

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.

From an address by Rev. J. D. McCabe, before the Literary Societies of Emory and Henry College.

The contests of this principle with arbitrary power, are more distinctly marked since the dawn of the christian era! It is the voice of the Son of God, which ever since has been shaking the despot's throne, and breaking the captive's chain. It was the blessed truths uttered by him to fishermen—to publicans and sinners, when he spoke upon the mountain—in the market place—upon the heaving bosom of the sea of Galilee, which has ever since been struggling with oppression, and causing the pulse of freedom to throb wildly in the heart of the bondsman.

It was a sublime sight, to see that Great Teacher, standing in the midst of common people—the poor, the maimed, and the halt—and treating them as men, and lifting their bowed and broken spirits, while the haughty rulers looked on with hate, feeling that their craft was in danger, without exactly understanding the form in which the danger would come.—Why was it that this Teacher was both hated and feared? He had no armies at his command—no pomp and circumstance of royal power adorned his person, or waited upon his steps. But what need had he for any of these, when he was speaking words that burst into the hearts of his hearers, and went forth for the healing of the woes of an oppressed humanity? They were words of life and power, more dangerous than armed legions and glittering spears—more certain in their effects than the mightiest revolutions, guided by the statesman's profoundest skill.

The citizen of Judea could say, 'I am a Jew,' and the iron-clad legionary, 'I am a Roman'—it was Jesus of Nazareth who taught them to feel that they were men—that they were brethren—that they were free—that God was no respecter of persons—that each man was every other man's equal. He did not abolish the eternal distinctions between virtue and vice. He did not sanction and establish a wild agrarianism, crushing the healthy and necessary incentives to social distinction and virtue. He did not licence the abrogation of law and order. No! He pointed to the checks and balances ordained of Heaven for the preservation of true liberty, and its purest rational development. He was no disorganizer—no leveller. Government he declared to be ordained of God, and obedience to that power necessary to the conservation of social and political happiness. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' The impulse was given—long and tedious was the conflict between individuality and consolidation—but the battle was nobly contested. The student of history traces its struggles as the miner veins of gold in the crystallized rock. It sent mind out in pursuit of Truth—it struggled with oppressive forms and absolute power—it spoke in Wickliffe and Huss—in the Church and in the State it toiled, until, like elaven, it was diffused through the general mind. It wanted but a leader. Its voice penetrated the dark cell of a German monk, and a voice that in any other cause would scarcely have been heard beyond the limits of his monastery, shook the world. Luther fired the train, and was startled by the blaze of the conflagration he had kindled.

From a New Orleans Paper.

TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI.

While Mr Sam. Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi in this city, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came pattering down, at the moment he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go and his boat swung around in the stream.

'Vot ish you going to pictur' him mit der rain?' inquired his German boatman. 'No,' says Sam, 'but I'm going to pictur' him mit the pencil. We are now about the right spot to take a good view of that odd-looking cabin, and if we go we will lose it. So hand out the umbrellas, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view, the proprietor will invite us to take some butter-milk with him.'

This old umbrella had, by certain violent concussions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whalebone was gone, and when it was hoisted, it hung like a wo-begone sombrero over its owner. The sun-pitching of it carelessly into the boat, on sundry occasions, had introduced ill-shaped skylights in its roof; and taken altogether, it was the sorriest apology for shelter, ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the 'gingham' until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluant from the top of his canoe-like covering poured a flood of dark tugged water through one of the holes, and down his neck. He German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak.—When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration.

'Well, for a little man you soaks more vadder then ever I sees before. It will take you von week to be so nice and dry as we vas shust now.'

Just then a voice from the shore hailed them:—

'Look yar, you, with that awful ugly hat, what in thunder are you sittin' out thar in the rain for? Who are you? What are you goin' to do?'

'I'm going to 'cavvass' the Mississipp,' said Sam.

'You're an electioneer, are you?' inquired the Squatter.

'No, not exactly,' said Sam; 'except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to 'take the river.'

'Whar are you goin' to take it to?' inquired the squatter.

'All around the country,' said Sam, 'and over to England.'

'Well, afore you kin do that, you'll have to get an awful big tub, and sot yourself at the mouth to draw it off.'

