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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF

MORNING STAR INSTITUTE,

NASHVILLE, N. C.,

May 29, 1857.

BY

WM. F. GREEN, ESQ.

Published by Request.

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NASHVILLE, N. C., *May* 29, 1857.

DEAR SIR:

We, a Committee of the Students of the Morning Star Institute, respectfully solicit a copy of the Address you delivered before us to-day.

Let us assure you we highly appreciate, and will endeavor to follow, the counsel contained in your excellent and instructive Address.

With profound respect,

We remain your obedient servants,

ELIAS BUNN,
J. B. BARNES,
W. H. BLOUNT, } *Committee.*

W. F. GREEN, ESQ.

LOUISBURG, N. C., *June* 9, 1857.

DEAR SIRS:

Your very polite and flattering note of the 29th ult., in which you request a copy of the Address I had the honor to deliver before you on that day for publication, is duly appreciated.

Whilst I am satisfied the Address does not merit the complimentary terms in which you speak of it, yet if the counsel attempted to be given shall be of service to you as intimated, I yield to your solicitation and place a copy at your disposal.

With sincere regard, and earnest wishes for your success and happiness,

I am,

Yours, most truly,

WM. F. GREEN.

Messrs. ELIAS BUNN,
J. B. BARNES,
W. H. BLOUNT, } *Committee.*

ADDRESS.

Young Gentlemen of the Morning Star Institute:

Had I yielded to inclination, rather than a sense of duty and an earnest desire to contribute to your pleasure and to the noble enterprise which brings us together this day, the task you have imposed upon me would have fallen upon another more competent. And even now I could wish you had selected some devotee of learning, of deep and varied research, who had penetrated farther the mazy windings of life's pathway—some bold and successful adventurer in the fields of literature, who would return and meet you on this festive occasion—meet you, as you press forward in your joyous march, full of life and of hope and of youthful fancy; and here, by this leaping fountain of knowledge, unfold to you the rich treasures of a well-stored mind and the experience of riper years.

The occasion, young gentlemen, is one full of interest and fit for calm reflection. Some of you may regard it as the end of labor and toil. Impatient of restraint and the wholesome discipline of the schoolroom, you may look to it as the harbinger of a bright and happy vacation, when text-books shall be laid by, and the tuition of your instructors dispensed with for a season; when with minds as free from care as the very breeze that fans the rosy tinted cheek of health, you shall press once more, with elastic step, nature's velvet lawn—dash with nimble foot the pearly dew drop from the wild flower's cup, and listen with delighted ear to the untaught carols of gay-plumed birds, along the fringed banks of the murmuring silver brook.

But, in the bosoms of parents and friends, the occasion has awakened feelings of a graver and deeper concern. The anxiety depicted upon each countenance, and the

watchful attention given your past exercises, can not fail to impress upon your minds the fact, that they have been scanning the application and proficiency of each one of you during the past session, and marking well the promises of your youth.

With earnest hope and unfaltering patience will they wait for after-years to redeem the promises of this *blooming springtime* of your life. You *can* redeem every pledge and promise of your youth—you *can* more than realize your own and the highest expectations of parents and friends: if you but make the firm resolve to so, the work is half performed.

Nature has done all for you that wisdom and power could conceive and execute. Man is the last work of the Almighty, and the crowning glory of his creation. Other creatures are formed prone to earth, grovelling in disposition, and "obedient to appetite." But behold the erect posture of man, the symmetry of his mechanism, and the nobleness of his bearing!—they bespeak the superiority and excellence of his creation. Look upon the form divine of the youth who is in the act of transition from puberty to manhood! His blood leaps through his veins, and the gazelle bounding o'er the flowery lawn is not more agile and airy than he. His eye and cheek bespeak the varied emotions of his soul. His voice is attuned to harmony, and the graces of his person and the manliness of his form, vie with each other for excellence. It is full of life and beauty and majesty, that youthful form—a model inimitable by the chisel of a Phidias or a Praxitiles!

