

The close of the war rendered interference in the way of discharge unnecessary. Before her wound was thoroughly healed, peace was proclaimed, and Leonore set out for her distant home with her compatriot soldier—the man with whom she had arranged her flight, and departed from Vermont on her pious purpose—the companion who had kept her secret so well, and to whom, by the way, she confessed a still more important secret, namely that she was not unwilling to accept him as a companion for life. It was with thickly throbbing bosom that our heroine approached her native village. The grave might have closed upon him for whom she had done and suffered so much, a thrill of emotion, more overwhelming than that which the roar of cannon and the flash of musketry had been able to awaken, well nigh overcame her; and it was with tottering steps, supported by her assiduous companion, that she drew near her home. A young man was sitting on the bench beside the door: in a moment she was in his arms, with a shriek upon her lips, and on his name Leonore.

Into the scene of domestic felicity that followed, we would not intrude. Happiness of an unusually elevated nature crowned their future career. Eugene, whose constitution had overcome the insidious disease by which it was so long undermined, seemed to feel fresh life from the presence of Leonore. He was shortly afterwards united to the maiden of his choice, while Leonore became the faithful soldier's bride. Universal admiration and esteem rested upon her, but the title that she received with the highest gratification was the Conscript Sister.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
IGNORANCE THE GREAT CAUSE OF POVERTY.

There are, in every full peopled country, large numbers of persons whose lives are passed in hardship and misery, and whose greatest exertions can do no more for them than procure the barest means of subsistence. These are greatly to be pitied, and it should be the study of the government, and of all those who possess the means, to remove, as far as possible, the cause of their misfortune. It cannot, however, be said that any competition, save only that which they themselves naturally and necessarily exhibit among their class, for obtaining the inadequate amount of employment for which they are fitted, is chargeable for the hardships which they endure. It is a melancholy truth, as concerns the individuals, that we cannot extend to them any indirect relief without tending to increase the evil by raising an addition to their number. How then is their condition to be mended? The only way, it appears to me, is to fit them for entering into competition with others above them in the social scale by means of instruction, which shall enable them to give a greater value to the services which they render, and thus entitle them to command a greater value of services in return. We need entertain no fear lest, by this letting in competition upon the class above them, we shall lower these latter in the scale of society. So long as the capital in the country shall continue to increase to a greater proportion than its population, there must always be found additional employment and better remuneration for those whose labour is capable of adding to the national wealth.

It may with more truth be stated, that the consequence to the community of the existence of any large number of destitute persons, is to keep down the general rate of wages, positively, through the absorption of capital required for their relief, and, negatively, through the absence of those additions to capital which the surplus services of instructed artisans always occasion.

From the London Working Man's Friend.
THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORKER.

WHAT was the purpose for which such vast numbers assembled in the Crystal Palace last year? May we not say, that it was to do honour to Labour? and such an honour as was never shown to it before, since the commencement of our race. For thousands of years, the sweat of the brow was looked upon as a mark of disgrace, and was shunned and avoided by all who had the power to do so. The honour which it was capable of achieving was treasured up for kings, and the great men of the earth; who showed by their pyramids and other gigantic works, how far they themselves were removed above the necessity of labour itself. Nothing but the absolute command of God, and his refusal to give bread without the tillage of the soil, have perpetuated the existence of labour upon the earth. If there had been no necessity for food, or if the precept urged by St. Paul, 'If any will not work, neither shall he eat,' had not been supported by Divine authority in its general relation to man, the slave would have been almost on a level with the despot, and he would have had no inducement sufficiently strong to make him submit to the imposition of bodily labour, and this shrinking from toil an effort was thus universal, although it had been long known, that so far from being an unmitigated curse, labour had been proved to be in its effects one of the best of blessings, by keeping men from evil. Though idleness has long been known to be the surest and readiest way to destroy all moral excellence, and, as such, has been reproached by the wise and excellent of all nations and of all ages, yet the love of it has not ceased to sway the mind, and has oftentimes overcome every resistance which could be made to it. But when the nations of the world were assembled together

