

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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Poetry.

To the Evening Wind.

Spirit that breathes through my lattice, then / That o'er the twilight of the sultry day / Gladly flows thy freedom round my brow / There hast been ever thy grateful song / Lining all day the wild waves till now / Beguiling their cease, and scattering high / Their spray.

Go, rock the little wood-hill in its nest / O'er the still water bright with stars, and rouse / The wide old wood from his majestic rest / Summoning from the immemorial bowels / The sweet, deep notes from all thy mighty range / Pleasant shall be thy way meekly bow / The shuddering flower, and darkening waters pass / And twist the overshadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head / To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep / And dry the moisture o'er that overgrown / His temples while his hoarse whispering words / Deeply / And they who stand about the sick man's bed / Shall go to bed, thy way / And softly part his curtains to allow / Thy visit, grateful to his learning bow.

Go, but the child of eternal change / Which is the life of nature, shall restore / With winds and waves from all thy mighty range / Toe to thy birth-place of the deep ocean / Sweet shall be to the sea-strife, sweet and strange / Shall still the homestead of the shore / And, listening to thy murmur, he shall send / He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

Miscellaneous.

Jefferys, the Infamous Tory Judge

The great seal was left in Guildford's custody; but a marked indignity was, at the same time, offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigor and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jefferys, chief justice of the court of king's bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with unflinching violence; for the whites considered him as their most barbarous enemy; and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him all the blame of the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which had been told concerning him are false or exaggerated; yet the disposition of his life will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at Old Bailey. As a lawyer, he was always ready to use his tongue unkindly in the Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All temptations for the feelings of others, all respect, all kindness, were always been unobtainable; but those natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—had been improved to such a degree that there were few who in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion.

Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed, and his brow and eyes were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yolk of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common sergeant, and then recorder of London. As judge of the city sessions, which exhibited the same propensity, he was in his highest position, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant applications on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventurer to be whipped at the cart's tail: "Hang-mas," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cold time for a madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludovick M'Gibbon, the drunk tailor, who fancied himself a prophet. "Impudent rogue!" roared Jefferys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

By this time the nature of Jefferys had been hardened to the temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had there confessed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exaltation when he explained to popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when

A Fur Trade Adventure.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trader, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark, in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver along on the headwaters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper like himself, named Potts, and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfoot, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companions, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps at nightfall, and taking them up before daybreak. It was a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver skins, but such is the life of a trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night, about six miles from a small river that emptied itself into the forks. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scooped at him or being frightened at the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness, and paddled forward. They had not gone much further, when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the fortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle of Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was a sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game; leveling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with numerous arrows.

The vengeance of the savages was now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and, having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of dispatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the collar, and demanded if he could run a foot. The unfortunate trader was too well acquainted with the Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted by his brother hunters for swiftness of foot, he assured the chief he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained some yards ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could.

A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were in full cry. Colter flew rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he could reach Jefferson's Fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the odds of seven hundred to one against him? The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of the distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly half way across the plain, when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter, and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind him; several of the fastest runners were scattered in the distance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind him showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to examine this precious delay, gained the skirts of the cottonwood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to the neighboring island, against the upper end of which the drift-wood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he hid, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water. They plunged into the river and swam to the raft, passing and repassing, and seeking him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he then swam silently down the river, and made his escape.

When in view a remark of Jefferson's, that will liberate a man only dwell with a people who know their rights, and dare maintain them.

Demoralizing.

The secular newspaper press, whilst respecting abroad light, and in many respects exerting a powerful and wholesome influence, we fear not unfrequently becomes an instrument of evil.

