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THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

A Lecture Read Before the Forest County Teachers' Institute at their Annual Session, in December, 1877, by M. W. Tate, Esq.

The power of education is, indeed, a broad field and a long field in which to enter for the short time allotted me this evening; so I shall mark off and enclose only a small triangle, bounding it by the three lines of education, along which I hope to lead your thought—individual, industrial and political or citizen education. I would build within this polygon as best I can, a manhood of worth and power, suited, I hope to the age and times in which we live.

Education is instruction wrought out by discipline. It is an instruction of the morals and manners, as well as the understandings of men. We say that a man has a fine education, and are understood to speak of his skill in arts and sciences; but an educated man has, in addition to arts and sciences, morals, religion and behavior. Education is generalissimo of the faculties, mental, moral, religious, social, industrial and civil, leading out these forces and marshaling them for honor on the fields of time. It is the multiplication of man's energies swelling in ever-widening rings upon the wide sea-surface of his life.

Overleaping the barriers of the deluge, away on in the traditional twilight of the world, we behold domestic society, which was the first social organism of the planet, and which has come down to us from the wedding bower of Adam and Eve and the wandering tents of Abraham through Nineveh, through the wide orient to our own times, the Divine model of statecraft, the framework of every Utopia that has been dreamed of under the sun, as well as the foundation of all government's among men. The citizen of this sequestered realm is a little child; the father, if I may borrow the beautiful thought of Livy and Seneca, is its magistrate; and the mother, queen of the domain. Here, the possibilities of thought and action are given their first impulse and direction. The principal institution in Plato's Republic was a place where the citizens were trained to employments suitable to their nature. In every well conducted household is exactly such a moulding room and furnishing apartment for the world. Society is made up of atoms, which atoms are individuals, and as atoms are conceived as the first principle or component parts of all physical magnitude, so are individuals the component parts of the educational cosmos. And they are the true atoms of motion in the everlasting changes and adaptations that are taking place around us constantly, as they fall into their final results of marble and stone and the industrial arts and the miracles of the mind. That these atoms may have right force and direction, is as necessary to the well being of society, as that the particles of matter keep their appointed places on this planet and all planets. Common school and college do not give this force and direction, nor are they capable of modifying or changing them to any very great degree. Of the numerous graduates of our institutions of learning, so few are heard of at all in after life, that bachelor degrees have become like bachelors themselves, of no consequence whatever to any one in the world. This may not be, indeed, is not the fault of professor or curricula; the material they wrought on was, perhaps, the refuse of the quarry, or the marble may have been rich and rare, yet like Pygmalion's statue stood still and cold to the kiss of the devotee. No system is expected to enlighten a soul that is dark of itself. But many a gem of mind is a mere cameo head on a college catalogue, that home discipline, properly exercised, would have wrought into a shining brilliancy on the golden ring of time.

No school-house can take the place of the house-school, and this I maintain is the law of nature and reason in the matter. Education is the adjunct or rather the chief element of parental authority. In this domain of which we are speaking, the allegiance of the child is owed to the parent, and therefore its care belongs to the parent. The State has no rights, except, perhaps, to see that nothing detrimental to public morality and peace is taught; but the State cannot impose on the family a system of education, nor force entry into such and such a school, nor compel the employment of such and such a teacher. And hence when our statute law provides a school into which the child may enter at nine years, but before that age leaves it for direction and care to this house-school of which I am speaking, it makes a provision founded upon the very law of

nature and reason, and justly entitles the school system of our commonwealth to the first rank among the systems of the world.

Nor in the transfer of the child from the house-school to the common-school, is there a separation—but he continues to be attached to the fireside. The schoolmaster is, by the law of nature, subordinate to the parent, and is to carry on the work begun by him as ally and not antagonist. I have read that in Norway its people in summer attend to the culture of the fields, in the winter to that of the household. Here, around the fireside, the father presides at the task, the mother teaches, and the traveling schoolmaster, who is called a "household pilgrim," commonly assists her. This pilgrim schoolmaster travels through the snow-paths with his little baggage of Christian science and national history and poetry, and thus are formed those religious and patriotic sentiments so finely interwoven among the population.

Here, then, in the four walls of home mainly, and not in the working rooms of school and college alone, the faculties are shaped and moulded into forms of manly strength and usefulness.

