

"O, certainly, if it be not too long."
"I wish a Quit Claim drawn up in favor of Morgan."

"A Quit Claim?"
"Aldridge might well be surprised."

"Yes. Write it out in due form, and let it describe accurately the house and ten acres now in his possession. How long will it take you?"

"Not long. Half an hour, perhaps. But, Mr. J., what does all this mean? Has Morgan indemnified you?"

"No matter as to that, Mr. Aldridge was the rather cool reply. The Quit Claim I wish drawn, I will wait for it."

In a short time the paper was read, attested, and witnessed. Thrusting it into his pocket, Mr. J. hurried from the presence of the lawyer. His purpose was to go home. But now that sympathy for those he had made wretched was awakened, he could not bear its pressure upon his own feelings. The dwelling of Morgan was at no great distance. Thither his steps were directed. A light shone through one of the windows. As he drew near, he saw, moving slowly against the wall and ceiling of the room, to and fro, the shadow of a man. Nearer still, and he could see all the inmates of the room. By the table sat a woman in an attitude of deep dejection; she had been weeping. A boy stood beside her with his arms lying on her neck, while a little girl sat on a low stool, her face buried in her mother's lap. The whole picture conveyed to the mind of Mr. J. an idea of extreme wretchedness and struck him forcibly. A few moments only did he contemplate the scene.

How suddenly the tableaux changed when Mr. J. entered, and briefly making known his errand, presented to Mr. Morgan his quit claim deed!—What joy lit up every face; what blessings were invoked on him and his!

In a tumult of pleasure, such as he had never experienced before, Mr. J. hurried from the presence of the overjoyed family and took his way homeward. How light were his footsteps! With what a new sensation did he drink in the pure evening air that seemed nectar to his expanding lungs. How beautiful the moon looked, smiling down upon him, and in the eye of every bright star was a sparkling approval of his manly deed. Never in his whole life had he done an act from which he derived so exquisite a sense of pleasure. He had tasted angel's food.

Calm was the sleep of Mr. J. Ah! how often had he tossed on his pillow after the midnight watches. Morning found him with a new sense of enjoyment in life. He could hardly understand its meaning. Dimly he perceived the truth at first, but more and more clearly as his brother's words came back to his remembrance. "There are few sources of pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed." This had sounded strange, almost repulsive to his ears. Now it was perceived as a beautiful truth. And so was this—"How much do they lose, who, having power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"How much have I lost," he said to himself with an involuntary sigh—"Here is a new experience in life. I am wiser than I was yesterday; and wiser, I trust, to some good purpose."

And did this prove to be so? Profited this rich man in the discovery that sources of happiness were within his reach, undreamed of before? He did; and yet how often came the dark clouds of selfishness over his mind, obscuring his nobler perceptions. But a good seed was planted and there was one in the village of Glenwood, who loved him and mankind too well to let the soil in which it was cast, remain uncultured. From that little seed a plant sprung up, growing in time to a goodly tree, and spreading its branches forth in the air of heaven. Beneath its shadow, many, weary on the rugged road of life, found rest and shelter.

Edward J., from a narrow-minded, unhappy self-seeker, became a man of generous impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal hand, that ever came back to him with a double portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It looked to him even more beautiful than in childhood. At this he sometimes wondered, for at his first return, after long years of absence, the old beauty had departed. But the reader finds here no mystery; nor was it to him when he contrasted his state of mind with that existing, when tired of himself and the world he came back to his native village, seeking for rest, yet finding none, until he sought it in self abnegation and good deeds to his fellow-men.

What is Useful Education?