But how much more to be wondered at and admired is the living principle that rules and animates that form! The body, however beautiful and majestic, is of the earth, earthy—it fades and decays. Its sphere of action is limited and circumscribed. It has speed of feet, but no wings with which to fly. It may scale the mountain summit, but it can rise no higher. But who or what can limit or circumscribe that intangible and spiritual essence, the human mind! Princes have shut up with iron bars and grates the

bodies of their subjects, hoping to check what they considered the inroads of heresy and the erratic flights of thought. But even there, amid the damp vapors of a loathsome cell, with an eye turned inward, it would draw upon its own treasured resources, and revel in the fancies of its own imagination. On the wings of the morning it flies to meet the sun at his rising, follows him in his course through the heavens, till his brighter glory is withdrawn, then watches each star as with silent step of fear it steals forth; chases the comet in its eccentric flight through the depths of space, noting its returns at intervals of an hundred years, even to the very day, hour and moment. Turning to earth, it penetrates her darkest abodes, and walks among her hidden fires, or dives into the depths of ocean and gathers her pearly wealth. Standing upon the present, an isthmus of time, it looks back upon the sea of the past, and forward into that of the future. It holds converse with the men of other days—the patriots, sages, and heroes of antiquity; weighs their deeds in the balances of enlightened reason, and approves or condemns them. It sits by the side of the Ptolemies and Pharoahs of Egypt; beholds the sculptor giving form to the Sphynx; and hears the busy hum of industry and the sharp clink of the mason's chisel, fashioning the granite blocks of the pyramids; attends Æneas in his flight to Italy, and, with the twin brothers, lays the first stone in the walls of imperial Rome. It is familiar with the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, and with the noble band of Grecian youth that follow in their train—delights "*inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.*" It is in the assembly when the fire and persuasive tones of Demosthenes' eloquence move the Greeks like a troubled sea against Philip and his hosts. It is in the Roman Senate when Cicero denounces the fierce Cataline as a conspirator and an enemy to his country. It marks alike the progress of Empires and of States, discerning the springs of prosperity and greatness, and the causes of dissolution and decay. Laden with the knowledge and experience afforded by the past, it goes to work for the

present and the future. It conceives, it plans, it executes. How mysterious and grand its operations!

And yet, if we are lost in astonishment at the capacity of human intellect, which is but a scintillation stricken out from the Great Source of light, how utterly futile become all attempts to comprehend the infinitude of mind possessed by the great I AM! who fashioned the spheres and rolled them from his mighty hand into the immensity of space, and so wisely adjusted the power of attraction and of centrifugal force, that each amid the millions in motion should move in harmony in its respective orbit; who so inclined each planet upon its axis, that, as it moves around its common centre of attraction, it shall experience the vicissitudes of day and of night and of seasons.

Such and far greater is the Author of our being, and so great are the gifts and capacities of mind and of body with which He has blessed us.

But, young gentlemen, these gifts and talents are of no avail and useless, unless they be cultivated and improved. These are capabilities rather than powers positive and active of themselves. Like a beautiful statue undeveloped in a rough block of marble, requiring the chisel and the skill of the sculptor to reveal it to the eye; or, like the acorn which holds the giant oak in embryo, it must needs have air, heat and moisture, before it can shoot forth branches and spread a refreshing shade. From the very beginning, a decree unquestionably designed for man's happiness has gone forth as the accompaniment of these high powers. God has declared by the silent and inflexible laws of metaphysics, that no mental excellence shall be attained without labor determined and continual. Those articles which are of great price and value are the equivalents of much labor and toil. Things of little worth float upon the surface, but he that would gather pearls must dive to the bottom of the ocean. So this work of mental improvement and self-development, so full of promise and rich reward, is one of determination and unceasing labor. It is a work which must be performed by each one of you for himself—

it cannot be done by proxy, no, never by another. There has not yet been discovered any cunning or device by which this law of mental development can be evaded. You may and you ought to be assisted, but the work can never be accomplished without your free and hearty co-operation. And now is the time to lay the foundation deep and strong, to work manfully upon the superstructure, and rear at least the frame-work of an education, in these halcyon days of your youth, in this spring-time of life, when the body is healthful and vigorous, and the mind quick to receive impressions. And need I portray to you the advantages, and argue the necessity of cultivating and improving your talents? Do not the age and the country in which you live, and the loveliness of polite literature, as well as the usefulness and sublimity of science hold out to you sufficient inducements to labor and to study? I say the age, because it is one of rapid and onward progress—lethargy and supineness can no longer be tolerated. Things move at the whistle of the steam engine and the quick click of the telegraph.

