The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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Miscellaneous.

JESSY.

A TALE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

The Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it at the present day. Gone are the places and gardens which, from Whitefriars to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six-oared canopied barge has given way to the smoky steamboat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, 'is gone,' and the spirit of romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gaseous and 'tortured stream;' in a word, everything has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility.

Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sigh, so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant, gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress. Love assignations were made there. The high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; the woman's silver voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unvexed and transparent bosom the the "gentle Father Thames."

The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge, which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre, on the Bank-side, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, had closed its doors, when an individual, who had lately stood within the walls of that temple of Thespis, proceeded to the nearest stairs, and springing into his wherry, rowed leisurely out into the stream.

The gallant whom we are about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratic class; yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped; that lofty forehead spake of intellectual superiority; the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast, through the mind's abstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's soul; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines, and gave to his physiognomy an expression of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the humor that lurked around the thin lipped, handsome mouth; the jetty beard was short and peaked; conical hat, with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest broad cloth; his ruffles were of rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford on Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days, and, if we may be allowed the metaphor, the aloe of his renown had began to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries. Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But at this period of his life, the Bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshipping phantasy: Petrarch and his platonics afforded nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that will enthrall ordinary men. Love for an object, warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fire in his heart. Cold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy, to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings—this sweet palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love-vows, and to press the lily hand of his sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was the daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was an usurer and jeweler, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge. It was just above the third arch from the city side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his water works, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him—his money and his daughter. From her extreme loveliness, Jessy had obtained the soubriquet of the "Beauty of London Bridge." Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was deaf to each overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed, since, from principle, as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatizes as the false Messiah. Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible, a stiffer part than a Virginius, he would have strangled his only and beloved child, ere he seen her polluted by an union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes, having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide, projecting starling. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above; but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber which opened upon a small balcony; and thence by herself down into the arms of the enamored poet.

Shakspeare resigned his sculls to his young attendant, who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapped in a velvet mantel, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heavens, spangled with stars, and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on—soft light above, murmuring waters around—conversing in tremolous whispers, and experiencing in those stolen moments of reciprocated affection all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this severed existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly they had met, and breathed their vows of faith, and in each other's presence had forgotten the world and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should discover her armour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling, and heaping curses on the Christians.

"If thou dost love me," said Shakspeare, pressing the maiden's hand, "thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one, who, harsh, bigoted and cruel, is unworthy ty call thee daughter. Jessy! dear one, fond one, true one! flee with me this night; I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and, in return, thy love shall be my paradise."

"Not yet," said the girl timidly, "I will pray to him—I will strive to bend his will—and, perhaps, he will relent. Moreover, harsh though he be, I love my father, and would not desert him in his old age."

"Sweet one, distress not thyself—be true to thy vow—continue to love me, as I worship thee, and, whatever betide, I shall be happy."

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge.

As they approached the bridge, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man standing on the broad starling beneath the Jew's residence.

"It is only a waterman, love; there, he is gone; he has sprang, I doubt not, into his boat."

Jessy trembled but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the individual named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry; the starling was damp through the splashing of the tide, and he threw his rich doublet on the wood-work for the girl to step upon.

"Farewell, love, forget me not," whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's fair forehead; but at that instant Shakspeare started, for he felt his arm seized and compressed as in a vice by a sinewy hand, while words like the following were hissed in his ear:

"Christian! dog! hell-hound! have I found thee?"

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him; and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray through the granite arch, he recognized the father of his Jessy! His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew was so convulsed by the passion that raged within him, that, for some minutes, he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover; the former taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and beseeched him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words.

"Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thou reproach to thy father! or I shall slay thee!"

The girl, shuddering and overawed, crept to the little balcony, and in a few minutes disappeared. The Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution; his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdine a long dagger, he dashed forward, exclaiming:

"Unbeliever! contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor of our race! it will be no crime to send thee now to that hell whither thou would'st but go at last!"

"The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast, but the next moment he had snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

"Old man, I woo thy daughter honorably.

"Son of Belial! even thy honorable love would be infamy! But my dagger is gone—can I have no revenge!"

With the quickness of thought he mounted to the balcony that projected over the starling and drew the ladder, by which he had ascended, after him. Shakspeare although he divined not what the Hebrew's motive might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy; then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night. The father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames; Jessy's sleeping-room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shouted to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

"Curses on thee and thy paramour!" exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forth his struggling child; "thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace upon my name."

