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## Miscellaneous Articles.

### Wealth and Education.

In selecting between two objects, it is necessary that we should have some knowledge of the value, importance and influence which each possesses in the estimate of those minds which combined make a world. Thus we may consider these as two exhaustless fountains, from whose depths proceed those crystal streams which ever cast a halo of light and joy by which to illumine many a desponding heart, and from whose flowing streams each thirsty and craving heart would fain drink. When one has once sipped the enchanting draught, it will only serve to increase that desire which knows no rest until he has succeeded in drawing from the very depth, which pleasure he can never be permitted to enjoy; for these fountains are exhaustless, and although he may draw from their treasures for years or even centuries, he will not be able to penetrate their crystal waves, whose mysterious current will ever continue to flow an undimmed and undiminished. But brightest and most pure are those streams which issue from the fountain of education, and creates in mankind desires and aspirations which angels do not blush to own, and which elevate man to that standard, which from the beginning of the world, was erected as a mark toward which all his energies and ambition should center. It excels in brightness and glory, the dazzling splendor with which wealth decorates herself, as the glittering diamond excels in beauty and brightness, the grey pebbles which lay scattered in every direction.

Wealth, 'tis true is endowed with many charms, and she extends in every direction her enticing treasures to allure the heart and engage the attention of an aspiring world. In many instances it places within our reach those enjoyments which captivate to bewilder our senses, and which will charm for a moment but soon leaves us discontented or unsatisfied; for the mind, man's noblest treasure still remains unenriched, or its aspirations which are elevated and heavenly are left to disappointment or despair. But education although it may never satisfy the energies of an enquiring mind, yet will never leave it to mourn over the deceitfulness of its glory, to never cause its elevated desires to droop and wither by taking its flight through most needed as wealth often forsakes her rotaries; but even strengthens or enlarges its borders or prepares it to grasp those wonders of immensity which lie far above the reach or comprehension of those whose *idol* wealth is. We have been referred to wealth as the great object to be gained by mankind ere an education can be obtained. But how often is it the case that a person of great wealth is lacking that one great thing, Education. While we behold the poor, with whom the wealthy would scorn to associate, because their wealth does not consist in the possession of glittering gold, unceasingly toiling onward or upward step by step until by diligence and perseverance they have reached the summit of that hill whose craggy steep is so forbidding and at last they have gained a possession which wealth with all its dazzling splendor can never purchase or misfortune destroy. It is a jewel whose beauty can never be dimmed—a constant companion, or a friend who will introduce us into the most refined society, or which will convey to our minds those inspiring emotions which have occupied the thoughts of those wise divines or philosophers whose writings we ever delight to pursue. It reveals to us wonders which the uncultivated mind can never comprehend, or although it has been said that wealth will secure friends, will not education, too, secure those friends whose constancy will endure when wealth with all its purchased friends shall have flown to the wind? It not only prepares us to perform faithfully the duties of life but qualifies us more fully to comprehend the mysteries which surround the eternal world or which can never be comprehended until our education shall have progressed till countless ages shall have rolled away, and even then there will remain mysteries yet to be solved. And if education engrosses the attention of angels or glorified spirits why should it not claim our attention, and be the object of our pursuits rather than the sordid and groveling pursuit of glittering dust, which the slightest breath of misfortune can destroy or convey far beyond our reach. Fortune is fickle, and riches oft take wings to fly away, but education abides with us forever.

SOPHIA M. JOSLYN.

