Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT MONTPELIER, NORTHFIELD, WATERBURY, &C.

BY E. P. WALTON. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1856. VOL. I., NO. 14.....WHOLE NO. 2576.

Watchman & State Journal.

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Unusual is after of agent to receive subscriptions, advertisements and communications, and receipt for the same.

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Railroads.

Vermont & Canada R. R.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Northern and Western, British and United States Mail Route.

Trains Going North.

MAIL TRAIN connects at Windsor and White River Junction with trains from Boston, New York and St. Johnsbury. Leaves Windsor at 1.10 P. M., connects over depot at St. Albans, proceeds over Central to Rouse's Point, where it connects with trains for Ogdensburg and Montreal.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Northfield at 7.05 A. M., for Montpelier, Barre, Wells River with trains from Boston and at Rouse's Point not leaving for Montreal this evening.

Leave White River Junction at 2.15 P. M.
" Montpelier at 3.35 A. M. & 4.45 " "
" Barre at 4.20 & 6.35 " " & 5.00 " "

Trains Going South.

Leave Rouse's Point at 11.25 A. M. & 4.45 P. M.
" St. Albans " 7.00 A. M., 1.00 & 6.00 " "
" Burlington " 8.25 A. M. & 2.05 " "
" Montpelier " 9.15 " " & 6.45 " "
" Barre " 9.45 " " & 7.15 " "

The 7.00 A. M. Train from St. Albans connects at White River Junction with Express Mail Train for Boston and New York and intermediate stations. Returning to Boston (via Concord) arrives there by any conveyance.

CLOSE CONNECTIONS are made at Rouse's Point with Express Trains for Montreal and the Canadas.

R. SHERBURNE, Sup't.

Northfield, Vt. Nov. 26, 1855. 6m

18 56.

Northern, N. H., Railroad.

JANUARY 7, 1856.

PASSENGER Trains leave Boston at 7.30 and Concord at 10.35 A. M. for White River Junction, Wells's River, Littleton, St. Johnsbury, Barnet, Rouse's Point, Montreal, and all stations on the Ogdensburgh, Vt. Central, Passumpsic and White Mountain Railroads; connecting by stage to all the Principal towns in Northern N. H. and Vermont.

Leave White River Junction for Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, &c., at 7.20 P. M., on arrival of the trains from Vt. Central and Passumpsic Railroads.

Down trains connect with trains for New Market, Dover, Great Falls, Portland, Rye and Hampton Beaches, Portsmouth, Lawrence, Lowell and Worcester.

Passengers for Boston Junction, Clinton, Worcester, Newport, Nashua, Providence, &c., will choose on the Worcester & Western Railroads, and for New York, &c., connect at Nashua with Cars direct for those points by other lines over the Northern Railroad.

By the first train, passengers reach New York same day, via Worcester, Hartford, &c., and by the second train, early the next morning, via Norwich and the celebrated Stonington Steamboats.

Freight trains from Vt. Central and Passumpsic Railroads pass over the road daily, for Boston, Worcester, Portsmouth, &c., and Special Cars leave every Tuesday, either to Cambridge or Medford landings.

ENSLOW STARNS, Agent.

Concord, N. H. Dec. 26th, 1855.

ALBANY & RUTLAND RAIL ROAD.

NOW OPEN AND RUNNING THROUGH to Albany without change of Cars.

1853. Fall & Winter Arrangement. 1853.

Contract and Ticket Through Mail Line from Montreal, Madrid, Ogdensburgh, Canal, Pittsburgh and Burlington to Troy, Albany and New York.

via Rutland and Eagle Bridge,

Connecting with Rutland and Burlington, and Boston Rivers Railroad.

Passengers over the route may rely upon making all connections within offices. Route is advertised.

Tickets over any of the routes to be procured at all principal offices in Montreal to New York the same day.

NO CHANGE OF CARS.

Contractors for Baggage Wagons between Railroad and City of Albany.

FIRST TRAIN leaves Burlington 7.15 A. M.

SECOND TRAIN leaves Burlington 10.00 A. M., arrives at Troy 3.15 P. M., and Albany 3.30 P. M., leaves Troy 4.15 P. M. or Albany 4.30 P. M. for New York.—Arrives at New York 2.15 P. M.