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed; he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her, the guiltless one. He dived where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly, that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonized swimmer reached her at length, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

"Jessy! my own Jessy!" cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and printing a kiss on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair ams dropped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer!—he thought only of the destroyed. In desperation he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved abortive. The light of life was quenched; the late warm heart would throb with passion no more; and the sweet flower which had bloomed on the arid soil of the desert, was plucked, by death, in the spring time of its brightness and fragrance.

The Bard of Avon knelt at the tomb of the once lovely Jessy. His poetic fancy heard her gentle voice in every passing wind; and the flowers that decked her turf seemed to breathe the perfume of her sigh. In after time, when grief for her whom he had loved softened into a hallowed worship, he embalmed her memory in imperishable verse. Yes, the Jessy of Old London Bridge—and let none harshly gainsay our assertion—is the sweet Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice"—and her diabolical father is the avaricious, unrelenting Shylock.

☞ An old woman praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermon of a certain Rev. Dandydeck, who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. The suspicions of her suitor were a little roused, and she ventured to propose a question to her—

"Well, Jenny, do you understand him?"

"Understand him?" holding up her hands in astonishment at the question; "me understand him! would I have the presumption?"

☞ A facetious fellow, being very anxious for the acquisition of Cuba, says he is willing to help pay for it, to help fight for it, and, if that won't do, he'll go for it according to law.

☞ Keep cool, *more* cool, more cool yet.

WHO THE DEUCE WAS IT?—Brown tells us a Vermont story which, he says, is as authentic as the best of the *Post* anecdotes, and, certainly nothing more can be required. A respectable gentleman in Windsor county, many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character, and every way good enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was in fact the most unpopular man in the town. Going to 'Squire X., an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his plans before him, and asked his influence; saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X.'s influence he was sure to be elected. The 'Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man; but when the ballot-box was turned, another man was declared elected. The disappointed man called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that *he* had got just *three votes!* "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the 'Squire with a chopfallen countenance. "Nor *I* either," said the 'Squire, "*I* put in my vote; *you* put in another; but who the d——l put in the third is more than I can imagine!"—*Boston Post.*

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Many years ago I remember of a young man leaving his paternal roof to look out for himself. On the eve of quitting his native village, his father placed a roll of bank notes in his hand, with the following advice:

"Josiah, you are now about to go out into the wide world, where it's a good deal wider than 'tis here, and no fence round it, neither. Take them bills, and mind ye keep yer fingers onto 'em tight, for the wind's mighty apt to blow 'em where you'll never see 'em again. You hain't got a hard finish edication, but I tell you, Josiah, common-school learning is jist as good as the hard finish, if you only know how to handle it. Don't swear, don't throw the dips—don't play keards—don't hang about taverns—but yer may chew terbarker some, 'cause yer dad does. Don't cheat anybody who can't afford to stand it; them as can, you may put the hard finish onto as thick as you like. Keep a stiff upper lip, Josiah, and don't let anybody impose on ye. If they do, just you bring out them hard finish licks what yer old dad has guv yer for a 'heritance!"

SNORING.—A Western statesman in one of his tours in the far West, stopped all night at a house where he was put in the same room with a number of strangers. He was very much annoyed by the snoring of two persons. The black boy of the hotel entered the room, when our narrator said to him:

"Ben, I will give you five dollars if you will kill that man next to me who snores so dreadfully!"

"Can't kill him for five dollars, but if massa will advance the price, I'll try what I can do."

By this time the stranger ceased his nasal fury. The other was now to be quieted. So stepping up to him, he awoke him, and said:

"My friend, (he knew who he was) you're talking in your sleep, and are exposing all the secrets of the Brandon Bank; (he was a director;) you had better be careful."

He was careful, for he did not go to sleep that night.

PRINTING OFFICES.—When Dr. Franklin's mother in law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support on the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15,067.

☞ Judge Moore, who many years ago presided in the courts of several western counties of Pennsylvania, was frequently finding fault with the lawyers for bringing unimportant suits in his courts.

On one occasion he thus sharply addressed the plaintiff's counsel, a young and hopeful limb of the law:

"Mr. R., why did you bring this suit to our court? Why did you not leave it out to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?"