### The Prayer of Life.

Quietly secluded among o'ershadowing trees, is a humble dwelling. Within may be seen a youth of high aspirations, on whom nature had bestowed its loveliest charms. He is absorbed in deep thought perchance forming plans for future life. Watch for a moment the changing expression of his features, as each new thought flashes with the rapidity of lightning across his mind. What life is expressed in those eyes—what energy of purpose in his movements, as he o'erlooks the different occupations of life, to choose one upon which to spend the talents and abilities of his mind and body. His decision is made, his choice fixed. He wakes from his reverie, but is not forgetful of his duty to Him who ruleth and reigneth over all things, and as he kneels in prayer to ask his blessing upon his resolutions, he breathes forth in accents of humility, "Our Father which art in Heaven—"

In a distant and retired spot, view there a student of nature, wasting the midnight lamp over his tired book. His mind and energies are all concentrated in the subject before him, and he thinks not of the requirements of nature. His mind wanders to the planetary system, the sun and moon, the countless stars, and the universe teeming with living beings, each attended with resplendent beauty, mysteriousness and wonder. In the flashing lightning and the murmur of the distant thunder, in the refreshing breeze and falling rain, in the notes of the little songsters as they hop from twig to twig, he is reminded of the infinite wisdom and power of his Creator, and to Him he exclaims, "Hallowed be thy name."

In yonder mansion behold the mother surrounded by her little ones, whose innocent prattle is the sweetest of music to her. Happiness and love are visibly stamped upon the outlines of her features. She is seen to manifest for them such an interest and love, as a mother only has for those loved ones entrusted to her care. A cloud is seen to pass over her brow, as she thinks of the temptations and vicissitudes of this heartless world. In anxiety for them she raises her voice to Heaven and to Him who cares for little ones she cries out "Thy Kingdom come."

Again within a stately dwelling, may be seen inmates wearing the badges of mourning. Heartfelt sorrow and suffering are depicted upon their countenances. What is the cause of this grief? It is the work of the destroyer Death. Perhaps a Husband and father has passed from this cold earth away. Tears of anguish were shed for the departed one, by the widow and fatherless, which none know, except those who have realized the same loss. The earthly bliss of an affectionate family was now cut off. They would listen no more to his kind counsels nor task in the sunshine of his approving smile. But in Him who doeth all things well, they could now place their trust. They in humble submission to his decree whisper, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven."

Go with us to that lonely cot, and there witness misery and want in their worst form. The father has departed from the paths of rectitude and has indulged in the intoxicating cup, until his family are reduced to extreme penury. They are destitute of the comforts of life, except the meek which is earned by the mother, who toils on, patiently looking forward to the future. Her situation is one of deep despair and want and suffering, all too much for her endurance. But a ray of hope beamed upon her mind, as she implores Him who is the father of all mercies, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Again, one of strong purpose, after spending the strength of manhood in labor and toil, meets with severe misfortune. Wealth-bought friends are among the things which were, and he is thrown upon the world, a poor despised and destitute stranger. As the last of his fortune goes to satisfy the greedy creditor, the wretched man is led to whisper in tones of prayer, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors."

A man, weary of the bustling mart of the busy world, ceases for meditation. His thoughts are directed to the frailty of all things earthly. Fame and honor the highest attainments of men are viewed by him as empty dreams, never to be realized by mortal man. He thinks of the uncertainty of life and falsity of friends, the tempting vanities of the world and deceitfulness of man. For his own sake and that of his fellow men, he cries unto God, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Within yonder chamber of luxury and ease, lies a dying maiden. She is young and beautiful, and life to her is in its loveliest hue. But she is called on to leave friends and all earthly enjoyment behind, and her spirit is about to soar to God who gave it. Her parents, brothers and sisters are gathered around her dying bed, to witness the death struggle of the loved one. Her eyes open to catch the parting looks of friends. What a scene—how beyond description. Stillness reigns save the sobs of the afflicted ones. List! the dying maiden speaks in tones of prayer, as she murmurs with her last breath, "My God accept,—" *For thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever.*

ANN S. PARKER.

### Ruth's Example.

It is with delight that we peruse the history of those whose lives are marked with honor and distinction. But above all we love to linger around those whose loveliness and virtues are most vividly pictured to our minds. Among the records of holy writ, brightest and most beautiful, is that of Ruth. Let us follow Ebimelech, her father-in-law, as he bade adieu to his country to go into the land of Moab, that he might there better provide for their daily wants. His two sons being married and probably looking forward to many years of pleasure and happiness, when the hand of death was laid upon them, and while in the full bloom of youth their bright anticipations of future glory and happiness were disappointed, and they like their father were called to part with scenes of earth and be consigned to the silent tomb, never again to associate with those they so much loved. Thus their wives were left widows, and their mother with none to protect her in her declining years as she goes forth into a cold and unpropitious world.