And how shall the child-man be taught? We say, not by rote or by book simply; but emphatically by exemplars of action, by works and the knowledge of effects and consequences. A great man among the ancients was asked "what boys ought to learn," and he answered, "what they ought to do when they become men." Education that fails to furnish the student with real things is nothing; and mere words and definitions are the shadows of an insubstantial shade of nothingness, which only the ignorant mistake for landmarks along the way. There should be education of substance and utility—not of theory and solutions of insoluble enigma. Instruction should not be poured into a child's understanding through a funnel, but dropped into it with the careful hand of the husbandman, sowing the seed that by-and-by produces golden fruit, and fills the garner of the world with things of use and worth to men. Lysurgus, anxious for the right education of children, makes little mention of learning, but much of valor, religion, prudence and justice, placing them at least above the arts and sciences. The oldest son in Persian succession of royalty we are told, was, as soon as born, delivered to eunuchs, whose charge it was to keep the body healthful. After he came of seven years, he was taught to ride and go hunting; and at fourteen was transferred to the hands of four of the wisest, most temperate, just and valiant of the nation. The first was to instruct him in religion—the second to be always upright and sincere—the third to conquer his appetites and desires—and the fourth to despise all danger. And Plato prescribes this discipline to propound to children questions upon the judgments of men and their actions; and I remember in Xenophon where Cyrus got a thrashing when at school for giving a false judgment, in deciding that the small boy with the long-tailed coat should give his garment to the large boy with the short-tailed coat; whereas the justice of the case was that no one should have anything forcibly taken away from him that is his own.

Right individual education, is impressed not with the weapon of force, but is worked with the wand of love. St. Augustine says: "My love is my weight; where it bears me thither I go"—and love lends a radiance to every action of our lives. In the German legend, a young man sits sketching an admirable landscape. Behind him, is the fiend in human resemblance, noting every motion of his hand, each emotion of his face. Satan, after watching him awhile, cries "You are in love!" "How do you know that?" replies the youth. "I can see it," he answered. The fiend was right. Love evokes the highest art and genius of the soul, and keeps the fiend away till the "better angels" of our nature touch the canvas of our lives with glowing colors of un fading hue. And the exemplars of other times—the good and great—how these pictures linger still in the silent oratorio of the soul, where we do reverence to them as the days and years go by with unflinching faith and trust. What length of life or vicissitude of time will make us forget the timid boldness of the loving Ruth, and how she won her husband-prince by the artless loyalty of a sweet and loving heart; or grand old Paul, and how he won his place "foremost in the files of time" by undaunted courage and intrepid faith; or, looking backward over

the flight of years to-night, as we hold ourselves kneeling at our mother's knee in the long ago, her sweet hands tracing out to us the precepts of the good old Book of God—her soft-toned voice like songs of the redeemed and saved in heaven, comes floating down the years and into the little hour in which we now live, with cadences of love and hope.

So, we conceive, should education of the individual be directed, its first and controlling impulses given at the fireside, where our laws detain the child-man during the most impressionable period of his life,—and these evoked and impressed by love in right methods of instruction and discipline. So taught and trained, the school and college may take up energies already directed, that will grow not downward into oblivion, but upward and onward into God's pure sunlight, to blossom and bear fruit through the ages.

Industrial education is more or less the results of individual education in practical forms and the mechanical arts. Philosophy tells us of the two substances in man—body and spirit. The soul works out all the forms that please the eye and the useful things that minister to the senses of sight, and sound and feeling. The most wonderful instrument in the creation of these miracles is the hand. One has said: "Man's superiority over animals is not altogether in the something called a soul, but in bringing round the fifth finger and making a thumb opposed to the other four;" and on this right angular meeting rest all architecture and art that have embellished the centuries. The hand! Think for a moment what a mighty instrument it is! It built Babel and Cheops, and the Colosseum and the Atlantic cable. So minute and nice its craft that for ages the Geneva vase was considered a solid emerald. You will linger till I tell the legend: It was supposed to have been presented by the queen of Sheba to Solomon, and was the same cup out of which the Savior ate the last supper, and it was sure death to any who touched it, except to a Catholic priest. Napoleon captured and carried it to France, and the scholars of the institute decided it was no stone at all, but a curious work of the hand. Cleero relates that he had seen the liad written on a skin so that it could be folded up in a nut-shell. Nero's ring had a gem upon it through which he watched the sword-play of the gladiators, and, no doubt too, the faces of the Roman beauties who graced those inhuman butcheries with their presence. The Damascus blade could be bent point to hilt and put into a scabbard like a corkscrew and bent every way without breaking, like a lady's neck taking the set of her new bonnet in a pier mirror.