"Your honor," replied R., "I prefered that honest men shouldn't try it."

WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.—In answer to the question, "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint calculates as follows:

"The weight of one million of dollars of United States currency in gold is 53,750 troy ounces. This makes 4479 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 lbs only to each ton. As weighty as this is we have no doubt that, if the amount were offered to anybody who should lift it, there would be enough persons found ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

DOMESTIC DISEASE.—A couple (not long married) where contending about what should be the name of their first and only child.

"William, my dear, I want to name him Peter."

"Oh! no, my love; I don't like Peter—he denied his Master. Let us call him Joseph."

"Why, William, I can't bear Joseph—he denied his mistress."

THE DEVIL.—A speaker in a meeting, not long since, enlarged upon the rascalities of the devil, hit off the following pithy words:

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

☞ It is better to hug a pretty girl than a bare illusion, says an exchange. Of course it is, for a pretty girl will return the compliment, and the illusion will not.

☞ Dr. Syntax is of opinion that in Cuba the heat of the weather must be greatly modified after the introduction of so many Spaniards.

Agricultural.

Cultivate the Farmer, as well as the Farm.

What Manure shall I buy?

This is not so essential a question with Western cultivators, where there is an abundance of rich organic matter in a virgin soil, though, as we have already shown, and shall still further show, it behooves those having even the best of soils to husband the wealth already in their land, instead of wasting it and thus impoverishing their estates. But in all the older States, and in the newer regions where the soil is only moderately good, the preservation as well as the procuring of manures is a matter of the utmost importance. Scarcely a day passes during the entire year, in which we are not asked by a greater or less number of persons: "Which one of the many fertilizers offered in market—all backed up by abundant certificates—would you advise me to buy?"

On this point we are somewhat radical, and consequently not in very good odor with the manufacturers and sellers of artificial manures, who, as will be seen, generally steer pretty clear of our advertising columns. We know also, that our views do not accord with those of the great mass of so-called "scientific writers," but having devoted, perhaps, quite as much time and expense as most of them, both on the farm and in the laboratory, to the careful investigation of this subject, we must adhere to our own views on the matter, unless they can be shown to be erroneous.

Our invariable rule is, to inquire of any new fertilizer, first, how much organic matter does it contain; that is, how great a proportion is its animal or vegetable material? Second, how nearly does the organic matter approach, in its composition, to lean flesh; or, in other words, how much nitrogen does it contain. Others lay great stress upon the phosphates and other mineral matters, while we attach comparatively little value to these, for reasons formerly set forth and to be discussed hereafter.

Juding by these rules, we rank first, *finely ground unburned* bones, not those merely broken—we buy nothing else, except for fruit trees or vines, when those well broken are good.

Next, we rank genuine Peruvian guano—but no other kind, however high standing a name it may bear.

Of course, substances resembling the above named two, are good; such as blood, flesh, wool, hair, fish, solid and liquid excrements of human and other animals, when these substances are not mixed up with too great a quantity of worthless materials, as is often the case when they are put up for market. But of this subject more hereafter.—*American Agr.*

Economical Hints.

1. Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. Your tools, your woodshed, or in a little room at one end of your barn. There are many small jobs in the course of a year, which any man of common ingenuity can do as well as a professed carpenter. And there are many rainy days and "odd spells" when these jobs can be done. And how much running to the village, and how much waiting and patience this would save.

2. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Those tools—why should they be laying around, the auger here, the jack-plane there, and the saw yonder, and the adz and screw driver nowhere? Don't put away a shovel, hoe, spade or any implement without cleaning it. This may seem needless care, but in the long run it is a saving of time and money. Rust, corrodes and weakens the best made tool. There are men who leave their plow standing in the furrow, or lying beside of the fence from one year to another. And the bran new scythe is often left dangling from the crotch of an apple-tree month after month. Hear what a sensible farmer says:

"Drive in stout pins to hang your yokes upon, nail strips of board from joist to joist, to hang chains upon, make a rack overhead for pitch-forks, rakes, turning stick," &c.

To all which we respond—so let it be!

Keeping Cabbagos.

There are a variety of good methods of keeping them for family use. Storing them in the house cellar is the worst. It is always too warm for them, the outer leaves drop off, they crack open and rot, making an unpleasant odor from cellar to garret; Better throw litter over them and let them stand in the garden than to do this.