Just now, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, is the inventive genius of man, aided by art and untiring industry, unfolding upon a grand scale the hidden resources of the material world, constraining unwilling contribution from intractable matter to the comfort, convenience and happiness of the race. Now do the white sails of commerce catch every breeze, and the prow of the majestic ship lash into foam the bosom of the ocean, as she bears along the fruits of industry from every clime and nation upon the globe. Now does the iron horse, with breath of fire and lungs that know no fatigue, dash over the plains, waking with shrill neigh sleeping echo in the hills and valleys, carrying the mineral and agricultural wealth of rural and inland districts, and with unwonted velocity and the comfort of the fireside, transporting the curious, the pleasure-seeking and the merchant to scenes of attraction and the busy marts of trade. Now does the power-press reproduce in the twinkling of an eye the wisdom and philosophy

of departed sages; set forth the elaborated thoughts and ideas of the statesman, metaphysician and divine, disseminating knowledge in every town, village and private circle wherever education has shot a ray of light—compared with which the slow plodding of the ancient manuscript copyist sinks into insignificance, and the wonder arises that knowledge so fettered increased at all. Now does the benign influence of Christianity take into its embrace the moral nature of mankind, purifying the heart and elevating the thoughts and affections to objects invisible and eternal.

This being the onward march of the age in which we live, there can be no time for loitering, no time for delay. If you would enter the lists, you must do so girded and prepared for the race. If you stop on the way for preparation, you lose the prize, you fail to reach the goal of honorable distinction and bechronicled in the legends of renown. I say the country in which you live, because it holds out to you high inducements and honorable rewards—by reason of its free and happy institutions, its genial climate, its fruitful soil, its majestic rivers, its mountains of mineral wealth, and its mighty commerce on the great oceans that wash its shores. Our government recognizes no favored class, no royal blood, entitled, by the accident of birth, to high prerogative, to position and honor. Our constitution expressly and wisely excludes all titles of nobility, of pomp and of heraldry. The road to distinction and fame lies open, and invites alike the beggar's boy and the millionare's son. The only requisites demanded for office and promotion, are virtue and capacity in the aspirant; and these alone must be looked to in all free governments, if they are to be perpetuated, if they are to continue prosperous and happy.

Your fathers now, under the providence of Heaven, wield at the ballot-box the destiny of this country; each one a ruler and a sovereign in his own asserted and independent right; acknowledging allegiance to no power but that of the Most High. Many of the great and distinguished men of this generation have already passed off the stage of action. A Webster, a Clay, a Calhoun and a King, have

yielded up their places in legislative halls, in the cabinet, and at the council-board of the nation. It must be, when such brilliant lights go out in the political firmament, that a shadow will fall upon the land: this shadow can alone be dispelled by the rising of new luminaries of intellect, of equal effulgence and brightness.

You, young gentlemen, *are the heirs apparent to the sovereignty of this great Republic.* Soon your fathers and the entire troop of actors upon the political arena, will pass away, and you will be called upon to take their places in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the halls of State and federal legislation. You will be compelled to assume the trust and the responsibility of conducting the affairs of the greatest and most powerful free government upon the face of the globe. To you will be confided the control of our army and navy and vast commercial relations with the powers of the earth. To your keeping will be entrusted that sacred emanation of the wisdom of our forefathers—the American Constitution; and upon your interpretation of its principles, and adherence to them, will depend the future union and harmony and confederation of States, and the happy solution of that great problem—the capacity of man for self-government. Into your hands will be placed the flag-staff of our glorious "stars and stripes," never yet dishonored, never yet trailed in the dust before mortal foe; upon you will depend the protection of this ensign of our glory, this escutcheon of our fame. It guards and shields us now from insult and attack, by recollection, on the part of our enemies, of the prowess, the chivalry, and patriotism of our fathers; the many hard contested and bloody battle-fields over which it has proudly waved, though tattered in shreds, yet in victory and triumph. But if you shall suffer it, while in your custody, to be insulted and trampled upon, it will no longer, as now, protect, wherever its azure field is unfurled, our commerce and trade and our citizens, whether they roam upon the high seas or on foreign soil. These are grave trusts and responsible duties, for the proper and faith-

ful performance of which posterity will hold you to a strict account.