While brooding over her sorrows she is comforted with the thought that she may revisit her native country, where perhaps she will find one to cheer her lonely hours and comfort her drooping spirits. Her daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, were willing to leave their country, home and friends, to accompany her on her lonely journey, that they might participate in her joys and sorrows and thus support her declining years which were fast wasting away beneath the weight of grief and solitude. She endeavored by every means in her power to persuade them to return to their father's house, where they might enjoy the blessings and comforts of life, of which otherwise they might be deprived. But Ruth, who was ever kind and affectionate and ready to lend a helping hand to the needy and destitute, would not be prevailed upon to leave that aged and venerated parent to wander on and beg her bread, from door to door, without her cheering presence; but replied to her oft repeated requests, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried."

What language could better express the tender regard she cherished toward that kind and faithful parent. She chose rather to toil with her own hands to supply their daily wants, than to think of her far away in a strange land, without food or shelter, while she herself was constantly surrounded with every blessing she could desire. How strikingly is that character of filial affection which so prompted her to forsake what would serve to her her every comfort, for the society and happiness of her she so tenderly loved, but which proved her greatest blessing.

What example could be more worthy of our imitation than that which was exhibited by the faithful and lovely Ruth. Never was she weary of her task or wished herself back to her father's house, but ever strove to make its pathway plain; for she thought the same hand that would provide for one, would also provide for them both. Always might she be seen manifesting that spirit of christian benevolence which was ever stamped on her reputation. Her confidence in that all-wise and overruling Providence which promised long life and prosperity to all who should honor their parents, remained unshaken.

SARAH A. DUTTON.

A little son of Mr. J. D. Martin, of Greene County, Ill., was so badly gored by a vicious beast on the 12th ult., that he died from his injuries last Thursday morning. The horn of the animal penetrated his skull just above the left eye.

### Hope and Fear.

In all our intercourse with the world we are encouraged by some ruling passion and not left to spell out our course in the distant future without some friend, some guide save dim uncertainty, some star to direct our course, or light to illumine that profound mysterious darkness by which we are engulfed; and that encouraging influence whatever may be its form or appearance is Hope. We witness its power in all the transactions of life. We know that in every act which graces the pages of our past lives, the brightest and most lovely of all the influences which encouraged their performances, is Hope. Amid all the toils and vexations, the siren breath of Hope is wafted to our ears, and our hearts are liberated from their former discouragements and thralldom, and permitted to bask in the genial rays of Hope, which are so numerous and powerful, that they will pierce those dark recesses of the heart, where Fear would vainly claim possession. It speaks peace to the perplexed imagination & whispers consolation to the distressed. It dispels all darkness and gloom from the wandering mind and encircles our heads, as a brilliant rainbow adorns yon azure vault. And should its colors for an instant begin to fade, it needs only a single ray from the sun of fortune, to cause its colors to dazzle with unwonted splendor. 'Tis the main spring by which our actions are regulated. It is a balm, which brings healing on its wings, to heal the broken-hearted and strengthen the down-trodden. It bids all fear depart and points to joys and happiness in the far distant future, which the past knows nothing of. And in all the vast routine of action, you can scarce point to one which has not Hope for its guide. Man's deepest sorrow and grief is often soothed by the healing antidote Hope. It is a friend ever present; no matter how low or adverse our circumstances; no matter how dark and gloomy the cloud which hovers overhead, to obscure the light which would faintly glimmer from the radiant stars of prosperity. Hope thou brightest ray and richest blessing, that heaven vouch safes to bestow on weary mortals! Thou art the sole foundation and prop by which all our actions and thoughts are regulated. Fear is but a coward, an insignificant personage, lurking around in every by-path of the heart, to discourage every attempt to rise to the summit of that pinnacle, which has been erected as the standard of aspiration to be gained by every intelligent being. Look at the student toiling by his midnight lamp and striving in vain to solve some difficult problem, or commit to memory a long and difficult task. If it were not for Hope he would despair of ever accomplishing his design. He would at once throw aside his books and conclude that it would be useless and not worthy of his attention. Behold that aged man; care is written on his furrowed brow, his form is bent beneath the weight of many years.