The craving for news, and the desire of rival journals to excel each other in ministering to this morbid appetite, bring into newspaper columns, and through them into tens of thousands of families, much that had better never been known. The details of crime, in some recent cases, laid in all their loathsome minutiae before the public at large, can hardly be failed to exert a demoralizing influence. The testimony of witnesses, however indispensable in courts of justice, is not always the best reading for the sense and daughters of virtuous families. It is not for the moral health of the young, nor, indeed, of those of mature years, to be rendered familiar with the records of crime, to be informed as to methods for vicious indulgence, and to have placed under their eyes incentives to passion. What visitor would dare speak from his lips what the morning paper reports from its eagerly read columns, in the family circle? Conductors of public journals, whose ability and general merit render them an almost indispensable part of the household comforts, have no right to take advantage of their position to inject poison into the minds of their readers. Newspapers are a great moral power, and the minister of the gospel can only advise the public mind, the more to be desired, and certain the mischief they may accomplish, if in any degree perverted to evil. The advertising columns alone, in some of the most widely circulated journals, are prolific feeders of vice. The plea that newspapers are, in some sense, open to the public, and that the compensation paid by the advertiser gives him a right to insert what best pleases him, and that he is to be held responsible, and not the editor, is a poor excuse for the wreck of morals and happiness which ensues. Conductors of journals can control their own columns, whether for advertisements or other matter; and for the good or evil done, whatever part others may act as subordinate. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game; leveling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with numerous arrows.

National Honor.

It is strange that there is a character even in jokes. A Scotsman, it is said, has no humor—he is a mere matter of fact man; and the Celts, in particular, have an utter hatred of jokes, and will not suffer the least approach to making them the subject of them, especially on the part of strangers.

Even the Lowland Scot deals more in the defensive line than that of attack. Lieutenant Lismahago, having his attention drawn to some rhyming hits at his country scratched on a window-pane, admitted they were very cutting, (that is by being out in the glass,) but that he thought they might be made more pregnant terms with the help of a wry scowl. This is wit, but wholly defensive, and when dragged out.

Paddy is more ready either for attack or defense; and from whatever cause it is, he is certainly very apt to heighten the laugh by losing a stitch in his argument—vulgarity, making bluffs. There is no place where, in Irish, &c., you see more abundance than in Ireland. A parson, remarking this in the way of compliment, was told, in answer, by a native, "I'll tell you what, sir! you'll see nothing but Ireland, but out of it!"—meaning, that all the hills reported of Ireland were merely rocks, but expressing it in a way at once distinct and ludicrous.

The Englishman, satisfied with his country and himself, is apt to indulge in jests of a variety of description; but he is often more rude than witty.

The American seems to add the self-satisfied qualities of the Englishman to the wildness of the Irishman. His jokes are thoroughly American—entirely of his own character, and not to be mistaken. He is less fearfully at his own country; in his jests he is a gentleman's gentleman. There is a wild flightiness in his exaggerations that seems to us to resemble the escapades of Paddy; yet he is so apt to feel sore when attacked, that it is impossible not to think he has some drops of the Scot in him. This is his style of exaggeration: "There is a fellow down east so tall that he has to use a ladder to shave himself!" This has no parallel but in the best jokes of a variety of nations. The man coming to a river too broad or too deep to be crossed by leaping or wading, was completely at a loss; at last it occurred to him that he was very strong, and that he had a pig-tail, when the affair was settled; "he seized himself by the pig-tail, and swung himself across!"

Jonathan often drolls on his misfortunes. A body of creditors waiting upon their debtor in a man's apartment, and he was so weak that he could not raise a single pound! Talking of a lady, he often finds her so fine as to be of no earthly use! Of another lady's accomplishments, they were such a load that she fairly broke down under them!

That redoubtable creature, they were so weak that he could not raise a single pound! Talking of a lady, he often finds her so fine as to be of no earthly use! Of another lady's accomplishments, they were such a load that she fairly broke down under them!