The true and faithful performance of them will depend upon the amount of intelligence and virtue and patriotism you shall bring to the undertaking. If you shall come to the task prepared, as you should be, the gray-headed sires of the land will commit to your charge, without forebodings and misgivings, the rich heritage and the future weal and destiny of our country; and in their declining years, they will fondly hope that for a longer time than lived the Roman Republic, our gallant old ship of State will ride, without hurt or damage, the storms of internal strife, of faction and fanaticism, and of foreign hate. As these are high and responsible trusts, let me urge you to make yourselves equal to the occasion whenever they shall fall upon you; and do not, we entreat you, mistake the character of *true greatness and true nobility*, which alone can fit you for their discharge. They consist, as we confidently assert and believe, in *virtue, in moral and intellectual worth.*

The time has been, when men were accustomed to look to wealth and rank and ancestral memorials as the exponents of greatness, and were loath to acknowledge it without such insignia—when the more mementoes of great battles by fathers won, the more marble statues and columns and paintings one could boast, the greater were his claims upon his fellow-men for estimation and honor. Often for these have the people lavished applause and bestowed their homage, and for lack of them, withheld respect and hurled contempt. When Caius Marius would aspire to office the people demanded the evidences of his rank! "What," said he, "if I can show no family statue, enumerate no long line of illustrious ancestors! I can show the scars of those wounds I received in facing the enemies of my country! I can show the standards and the armour I have taken from the vanquished! These are my statues, these the honors I boast; not left me by inheritance, but earned by abstinence, by toil, by valour, amid clouds of dust and seas of blood."

The power of wealth to confer honor is exceeding great. Where riches are amassed, men gather like vampires attracted by the smell of blood, to pay homage and fan the breeze of flattery. It can make fawning parasites liberal of their bought praises; it can throw the mantle of a venial charity over the crimes of high places; extenuate them by the fascinations of eloquence; embellish them by the flowing numbers of the poet's lay, and soften them by the mellow tints of the painter's pencil! But those who found their claims upon such unstable basis, live in the memories of men only by their contact with the truly great—they are the barnacles and shell-fish that cleave to the keel of the massive ship as she rides the ocean billows of time, and enters, suffused with glory, the port of future generations.

> "Where is the fame
> Which the vainglorious of earth
> Would seek to eternize? The minutest wave
> That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
> The unsubstantial bubble."

Mental and moral excellence are the only sure basis of true nobility. It comes not by birth, not by chance, not by the favor or sycophancy of men. It is the gift of heaven, not of heraldry—a sparkling gem set in the coronet of fame, and polished by the hand of industry. Such grandeur and nobleness of mind as characterized a Newton, a Luther and a Locke—men claiming and receiving from their fellow-men nothing save only what their own intrinsic merits entitled them to. They were giants traversing the fields of thought in search of nature's laws and of truth; laying hold upon the bases of mountains of error, and upheaving their foundations. Pioneers they were in the unexplored wilds of hidden knowledge, removing the accumulated rubbish of ages in Church and State; levelling hills and filling up valleys for the rapid and triumphant progress of posterity to glory and renown. These are Heaven's aristocracy, the true noblemen of earth. They have erected their own monuments—not of granite and marble, as the Knights of Heraldry are wont to do, but of that imperishable material,

thought,—founded upon a rock of diamond brilliancy and firmness, their stately proportions, self-luminous, shall attract the gaze of admiring millions. Would you compare the nobility of intellect with that of the inheritors of greatness, go to Westminster Abbey and behold the gorgeous monuments that rise over the remains of England's royalty—the Plantagenets, the Stuarts, the Tudors, and those of the house of Brunswick. Compare the emotions excited in your breast, by this scene, with those you feel when viewing the plain tombstones that point out the ashes of the Bard of Avon, of Milton, of Young, of Thompson, of Goldsmith and Gray—the untitled genius, wit and learning that moulder by their side. Or count over the names of the Emperors and Queens that lie garnered in the dreary pomp of monumental marble in the capuchin vaults of Vienna. Weigh their dust with the blood and calamity of their peasant's war, their thirty years war, and all the vile pretences for which they made their kingdom an aceldama and a charnel-house. Where now is their nobility, where that greatness of which they thought themselves the sole proprietors! Gone! forgotten like a dream. Their's was the name without the reality, the shadow without the substance. The traveller strolls indifferently by their mausoleums, admires their magnificence and the skill of the architect; but regards them only as sepulchral piles over corruption—the last vain attempts of fictitious greatness to excite admiration and perpetuate a name.