THIRD TRAIN leaves Burlington 5.30 P. M., stops at Shelburne, Vergennes, Leicester Junction, Brandon, Leicester, Sudbury, Hydeton, Castleton, Hamilton, Rutland, Chittenden, Mt. Tabor, Dorset, Manchester, Arlington, Sandgate, Bennington, Pownal, Hoosick Falls, Cheshire, Lansingburgh, Troy 10.0 A. M., or Albany 10.45 A. M. for New York, arrives at New York 4.30 P. M.

Express Train for Buffalo leaves Albany 12.30 A. M.

Through Tickets to Montreal at the Rutland and Burlington Railroad office, at the Depot.

JAMES W. GILLS, Agent, Burlington.
S. TILLEY, Travelling Agent.

Also, Through Tickets to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Dunkirk, Chicago, and all the Western cities, can be had at the Office of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, or of the Agents of the Albany & Rutland Railroad.

Baggage Checked Through to Troy, Albany or New York.

To all cities named below Check Baggage through by EAGLE BRIDGE ROUTE.

FITZ-H. CANFIELD, Sup.

Burlington, Nov. 9, 1855. 56

1855.

GREAT WESTERN U. S. MAIL LINE.

Michigan Southern R. R. Line.

BUFFALO TO CHICAGO, Milwaukie, Kenosha, Racine, Waukegan, St. Louis. And all Places in the West.

The following Fire Close Steamers form the Line between Buffalo and Toledo:

NORTHERN INDIANA,
J. P. PHELPS, Commander.
SOUTHERN MICHIGAN,
A. D. PERKINS, Com.
EMPIRE STATE,
L. R. DOUGLASS, Com.

One of the above fine steamers will leave the Michigan Southern Railroad Dock, Buffalo, every evening, (Sunday excepted) immediately after the arrival of the Cars from the East, going through to Toledo direct, connecting there with the

Mich. Southern & Northern Indiana R. R.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE TOLEDO
11.30 A. M.; 4 P. M.; 8.45 P. M.; 11.30 P. M.
ARRIVE AT CHICAGO.
9.30 P. M.; 3 A. M.; 8 A. M.; 3.05 A. M.

Through Tickets can be obtained at the principal Rail Road offices East, and at the Company's Office, in Buffalo, or on board.

JAMES MOORE, General Superintendent, Adrain.
H. B. RITCHIE, Agent, Buffalo.

Copper-Plate and Lithographic PRINTING.

E. P. Walton, Jr.,
STATE STREET, MONTPELIER, VT.
NEXT DOOR TO THE COURT-HOUSE,

I am prepared to answer orders for Copper or Steel Plate and Lithographic Printing in the best style and at city prices—such as

WEDDING, BALL, VISITING & BUSINESS

CARDS;

NOTES, BILL-HEADS, BONDS, STOCK CERTIFICATES, DRAFTS &c.

Lithographic work done as handsome as steel-plate and much cheaper.

☞ Specimens to be seen at the office.

GLOVES.

A very rich and desirable stock of Fur Gloves, Buck Gloves, Kid Gloves, Calf Gloves, Silk Gloves, Cloth and Knit Gloves by the W. F. BADGER & Co.

Poetry.

The Poor.

The coal piled up glows in the grate,
A genial warmth is on the heart,
And fancies on our bidding wait,
And sweetly smile as they depart.
The jet of flame, golden and clear,
Now glances on the needle bright,
And on the book now opened there
Shines with a soft and steady light.

The chilly blast that shakes the sash
And moans among the leafless boughs,
Reminds of cold tears on the lash,
And gloomy thoughts the mind arouse:
Arouse, and drive away its dreams,
Its gorgeous clouds all melt away,
Its stars withdraw their trembling beams,
In silence does the dullest lay.

A shadow on the heart is cast;
We feel the damp and heavy gloom;
Deep sighs commingle with the blast
That passes through that widow's room,
Where little, shoeless blood-red feet
Are pressed upon the bare, cold floor,
And the few embers give no heat,
But only vex these shiv'ring poor.

Their hands emporpled by the cold,
Into the feeble heat are thrust;
The best stiff fingers there they hold
As though to say, 'twill warm—it must!
Tears on the pale and quiv'ring cheek
Incessant flow from reddened eyes;
The mother dare not, cannot speak,
Save in heart-language, deep drawn sighs.

Old clothes in place of glass are seen
Stuffed careful in the crazy sash;
The boards admit the wind between,
That cuts like some dread tyrant's lash;
Alas! the keen and cruel air
Through many a crack and hole pours in,
As though stern Winter wished to share
The little warmth it finds within.

