young men rush sad, yet almost certain fatality of a carriously hidden Fate. And still the young men rush on, and from the proper stand point in life, leisure hours. Let parents, their farnish cond books and names for their children.

who follow them.

I listories, Biographies, and Newspapers, (not lines early rulnous to the best in cating children away from home could be in little inclined to look at the causes which produce such results. We seem attisfied useful to all concerned with knowing of the results only, when the

A youth fifteen years of age, the sou of a county may tend much toward the first joyous, and best years of his life tening us on in so important a work as the in what he considers the dull routine of the proper education of our youth.

I hope to be able, next, week, to take your A youth fifteen years of age, the son of a planted, picked stones and brash, and washed heep; in Summer he was confined to hoe-

ing haying, harvesting, and an occasional our narrow vales; half day or night at fishing; in Autumn he gathered apples, cut corn and husked it, dug give my attention. occasional husking and apple-cut. He arose early in the morning the whole season through, at the well known signal invariably given by the father, "Come John—time to get up," and milking morning and evening, together with other chores, filled the interstices of many a toil some day.

During the winter season he attended the district school" for three months, and went never dreamed of their beauties till he perused them in the years of his manhood) and

his parents innocently supposed that their son And so he was; but which educated him the most efficiently, the "keeping" inside of it? All who have had experience of this kind can answer the question for themselves. What has really been the work of the schoolroom? He has learned the "fore and back part of the Spelling Book, has been as fir as, "Reduction" in Duboll, for four or

five successive Winters, and can 5 do the sums" inside the book much more readily than any outside of it, even if they are of similar nature: the for illustration his father wishes to know the value of seventy-five oushels of wheat, worth ten shillings a el;) he has learned to write a little, and can call words with tolerable fluency, (the mean ing of one half of which he does not understand,) which is, with almost unbounded presumption, termed reading; all this, together with a little "I graphy," as he terms it, and a very harmless, (?) " coarse print" smat tering of the Grammar book (instead of Grammar.) completes his very useful "district

Now can you see anything in this picture my friends, which would induce the intelli rent farmer, after years of unremitting toil have generously showered upon him the bles sings of an overflowing Cornucopia, to send his son to "the Academy," that he may obtain there what has really been denied him at home? And what is the result of sending him there? Does he study the branches the has failed to understand in the primary school? Not by any means. Algebra, Ge ometry, Philosophy, Astronomy, Latin, and Greek are there brought in to aid in trying to cover up with a kind of would be scholar polish all the palpable and glaring defects arising from the lack of an elementary educa-

But is this all that has befallen the recen ly fledged youth in his essay at academical expansion?" When he returns home from the "Academy," the innocent and wondering fother learns that his son has indeed forgo ten how to "do chores," and that "delicate hands" are not at all compatible with too great a familiarity with oak plow-handles and, in fact, also, that " plowing and hoeing and milking and mowing are very ungentle-manly exercises at best, and can only be extay 'education' The father soon discovers that he retains ling, and malodious as they are their strong-

to him yet. So during the next vacation he be a bachelor or an old maid because one is

"young man" stands by coolly contemplate whose intellectual force is too powerful for ing the condition of those who are "obliged the vital, as if thought and feeling were. to work for a living;" his hands are in his draining the secret fountains of life. He is pockets and a cigar in his mount; the latter pale and thin, with a dark, burning eye set being the ornamental part of his academic education.) He speaks meeringly of the His expression is said, rather than passionate, "Old Homestead;" and says " he would not and his mouth tooks at if it would wrong it take it as a gift, and be obliged to live on it; self, when it said flored instead of tender and thinks that nothing but the ignorant sim; things. He dresses in Quaker garb, and plicity of the Hold man" could have prompt

ed with a thought. He did said to act Oh, how changed I reliabor upon the farm is no longer honorable -- not even respectable. style. Well, so be it her note dorn't turn without its reason. It is a lamentable fact in the eyes of that "educated" (!) son. The that a large portion of the educational force father pines in silent sidhest over the turn P.S. She hat your (in confidence to the employed in this and other countries has been affairs have taken and the old fogles" the resider.) Her note it a pury. I swear it by engaged not in training how to labor but in knowing once in the neighborhood—those younder cradle. Adieu. teaching how to get rid of labor, that it is who are going to give whater bord, applicable

thing better than "edication"—give them some land—they all shake their heads, and mutter to themselves and whisper to their better halves," "I thought it would tirm out so—how toolish Mr. Stokes was to send his bey to the "Cademy"—and they finally go off into various reflections and remarks upon the condition of the country, and eventually come to the very wise and reliberate donclusion that "this larnin business will be the ruinstion of it yet."

the ruination of it yet."