An Irishman, seeing his horse losing a race, shouted out in ecstasy, that he was "driving them all before him!" Jonathan's horse is in general so swift, that he is not satisfied with saying so, but "he beats him all to almighty smash!" or "walks into him like a steamboat into a foam!" or, "like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush!" In short, there is a thodorousness about Jonathan's style, indicating at once his independence and his coarseness. He talks of his heart as "a bit of pluck!" as if hearts were only given to fight. He will depreciate his own people, or his country generally, when his spleen is excited; but defend them with equal bitterness if depreciated by others. An American and Englishman walking out together, the American had pointed out a number of objects, in the way of a little prose; but they were all exceeded inferiorly by similar objects in the old country. At last it rained and thundered as continents only can; and upon this occasion the style was magnificent even for a continent. They were almost stunned and drowned. "There!" said Jonathan, in a tone of contemptuous triumph; "have you anything in England like that?"—Scott's Paper.

Little Thorns. The sweetest and the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men are rarely aware of them, pierce through the thickest armor of feeling, and make their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

Good Prayers. The Lacedaemonians had a peculiar form of prayer; for they never used, according to Plato, either in their public or private devotions, to make any other request than that the gods would grant what was honorable and good for them; but Plutarch tells us they added one petition more, namely, that they might be able to suffer injuries.

Be of good cheer when your enemies are divided among themselves; but fear when they are united and of one accord.

Choice Poetry.

From the Industrial Luminary.

Suggested by a lonely ramble on the hills near the banks of the Blue river, Kansas Ter. The overhanging hills are thine, O Lord! And thine the vale, where ever-rushing streams, In the deep shadow, roll their crystal waves! Alone, with weary step, I've sought to climb These heights, where gentle woman never before Viewed, with admiring eyes the same second. Far in the west the sun is passing low Among the hills, where rustling savage tribes In darkness wander—darkness of the soul! Oh! may that sun, whose richest glory beams Upon their pathway, lead to them ere long The Gospel's light, that on their souls may shine A heavenly day, an everlasting sun. Show grace the shadows, deep and dark around, And o'er the stream, which now in torrid gorges And now in brightening glades, as earth's outcast—

On the smecton hills array in glory. Emblem of the soul, as through this desert world The winds of misery waft, and sometimes waft In desolate shadow where no light can come! Ah, with sudden step, he might the sunlight, And light the soul with rapture in his love. Thine are these hills, O Lord! Thine matchless scene. Of mound and mound, and vale and depth and stream.

Where no eye witnessed, and no heart admired! Ah! does not he who framed the sky, and formed The deep shadow, roll their crystal waves! In forms of beauty? walks he not among These glowing forms His hand of power hath wrought!

I am not quite alone! He, He is here! Who roam from mountains from their depths, And doth With glorious beauty all the scene around. Yes, he is here! and in some secret place From glowing heights to him, the source of all. For he hath said from every place the voice Of his love shall reach his ears, and offering praise Shall rise to Heaven, and own him Lord of all.

Aboriginal.

Our Indian Tribes.

As a race, the Indians are fast fading away. Not a vestige remains of many once powerful tribes, and even those that still exist have been reduced to the condition of the whites since the effects of the ruin which civilization has ever brought upon them. The tide of emigration to this country drove them step by step into the interior, and now an equally restless tide threatens them from the Pacific. They have become completely fenced in, by the whites are upon them on all sides; no new hunting grounds invite them where they can rest secure from the invasions of a civilization to them so ruinous; where they may hide themselves from the white man, and yield up to the pursuits of their fathers. The rush of emigrants across the plains to California, New Mexico, Utah, and Oregon, brings them within the constant influence of all the vices of civilization; and it is evident that they must either yield to its power, and become acculturated in the ways of civilized life, or cease to exist.

Civilization, it is said, has ever proved a bane to the Indian race. To an extent this is true, because the instances where the influence of civilization has been detrimental to them are those where they have been exposed to its vices, and not been subjected to the influence of its virtues. The traders and trappers who go among the Indians are themselves, as a general rule, among the worst specimens of a civilized race, deeply schooled in all the vices of cultivated life, often fugitives from justice, and perhaps the best emblems of mischief and degradation, and the poorest teachers of morals. It may be regarded as a fact, that the influence of civilization, wherever exerted upon the Indian tribes, have resulted precisely as the character of the influence would have led an observer skilled in the philosophy of associations to anticipate. To say that a man of men can absorb all the vices of civilization, and still be mentally incapacitated from being influenced by its better traits, is a paradox in itself, and even were it not, is not supported by history. That he can be thus educated there is no doubt; the advances which some of our Indian tribes have already made prove it. We refer to the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Creeks, and the Shawnees. All these tribes are more advanced than many of our readers are aware.