We put the question in reference to the great body of American youth who are to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and, under Providence, to wield the future destinies of our country. Two principles should be aimed at: To provide for themselves honorably, under any ordinary contingencies—and qualify them to become useful to society. The times, as well as universal experience, abundantly admonish us that, however the children of wealth may indulge in idleness and dissipation, while their means last—the great mass of American youth must, and ought, to depend on their labor for their fortunes and their usefulness. Fortune is at best precarious—patrimonial dependence is uncertain, and reliance upon the friendship or charity of the world, or upon office, is frail and often debasing. Self-dependence is the only sure stay. We are ever most willing to help those who help themselves. Productive labor is the legitimate source of wealth, individual and national—and this labor is profitable to the individual and to the nation in proportion to the measure of intelligence and scientific knowledge which guides and directs

its operations. Hence it is of primary importance that our youth should be efficiently taught to labor, and that their minds should be early imbued with that kind of knowledge which will instruct them in the principle of their business, renders it honorable, and make them independent in conduct and in fortune.

We have, to be sure, colleges and academies, more than can well be supported, or than can be made economical and useful. But these are, in a measure consecrated to the learned professions—to the privileged few—for they are privileged, inasmuch as they are the exclusive recipients of public bounty in the higher branches of learning. Productive labor derives little or no advantage from teaching. Few of the youth who enter their halls ever seek for a livelihood in the laboring arts. They learn to look upon labor as servile and demeaning, and to seek their living in what they consider the higher classes of society. They do not go to these schools to learn to work or to learn to live by work—in the common use of these terms—but to learn to live without work or above work. They are virtually withdrawn from the producing classes. These young aspirants flock to the learned professions, and genteel employments, as the avenues to honor and office; and notwithstanding the laborer is taxed heavily, and in one way or another, to supply their real or imaginary wants, yet the professions have become overstocked, and the threshold of power so thronged with applicants that hundreds and thousands are thrown back, as parasites upon society, exhibiting the spectacle of men, born to be useful, but unable or unwilling, from the bias of a wrong education, to become so. Had these men been taught to look upon labor as it really is, a necessary, healthful, independent and honorable employment, and been instructed in its principles and practices while young, they would have cherished its interests, respected its virtues, and cheerfully shared in its toils and pleasures. We seek not, by these remarks, to pull down that which is, but to build that which is not. It is not that we love a part less, but the whole more, we would raise the standard of labor, without depressing that of literature.

We have common schools too, munificently endowed, where all may acquire the elements of knowledge, but the rudiments only. They teach nothing of the sciences which are necessary to the success in the prosecution of arts—and give no instructions for the best models of practice: They neither learn the boy how to provide for himself, nor fit him for extensive usefulness. They lay the foundation, but they do little to build up and beautify the temple.

Who will tell us that classic schools, available only to those who design to live without labor, are made the special and exclusive object of legislative bounty, in regard to the higher branches of instruction? Why is it, that six or seven thousand youth, which is about the number in our colleges and academies, should receive gratuities from the public treasury, till the aggregate exceed three millions, to enable them to live without work, while half a million of other youth, with like capacities, and like claims, destined to labor, and to augment the resources, the wealth, and the happiness of their country, are denied a miserable pittance in the higher branches of knowledge to qualify them for their more important duties in society? Is not knowledge as beneficial to the arts of labor as it is to the learned professions? Is it not as efficiently and beneficially applied in developing the riches of the earth, in perfecting the mechanic and manufacturing arts, and in augmenting the products and profits of labor generally, as it is in the warfare of party politics, in the chicanery of the law and in prolonging unprofitable debate in legislative halls? May not natural science be as profitably studied and applied on the farm, where nature is constantly presenting new subjects of illustration and application, as in the town or in the closet? Is not chemistry, which instructs in the nature and properties of all bodies, as useful to farmers, in ascertaining the qualities of his soils, and their adaptation to particular crops, and in regulating the multifarious operations of husbandry—and to the artisan, in managing his various processes, as it is to the lawyer, the statesman, or the divine? There is probably no employment in life that embraces so wide a scope of useful study as that of cultivating the soil. The great use and end of science, are to improve art, to impress us with a sense of our obligations to God, and our duty to man. In truth, science belongs to, and continues an integral portion of the arts, and cannot be divorced from them without throwing us back into a state of semi-barbarism, such as now disgraces a great portion of the population of the old continent. Why then teach science exclusively to the few, who have comparatively so little use for it, and withhold it from the many, to whom it would be a help and a guide.