Think what men have been skillful with the hand: Washington the surveyor, Lincoln the rail-splitter, Hugh Miller the stone-cutter, Burritt the blacksmith, Henry Wilson the shoemaker. The hand is artist, poet, builder, musician. Hunt threw away the brush and rubbed his paints on and off his canvas with his "wonderful thumb." Michael Angelo carved. Theodore Thomas executes his multifarious ministries with the hand. Napoleon used to say his army was his outstretched hand. We give the hand in love and join it to its mate in marriage. We hold it up in our courts of justice to mark the solemnity of our oaths. It plants the landmark, casts the ballot, affixes the seal of office, passes title deeds, and, according to Leibnitz, affirms the Christian doctrine of the soul's immortality when it puts the sign manual to the last will and testament. Like the hand on the dial, it may be a golden or an iron one, but if a true one it points to what o'clock the soul is as the time goes by.

Industrial education preserves and keeps the harmony between the spirit and body. The soul rarely develops in a musty old cask of a body. Proper soul development is the attendant of physical development. We are not speaking of athletic development of the body, but functional development. The memory of the muscle has ingenuities and performances as widely useful and wonderful as those of the mind, and its culture is equally elaborate and manifest. Farming, weaving, type-setting, navigation, hammering, building, knitting, by these we live, and are fed, and warmed and clothed. Mind and muscle are the science and art of the world—one teaches to know, and the other to do. In this department, too, lies the whole domain of political economy—one important branch of which we hear so much, about these times, is values. It is conceived that society cannot continue if the consumers become in great excess of the

producers. And it has been stated, as our present condition in this respect, that every ten men are supported by the exertions of some one else than themselves. To prevent the waste that these ten consumers are constantly causing, and keep the daily running expenses of mankind to their daily receipts, may or may not be a fanciful speculation; but we do know that he who creates no values in a community by his industry or knowledge, does the greatest benefit to that community when he dies. In this country, where a man is rich to-day and poor to-morrow; where ruin rushes over the land like geologic cataclysms, and tumbles the magnificent merchant and buncombe banker alike, under the sliding ice-boulders of bankruptcy; where even the largest estates are dissipated, almost universally, in the first generation, it is necessary to carve, or chisel, or hammer, or saw, or build, or plant, or sow; and it is necessary to do these things with active brain and the hand of skill. The proper element of the times is restless activity. Labor reaches out through the morning-red and sets the dazzling hill-tops all aglow with fires of industry, covers the earth with a green and gorgeous mantle of agriculture, studs it with radiant gems of art, moves its countless wheels of manufacture, erects here, there, everywhere the trophies of the mind, and carves out the imperishable column of the soul.

Political education is that discipline of mind and culture of arts and handicrafts of which we have been speaking, and whatever else we may conceive as necessary to fill out the true measure of American citizenship. We cannot pause long, for here again the field is wide, and its horizon sweeps still outward from the eye.

By proper citizen education the symmetry and perfection of government is to be attained and perpetuated to future generations. Private virtues are the sure guarantees of public morality. That many men are losing the discipline and morals of behavior and religion, and thus failing of the highest education, is one of the most alarming symptoms of the degeneracy of the times. This has caused more bankruptcies, more defalcations and wider ruin than any one cause in the whole long list of reasons assigned. This is the slumbering fire-seed out of which the lighted flame leaps and claps in fatal glow the princely business house and the commodious, happy home. We are accustomed to contemplate with pride the land that gave us birth; but no institutions are safe, no empire secure that rests not on the virtue and integrity of the masses. Our growth and resources are the admiration of mankind; but our athlete is young, yet, compared with the gray-haired centuries of the orient. May we not prefigure the future, all radiant with horizons of hope, built upon with private virtues and public morality, towering up into the high culminating point of religion and patriotism, at once the temple and fortress of our civilization?