for the first time in the history of world, Labour was the attribute they delighted to honour; we enthroned it in our thoughts, and we built it a palace! And though the glass structure no longer charms our eyes in Hyde Park, a People's Palace of even more noble dimensions and more finished elegance is preparing, where fitting homage shall be rendered to the worker. In that building we shall, as a nation, honour Labour. We shall bend with admiration before its effect, we shall extol its power, and be ravished with its beauty—and the living agents which shall have wrought successfully with it, shall, in the after remembrance, have a name and reputation which shall spread wherever winds can blow, or waters bear. Our interests will be excited, not only with respect to the lighter and more elegant efforts of Labour, and to those which are exerted upon the precious substance of the earth—the labour of the mine and the furnace, of the hammer and the anvil, will be equally represented, and equally claim our admiration and encouragement. 'Man,' said Prince Albert at a meeting last year, 'is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created in the image of God, he has to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and by making these laws his standard of action to conquer nature to his use—himself a Divine instrument.'

From Graham's Philadelphia Magazine.
AMBITION.

BY RUFUS WAPLES.

AURORA smiles! the sun is on the sea!
Angels are painting pictures in the sky;
Folian breezes warble wild and free,
Singing the infant giant's lullaby.
He comes to bless; he smiles to beautify:
But lately laving in a sea of glory,
New-born, new-crowned, he reigns a prince on high,
With brightness god-like and with mission holy,
The brilliant hero of a day's brief story.
Sun of the Morn! in gilded car ascend;
Give gold to dew-drops; silver to the spring;
Thy light and heat harmoniously blend,
The earth to gladden in thy journeying.
Eagle of heaven! outspread thy glorious wing—
Onward—and upwards! higher yet—and higher!
Ambition's hero, day's unrivalled king—
Millions of mortals see thee to admire,
The prince of planets wrapped in robe of fire!

Enthroned, exalted, beautifully grand!
Clothed in a mantle of effulgent light;
Crowned by the eternal King of kings, whose hand
Arrays in majesty each satellite—
Courtiers that dance around thee with delight;
A band of guardians ever watching o'er thee,
Beaming with thy own beauty through the night,
Veiling their faces when they come before thee,
Like Gheber worshipers when they adore thee.

Sun of the Noon! thy highest good is won!
The zenith of the heavens is thy throne!
In all his pride the "Man of Macedon"
Ne'er ruled an empire mighty as thine own,
Stretching from shore to shore, from zone to zone!
Thy frown can wither and thy smile create—
Thou gnest forth companionless—alone!
Thou sittest like a god in royal state:—
Was ever seen so great a potentate!

Behold, great monarch, thy declining reign!
Ambition bade the over all to tower:
Fame was thy fame! Alas! 'twas doomed to wane—
To fade like meteor glare to summer flower!
'Twas thus great Cæsar gloried in his power
Till Rome was startled by his funeral knell:
Thus Cromwell shone, the starlet of an hour:
And thus Napoleon rose—and thus he fell!
List, Phœbus! hearest thou the vesper bell?

Sun of the eve! thy sceptre is departed!
Clouds come as kinsmen round they dying bed:
But whilst they gaze as mourners broken-hearted,
They wrap them in thy royal robe of red;
They steal thy golden crown from off thy head—
Aye, pluck thy locks and soil thy silver sheen!
The heavens with bonfires the glad tidings spread,
"Sol is no more, and Cynthia is queen!"
Earth shouts "Glad tidings," happy at the scene.

Glad tidings! Yes, the sun was merciless—
He withered flowers—he parched the prairie plain!
With Galileo may now confess
His character was not without a stain.
Of spot upon his visage they complain
Who late extolled his brightness to the skies;
And thousands censure his declining reign
Who sang "Excelsior!" when they saw him rise.
Thus lives Ambition's hero—thus he dies!

Sketches of Lectures.

From the New York Tribune.

THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND.

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

An unusually large audience assembled at the Broadway Tabernacle on Tuesday evening to listen to the Seventh Lecture of the People's Course, which was delivered by Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston. The theme of his discourse was 'The Progress of Mankind,' which he proceeded to consider under three separate heads as follows:

- I. Proofs of Human Progress.
- II. Sketch of some of the most important steps hitherto taken in Human Progress.
- III. Examination of some of the most prominent obstacles in the way of Human Progress.