When you want to keep them only a few weeks the heads may be cut off and put in a common flour barrel, sunk half way in the earth. The top of the barrel should be kept as closely covered as possible to prevent changes in the temperature inside. The heads will bear a very hard freezing if the frost is drawn out gradually.

The best method on the whole, is heeling them in, on the north side of a fence or building, where they will have as little sun as possible.

Dig a trench a foot deep by the fence, the length proportioned to the number of cabbage you desire to store. Put in the cabbage and cover roots and stumps with earth, making a second trench for a second row of heads, and so on, until the whole is finished. The nearer square they are left, the less it will take to cover them. Place rails or small poles over them, so that they will not rest on the heads, and cover with any old straw or litter a foot deep. In mild weather ventilate. By removing the litter you can always get at the heads and remove few or many as suits your convenience. Some market gardners in this way keep their cabbages until April.—*American Agr.*

Keeping Winter Apples.

A Dutchess county correspondent, Mr. S. T. Belding, of Dover Plains, writes to the N. Y. Post: "I have found by experience that the best way of saving winter apples is to pack them in layers with rye or wheat straw. Oat straw should never be used, as it is apt to collect dampness. Rye or wheat straw has this effect, that if an apple becomes rotten, it absorbs the moisture, leaving the apple fit to remove without any soft rot." Mr. Belding's apples deserve the best methods of keeping, for they are very large and fine, and attest the fertility of the region in which they are produced, as well as the care of cultivation.—*New York Post.*

ADDRESS;

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL

—BY—

R. B. LITTLE, Esq.,

On Tuesday, Nov. 9th.

"Incentives to Youthful Culture."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: "Knowledge is power." Mankind, by universal consent, have laid this away as an axiom,—a postulate. Still the power of this truth is never fully appreciated. By the side of this fact, place this other one,—that, ever since the curse fell upon Adam, human society has been divided by great walls of caste, separated in classes, between whom exists mutual repulsion, non-sympathy and aversion. The law of brotherhood is broken, and man sees an enemy in his fellow-man. The world's history, thro' all her blood-stained pages, vouchsafes to despairing philanthropy not one exception to this lamented order of being. Against it philosophy and religion have written and spoken in vain. In some of the alternations of power, incident to this eternal clash between the privileged and unprivileged classes, hope has sometimes dawned upon the world, but only to be extinguished by the next wave of revolution, and leave her wrapped in deeper gloom. The lower strata of ignorance and toil with its immense physical power has muttered, and surged, and upheaved, in vain,—monopolized wealth and learning would still rise to the surface and bask alone in the air and sun, as soon as the storm passed and the convulsion rested. Shall the surface of life be never planed, and mankind stand upon one level? Through all the vistas of time, the burdened breeze wafts to our ears the sigh, "never, never." Man turns away from this imagined law, and asks for submission, patience and consolation. Philosophy tells him that happiness is very equally apportioned between the high and low, and religion points him to a higher state of being, where, with amended natures and improved faculties, the vain distinctions of this world will no longer exist.

Discouraging then as the effort may seem, may we not inquire after the cause of this condition, and so apply the remedy. If this order were God-made, then submission is virtue, but if it be man-made, then haste to unmake it. God's law is "brotherhood"—I love the word—it means human equality. Distinctions of wealth are not the cause, because they are trifling, changing and transient, besides, they depend very much upon distinctions of mind and knowledge. The rich have been educated, and hence they retained a mystic power over poverty, toil and ignorance. Disparity of condition always attends disparity of knowledge. These are power. Infuse into the lower conditions of life the same knowledge that pervades the superior strata, and you need no convulsion to confound them together,—they will, "like kindred drops, mingle into one." It is the fusing power in life's laboratory,—the alkahest that is to transform the world!

Think you, my friends, if every slave was a Fred Douglass in knowledge, all the chains ever forged in all the furnaces of earth, or hell, would retain them in bondage? Then, as you can't bring knowledge down, any more than you can pluck its brightness from the sun, the remedy is to raise ignorance up. The grandest results usually spring from causes that appear simple. It would be interesting, if I had time, to illustrate this.