And thin-clad is the trembling form,
In summer garb the worse for wear;
The bed, though thin and hard, might warm,
Were spread the heavy coverlet there.
They're mocked by sweet delusive dreams:
On the bland air blithe voices ring;
The north wind sighs, the dew-drop gleams,
And birds among the green leaves sing.

The chatt'ring teeth, stiff limbs that pain,
To night's fair visions give the lie;
And on the roof the patt'ring rain
Falls ice from the darkened sky.
Kneelt at the hearth they vainly try
To kindle these dead ashes now;
No wood, not a dime to buy—
How can they live! oh, Father, how!

Oh! will you not your pittance send
To those who on your pity call?
A portion of your substance lend
To Him who kindly gave you all?
The gold transformed will sing and blaze,
And drive away the biting cold:
The grateful poor His name will praise
Who to the giver gave the gold.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Watchman & State Journal.

Letters from California. No. 7.

YREKA, Cala., Jan. 5, '56.

FRIEND WALTON:—When you will receive this letter is a matter of great uncertainty, as we are completely surrounded by mountains, covered with snow to the depth of from six to fifteen feet. We have been almost totally without the means of holding intercourse with the outer world for more than a month, and in all probability the trails will be blocked up for two months longer at least, and the only chance this letter has of reaching its post of destination, is to be packed across the mountain by some expressman, with snow-shoes upon his feet.

This has been the severest winter, thus far, ever known in California since its settlement by Americans.—The ground is frozen to the depth of one foot, completely estopping the miners from work, while all are lying upon their oars, and waiting, Micawber like "for something to turn up." We have had ten or twelve days of as severe cold weather as I ever experienced in the State of Vermont during the same length of time, the thermometer often ranging from ten to twenty degrees below zero; and the houses here not being built to withstand such severe cold weather, it has caused a great amount of suffering. The present winter is very much like that of 1852 and '53, as far as the weather is concerned, but the inhabitants are differently situated—then we had plenty of money and nothing to eat—now we have plenty to eat and no money. Since the settlement of California by the *whites*, the money market has never been as stringent as it is this time. The dry weather of the past year has prevented thousands of miners from working their claims, and all the gold which has been dug, has been sent out of the country to purchase supplies, leaving the country almost a bankrupt.

There is no law here against usury, and those who have money readily obtain from five to eight per cent. per month for the use of it, and it is with the greatest difficulty that a loan of one thousand dollars can be obtained upon property worth ten thousand. It takes no great amount of foresight to see that business cannot withstand such a state of affairs, and unless we have a wet winter and spring, you will hear of the greatest smashing up in California in the next twelve months that ever was heard of in the same length of time in any portion of the world.

The Indian war is still raging in all its fury, all through Oregon and Washington territories. I can give you no reliable information in regard to the war north of Rogue River valley, as we have received no reliable information from there for some time. Since my last there have been two engagements between the whites and Indians, in the before mentioned valley, in which there were about fifty Indians killed and about fifteen whites. It is emphatically a war of extermination, as neither party ask nor give any quarter. A few days since a party of about thirty men started from Jacksonville on a scout after the Indians. After hunting for two days without coming up with the party they were in pursuit of—and being short of provisions—they started on their return to town.—Three of the most prominent of the citizens of the valley were riding some three or four hundred yards in advance of the main party—not dreaming of danger, as they were within two or three miles of town—when they were attacked by Indians, and two of their number killed dead on the spot—the other making his escape. The main party, hearing the shots, immediately put spurs to their horses and hastened up; but before they arrived upon the ground, the Indians had stripped their murdered victims, taken their horses and made good their escape.

The Indians are driven to the last extremity, being almost entirely without food and clothing, and it has caused them to commit some of the most daring murders and robberies ever recorded in the annals of Indian warfare.

The remains of one of the most wonderful animals known to natural history has been discovered a short distance below this town, on what is called "Canal Gulch." Several teeth have been found and preserved almost entire, the largest of which is seven inches across the *crown*, and was evidently one of the grinders.—The smallest of the teeth—resembling the front teeth of an ox—are over four inches in diameter. About thirty yards below where the teeth were found, the miners have partly exhumed a perfect horn, curved like that of an ox, and over ten inches in diameter at the butt. It is not entirely dug out, but judging from what has already been uncovered, it must be at least fifteen feet in length.—Several bones of enormous dimensions have also been found near the same place, but as soon as the atmosphere strikes them, they fall to pieces and look like slacked lime.—The bones are found very near the bed rock, and about twelve feet below the surface. He was of the herbivorous species, without doubt—but how many thousand years have elapsed since he roamed an inhabitant of these mountain regions, is, as the Spaniards say, a case of "*quien sabe*," but undoubtedly he was well acquainted with the golden age of this republic.