His hair is silvered o'er by the frosts of many winters; but notwithstanding the various sorrows and trials which he has been called to encounter, he maintains a cheerful, happy disposition. He lives on that support and rests on that foundation which has ever been underneath him to prevent him from sinking in the miry pit of despair. That support, that foundation is Hope. Thus you see the power, the efficacy of Hope. It outweighs every other antidote. It surpasses all other gems which the human heart may possess. It is our best friend, our most constant companion. It will serve to beckon us on shall have flown away with the wind. Then say no more of the wonderful power of Fear for it is so weak, so fickle, when compared with the strength of Hope, that as it was said of old, by one of the wisest of the land, that "Hope casteth away all Fear."

HATTIE A. HOVEY.

### Passing away.

Yes, all are passing away, the man, the youth, the beautiful and innocent, passing away.

How mournfully these thoughts fall upon the ear. They bring thoughts of the beautiful world above, where bright-winged angels tune their harps around the throne of God.

"Passing away," said a beautiful child in whose blue eye you could almost read of Heaven, and on whose angelic countenance reined a sweet smile. "Passing away, but do not weep, for there is a balm in Heaven."

"Passing away," said a dying one as her breath shortened and the death-damp gathered on her brow. "Passing away,

and as she spoke her spirit took its flight. "Passing away," said a man of toil, whose care-worn brow and wearied step showed the frailty of earth's children.— "Passing from this world and its dreariness, to that glorious home above."

"Passing away," said an aged man whose silvered locks and palsied limbs showed the sad havoc time makes upon those who linger here long. Passing away but O, their is a world beyond the tomb, an asylum for the heart-broken, where the rainbow of peace ever spans the unclouded sky, whose brightness is never dimmed by the mists of earth, and sorrow cannot enter to mar the happiness of its inhabitants.

Thus all things however bright and beautiful are transitory and stay but a moment. What we cherish highest is soonest past. But why dwell on the dark side of the picture? Why cast a gloom o'er all by our ceaseless repining? This world is bright and beautiful, and was created by a God of infinite wisdom who made and placed us here that we might prepare to dwell around His Throne.

CHARLOTTE A. FAIRCHILD.

### Waking Dreams.

Dreams are not as is sometimes supposed, confined alone to hours of sleep, but various are the visionary scenes, with which our waking hours are familiar. How often is fancy detected picturing to the mind, in vividness of reality, either those scenes which are forever gone, or portraying before it bright dreams of future hope and happiness, which are to be realized in future. But these dreams are not always bright. Sometimes they are of dark and dismal character. They vary to correspond with the temperaments of individuals, or to suit the feelings of the same individual at different times. While the cheerful, light-hearted one, dreams of naught save of sunshine and happiness, to one of opposite disposition will be pictured dreary and dark imaginings. But none of us are entirely exempt from waking dreams. We all dream of the past and the future, and of the bright and dark side of the picture. How rapidly do the scenes of childhood and youth pass before the "mind's eye," and we live over again those happy days when there was to us naught of trouble, save the fleeting sorrow of the passing moment, and how soon would this vanish at the sound of a mother's voice or the light of her smile, and life would be even sweeter than before. Those school days too, when first we were taught the mysteries of P. Q. and W. and that treacherous memory which allowed us so often to be lectured simply because we did not remember to attach the proper name to its corresponding form. These we then thought severe trials, but the many pleasures of those days more than compensated us. The large tree in front of that little school house, with the aged rocks at its base on which we have walked away so many happy hours are often before us. The well remembered brook at the foot of the hill—have we ever since seen a brook, that would compare with that in beauty? that we were forbidden to approach, lest per- adventure, we might get our frocks and aprons soiled. The temptation however was too strong to be always resisted, and often rebellious ones were obliged to stand before that wood-colored desk, to receive the punishment considered just by wiser heads. But sadder trials than these succeeded us. For the time soon came, when we must form for ourselves, the above named P. Q., and then they must be combined in words and sentences and form a composition. This was indeed a more mysterious puzzle than any which had preceded it, the solving which to many of us, yet remains in the darkness of dream-land. As these phantoms of the past rise before us, we picture to ourselves a better future, one not so fraught with errors, and before we are aware dreams of the future are flitting past us. Many are the things we are going to accomplish, for our precious time is not henceforth to be so squandered. And various are the schemes we have for doing good to others. Then again our hearts fail within us, as the many obstacles to be surmounted, present themselves, and we wonder in our hearts if we were ever made to benefit others. Surely a shade of sadness would be cast over everything were it not for the bright dreams of future happiness in yonder bright world where we hope to awake and find a lasting reality. It is indeed sweet to think of that home, where friends meet never to separate, where sin, sorrow and death gain no admittance, where His who