But I pass at once to the remedy, which you have already anticipated,—it is *a system of free education.* It is the banner that streams in light, the music of universal brotherhood, the song of peace on earth, very like that chanted by angels! The Common School planted at every man's door, that educates alike the children of the poor and rich, that raises up Democracy of mind, that uplevels the world! This new principle, just discovered after ages of groping in darkness; that the money of the country shall educate the minds of the country, will prove the great antidote to the ills of human society, the lever that shall lift man out of his darkness, nearer to God.

Again, this subject appeals to youth, the forming period of life, the seed-time of the soul. Joyous, happy youth! How little do you realize what out-reaching consequences are to protract themselves into the future, from the head-springs of life! In your brief, sunny days, you enwrap a destiny! The thought staggers me. Be sure your harvest will be according to your sowing, in this your spring-time. Be sure that something will be implanted then. Guard your youth. Age may be listless, wayward, and yet recover, but the errors of youth grave themselves imperishably upon the soul. A young spirit, blotted, marred, perverted, is a wreck over which angels might weep. Compared with this, every other ruin is insignificant and trifling. Oh, there is a deep meaning in the Divine injunction,—"remember thy brother in the days of thy youth."

The trouble is that the young imagine they can reclaim, in the strength of age, the vices of youth, and that in the sober twilight of evening, they may atone for the mis-deeds of the morning. Vain delusion! Can you exorcise the past, or pass what on memory is written, or wipe off from the all-retaining soul what is imprinted there? Can sloth, passion and vice etch themselves upon the forming spirit, and yet not grow deeper and more ineffaceable with time? The past is not recalled, and age but ripens the harvest that was sown in youth. The physical, mental and moral nature are to be educated in harmonious development, in order to a self poised, strong manhood. Suppose the body is confined and cramped through all childhood, and in mature age its discipline begins. You say he will die before he reaches age, or, if he lives, it will be to a life of feebleness and pain. The time to cultivate our animal powers is in youth, that time lost, can never be reclaimed. It is so with the mind and heart.

This threefold nature is to be disciplined, then, in youth. Education is discipline. All discipline involves self-denial and effort. We must never shrink from these. Providence ordained them as the only means of growth. He has a high destiny for us, only "a little lower than the angels." He bids us climb, and the steps of this ascent, from the dark gulf wherein we are born, up to the unutterable glory, are steps of toil. It is easy to go down, but we must work who would climb up those dizzy steps whereon tread the angels.

There is a philosophy in work, I mean all effort, physical, mental, moral, of deeper meaning than the world considers. Men go into the world's work shop by compulsion, as slaves, under the necessity merely of a livelihood. True, our labor returns to us the comforts of life, but these are its lowest uses. Back of this lies the patience, the effort, the trial, the discipline. Here is education in its highest sense. A man's heart should go with him into his work. He should shrink from no difficulty, for the resolution with which he overcomes one, adds to his power, when he comes to the greater. Every successful grapple with an obstacle, becomes itself an element of strength and character,—an added pinion to the soul-wing.

What a noble example of discipline and power was brought forth, in the wreck of the steamer Arctic. In the moment of awful alarm, with that brutal selfishness, that possesses men when life is in peril, the officers rushed into the life-boats, leaving their posts of duty, when it was most necessary they should stand firm. STEWARD HOLLAND might have done the same thing; but *he* would not purchase life at the expense of duty. Oh, what a moment of trial! Every moment the gallant vessel was expected to go down. Hope was gone. Strong men lay, in every direction, fainted. The women sat cowering together, in the stupor of despair. There was not a single person, among those hundreds, to help, to cheer, or to encourage. Sublime in his solitary heroism, Holland stood, for three dreadful hours, at his post, firing the minute gun of distress. Away swept the booming cannon over the dark waters, but it bro't no answering signals. His powder failed, and he went to the magazine for a fresh supply. This was locked, and the key was gone with the faithless officers. He seizes an axe and breaks down the door. Now he returns to his duty, and each successive minute, the great gun thunders over the sullen deep, their awful distress. So he stood, until the fated vessel sunk beneath the unpitying waves, and all on board were food for the monsters of the deep.

My friends, we are all mariners in that great vessel, that is sailing upon the waters of Time! Providence has assigned to each one of us a post of duty. And all true education will make us faithful there, in storm, as well as in calm, in the presence of death, as well as in the joy of life. Heroism in duty puts to shame the false heroism of blood and conquest, and Napoleon sinks out of sight, by the side of Stewart Holland.