The reigns of kings and queens, the titled great of earth, have served little other purpose than for the historian to mark by them the epochs of great events, the discoveries and inventions of the sons of genius and of intellect.

It is unnecessary, young gentlemen, and the time allowed on this occasion will not permit one, to pass in review and urge upon your attention the advantages of a thorough and intimate acquaintance with each different branch of science, of literature and of art. These things, as you progress, I am sure will be fully and faithfully brought to light by your competent and efficient instructors.

But permit me to say to you, that after you shall have completed the circle of learning and of human research, and realized the truth of the declaration made by Sir Francis Bacon, that "knowledge is power"—after you shall have explored, with Newton, with Herschel and La Place, the fields of ether, fretted with golden fires, and surveyed them as with compass and chain; ascertained the revolutions of planets, and their physical phenomena; calculated the velocity of light, the chances of eclipses and the coming of comets, and made the science of astronomy tributary to the wants of commerce and of navigation; after you shall have penetrated, with Lyell, Hugh Miller and Agassiz, the strata of the earth's crust, classifying the fossil remains of extinct animal life there entombed, and read the changes and convulsions it has suffered, as inscribed upon the pages of this mighty book by the finger of the Almighty; after you shall have learned, as far as revelation and the pages of history can teach, the past experience and the future destiny of the human race; after you shall have acquired all this learning, and much more, you may still be unworthy the respect and confidence of your fellow-men—you may be more powerful for wickedness and for evil than for good and virtuous deeds. The heart, with its affections, must be cultivated no less than the intellect.

I can point you to one who acquired in an eminent degree all these helps of greatness; a man of brilliant talents, of great learning, eloquence, fascinating manners, and the most captivating address; one of the few who, entering the war of independence with ardor and flattering prospects, disappointed the expectations he had created, dishonored the cause he had espoused, and ended in shame and ignominy a career which he had opened with splendor. This man was the third Vice-President of the United States, a Senator in Congress, and a competitor with Thomas Jefferson for the highest office in the gift of the people, though he well knew the votes he received had not been cast for that office. Disappointed and baffled in his scheme of selfish ambition, the fiendish thought of treason seizes his soul.

He is suspected, arrested, and charged with the crime, and, though acquitted, believed to have been guilty. Aaron Burr was destitute of moral principle, of virtue, and rectitude of purpose—wanting in these, *he lacked everything.* Better be the poorest beggar that crawls, and virtuous, than brilliant and accomplished as Byron, Voltaire and Burr, and vicious as they.

> "Talents angel bright,
> If wanting worth, are shining instruments
> In false ambition's hand to finish faults
> Illustrious and give infamy renown."

Let me urge you then to invest yourselves and all the knowledge you may acquire in the robes of virtuous principle, integrity and uprightness. "Obsta principiis." Fortify yourselves against the first temptations, the first allurements of vice. Shun them as you would a quicksand or a plague. Like Ulysses, bind yourselves with the chords of virtue to the mast of conscious rectitude, and stop your ears to the wooing voice of Calypso and her nymphs. It is the first false step in the paths of vice which makes the return to virtue's ways difficult to all and impossible to many. Clothed with the power of knowledge, and guided by that virtuous principle which knows no indirection, which heeds not the suggestions of expediency at the expense of right, a future radiant with hope and a glorious destiny awaits you. Take courage, then, and press on to the attainment of true greatness and true nobility, for the

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;
> Footprints, that perchance another
> Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

We should be guilty of a breach of courtesy, were we to pass by the young ladies of this place, who are engaged in similar pursuits, without a word of admonition and coun-