We look to Europe for precedents, and blindly adopt those that are prejudicial as well as many that are good. We forget that we are a new people in government, manners, and that there is no country that will serve, as ours, a model in all cases. The education bestowed upon the working classes in Europe, is designed to qualify them for the subordinate stations in society—for labor and obedience as subjects. Their government recognizes a privileged class—who are the owners of the soil, and live upon the labors of the many. The working classes have very little to do with the affairs of government. Here all are professedly upon a footing of equality. All enjoy political rights, and have political duties to perform—and all should be equally favored, so far as the public bounty is dispensed in the means of obtaining useful knowledge, and of acquiring wealth and honors. We should take care to have good farmers and good mechanics, as well as good lawyers and good doctors. We want not only good subjects, but intelligent freemen—high-minded, independent freemen, who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them. We wish to keep the fountain pure, that the stream of power may not become defiled. We wish to base our political and social fabric upon a rock, steadfast and sure—upon the intelligence, industry, and moral rectitude of the great working community. When this class shall cease to exert a healthful and controlling influence in political affairs, our boasted freedom will be at an end. A privileged class, whom the bounty of government has assisted to arm with exclusive power, will control and direct the political machine, as may best subserve their aggrandizing views, with regard to the common weal. Ambition is the same in all ages and countries. Man loves power, and is corrupted by it—and in its prolonged exercise the servant will ever swell into the master. Our freedom can only be securely guarded by the vigilance of an enlightened, independent, prosperous yeomanry.

Men have tried all sorts of expedients, for thousands of years, to obtain wealth and happiness; and after all it has become pretty evident, that there is no course that wears so well, that is so self-approving, that is so certain in its success, that gives so much health, contentment and independence—the substantial elements of happiness—as habitual industry, tempered and directed by a cultivated mind, be it in the learned or laboring profession. The consciousness that we are not only providing for ourselves, and those naturally dependent upon us, but that we are doing good to society, is a rich source of enjoyment, in which the indolent and dissipated must ever remain utter strangers.

We say, therefore, that we want schools of moral, industrious, and scientific instruction, for the working classes of society, and that their establishment would conduce alike to the prosperity of the country, and to the perpetuity of our political and religious freedom.—*American Paper.*

COPPER MINES.

A visitor to the copper mines of Lake Superior contributes to the *Detroit Advertiser* some account of the mining operations in the great copper district of Lake Superior. He says:

"The vein is made of vein-stone and a mass copper. The mass copper is entirely pure metallic copper, diffused through it. This is called stamp-copper, because the stone has to be stamped (crushed) or pulverized, in order by washing, to separate the copper from the stone."

The underground captain is from Cornwall, and most of the miners are Cornish. I asked the captain how mining here compared with that of Cornwall, to which he replied that it was less irksome and unhealthy. There the miner became dripping wet almost as soon as he entered the mine, while these miners were entirely dry. There, so great was the depth that the heat was almost suffocating, an hour and a half being required to ascend to the surface, the air being so foul as to be often scarcely capable of sustaining life, while here no inconvenience was yet felt from these causes.

A miner in Cornwall, he said, was not expected to live beyond the age of about forty. At thirty-five and forty, miners generally were broken down and given over to die.

The vein-stone, as it comes from the mine in chunks, is piled up and burned for twenty-four hours, as lime is burned, to prepare it for pulverizing the more readily. At the same time the burning liberates a considerable portion of the mass copper which may be contained in the vein-stone, consisting of bits of from a few ounces to several pounds weight. This is put into casks, and is called barrel copper; the remaining portion of pure mass copper contained in the vein stone is libera-

ted by the stamping, and is separated for barreling in like manner.