Some of the miners think this is the land of Ophir, and that they have discovered the remains of one of the animals used by the subjects of that wise old monarch in packing the gold out of the country—that they loaded him rather heavily, and when he arrived in "Canal Gulch" he *broke down*, which accounts for the richness of the claims in that immediate vicinity. Others again think that the horn which has been found is "Gabriel's trumpet"—"that the Millerites were perfectly right in their reckoning of the time when the world should have come to an end, but owing to the loss sustained by *Gabriel* he was unable to *toot his horn*, which accounts for the inhabitants of this modern sphere being spared a little longer." This, however, is matter of conjecture, but I can vouch for the remains as described being discovered, as I have taken the pains to go and examine them.

G. W. T.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

VOLCANO OF KILANEA.

BY A VERMONTER.

HONOLULU, Sandwich Islands, September 26, 1855.

I send you the following account of an excursion to the great Volcano of Kilanea, which you are at liberty to publish, if you think it would be sufficiently interesting to the readers of your valuable journal.

The mountain of Mauna Loa, on the Island of Hawaii, is 14,900 feet in height. On the side of this mountain, 4,000 feet above its base, is the Volcano of Kilanea. The vast quantities of lava, ejected from it for centuries past, have formed a broad Plateau, which extends, with a slight declination, for twenty miles towards the sea, so that the approach to the volcano is over a very gradually ascending grade—indeed, in the immediate vicinity of the crater, there is scarcely any ascent at all, and one finds himself upon its very brink with little or no warning of its proximity.

We left Honolulu on the evening of Sept. 4, in the steamer *Kalama*, chartered for the excursion, and after touching at sundry places on the Islands of Maui and Hawaii, we finally arrived and disembarked at Hilo—called, on some maps, Byron's Bay—on the 7th, at noon.—The appearance of the landscape, for twenty miles before we came to Hilo, was very picturesque. The shore is a bold ledge of rocks more than a hundred feet in height, over whose sides came rushing a great many small streams, forming cascades, some of which are very beautiful. The land slopes gradually upward from the shore many miles, and is covered with trees and shrubs, with here and there a plantation of sugar cane, and a cluster of grass houses, presenting altogether, a most luxurious appearance, when viewed from the deck of a steamer.

We left Hilo on the morning of Sept. 8,—our party consisting of eleven gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Gregory, United States Commissioner, and Rev. S. C. Damon, and we were attended by fifteen servants who carried our provisions, extra clothing, ect., ect.—Our cavalcade presented a most *bizarre* appearance, dressed as we were, in red and blue shirts, instead of coats, and leggins, and sombreros, of all shapes and colors,—some mounted on horses not gentle—some on donkeys just the reverse, and surrounded by about fifty natives, running hither and thither, tightening a girth, or mending a strap, and all jabbering their Kanaka, or shouting with laughter.

Our journey was over a rough and scraggy road, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were glad to come upon the so-called half-way house, having accomplished eighteen miles, and made ourselves and horses quite tired. This house, which is built of grass, is simply one large room with a fireplace in the centre; the roof being high and thatched with straw, the smoke from the fire easily found egress, and gave us no trouble. Being amply provisioned we had a dinner prepared at 6 o'clock—we keep fashionable hours—that would have done credit to your best restaurants.

Our table was a large, new mat, spread upon the ground, and we ate reclining in true old Eastern style. The house was well supplied with mats, which we used for chairs, table and beds.