'No, no,' says Sam, 'I am 'drawing it off' now.'

The squatter looked up and down the shore two or three times, and shouted back:—

'I don't see as it gets much lower—your suckin' machine draws it off dreadful slow.'

'I am painting the Mississippi, my friend,' answered the artist.

'Hev you got my cabin chalked down?' he inquired.

'Yes,' answered Sam, 'and your too.'

'Good, by thunder!' said the squatter; when you show me to them English fellers, jest tell 'em I'm a Mississippiscreamer—I can hoe more corn in a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit anythin' from a bullock down to human natur', they generally think 'lightnin' is comin'.'

'Are you a Taylor man?' inquired Sam.

'No, by thunder?' says he.

'Do you go in for Cass then?' inquired Sam.

'Well, I calculate not, stranger,' shouted he.

'What! do you 'support' Van Buren?' continued the artist.

'No sir,' shouted the screamer; 'I 'support' Betsey and the children; it's—tight screwin' to get along with 'em, with corn at only twenty five cents a bushel.'

'Good bye, stick to Betsey and the children,' said Sam; 'they are the best candidates out,' and raising the anchor, he floated off.

As he floated onward the squatter's voice reached him once more, and its burthen was:—

'Hurrah for General Jackson, the old Mississipp, and ME AND BETSEY!'

From the London People's Journal.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL-SIDE.

Despair not of the "better part" That lies in human kind; A gleam of light still flickereth In 'e'en the darkest mind. The savage with his club of war, The sage so mild and good, Are linked in firm, eternal bonds Of common brotherhood, Despair not! oh, despair not then, For thro' this world so wide, No nature is so demon-like, But there's an angel-side.

The huge rough stones from out the mine, Unsightly and unfair, Have veins of purest metal hid Beneath the surface here. Few rocks so bare, but to their heights Some tiny moss-plant clings, And round the peaks most desolate The sea-bird soars and sings. Believe, me, too, that rugged souls, Beneath their rudeness hide Much that is good and beautiful:— We've all our angel-side.

In all there is an inner depth, A far off secret way— Where, through dim windows of the soul God sends his smiling ray. In every human harp there is A faithful sounding cord, That may be struck unknown to us. By some sweet loving word I The wayward heart in vain may try Its softer thoughts to hide Some unexpected tone reveals It has its angel-side.

Despised, and low, and trodden down— Dark with the shade of sin; Deciphering not those halo-lights Which God hath lit within. Groping about in utmost night, Poor prisoned souls there are, Who guess not what life's meaning is, And dream of heaven afar:— Oh, that some gentle hand of love Their stumbling steps would guide! And show them that amidst it all, Lite has its angel-side.

Brutal and coarse, and mean enough, God knows, some natures are; But He, compassionate, lies near, And shall we stand afar? Our "cruse of oil" will not grow less If shared with hearty hand, And words of peace, and looks of love, No nature can withstand! Love is the mighty conqueror— Love is the beauteous guide— Love with her beaming eyes can see We've all our angel-side.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

'Sambo, what are you doing there asleep in the sun?' 'I ain't asleep massa: Pae contemplating how the Ithaca chap made a whistle ob a pig's tail.' 'Well, how was it?' 'I hasn't come to a 'clution 'zackly, but I've mighty nigh it, massa, and dis is de sequel— Just siez- de pig by de tail and gib it a ring, as you would a bass wood sprout; and if you don't make a whistle, you'll make a mighty loud squeal.'

Why is a mayor like an almanac? He serves but one year.

Why ought a fisherman to be wealthy? His is all net profit.

Communications.

ON EDUCATION.