The Choctaws reside on the north bank of the Upper Red river. They have a representative government, and it is generally administered with fidelity. They have a legislative, judicial, and executive departments of government. They have a printing press, and printed laws are annually issued from it. The inferior part of their judiciary is elected by the people, and the superior judges by the Legislature. Like us, they have two branches of law-making power, and their Legislatures are elected in districts. They have common schools, for the support of which they contributed last year \$25,000.

The Chickasaws are less advanced than the Choctaws, but it is said that they are anxious to have their children educated. They are very industrious in the pursuits of agriculture, and raise large quantities of corn, which they sell to government contractors. The Choctaws have a government resembling that of the Choctaws, and are represented as industrious and advancing in knowledge, some of their chief men being very well educated, and living like gentlemen on their estates. They are not behind, either in manufactures, and annually produce large quantities of cotton and woolen goods. That they also have a taste for reading, is evident from the fact that there were 616,000 copies of books printed in the nation last year.

The Creeks have not progressed so far as the Choctaws, but they are improving—raise every year large quantities of corn and other fruits of the soil for sale, and take kindly to civilization. The Senecas and Shawnees also have large and well-cultivated farms.

In view of these facts, which are set forth at large in a late number of the Austin State Gazette, it should be the duty of our government to seek out and adopt at once the most feasible plan to aid, more effectually than they have yet done, this beginning of civilization upon the part of the above tribes, in order that it may progress to the highest stage. And not only for these tribes, but for the wilder ones among which civilization has not commenced, but where the savage still remains in almost his original state, should effort by government be made to bring them within the pale of civilized life. Such effort would be better than the sword and the musket, which, on account of recent depredations and outrages by the Comanches and other tribes on our frontiers, it would seem the government will be compelled to use with bloody effect, if it would protect those frontiers from the savage. That these outrages have been provoked by the white men, admits of no doubt. The recent massacre at Fort Laramie is an instance. The Indians on our frontiers have been treated as dogs, and it is time that some measures more worthy of an enlightened and a great government, should be adopted in order that they may be treated more like men, which will be a better protection for us against them as savages.

A project was reported at the last session of Congress for creating territorial governments for the Indian tribes in the United States, with a view to their civilization, and the incorporation, in due time, of the Territories into the Union as States. The Indian communities proposed to be included in this project were the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Creeks, and Cherokee, inhabiting the lands adjoining Texas and extending northward along the frontier. This project meets with great favor in Texas, and would undoubtedly greatly advance the progress of those nations. But, as we said before, something more immediate is wanted for the wilder tribes. That they do appreciate the civilizing process, and can be brought into it, is evident from the testimony of one well versed in these matters. Major Nauas, of Texas, testified that some of the principal chiefs of the southern band of Comanches are fully impressed with the necessity of "settling down," and "not only willing, but anxious to do so." He is satisfied that with two or three years' subsistence secured by the general government, with the necessary instruction in raising stock and growing corn, &c., they would be able to sustain themselves, and eventually become civilized.

This subsistence is one of the first things wanted; for it is actual starvation, in addition to ill-treatment by the white population, that has driven the Comanches and other Indian tribes to the recent outrages on the frontiers.

Among the many demands on the attention of our government, not the least important is the improving the condition, in every possible way, of the Indians on our frontiers. We have fought the red man long enough. We warred against him until we were weary, and now, we have been warring upon him ever since, we are fighting many branches of his race now. Is it not time now, when we have become great and powerful, that we adopt a different course? Time that we opposed, with a stronger and more earnest arm, to the tomahawk which the Indian on our frontiers is at this moment using in retaliation against us, as he did in days of old, a broader and brighter shield of civilization and kind treatment than we have yet done? Although we have hemmed in the Indian between the Atlantic and Pacific, we need not exterminate him. It is not an impossibility to civilize him and live with him in peace.—Mayville, Ky. Express.