The next day being Sunday, we remained at our encampment—(traveling on the Sabbath is strictly forbidden here)—and in the morning listened to a very good discourse from Rev. S. C. Damon, who is Chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel at Honolulu, and it seemed quite home-like when we all joined in singing 'Old Hundred.' In the evening the servants had a service in their own language, and seemed very devout. Early on Monday morning we were astir, and after four hours' riding, found ourselves suddenly upon the edge of the 'old crater,' as it is called, which is fifteen miles in circumference. Clambering down the side about a thousand feet, we came to a vast sea of black lava which had cooled and hardened in the form of waves and hillocks and peaks, with here and there a yawning fissure, over which we could scarcely leap, and from which rose gas and smoke, which were almost stifling. When we had advanced in this way about three miles, the scene became truly appalling, for we were surrounded by clouds of smoke and steam, emitted by the seams around and beneath our feet, and we could scarcely breathe some of the time. At length, after toiling a long distance in this way, we came to the part of the volcano now in a state of eruption, and found ourselves standing upon the edge of a burning lake, a mile in circumference, and filled with molten lava.—This glowing lake of liquid fire was boiling and rolling, heaving and surging, roaring and hissing in never-ceasing commotion—now spouting up a huge column of lava—now belching forth clouds of smoke and sulphurous gas. Indeed, it was a scene that passes all description, and might well terrify the stoutest heart. Surely here is 'a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' There is a curious phenomenon noticeable here, which, if I mistake not, occurs at no other volcano. Small jets of lava are thrown up with great force, and then blown by a strong wind, into the finest threads, which sail away to the edges of the crater, and collect in considerable quantities, upon the sides of the surrounding rocks. The vitreous floss very nearly resembles tow in appearance, and is as soft to the touch. It is called Pali's hair—Pali being the goddess, which, according to native mythology, dwells in this volcano—and here I will relate a little of the legendary lore which obtains credence in this part of the world. The Goddess Pali, the deity of this Island, was married a long time ago, but finding afterward, that she was not supremely happy—doubtless owing to some little family jars—she became *hookoo*, or angry, and separated from her husband, giving him the mountain of Mauna Kea, for his dwelling place, and reserved Mauna Loa for her own. She agreed that the lava from her volcano should never overflow Mauna Kea—which it is little likely to do, Mauna Kea being over 15,000 feet high. Whenever the volcano is in an active state, the natives say Pali is *hooho roa*, (very angry) and in the olden time it was their custom to offer sacrifices to appease her wrath. Even now, the oldest of them sometimes practice this rite. A few days before our arrival, a very aged native, of venerable appearance, with hair as white as snow came from a distant part of the Island, to perform this sacrifice, and for the purpose, brought a pig cooked whole. With much difficulty and danger—his limbs scarce able to support him—he reached the edge of the crater, and kneeling down, with his face toward the glowing caldron, and his long silvery locks streaming in the wind—amid the smoke and stifling vapor, while the roaring and rumbling from beneath seemed to add an unearthly solemnity to the scene, he offered up an earnest prayer to his mighty and terrible deity, and then cast his oblation into the fiery lake below.

As I listened to the recital of this occurrence, detailed by one of the natives—while we were sitting around our camp fire,—with all the eloquence which they possess in such large measure, I was thrilled with interest, and to my imagination no scene could be presented which would afford better materials for a painter for a grand and interesting picture. The sincerity of that old man—into whose darkened mind scarce a shadow of a ray of light and truth had ever penetrated, who had thus forced his perilous way into that place so fraught with danger, and bowed himself to worship, even in the presence of that enraged and awful Deity, whose wrathful mutterings made the mountain to tremble and quake, and whose breath was a flame of fire—would put to shame the devotion of many an enlightened Christian in your most favorable land. After leaving this burning lake, we went to a small cone which we saw in the distance belching out smoke and steam, and when we reached its summit and looked down into it, we involuntarily jumped back. About fifty feet below us was a river of lava running with great velocity, while the place on which we were standing was intensely hot, and seemed to crumble off into the fiery abyss below.

Our next visit was to a large crater, very difficult of access, and having attained the brink, we beheld a sight that might cause the boldest to tremble. A vast river of lava was rushing in a mighty, angry torrent, over some obstruction, so that there was, or seemed to be a fall of several feet, causing the ground to tremble beneath our feet, and filling our ears with a great roaring, rumbling sound such as we had never before heard. This place—like ten thousand furnaces, hotter and fiercer than Nebuchadnezzar's burning below us—seemed, indeed, 'L'inferno,' and had his Satanic Majesty, then and there, surrounded by his myriad host of fiends, been holding high revel, he could scarcely have produced such a combination of strange and diabolical sounds. Our position being one of imminent danger, we were not indisposed to hasten our departure.—We spent the night in a hut on the edge of the old crater, but we were not disposed to sleep much—the sight we beheld after night shut in was too intensely attractive. The effect of the glare of light, flashing continually from twenty different places upon the thick darkness around, accompanied by the confused groaning and sighing of the laboring mountain, was, if possible, more unearthly and fascinating than that produced upon us in the day time.