The stamping machinery is very simple, consisting of massive cast iron weights, which are lifted by the revolving machinery, and left to descend by their own gravity, crushing the vein-stone as it passes beneath them. These crushers are raised by means of projections in a revolving cylinder, one set of which is ready to lift them as soon as another has let them fall.

After passing under, the resulting mixture of copper and sand is subjected to various washings and rinsing, called jiggings, puddling, &c. Some of it comes out entirely clean, another portion, finer, contains a small percentage of sand, and yet another a still greater proportion of sand, each quality being barreled by itself. This is called stamp copper. The percentage of sand left in that of the lowest quality is perhaps 33 per cent., and it is subject to that amount of discount in the market, the price of pure copper being from \$500 to \$600 per ton, or from 25 to 30 cents per pound."

Dangers to Young Men.

Among the dangers to young men, most to be dreaded, both as a cause, and a sign of departure from a correct life, is that of disregarding the Sabbath, absenting themselves from the public worship of Jehovah, and breaking loose from the influences and associations of the Sabbath School.

The history of nearly every young man in crime is very apt to begin with his disregard of the Sabbath; thus showing how much we are all indebted to the Sabbath, the Sanctuary, and the Sabbath School, for those unseen and unappreciated influences which mould and guide the life. The mere habit of attending regularly upon public worship has much in it of a compensating character. The associations of the public assembly, devoted to religion, are favorable to the mental organism of man.—And then, too, there is a silent but impressive influence in the united sphere of a worshipping assembly—a descending, as from heaven, of truth into the mind, and love into the heart, most favorable for guiding the life, through the temptation of the week, and all this even aside from the regenerating power of truth and love on the heart.

There is danger to the young man in disregarding the Sabbath and the sanctuary, not merely to his religion, but even to his prospects for good citizenship, and business character, and worldly success; since in such disregard he enters upon the path, to follow which may beguile him along its course, promising him freedom and recreation, repose and pleasure, tainting his mind, corrupting his heart, and blighting his conscience, until, at length, he becomes entangled in the snares of sin and perhaps hardened by crime.

Let the young man beware of the seductions which lead him to absent himself from the house of worship on the Sabbath. There is a silken thread of influence there, keeping his heart from evil, and giving him good thoughts and reflections, which go to build up his moral life; while there is a perpetual net work of evil attending a disregard of the sabbath, which cramps and cripples the mind and the heart, and which grows into chains and manacles that stifle and stint the moral life.—[Bangor Whig]

LORD'S PRAYER.

This is an authentic prayer which Christ set as a model, not as a form. It is set before the human family. It is the universal prayer. Beside its simplicity, its depth, its comprehensiveness, its majesty, there have gathered about this transparent model extensive interests. For now near two thousand years, it has been the prayer of all Christians. It was spoken by Christ. It was remembered and used by the Apostles. Their disciples adopted it. It became a universal prayer. It has lived both in the pure and in a corrupt Church.—While the learned and cultured felt its significance, and breathed it forth as a part of their daily devotion, the poorest laborers, the most ignorant Christian servants were also touched by it, and comforted. It was imbedded into the conglomerate liturgies of the Church; and while in magnificent cities, and from the recesses of grand cathedrals it was uttered by gorgeous priests, amidst the smoke of incense, and chanting choirs, it still retained its simplicity, its depth, its spirituality. This sweet prayer lay amidst the Romish ritual like some little lake amidst mountains, piled up about it, overgrown with rank luxuriance, and full of the pomp of the seasons, while the lake lay tranquilly reflecting heaven in its bosom.

But while cathedrals listened to it, so did caves and dens of the earth, whither fled trembling and persecuted Christians from the wrath of corrupted hierarchs of a corrupted religion. This prayer has served its benignant purpose in all languages, and under every sky. Would you run eagerly to be-