sel. If the time and occasion permitted, we would gladly trace for you, young ladies, the influences which appear to us to have been most efficient in elevating, adorning and dignifying female character. We would gladly go back with you to the feudal halls and moated castles of the "middle ages," in which woman received her first upward impulse in the scale of social existence, and show you how, by the gentleness of her disposition and the serenity of her manners, she softened, refined and humanized the rough nature of the sterner sex. How by the attractions and endearments of the home circle, man was won over from his migratory life, the pursuits of war and the chase, to the more peaceful and profitable employments of husbandry, of art and of industry. We would gladly attend you at the tournament of knight-errantry and of chivalry, where you presided a "queen of love and beauty," dispensing the honors of skill and bravery to the victorious and gallant knight, where triumph was little less glorious, and at the time more exquisitely felt, since no battlefield could assemble such witnesses of valor. *Honor to the brave* resounded amid the din of martial music from the lips of minstrels, as the gallant knight advanced to receive the prize from the fair hand of woman, the surrounding multitude acknowledging in the prowess of that day an augury of nobler deeds yet to be performed in his country's defence. At this stage of civilization, when society was casting off its barbarous nature, and merging into a more refined state of existence, woman reigned supreme—the extravagant adoration man paid her was only equalled by the low depths of social degradation from which she had risen. The wild follies, however, into which knight-errantry led its votaries, when real adventure was no more furnished, met a happy corrective in that fine specimen of ridicule and satire administered by Cervantes to the errant knight, Don Quixote—lopping off with exquisite touch the unnatural excesses of the over-gallant, and presenting, in bold relief, the virtues of that true chivalry on which rest woman's claims upon society—whence springs that true

civility unrestrained by the stiffness of ceremony, that amenity of manner, that genuine politeness which seeks to heighten the happiness of companions, those ornaments and graces which invest social intercourse with its most elegant and attractive charms.

If, young ladies, your sex exerted the influence over society we have ascribed to it, by the native unadorned elements of character which are peculiarly feminine, by her beauty, her grace, her devotion and constancy, her gentleness of disposition and tenderness of sympathy, ever alive to the cries of wo!—if in castle hall, she could say to man's tumultuous passions "peace be still"—if in those mimic scenes of war over which she presided the arbitress of skill and valor, by an approving smile or a gentle wave of the hand she could nerve the arm of the gallant knight for feats of courage—if by communion with her she could soften his rough nature, humanize his heart, and restrain his lawless spirit—what, allow me to ask, will be the influence you must exert upon society, when by intellectual culture you shall adorn these native elements of character with the accomplishments of art, of science, of a purer taste and a holier Christianity? Like the circling wave from the stone cast into the bosom of the placid lake, it will widen, silently diffusing itself, until it breaks upon the farthest shore of civilization.

It does not follow, as a necessary consequence, that you *will* exert an influence so great, or for good. You *may*. But it will depend upon the cultivation and proper exercise of the powers with which you have been blest.

You live in an age remarkable for intelligent and liberal sentiment. You enjoy greater privileges and advantages than have been vouchsafed to woman at any previous period of the world's existence. A deeper and livelier interest is felt in the cause of female education and the general diffusion of knowledge than ever heretofore, and in like degree is expectation aroused and your responsibilities increased. It will not be sufficient that you skim, as on swallow's wing, the surface of knowledge, delighted with

the bubbles of fancy that float and vanish at the touch—you must seek the gems of "purest ray" that lie in the deeper waters. Be not content to flit from flower to flower gathering nectared sweets, unconscious of their nature, or the source from whence they spring.

Think not that it is the end of your being, or the excellence of female character, to adorn the person with the ornamental charms of flashing silk, fine gauze and tinsel, to follow with obsequious devotion the ever-varying phases of capricious fashion, or with French belles to radiate the features with the powdered dust of the diamond; but strive rather to obtain the richer ornament, the brighter radiance and more substantial charm which intellectual culture bestows.

The proper training and development of the mind does not consist in accumulating and storing away in memory the facts which history discloses, or the truths science reveals; but in a correct understanding and just apprehension of the relation and bearing of one fact, one truth upon other facts and other truths. There does not exist in physics or morals a single fact or truth, standing solitary and alone, without its relations to antecedents and results. An unbroken chain links each fact in the Universe from the original fiat of the Almighty to the latest moment of time. To trace the connexion between cause and effect, to comprehend the fitness and propriety of things, the purpose and design of the Creator which everywhere exist, though often misunderstood, to know our duty to ourselves, to society, and to God, and fit ourselves for its faithful discharge, is the end of knowledge and of reason.