An Indian Ceremony.

Among the many curious ceremonies characteristic of the California Indians, one of the most interesting and imposing is said to be the "Feast of Gypsum"—which celebrates the induction of boys to manhood. On the occasion of this ceremony, due notice of the feast having been given, and invitations extended to neighboring friendly villages, all the youth who have attained the requisite age are confined within the dwelling of some chief, and obliged to swallow a decoction of gypsum or stramonium, sufficient strong to destroy all power of muscular action and sensibility for an entire night. The female choir of the village then assemble around the tent, decorated in their gayest dresses, and surrounded by a body-guard of old men, one of whom acts as a director of the proceedings. The younger men and invited guests enter the ring, divested of the garments of their clothing, profusely ornamented with feathers, and covered with alternate stripes of black and white paint. The director then makes a speech, and commences dancing. The entire choir then burst out into a song by no means unmusical, and all the men within the ring proceed to follow the example of their director, in a series of steps which set at defiance all conventional rules for the poetry of motion. As the close of the song the old men puff from their mouths a volume of wind towards heaven, and with a loud howl the dancers retire to recover breath.

Three nights are spent in this manner, with the exception that after the first night the youths, who have recovered from their stupor, are allowed to participate in the dancing. On the first day after their recovery from the effects of the medicine—which effects are said to resemble somewhat the delightful sensations produced by the hashish of the Arabs—they are presented with water and paint, and after having performed their ablutions, and washed themselves, are led into the field and taught the ways of planting and harvesting—also how to construct the various kinds of lodges, and how to insure the different species of game used by them for food. They are also duly lectured upon the "arts" of war, theft, and deception. This instruction continues for three days, during which time they are each day in set at defiance a new and higher order of dance. On the third day they are lectured upon religion, the creation of the earth, and the history of the human race, and are then dismissed to the interior of manhood.

Indian Theory of the Origin of the Races. A letter from New Mexico to the St. Louis Republican says that an Indian being once questioned as to the origin of the human race, responded substantially as follows: "Our Great Father, the Great Spirit, had created the sun, the moon, the stars, and the earth, which he replenished with buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, bear, and beaver. Our Great Father looked upon all these things and perceived that there was something wanting—a being to look like himself. So our Great Father went to the creek, (here it seems that tradition has not handed down its name,) and looking around discovered some black clay, out of which he formed a man. But the Great Spirit was not satisfied with this man, because his face and body were black, and his hair woolly. So he left him there into a new and finer mud up the creek, where he saw some red clay, out of which he formed a red man. This man pleased our Great Father more than the first, yet he was not wholly satisfied. So our Great Father went still further up the creek, and saw some white clay, out of which he formed a white man, and looking upon him with admiration and pleasure, exclaimed, 'This is a perfect man!'

Thoughts from Channing. It is not the highest attainment to be envied to those who are thousands of miles from us, whose miseries make striking pictures for the imagination, who never cross our paths, never interfere with our interests, never try us by their wantonness, never shock us by their coarse manners, and whom we are to assist by an act of bounty which sends a missionary to their aid.

All works of the intellect which have not in some measure been quickened by the spirit of religion, are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulcher, when it disjoints itself from the universal mind.

Man, when viewed in separation from his Maker and his end, can be as little understood and portrayed as a plant torn from the soil in which it grows, and cut off from communication with the clouds and sun.

The Way to Build a State. Governor Grimes, of Iowa, in his inaugural address, thus describes the wants of the thriving State over which he presides: "She wants educated farmers and mechanics, engineers, architects, metallurgists, and geologists. She needs men engaged in the practical duties of life, who have conquered their professions, and who are able to impart their knowledge to others. She wants farmers who shall be familiar with the principles of chemistry as applied to agriculture, and who shall be able to improve their soil with the most judicious use of manure, and who shall be able to establish a practical school of agriculture, or polytechnic school."