Now there is a possibility that a youth that is a victim to such a cruel policy of education, may, in after years, by a fortunate change in all his babits, of thought become ensible, and useful to himself and others, but the chances appear to the decidedly against him. He finds himself at the age of twenty-one thrown out upon a world of which he knows but little, with false and vismore honorable to "live by your brains ionary ideas of the and its purposes, unqualisation," or by your want of them, than the pursue some useful agricultural or me chanical pursuit which shall demand of you a share of manual labor—sctual labor with the hands. I do not say that all our ideas in the control of the same of the same of the control of the control of the same of the control of the con

turn and in the same way wonder at those good books and papers for their children-

terests of the country. And all will agree rendering efficient the public schools, then, that it is much easier to discover the fact instead of sending the children off to school" than to remedy the evil. But we are too the schools would be brought to the children,

causes should principally engage our latter dicate what I believe to be some of the tion. If the stream is bitter-look to the foun- means necessary to be smployed in bringing about such a result. In some parts of our Let us sketch a picture which nearly all country, the people are earnestly at work in the right way, and a careful consideration of the subject by the earnest and thinking men

readers on a journey with me over some of our "everlasting hills," and down some of our narrow vales, and to the preparations necessary to execute that purpose I must now

Man's Ignorance of Nature.

Ir is a just complaint against civilization, as that word is at present defined, and especially against life in cities, that men are thereby shut out, or rather shut in, from sources of sensation the most pure and healthy of any. That people should know something of the aspects of the earth they live on; that lst. It is more convenient.

2d. It gives me a better opportunity of mingling with the people of neighborhoods through which I pass—there being a feeling in almost every man's mind which leads him, instinctively, to extend his sympathies and instinctively, to extend his sympathies and instinctively, to extend his sympathies and instinctively. instinctively, to extend his sympathies and attachments to one who is "plodding his wese ry way," sooner than to one who chooses the lish Reader, or "Hale's History of the Unit existence. But, a large portion of markind and strategy was learned to be forever a part of the more privilege of the more privileg the one band, in their cares against starystion, and, on the other, in their devices artificial comfort, men have ceased to regard with the same true intimacy as of old, the the most efficiently, the "keeping" inside of venerable face of their ancient mother. Certhe school house, or the training outside of tain great admonitions of the outward, indeed, will always remain with men wheresoever they pass their days-the overarching the yellow cornfield, the wooded landscape, And, after all, these are the images of nature that have most power to stir and affect us these, of which not even cities can deprive us. But of the rural minutine of nature, and also of what may be called her aspects of the horrible and lunesome, most of us, above all if we are denizens of cities, are compelled to e ignorant. Very lew, for example, can tell names of the various forest trees, or disinguish them from each other; and fewer. still can recognize, either by name or association, the various wild flowers that grow in he meadows. How much also of sympathy with nature have we not lost hy not know. ing, with the shepherd or husbandman, the lons of the weather-what the clouds when they hurry so what mean these tions of the cattle, and why the mists roll down the hills? And then, who among us xperience, save by rare chance, the realities of those scenes so telling in books of fiction the dark and solitary moor, with the light glimmering in the distance; the fearful biv-ouac in the depths of a wood; or the incessant breaking of the waves at midnight against the cliff-embattled shore? In

A PERSON who saw John G. Whittier, the

North British Review.

ingle ride from Ayr to Alloway Kirk, (we

agree with a writer in an old magazine,) the

immortal Tam saw more, even omitting the

Quaker poet of Amesbury, Mass, at the

witches, than most of us see in a lifetime.

friends' Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia, reently, thus describes him to As most people know, Whittier is not a nan of the world. He is not fond of what, in common parlance, is called "society." He lives in retired and simple fashion; with younger sister, who, like himself, is unmarried. This sister is endowed with genius as well as her brother, Like all bachelors. Whittier has his love story. You have only to read his poems to conclude that his heart Than not always best by rule. Tender, touchhis son not as a producer but as a consumer out characteristic is the profound; and; into heart life which they breathe. I say this in But he can not believe his son wholly lost defeace of Whittier's bachelor estate, for to talks to him of staying at home, and having too rigid to be snything else, is an unmit-the old "Homestead," and being the staff of gated disgrace. Whittier, looks olden and his father's declining years.

The old man is building wall, and the inder the arch of a high, white forehead.things: "He dresses in Quaker garb, and says "Thee" and "Thou." I can feet as I

> Of all the sad words of tongue or pen. The saddest are these, It Hight Have Been. Oh, well for us all some sweet loops lies. Deeply hillion from libitish eyes And to the Herester tingels have best and sel Roll the stone from its grave avantoble the

gate opon his face, that he said from his very