True, you have not the same length of time alotted, nor the same facilities furnished to pursue an uninterrupted course of study, with the opposite sex. Our universities teem with a greater number of volumes; a more numerous corps of learned professors are employed, as well as a greater variety of astronomical, philosophical and chemical apparatus, to pry into the secrets of nature and demonstrate the truths of scientific discovery. It is not expected that you

will acquire a deeper or more varied learning than the other sex; but you may and you ought to press closely upon the footsteps of the boldest adventurer in the regions of thought. You may not, with Herschell, point the telescope to the bright orbs that move in silent majesty in the unfathomable depths of space; nor, with Humboldt and Hugh Miller, ascend the rugged heights of the volcano, and hang over its burning crater, or penetrate the strata of the earth, and trace the "footprints of the creator" in its once yielding crust; nor, with Prescott, Bancroft and Hawks, gather from musty volumes and obscure manuscripts the facts and great events which make up the history and character of a people. But you ought and you may know the result of their researches, in a much shorter time than they were engaged in making them; you *can* realize the full benefits of their labors and discoveries. No chilling penury now clips the wings of youthful aspiration. Parents and guardians have a lively appreciation of the real advantage and priceless worth of solid learning and polite literature. The time has been when the father looked with a miser's eye upon his gold, and would have sooner excluded the light of heaven from the soul of his child than have parted with his treasure. That day of ignorance is fast closing—its beclouded sun rapidly sinking beneath the horizon. All over our lovely heritage, in town and sequestered retreat, are established and springing up, as by magic, seminaries of learning, devoted to female education, whence flow perennial streams of intelligence and virtue that water and gladden our country.

We rejoice at the zeal and energy now manifested by the Old North State in behalf of her daughters. It is fit that she who first breathed the thought of liberty and independence—who first unsheathed the sword and defied the tyrant's will—should be among the foremost in that race whose goal and end is the rescue and redemption of mind from the thraldom of ignorance and the gloom of superstition.

Napoleon Bonaparte once asked Madame DeStael, one of

the brightest intellects of your sex, how he should best promote the happiness of the French people. Her reply was, "Instruct the women of France." Woman is the kind and affectionate teacher of the race. She watches with maternal care and love the first budding of promise, and trains with gentle hand the tender sprigs of thought. She toils day and night to fit us for the fierce conflicts of life, for usefulness and distinction. When we quit the parental roof, she gives us a shield and tells us to "come back with it or upon it." If we shall succeed, if fortune shall favor, and honor be our reward, we flee for a while the storm and the strife of the world, to revisit the old homestead and lay that honor at the feet of a mother who has watched with joy our upward career. It is enough for woman that she fashions the mind and gives tone to the character of him who shall command fleets and lead armies to battle; whose eloquence shall move and calm the excited masses of the people. Let not, then, vaulting ambition, the pride of learning and thirst for fame, usurp the throne in her heart, where gentleness, submissiveness and patience ought to reign. Let her not reach forth her tiny hand to grasp the helm and guide the ship of State over the heaving sea of political strife—it is beyond her sphere of action—a labor too great and hazardous for her. Her throne is in the social circle; the household altar is her place of worship and service. Here the virtues and the graces of female character bloom and shed their sweetest fragrance. Behold the ardor of her plighted love, and the strength of her devotion, as exemplified in the classic story of "Penelope's web." For ten long years Ulysses is in the camp and siege of Troy, for ten years more he is detained by adverse winds from the pleasures of home and the joys of the social circle; still, for a score of years, his faithful spouse deludes importunate suitors, weaves and unweaves her tapestried web, anxiously awaiting and hoping for the joyous return of her lord. Look upon the disconsolate and inconsolable widow of the lamented Sir John Franklin! Her affectionate devotion has touched the chords of sympathy in all hearts

throughout the civilized world; when hope for the return of Sir John has withered and died in all other minds; when voyage after voyage of exploration and discovery have returned, with no satisfactory tidings of his own or the destiny of his crew; still faithful and hopeful, she is this day gathering together the fragments of her fortune, to fit out another expedition for his relief, if it be that he yet lives. Still, for her, does hope plume its white wings to search amid the thick gloom, the everlasting snows and icebergs of the arctic region, for a lost husband. Woman alone is capable of such constancy and such devotion.

It has been well said "that as the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been rifled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. This is her province, this the orbit in which she ought to move, except when, like the morning star, she deigns to issue forth to the world in her beauty and grace, scattering her approving smiles upon all that can appreciate her worth; then she retires to her home again, like that star sinking in the west, and the refining influence of her presence is as the soft twilight that lingers long behind a bright and joyous day.

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