But we would have still further, as the complement of a symmetrical and powerful education here, skill in public affairs, and capacity to solve questions of public and general interest and importance. Our statesmen, so it seems, are not competent to settle many of the important questions of the times; and in the living issues that agitate the masses, it is according to the genius of our institutions, and is one of the peculiar objects of our organism, that the private citizen shall have and exercise a controlling influence in affairs. We are a nation of sovereigns who sit in judgment every day upon the actions of our fellows. De Tocqueville said over forty years ago, that scarcely any political question arises in the United States, which is not resolved, sooner or later, into a judicial question. Hence all parties are obliged to borrow in their daily controversies, the ideas and even language peculiar to judicial proceedings. And you will readily see how the jury box extends this habitude to all classes, and familiarizes our populations with the spirit and ideas of the laws. And thus the very structure of our polity, makes these acquisitions not merely possible, but facilitates their attainment and brings questions of importance to the State down to the individual for solution and settlement. With this skill and capacity acquired, the too often imperfect remedy by statute, would be suspended and rendered unnecessary.

How the ballot-box shall be kept steady on the waves of public opinion; what our constitutions are to do with

the overshadowing questions of Catholicism; how labor and capital are to be harmonized, and strikes and monopolies dealt with; these are some of the questions that project themselves upon the times, and cast their lengthening shadows out upon our future. Citizen education is our rock and fortress of defense for these, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Fixed on this foundation, the fabric of our greatness will stand out like a pyramid upon the rounding centuries, and the storm bands of the ages may strike but shall not shatter down its massive strength.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have enclosed the triangle and built upon its area with what strength I could. I hope I have in some small measure at least, succeeded in making manifest the right lines of direction in the wide and important domain of inquiry; that correct individual education begins with the child at the fireside; that prudence, virtue, religion, justice and utility, should not be made subordinate to text books; that definition and rote-learning are as inscriptions on the facade, while things, exemplars and actions are the foundations, columns and key-stones of the edifice. That industrial education is the mechanical product, so to speak, of this discipline, that it is mind infused into matter—soul projected into the arts and handicrafts, creating values out of the soil, and wood, and gold, and iron of the planet; the very apotheosis of labor. That political education comprehends these, and further includes whatever goes to complete an American citizen; that private virtues make public morals, and that the masses are to be killed in public affairs, and educated in State-craft. For this and these, the laws are handed down from judge to jury, not in tablets of stone, but in inscriptions on the hearts and lives of men. For this the messengers of thought and help are wafted out of every morning breeze from printing-press and publisher to drop in every vill and hamlet of our land "thick as autumn leaves in Valambrosa's bower." For this the electric wires thrill with the heart-throbs of the world, and the courier lightnings "in their passage through the skies."

Individual, industrial and citizen education, these are the caryatides that uphold and support the government of the fathers. Let either of these move out of their appointed stations and the continent will be filled with the noise of the falling ruins of our fabrics and the broken furniture of our capitals. Let these remain, and our government will remain, our flag will remain, surmounting with its triple glory the kindest dome of the ages, and sending its thunderbolts of light and peace over the horizons of the world, to the last syllable of recorded time.

Governor McCreary and the Miner. Without recourse, says the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, we print the following incident connected with a tip of Governor McCreary: It appears the Governor was traveling on a railroad train, and sat down in a seat whose other half was occupied by a rough, uncomely-looking stranger, who appeared not disposed to engage the Governor, who was unknown to him, in conversation. In his efforts in that direction the stranger drew from his pocket a handful of gold coin, and announcing that "thar was no better stuff to keep a feller gold in 'this 'ere country," he jingled it in a self-satisfied way.

"It does have a pleasant look," said the Governor, smiling in his usual bland way. "Yes," she's good—reg'lar-built shiners—and I've got a few more of the same sort," said the stranger as he pulled his vest up and showed a belt around his body that was puffed out with gold coin. "Ain't no better to be found in all Col-orady," ejaculated the stranger with an innocent chuckle. The ostentations way in which the stranger paraded his wealth, and which had already attracted the attention of other persons in the car, suggested to Governor McCreary the fatherly idea of warning the stranger of the danger he ran in thus exposing his money to public view. "My friend," said he, "you may be a long ways from home and not fully aware of the great hazard you run in showing your money to people. You may be robbed by some desperate villain who may even now be watching you."