Mr Editor,

To overcome the inertia of the mind—to start it into action, and to sustain it therein, there must be, in the first place, the application of a strong propelling force; and, in the second place, there must be an undiminished—if not an increasing—exercise of it; otherwise it will soon sink into its natural passiveness, and come to a 'state of rest.' Now, all these requisites, I confess, have been supplied by that irresistible 'Appeal' from a 'Gaspé Teacher' which I recently encountered in the columns of your paper of the 27th ult.; and, to its imperishable honor let it be recorded, that if it has not produced the wished-for effect on the obtuse feelings of the Canadians, it has goaded the heart of a New Brunswicker, and pointed the merciless arrow of examination inwards. However, I must say, that the hearts of the 'People of Gaspé' must be as hard as the granite of which Pompey's Pillar is composed, if they remain inexorable after having been submitted to a furnace heated with such melting pathos—aye, and kindled with a text from the 'wisest man'—and such a text, too! But, Sir, I am departing from my original design, and ought to make an apology for it; yet I could not refrain from indulging aloud my admiration of the 'sublimely' little sermon, and from paying a passing eulogy to its 'departed shades,' and a tribute to the memory of its noble-hearted author. But to my work.

The subject of Elementary Education is, at present, engrossing a greater share of public attention than it has hitherto received, and is assuming an important feature in the age in which we live. This is a truth almost universally acknowledged; and it is practically demonstrated in all civilized countries where the legitimate action of the reasoning faculties, with which mankind are endowed, is not legally prohibited—where ignorance is not legalized—where legal enactments do not restrain the ever-active mind of man from weeding its way to the Temple of Knowledge. It is a truth that is not confined to our own happy shores, but it is prevalent throughout the boundless expanse of christendom. It is discussed in the ranks of the humble, and the voice of eloquence has advocated its cause in the halls of legislation. The Parent, the Teacher, the Guardian, and the Legislator—all concur that something must be done to promote the efficacy of our Common Schools, and are already starting from their apathy to facilitate and hasten the completion of the magnanimous work: for noble indeed it is. Those who have drunk abundantly of the waters of the Fountain of Knowledge, and they who weep over the privation of a draught in early years—are mingling together their several energies in the advancement of the common interests of a common object; the former animated by the blessings they have experienced from the vivifying influence of the luscious draught—the latter urged by a motive equally powerful, to secure for their offspring and fellow creatures those blessings, the privation of which they now poignantly feel, and in which their bitter reflections tell them they are forever precluded from the possibility of participation; those leading the army, contending in the van, and intellectually striving with the sullen and perverse powers of ignorance and bigotry; these, as pioneers, levelling the way, and acting a subordinate part towards the destruction of that fatal incubus which has, for ages, fettered the minds of countless multitudes in the dark, doleful and noxious cells of bigoted ignorance, and in which the intellects of myriads have, like plants secluded from the vital action of a pure atmosphere, and the light of a meridian sun, vegetated in debility, existed in sickness, and drooped beneath a poisoned constitution; but which might otherwise have arrived at a vigorous maturity, shed a lustrous halo around their social sphere, and their possessors, after having filled the chalice of their existence here, might have retired from the theatre of their active life, to dwell in honor and veneration in the memories of their successors.

Let us now, for a moment, throw our range of vision across the dark and wide-spread waters of the Atlantic, and take a brief, retrospective survey of the state of Elementary Education among some of the diversified nations of Europe, at a period of some fifty years ago.

Towards the close of the last century, and for a long period, the friends of virtue and humanity were grieved to see the waters of the Fountain of Wisdom sipped by fortune's favored few, while millions of sentient and intelligent beings were denied the blessings of a draught from the humblest streamlet. They cast their eyes around and gazed on the moral and intellectual wilderness—a melancholy spectacle of human degradation; they saw no effluant of public humanity entering the diemal wilds; they heard no human voice pouring forth its joyful sounds of philanthropy amid the dense greenness of nature, and their hearts melted within them. Sadly did they ask themselves why the most noble attributes of so many of their fellow creatures were thus left to pine beneath the privation of appropriate aliment. With regret they considered that the first cause of the evils which too often corrupt and degrade a portion of our fellow creatures, proceeds from the neglected state in which their childhood is left; they conceived the legitimate hope of arresting the stream of demoralisation by obtaining a more virtuous, extended, and fruitful means for the development of the intellectual and moral nature of the human being.

About the time alluded to above, such sentiments and views excited a general emulation throughout Europe, and men distinguished

alike for learning and humanity, and at the same time animated by that pure and generous zeal which is ever inseparably allied with true learning, arose like the morning sun, to expel the darkness of a long and dreary night, and set out in the philanthropic career. They evolved and practised that system which was best calculated to remedy the mournful evils, and impart that instruction most suitable to the children who attended the Common Schools. In some countries these laudable efforts were warmly responded to and aided by the Governments. In others, voluntary associations were seen to assume this touching mission; and persons of affluence realized around them their fortunes, and devoted them to the cause, to give impulse and stability to the agency already at work.