The next morning we turned our faces homeward, and, descending slowly, passed that night at the half-way house, and the following day reached Hilo, and embarked for Honolulu, where were arrived without casualty or incident worthy of notice, on the morning of the 15th, and feeling well repaid for the time and trouble we had taken to visit the great Volcano of Kilanea.

LOUIS.

New England Pettifoggers in 1765. There is a herd of drones, troublesome to the gentlemen of the Bar, which are called pettifoggers. This is a race made up, for the most part, of the dregs of misfortune and misconduct, joined with a deal of low wit, and such a sip of learning as just intoxicates the brain, as Pope has it; who having suffered a course of law repeatedly in actions of debt, trespass, and perhaps criminal actions too, at last get the form of a declaration pretty perfectly by heart; run off to some different part of the continent, fill up writs in the most trifling causes, exciting quarrels, thereby becoming downright barrators, the very pests of society.

This is an evil which—it seems to my short-sightedness—the Legislature of New England has not found a remedy for, seeing these animals might be employed for the good of the Commonwealth in subduing our stubborn soil, or in some other handy work.—*Ames' Almanack.* 1765.

Agricultural.

[We are indebted for the copy of the following Address to the Hon. CHAUNCEY L. KNAPP, a Berlin boy and a graduate from the Watchman office, who is now representative in Congress from the Lowell (Mass.) District. The address awards the highest honor to Vermont, and for that our readers will be delighted with it. It will also serve to deepen their self-respect and their love for Vermont and Vermonters every where, and for that we do not doubt they will kindly remember Ex-Governor BOUTWELL.—*Ed. Watchman.*]

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRANKLIN COUNTY MASS. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 4, 1855

BY HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Instructed, as I have been by the rich experiences of this and other similar occasions, I will not detain you long from the attractive festivities which are before you. It must be the great thought of us all, that the Author of Nature and Ruler of the Seasons has vouchsafed such an abundant harvest to this country and indeed to the whole world, as the present and coming wants of man seemed to require; but which was only hoped for rather than expected, even by the most devoted believers in the Providence of Heaven. No one of us, it may be, has witnessed a year of such uninterrupted beauty and bounty as this. Spring preserved its ascendency through the summer, and the fall, the decay, the death of the year, has scarcely commenced.

Some one has said that if the Pilgrims had landed in the fertile regions of the West, New England would not have been settled. This may be, but it was great, though not singular, good fortune then, that immigrants by sea are compelled to land upon the coast before they penetrated to the interior. It does sometimes appear as if travellers in the West and the inhabitants there, were a little giddy upon their great plains, lake and rivers. I have tho't proper, then, to devote the moments of this day assigned to me, to some reflections upon the influence of hills, mountains, and and the ocean, upon lakes and prairies, the dependence of agriculture upon commerce, and the relations of the East to the West, that, if possible, some of our young men may be bound by stronger ties to the land of their nativity.

I will not, however, deceive myself nor attempt to mislead you, by assuming that the West is not a region of great fertility and abundant harvests. Equally fortunate is it for the East, as for the West, that it is so. I shall only venture to indicate that the West is not in every respect superior to the East, and that we have some compensations for the hardness of New England soil and the rigor of our northern climate.—Our opinion of a foreign land does not rest so much upon its soil and climate as upon the character of its men. We well know that Egypt and Ireland are among the favored portions of the globe, yet we respect the perpetual enemies of Russia in the mountains of Caucasus more than we do the inhabitants of the Nile, and would sooner cast our lot in Sweden, Norway, or Iceland even, than cultivate the bogs of the Shannon or the moors of Donegal. One of the cultivated and useful men of Massachusetts asks me in a letter what opportunity the vicinity of my own residence furnishes for a home, when he shall be relieved from his present cares and labors. And he says, 'what I most of all seek is a *home* among warm hearts and active souls, where there is pure air, pure water, and mountain scenery.' We respect hills, mountains, forests, waterfalls, and the ocean. There is not only an inspiration in these, the grandest works of nature, but there is a religion in them also. The dweller among mountains, the wanderer in the forest, or upon the shore of the ocean, is a continual worshiper.—God has made him so. Nature is not the same everywhere, and what nature is, man, to a great extent, is also. Indeed, without seeking for the reason or principle of the law, we expect the mountaineer to be vigorous in body, and strong, though perhaps uncultivated, in intellect.