conquered death reigns supreme. But sadness is mingled with this thought even for all will not enter this blest abode.

NANCY A. PARKER.

### Be Honest.

Honesty is one of the great principles of rights which every one should endeavor to practice. It is that principle which if adopted and faithfully adhered to, will eventually carry us safely through the various stations which we may be called to occupy in the routine of life. Truly, Honesty is the best policy, mark it where you will, in the industrious Farmer, the enterprising Merchant, the persevering Student, or the accomplished Statesman.

If we have a desire to become wise and good, to increase in knowledge, and in favor with God and man, and be respected by our companions, we must be honest.

If that young man who has just set out in the world for himself, who for the first time has launched his frail human bark upon the cold, and unfeeling sympathies of mankind; I say if such a man does not possess in some degree, a true regard for honesty, he will not rise to that high standard in society, which should be the aim of every honest and upright man. Although for a time he may seem to rise in society, and be honored and respected by his fellow men; to succeed in business; to accumulate wealth, and enjoy happiness. All this he may seem to possess, but it will be of short duration. Friends will forsake him on every side, his wealth will take to itself wings and fly away, and he will wake up to a sense of his situation, when it is too late, and will be forever an outcast in society, making himself unhappy, as well as those who may come within his sphere.

An honest man has within his bosom a treasure of more real value, than all the wealth we could acquire in a lifetime. What is there then that will contribute more to any ones success, whether in the active pursuits of knowledge, or in the acquisition of wealth, than honesty. An honest man is one who possesses purity of heart, whether we meet him in the social circles, or in our daily intercourse, with the rich or poor, with the good or bad, with the high or low, he always bears a frank and open countenance.

Friendship's golden tie is bound by that one spell Honesty. Friends should endeavor to be honest in all their intercourse with each other, and if they are not, that friendship in the same proportion decreases. Out of society, as well as in, they should manifest the same attachment. One should not use keen and reproachful expression, or satirical remarks, to or about another, which they might utter with some degree of scorn or contempt, for nothing could mar that friendship more than this. Then why cannot a man be ever honest in his dealings with his fellow men, honest in his actions and discourses, honest in his friendship, sentiments and feelings towards every one, and then we shall pass smoothly and pleasantly along the current of life, being beloved and respected by those around us, living for others as well as for ourselves, and proclaiming to all within our circle of friends, "Honesty is the best Policy."

JOHN B. STEWART.