Being introduced to the audience, the lecturer proceeded, without any notes, to speak as follows.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Man began his career on the earth without anything but his hands and his feet, a naked body and an ignorant mind. The world was all before him where to choose, and Providence was his guide. From the nature of the case, at starting, he could have had none of the visible property which we see about us. He could have had church stands, no drinking cups of glass, no no lyceum halls, no costly houses, no cultivated lands. He could have no roads of iron, or stone, or wood, of water or of snow. He had no tools to fight with, or to feed with. From the nature of the case, his spiritual and invisible possessions were quite as limited. He could have had no arts, no science, no law no literature, no religion, no manners, no language. In all these things—the invisible as well as those to be seen, imply for their production toil, thought, repeated age out and age in. Thus man must have started. At the present day, he has a good deal more than his hands and his head—a great deal more than a naked body and an ignorant mind! Look about you, and see this visible property! What is around us? What is over us? This magnificent City—its commerce, blossoming white from every corner of the globe! Look at the roads of iron, which lead everywhere; roads of stone, of wood, of earth, of water, and of snow! Consider its invisible treasures—language, literature, science; the science which finds wonders in a drop of water—which analyses the minutest grain of dust; and that greater science which analyses the Solar Universe into systems and groups thereof. Consider the laws, literature and manners of mankind, and I think you will agree with me that there has been some Progress—that this forked Adam, whom God turned naked into the world, without a shoe to his foot, or a shirt to his back, has turned a very thrifty child, and got together a very pretty little family property. That alone, I think, would be enough to establish the fact of Progress in the very teeth of those who tell us that the march of Progress has been backward.

See the progress that has been made in the tools for mankind to work with. At first, the only tool that man had were his fingers. At the present day, see how these fingers have enlarged and multiplied, and are dividing themselves continually. Into what vices, and chisels, and saws, and broadaxes, and bits, and augurs, for the carpenter and the cabinet maker! Into what wheels for the spinner and looms for the weaver these fingers have enlarged. Now he has got Lowell, and Lawrence and Chicopee, and London and Manchester, and Birmingham, and all the machinery in the wide world. Look at the fighting tools. At first, they were his teeth and nails. Cain the First had only his fist wherewith to murder a man. At the present day, they have cutlasses, and bowie knives, and swords, and bows and arrows, and spears, and muskets, and pistols, and 'Colt's Revolvers,' and cannon, into which these fingers have enlarged themselves. The clinched fist has become a man of war. Cain the First had only his naked arm. Napoleon the Third has fighting utensils for a million stored up in the arsenals of Paris.

It is one of the popular theories that man has been upon the earth six thousand years. Well, I think that time is too short for this progress. I think that a good many thousand years passed before men took to building pyramids. But, remembering that man started with nothing but his brain and tongue, I think there has been a very rapid progress for sixty thousand years, and not six. An ingenious man in England, a great philologist withal, was asked to calculate how long, at the present state of things, it would have taken to complete the Sanscrit? and he answered that he thought sixty thousand years. And yet, at first sight, man seemed rather a poor and forlorn creature, sent out into the world without staff or scrip. The bear, his enemy in the wilderness, seemed better furnished and better fed than he. He was very well off every way. Was he hungry? he had not to go very far for his breakfast. Was he cold? he had a very good suit of clothes. They were not too cold for the winter, nor too warm for the summer; and what was more, they never wore out, or got out of fashion. If a rent took place in his garment, it was mended again by Nature's patching. It was a garment which he was not afraid to wear out in all weather, and in all company. On the other hand the man was a prey to the bear. And beside that the rain wet him, and he sun burnt him. But in the six or sixty thousand years that man has been on the earth, the bear has not taken a single step forward. He has got no more

possession than the first bear had. The last bear will be no wittier than the first bear. There was in man a living soul, and Nature was made to serve that soul. He carries his wealth, his tools, his house and his learning all in his head. The snail and tortoise have their house on their back—man has his house in his head, and if it does not suit him, why he builds another from his head out of wood, or of brick, or if these do not suit him he builds out of marble a great temple to dwell in.