We associate physical indolence with great fertility of soil, and positive inability to labor with uninterrupted salubrity of climate. Switzerland is a small country, but her mountains are indicative of the greatness of her people, who, for ten centuries, by their comparative social purity and political freedom, have attracted the attention of the world far more than the populous states and principalities of Germany.—Germany has, to be sure, a high rank for learning, but it is associated with a sluggish civilization, which might, under adverse circumstances, be easily exchanged for an effeminate barbarism. And the millions of the great Russian plains, if unsupported by mental or physical force from without, will too readily accept the conqueror's yoke, while the Swiss on the one hand and the Caucasian races on the other, would resist to the last extremity. A race of mountaineers may remain isolated for centuries without loss of spirit or character, though the graces of civilization might be totally effaced. But this cannot with truth be said of the inhabitants of flat countries.—And we may, perchance, get a glimpse of the philosophy of this fact. Mountains are not usually fertile, while the great plains of Europe, Asia, and America, are for the most part productive with a small expenditure of labor. Now if you separate one of these prairies, steppes, or plains from the rest of the world, what inducement to activity beyond the preservation of animal life remains? In mountainous and comparatively sterile regions, so great are the necessities of the inhabitants, that activity and labor are the common lot. The necessity for labor is the mother of what we call *enterprise*.

Where the necessity for labor does not exist and press as a general rule upon all, enterprise is unknown, or is else transplanted from other less favored regions. How often is it that the children of the rich are lacking in energy and enterprise, while these qualities are quite universal among the properly educated children of less favored classes? Men will not usually labor when the customary round of wants is supplied; and this round is more likely to diminish than to increase, when all external stimulus is withdrawn. Now while mountains are favorable to animal life, they are not usually productive in the means of its support. One alternative only remains: Men must work or starve. Though disposed as our race is to idleness, most of us accept labor when presented on such stern conditions. Yet we often accept it, or flee from it to more favored climes, as though it were always and everywhere a curse; while in truth there is within us all a principle which renders labor a blessing. I do not, of course, speak of the systems of Europe, or other servile systems, which compel the laborer to delve in ignorance for a bare subsistence. The New England laborer is not subject to nor in danger of any such degradation. When labor is regarded merely as a means of supporting life or of accumulating wealth, then it is a curse; but it becomes a blessing when viewed as a process by which we achieve a victory over the resisting forces of nature or art. It is not the glory of Christ or of Christianity that its founder was without temptation; but that being tempted he was without sin. Virtue, genius, plain intellect, manual labor, respects itself and is respected in proportion to the obstacles it overcomes. Marshal de St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, though unsuccessful in the Crimea, are, after all, more distinguished than they would have been had the Russians fled precipitately beyond the isthmus of Perekop. Labor, labor of the hands merely and for a subsistence only, is and ever must be menial; but it is dignified and ennobled, when, guided by the intellect, it overcomes the obstacles which lie in every man's path. Labor is a blessing just in proportion as it is an achievement.

A life which accomplishes nothing is nothing to the world. The labor which such a liver is obliged to perform, seems justly enough to him to be a curse. But do you not think that the labor of the astronomer, the chemist, the mathematician, the poet, is a blessing? Indeed it is; and his labor is as severe as any manual labor can possibly be. Why then, thou mere denizen of earth, is labor to him a blessing and to you a curse? Plainly because you accept labor as a yoke upon your own neck, instead of seizing it as an instrument in your hands, by whose agency you will achieve a victory over the obstacles in your way. Labor, to be sure, is an instrument by which we acquire a subsistence and accumulate wealth; but an instrument, too, by which we demonstrate the supremacy of the intellect over the inanimate creation. Now this highest form of labor can exist only when there is enterprise, and enterprise is the child of a common necessity. And there is no reason in the nature of man why agricultural labor with us should be a struggle for a subsistence merely, and therefore to be avoided as far as possible. It is an art; it invokes and will employ a high order and great variety of learning; it develops the physical man; it cultivates and chastens all moral qualities, and it stimulates the intellect. Agriculture in Massachusetts is not on the one hand so hopeless as to leave men in despair, nor, on the other, has nature been so generous as to invite us to rely upon her spontaneous products. *Excellence* is an attainment through struggle and labor amidst the active competition of other men. We judge men, men judge themselves, not so much by their actual attainment, as by the process of the struggle and the obstacles which have been overcome. If you see a farm in the highlands of Worcester equal to the best cultivated one on the alluvial banks of the Connecticut, the Worcester farmer at once takes the highest place in your esteem. And this preference does not rest upon the superiority of the attainment, but upon the evidence which it furnishes that there has been a higher exhibition of enlightened labor, energy, enterprise, and genius in one case than in the other. And you will pardon me if I say, in illustration of a view I intend to take, that the Connecticut river farmers, though more favored in soil and climate, are not the best farmers of Massachusetts. If, in your minds, agriculture is a mere means of sustaining animal life, then no doubt you should place yourself where it can be sustained with the smallest amount of physical labor. But agriculture takes rank with the highest forms of labor and learning where and only where there is opportunity, inducement, and necessity for the highest exercise of the intellectual faculties. Now no man can pretented that agriculture in the West is the intellectual exercise that it is with us. It may indeed be true that there is as much mind employed upon the land there as in New England; but let no one assume from existing facts that the equality will be maintained through generations and centuries. The West has no character of its own. It is a vast lake, kept constantly in motion by the number and force of its tributaries, whose currents are distinctly marked over its whole surface.—When immigration into the West shall cease, that vast region will be what its own wants require, influenced in some degree, of course, by the surrounding country.