But to return from this digression. There are no inventions to cheapen knowledge,—no soft lady-paths to science, for then the object itself would be of no value to us, for want of capacity to receive and possess it.

What a mistake parents make, who toil to amass wealth for their children! The child very early learns that he is an heir to wealth and ease, and in that way knowledge finds no excuse for indolence, which soon begets vicious indulgence. At best, he grows up an enervated, undisciplined parasite, a pitiable spectacle, by the side of those who have won a place for him. They had better nerve them, by early discipline and trial, to meet life's storms, and buffet its billows, like strong, self-poised men, than to lay for them a couch of ease when God and man, and their own souls, demand them to work, work, work. Oh no, give me the men and women that entered upon life, the tried and disciplined heirs of honest toil.

From such sources sprang all that has been great and good in the world. From hence trickled those streams of reformation and progress that grew afterwards till they poured their broad waters beside the cities and palaces of earth. Not only does all human experience vindicate this fact, but, higher still, the God-man taught it by his life and passion, taught it in the temple, by the wayside, and on the mount.

In these general views, it would not be expected that the details of youthful culture should be considered. Mathematical study is necessary to endurate and toughen the fibres of mind, so as to give it a close grasp, the study of the languages gives flow, ornament and richness to the speech, yet it is only the drinking at the deep fountains of Nature that inspires youth with the diviner thirst *to know*,—in itself an instinct of the skies.

I would inspire, if I could, a love for Natural Science, hitherto so unknown in the Common School. Why not introduce there the elements of Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, and Entomology? Such study expands and purifies both the mental and moral nature. How dark are those minds that stand in this great Temple of Nature, unused to contemplate her works. We live on a theatre of wonders, God's own temple of Science, Himself the teacher; where men eat, and sleep, and dream, and die,—too stupid to learn, too selfish to go out of their own dark narrowness, even to meet God. Self is the eternal chain that binds the struggling soul to the smoke and dust of this cabined life. All right education takes us out of self; and so fits us for duty. Besides, no man was ever happy within himself; no man was ever unhappy *out* of self; and we may suppose that in the highest perfection of being, the life is not in and for self, but in and for the *around*, and the *beyond*.

Let us stand a moment in the vestibule of this Temple, and behold its glory. Let me quote thus: "The earth on the one side, and the air, with its blue canopy, on the other, shuts out from us, during the day, the visible universe. Then let us leave this earth, and take some far station, where telescopic vision is unobstructed. As we rise away above our mountain tops, how the verdant fields, the cities, rivers and forests grow dim, and yet dimmer, until they fade away, and we see the earth itself wheeling on its resistless course, and reflecting from its surface, a silvery light. As we get beyond the last wave of its atmosphere, it is all unbroken night, with a sky stretching all around us, and bringing to view, in every direction, innumerable and interminable vistas of stars. They look fainter and fainter in the distance, until they are lost in measureless space. In one quarter of space, we do indeed see our sun, shining in his matchless glory, but as there is no atmosphere around us, to reflect his rays, they reflect no general light, and the dazzling splendor of his disk beams out from a dark sky. The stars beyond, send to us their beams, unobstructed by his rays. Oh, what a panorama of power, wonder and glory! In another quarter we see a large planet, whose surface we could not traverse in a thousand years, but it beams mildly upon us from its distant orbit, like a little gilded ball. There are four bright points in the sky near it,—two on each side,—so minute as scarcely to be seen, and yet shining with a clear and steady light, except when in their regular revolution around their parent orb, they disappear behind him, and are lost in his shadow. The whole group, the moons and the planet around which they revolve, sweep on in their annual circuit, with nearly the velocity of lightning; but in their measureless distance their motion is so imperceptible to us, that we must watch them days and weeks, to discover that they move at all. Measureless distance! No. The Creator of these worlds has made a mind capable to survey the bounds of their orbits. Its distance is measured, and its mass weighed, as accurately as any distance, or any weight can be ascertained, and human calculation will tell precisely what situation at any instant, hundreds of years hence, the planet itself, and every one of its satellites will have taken. The Maker of this machinery set it in motion at least 6000 years ago, and yet so precise and exact is the regularity with which he carries it on, that its motions are now the very standard of exactness among men. By these revolutions, an observer in the remotest lands, learns what is the exact time at his distant home. It is, as it were, an illuminated clock, which God has placed in the heavens, so regulated by Him, as to be an unerring guide to man!"