### Excelsior.

Higher, more elevated! What a soul inspiring thought! Who is not impressed with courage and resolution if they have the capacity for improvement that they can raise the standard of their virtue and fit themselves for more usefulness in the world. We may improve, if we will but set our mark high, and not be content until we have gained the prize.— Though obstacles may thwart our way, we may overcome them by exertion and perseverance. If we resolve that we will, the task will be overcome, our usefulness increased, and our standard of virtue raised. It is our duty to improve the privileges we possess. They were given us for improvement and not to be wasted in sloth and idleness. We are each responsible for the manner we spend our life. On every hand we meet with encouragements and incentives to greater and more glorious works of improvement. Divine Oracles proclaim it on every page. Past ages abound with proofs of the importance of cultivating each talent and the improving of them to that extent which intelligent and immortal minds are capable. The result of life will depend upon the improvement and elevation of our desires. On the thread of our own exertions, hang those endowments which will determine that position which we

shall occupy in society, and measure that amount of influence which we shall exert. It will also mark the bounds of our aspirations, and compel us to live, move and think in that same sphere which our own exertions have prepared. If we allow ourselves to be content with what we now possess we shall reap the fruit of it in after life; when we shall not be able to associate with those whose minds are adorned with choicest flowers and richest gems. We should place our standard high and with untiring perseverance, unyielding determination to improve our minds, should strive to raise ourselves to that degree of virtue and respect, which nothing else can secure.— No one ever ascended higher in the scale of improvement, than he is carried by his own persevering efforts. Therefore, he should place his standard high; for his acquirement will never exceed the bounds of those aspirations which he has portrayed as the sphere of his actions. When we set our mark high we are continually striving to gain its summit.— Some things may be done with low aims but nothing compared with what may be accomplished with high and lofty endeavors. It is the duty of every one to strive for those attainments which will best qualify them for the greatest degree of usefulness. For this purpose as well as for the increase of our own happiness, we should place our standard high, and adopt Excelsior as our motto.

FRANK A. BUXTON.

### Ambition.

So numerous and unrestrained are those rougher passions of the soul that, inveigle the ear of mankind from the neglected voice of reason and conscience, that while we exercise our commiseration, we may in a great measure suppress our astonishment, when we see men so anxiously solicitous to wield the sceptre of power, or loiter in the chariot of luxury with all their concomitant diseases and cares.

How often do we see men without one longing or regretful look, abandon the humble vale of competence, desert the abodes of contentment and forever forget the quiet couch of repose and the very bosom of peaceful employment, to climb the craggy steep of perilous ambition, never secure from the delusive windings of error and the poisonous bites of the serpents of envy, and ever looking with an eye of fearful apprehension on the rocks of infamy and disgrace beneath.

He is the philosopher who can look down with indignation on an Alexander, who unmoved by even the whispers of ambition, can see with indifference others run the weary race of glory and riches. To him the vale is more splendid than the palace—the frugal board is sweeter than the lavish tables of luxurious emperors, and the subjection of his passions imparts more delight than the subjection of armies.

To him nature appears in its loveliest charms, conscience appears and rewarding heaven smiles on all his endeavors. No point of glory or of wealth can put a period to the desires of the avaricious. Though on the top of Andes, he still wishes to ascend. Though India yield him all her stores, he still covets more. Though half mankind were obedient to his eye, his progress is not stopped till all are under subjection.

Here reason forsakes him, the noble virtues of the soul withdraw their influence, while the rough and willful passions bear full sway, temptation prompts him to every act of injustice and brutality marks all his proceedings.

With all the lashes of an awakened conscience and with all the cumbersome appendages of wealth and grandeur, he drags on the heavy load of existence, till the yawning grave gapes to receive the avaricious monster. Yet such monsters would be half mankind, could they only obtain a gratification of their unbounded wishes.

WILBER F. BIGELOW.

Last year nearly sixty thousand horses died—one third of all in the colony—on the Cape of Good Hope from some disease which could not be accounted for. Many sheep, were also lost from an unusual disease. It is now thought that this calamity was occasioned by allowing the animals to eat grass with the dew on it.

PRESTON S. BROOKS' BOOTS.—The New York Times says—There are a great many men of high standing in Massachusetts, who would consider it an honor to lick the boots of Preston S. Brooks.

Alas, for pugnacious human nature! we fear there are more who would like to lick the man that stands in them.