The stranger widened his mouth in a broad grin, and reaching both hands back under his coat, he drew out and displayed to the astonished governor a couple of navy sixes, loaded to the muzzle, remarking as he did so: "Wal, no, I guess not—not while these 'ere pups know how to bark. You just bet 'yer pile they won't keep still when a feller calls for that little lot o' gold. I'm wus nor a mad buffler or a Rocky grizzly when my dauder is up."

The Governor thought he was sufficiently advised.

Items of Interest.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn. If your dinner bell has lost its clapper, you can still have your napkin-ring.

Ropes used for hoisting in mines are now made at Oakland, Cal., from sheep's entrails.

The United States troops were supplied with \$177,444.74 worth of tobacco last year.

Where should a lady go for a husband? To a gentleman's furnishing store, of course.

Shavings bank would be a more appropriate name for some of those default institutions.

Talking to her husband in a loud tone of voice is punished by sending a Persian wife to jail for thirty days.

A Chicago woman has applied to be appointed a constable, despairing of ever catching a man in any other way.

According to Mr. P. T. Barnum's own figures he has sold since he began his business of amusement no less than \$83,000,000 worth of tickets.

The Paris Figaro prints a gasfitter's bill as presented in that city: Looking for a leak, two francs; finding it, three francs. Total, five francs.

"Alcohol will clean silver." "Yes," remarks the Cincinnati Saturday Night, "alcohol will stuck to, will clean out all the silver you have got."

A Louisville boy took a hot brick to bed with him to keep his feet warm. They saved the boy and the house, but the bed was reduced to ashes.

"The bright lexicon of youth," in which "there is no such word as fail," does not seem to be a very popular dictionary in the mercantile community just now.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We have often verified this by looking down into a well and seeing Truth's honest countenance in the smooth waters.—Worcester Press.

If you put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, while the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

A single orange tree in the Azores in one year produced twenty thousand oranges in a fit state for exportation. The Azores send every year to London more than two hundred thousand boxes of oranges.

Newton did not labor half so hard, with hand and brain, to discover the principle of gravitation, as the ingenious compositor labors in over-spacing to get a fat paragraph.—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

A lassie wrote to a young man she had taken a fancy to: "Come and meet me in the gloaming, John," and when the time came John wasn't there. He subsequently explained that he couldn't find such a place.

"What is the best remedy," asked preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to." "Was the significant reply; "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

That the Suez canal is proving a success is shown by the steadily increasing business it is doing. In 1871 1,494 vessels passed through, paying \$5,777,260 in tolls; in 1876 the figures were 1,457 and \$5,994,993; in 1877 1,663 and \$6,552,273.

Facility of communication is having great effect on the people of British India. Those who never went ten miles from their native villages now go all over the country and their minds become liberalized and freed from caste prejudice.

The country is getting so full of editors that even luck itself can't dodge all of them. Jim Timmons, of the Perrysburg (O.) Journal recently drew a horse in a raffle that has made his mile in three minutes—in a box-car. The most remarkable feature of the affair to the profession is, how did Jim happen to have a dollar to invest in the ticket. That's where the luck comes in.—Breakfast Table.

A person recently met a lady who is distinguished as having been four times a widow, and has now again entered the bonds of matrimony. Said the friend: "I think I once had the pleasure of dining with you in New York?" "When?" asked the fair stranger. "In 186—," he replied. "Yes," she said reflectively, "it may have been so, but I had forgotten it. You see," she added, "it was two or three husbands ago."

A correspondent wants to know of a smarter New England woman of her years than Miss Myra Granger, of Greenwich, Conn., seventy-two years old, who planted last summer, hoed, cut up, bound and husked two acres of corn, which yielded 106 bushels of ears; also husked seventy-two bushels for a neighbor, raised a good crop of potatoes, planted and tended an acre of beans, has saved her wood for the winter, and besides all this, has been out washing.

There is a gamin in Chicago, who is full to the brim and running over with the spirit of this commercial age. There was an alarming runaway one Friday afternoon recently. The horses attached to an express wagon tore down Dearborn street, throwing out the driver, scattering the packages and creating consternation in the crowded thoroughfare. Close behind the team was a newsboy running as fast as he could shouting, "Daily News, full of news of the runaway."