The progress of man has been continuous, I think, and not uniform. Continuous, for their never was a pause in it. Not uniform because it advances now swift and now slow. It is instructive to look and see what were the things which at different times have represented the extreme advance points of progress. In our grandfathers' day an ingenious boy of Boston began his career by filling moulds in a tallow-candle shop, and ended in making treaties in Europe and bringing lightning out of the sky at his bidding. And Dr. Franklin, (for it is of him I speak,) in making the lightning come down from the heavens at his bidding, represented the extreme point of advancement in our grandfathers' day. And those men that invented the steam engine in our fathers' time, in a like manner represented the extreme advance of progress in their day. But in our day, men have caught the lightning and manufactured the lightning, and sent it from one end of the world to the other. Dr. Franklin taught the lightning to go straight and not run against people's meeting houses and set their barns on fire, and tear up large trees as it used to do in its rowdy days. And now, they have improved upon this instruction and have learned the lightning to read and write. And that is not quite all. English engineers are going further, and endeavoring to teach the lightning navigation. They propose constructing a telegraph from London to Greenland, from Greenland to Nova Scotia and so on, up along the coast of the United States. And still beyond this, man are constructing lightning to reveal to us secrets from beyond the grave. So it seems to me that in our day we have fairly turned the table upon itself. The making of the lightning rod, the steam engine and the telegraph, represent the three advance points of human progress. But in other times, other improvements represent the same advance progress. The man who once went out into the woods and caught a puppy, and taught it to hunt, was a greater benefactor to mankind than Franklin. The puppy, learned to hunt, is a longer step than a boy's kite-string reaching the lightnings. How easy it seems to us to be able to rear corn, and preserve flesh and fish with smoke and salt. But the man who discovered this salt was an immense benefactor to mankind. And she who first brought wheat to Italy, and taught the people how to make bread, was at last worshipped by them as a great benefactress; and so they named all the Cereal grasses after the good Mrs Ceres! It was the first step that cost the young dunce in Spain so much trouble to set the egg on end, till Columbus had shown him how.

As you look over the family of nations, to day, you will find some nations that are in a state of decadence. Greece, Italy, France and Spain are examples. In New York, you notice a constant progress of enterprize, riches and morality. (I hope it is true of the last.) At the same time, those families which a hundred years ago were conspicuous for their great riches, are not those of this day. Others have come up and taken their places. What takes place on a small scale, in New York, takes place in a large scale among nations. But as the human race lays down its line of progress, (the human race never lays down its line of progress,) but as Greece and Rome lay down their line of progress, other nations take it up; and so the progress is continual. You may take one nation to day, and go backward and backward, and the further you go back the course you do find its web. Look at England. In our day its exports are the products of its mines and looms. Go back three centuries in England, and you will find its exports consisted of oxen, horses, and corn—only rude stock and materials. Go back to the Ninth Century, and what was the great materials of export in England? It was Men. When Bishop Wolfstane, at Bristol, preaching against men selling Christian men into bondage, was rebuked for promulgating so dangerous a doctrine—for, said they, this is our business. They raise these men for exportation. There has been some change in this regard since that day, I think.

Human progress manifests itself in three forms in the powers of man. First, the development of Man's faculties; second, the acquisition of power over the material world; third, the power of grouping men together into large or lesser companies. I think the fact of Man's Progress is proved. One need only look upon the Indian wigwom, and then on New York—need only dine with Pocahontas, and then dine at one of the first class hotels of New York.

Let us now dwell for a few moments upon some of the most important steps that have taken place in Man's progress. The most important tool which Man has ever devised is, doubtless, Language. And next in importance, I think, is that which perpetuates speech—which makes the trenchant sound a permanent thing—the invention of letters. The man who heard the sound A-a-r-o-n, and could write great a, little a, rom, was a great mind, depend upon it. In order that man should pass through the world, and arrive at any degree of improvement, three things were necessary; first, learn to think; second, learn to work with his hands; and, third, learn to