But let us descend from this rapt survey, and look into her minuter works; to see, not only the vastness of creative power, but the skill, industry and taste, displayed even beyond microscopic vision, in the world of atoms. Wonderful, whether she shakes a continent with the earthquake, or darts the lightning from cloud to cloud, or hangs out, like banners from the battlements of heaven, gorgeous curtains over the sunset, or clothes a forest with verdure, and brings out its millions of buds, or paints, by slow and cautious touches, the petals of every flower, and the wing of every insect. The air is a wonderful mystery. Composed of two gases; either one separate, or both combined in different proportions, instantly fatal to all animal life. But they are united in the exact proportions suited to respiration.

I will quote once more: There is an apple, with its smooth, tight skin, to protect it from rain, and enable it to grow and mature. What design is every where! It is smooth and hard, until you bruise it, and then it is very soft. What change have you made in the interior? A piece of wood, or stone could not be so softened by blows. If you cut it, the juice runs out, had you done it before not a drop would have fallen. The sweet liquid had been carefully elaborated, and put up in little cells, which composed the substance of the fruit, and they safely held it until your bruising had broken them all away, and mingled their contents together. Think then, how busy Nature is, every summer's day, in ten thousand orchards, carrying these juices into every tree, apportioning its proper share to every apple, and depositing each particle in its own minute, invisible cell!

The vine rambles about in search of objects on which to cling. It puts out, just at the points most needing support, little tendrils, that grow quite long and straight, until they touch an object, then they wind round it so often, that they will break rather than unloose their hold. How delicate is that mechanism of fibres, so contrived that simple contact curls them into a firm grasp!

There lies a drop of dew, in a little indentation on the leaf of that vine. Its form is exact, not by chance, for every other drop of dew in the garden, nay, in all gardens, has that same spheric form, and it reflects rainbow colors. Touch the leaf, and it rolls away with its little mimic world of wonders, and is lost. Yet the spot on that leaf, where it lay many hours, is dry. Thousands of downy fibres had held it up; and every leaf and stem in all the verdant fields of earth, are covered with these same delicate fibres!

The leaf itself is a great study. Their color is nicer than art can tint, and is precisely adapted to the comfort and health of the eye, they serve as the respiratory organs of vegetable life, and take from the air the taint infused by animal respiration, their motion is a grace, and their structure a mystery.

Once more. The water in this glass looks very common and simple, and yet a week would not unfold the wonders of its mechanism. This very mechanism adopts itself to the various offices it performs in the world. Now, it rolls on in beauty and majesty, and we call it a river. Now, it heaves and tosses in great white billows, that dash in pieces the proudest structures of man, and we call it ocean. Now, it takes an irresistable form, that by its expansive power, drives man's mightiest enginery with resistless force, and we call it steam. Now, it takes the form of a light, fleecy cloud, and evolves all shapes and forms of beauty, and decks them with every hue and blending of light, color and shade, ever changing, ever new. Again, it falls in pure, white flakes, until it enshrouds the earth, and every one of these countless flakes is fashioned in the likeness of a star, every one is made in the same exact form, every particle in its precise place, every point of the beautiful star has its proper acuteness, no one of these countless millions of snow-flakes is neglected, but each is formed with as much care as if expressly designed for human study and admiration. Yet again, it is congealed, and in this change of form it requires more space than when liquid, because the ice crystals are shaped like a needle. They *must* take that shape, and if resisted, we see the tremendous power of FROST.

But, in conclusion, let me add, all education is vain that does not point the *moral* nature toward God. Education pre-supposes our immortality, and a life starred and luminous where we grow into all knowledge. The learned Infidel—what a paradox! Be sure the moment will come, even in this life, when his faith will fail him. Ethan Allen was glorious in his physical strength, and in his mental power, but he wrote an Infidel Book. His daughter, whom he loved, lay at the gate of death. She called him to her side, and said "dear father, I am just entering the dark river, oh tell me, shall I lean, in this dreadful moment, on the faith of my sainted mother, or upon the doctrines you hold?" The strong man was weak in the presence of the dread visitant. He hesitated a moment, then said, "trust to your mother's faith,"—and wept in his desolation of spirit.

I hope the youth present will be incited to a study of Nature, and so enrich mind and heart, by a better knowledge of its Author.