From that time the reform that then began gradually and steadily progressed; the darkness of men's minds gradually disappeared, and gave place to enlightened views, towards the adoption of a more fruitful and systematic procedure to diffuse and foster a thorough Primary Instruction. At that time were sown the seeds of that system which has since expanded and grown to maturity—which has since been adopted and nurtured by various nations, and towards which the hand of invitation is still extended.

France was the last of the Continental nations that participated in the general movement; although it was she perhaps, who, by her writers, gave the first hint; and by her central situation and rank among the enlightened nations of Europe, she seemed peculiarly called upon to give the example. However, on account of the various and successive political events that agitated and distracted her at that period, and also owing to the instability of her political institutions, the successive Governments were not able to give sufficient attention to an improvement which required long and steady efforts. To England, then, we are indebted for the origin of practical improvement. She began in earnest the eligible work, and speedily was the copy waited across the Straits of Dover; thence with equal rapidity did it spread throughout the greater part of Continental Europe. Still, unwearied with her redeeming work, the Goddess of Educational Reformation urged onward the progress of her benevolent mission, till she stood on the confines of the Indian Ocean, and spread her banner of benevolence over India and the adjacent Islands. In her noble career she seemed as if devoted to the Oriental mission, and partial to a more easterly clime, for protracted was the abode of her spirit there. Long did she perambulate the catacombs of intellectual mortality, striving to vivify the lifeless mass, forgetting apparently that the same vivifying influence of her spirit was needed on the Western shores of the Atlantic; forgetting that the Province of New Brunswick was suffering beneath the sluggish pressure of the superincumbent mass of accumulated and accumulating evils; forgetting that a deadly chill was rapidly shedding its paralyzing influence over our Educational Institutions, and hastening them to a common grave.

At length, however, she turned her eyes, streaming with compassion, towards the far-distant West, and beheld the desolation. Her benignant heart bade her undertake the mission, and soon she was seen slowly and gradually approaching our shores. She arrived, but at a critical time indeed. It was at the eleventh hour. But as Dr. Johnson has said, "reformation is never hopeless," she did not despair, although the case was desperate. She knew well where the work ought to begin, and wisely infused the Spirit of Reformation into our legislators, but I fear left them imperfectly enlightened into the just and only way to sustain and promote it.

However, the sinking of our Primary Schools has been arrested, but the gatherings of years cannot be dissipated in one. Time, activity, and the united energy of all are needed to facilitate and complete the work. One of these, minus the rest, the work will fall short of consummation. The Teachers themselves, regretting their past remissness, are now stepping forward to abet the reforming movement, to give greater amplitude to the advantages of our Elementary Schools, and to guard the Profession from the encroachments of individuals who are wholly unsuitable to be entrusted with that which is so vitally important, viz: the Education of Youth.

Hitherto the admission of the most incompetent persons to the office of Teachers has been, in our School system, a fruitful source of evils of an enormous magnitude, and of multi-form complexion; and how much sorer Parents and Trustees may have deplored the small amount of good realised from these institutions, they may also add this bitter reflection, that they and they alone have been the primary cause of it, inasmuch as they have by their peevishness, encouraged and increased the number of incompetent applicants, and by their laxity perpetuated the destructive system. But it is to be hoped, for the benefit of all, that the sag end of this evil-fraught system of things has arrived, and that a better and brighter course is about to commence.

To watch over, guard and promote the interests and prosperity of our Common Schools, then, is one of the prominent objects of the Teachers' Association. This duty has been hitherto deposited in the hands of a body of men denominated 'Trustees of Schools' Trustees, or, to give it a more intelligible name, Guardians of Schools is a strange term when associated in the mind with the duties their office imposes upon them, and the manner in which they have all along administered their guardianship. It is one of the many incomprehensible anomalies which are often met with on this earth of oddities. But how they (with a few exceptions) have discharged their duties,