We all anticipate that the valley of the Mississippi will be the home, the happy home, of millions and tens of millions of human beings. There, no doubt, the graces as well as luxuries of civilization will abound; but it is not probable that the chief abodes of art, of science, of intellectual labor, of inventive, creative genius will be there.

But plains not only fail to nourish and strengthen the physical man by pure air and water, and an ever pressing necessity for labor, but they lack proper food for the intellectual man. Where are the poets, born upon the plain, or the poets who have sung of the plain. The plain is destitute of inspiration. The inspiration common to all men has its root and support in the feeling that we are in the presence of God. To be sure we are in his presence always; but there is no language of the plain, it has no voice, it utters nothing, it reveals nothing, to the mind or soul. In a flat country, a hill, however insignificant, is a relief. A few weeks ago, a friend standing by my side in one of the level towns of the Old Colony, and no part Massachusetts can be called a plain, pointed with zeal to Milton hills, evidently gratified by the view, even at a distance, of so trifling an elevation of land.

It is difficult to say how far the operations of the mind are self-acting. We are influenced by what is around us. The sun, the moon, the planetary host, the myriads of stars, not only perform their parts in the great system of celestial mechanics, but they perpetually invite and attract men to the paths of science and religion. Paganism, or that form which bids men adore the sun, is sincere worship, though its proper object is unknown.

Yet it is certain from this that we are so constituted as to accept the instruction and influence of God's revelation in nature. And what is true of the influence of other worlds and systems, is in a degree true of the globe on which we dwell. A single majestic tree, a forest, a cataract, a mountain, the ocean, will often compel us to homage and adoration. So a stone, a leaf, a shell, a flower, we know not why or how, stimulates a mind so that it advances to new regions of science and heights of learning. No part of the world is destitute of these teachers and preachers of science and religion; yet the mountains and ocean-touched portions are the most favored in this respect. Whatever is majestic, grand, sublime in nature, tends to produce the like qualities not only in the student but even in the common observer. So true is this, that a race may become distinguished for the qualities which their native scenery seems calculated to inspire. The mountain and the ocean are specially fitted to exert an influence upon the character and physical constitution.

There are individual cases of eminent men who are of inferior physical development; but it is idle to expect a race of such men. It is not necessary to urge this view; as a general truth it is agreed to. It is not, however, to be assumed that mere greatness of body is an index of greatness of mind; but where a race is well developed, you may be sure that it possesses great original energy and is capable of cultivation and refinement. You may see in State street, Boston, at one o'clock in the afternoon, as fine a class of merchants and men as any city can boast; but generally they are immigrants from Cape Cod, Cape Ann, Western Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. Now a great city and a great plain are alike in one respect: they must be constantly stimulated to industry and re-invigorated by the infusion of new elements of character from the country around. It is apparent then that great plains can only be the abode of an elevated and enlightened civilization, when they are so situated as to receive new men from the mountains and shores of the ocean, and have avenues of commerce which draw away whatever is produced beyond the necessaries of life. This is indeed now, and for an indefinitely long period of time to come, is likely

(*See 4th Page.*)