than Mrs. Pike, her neighbor, who sends her husband to sell streaked rolls ornamented with a few hairs and packed in a tin bucket covered with a dirty shirt to keep the dust out. Mrs. P. isn't as well skilled in the fine arts at least.

Under the broad rule that I have enunciated, the farmer, the horticulturist, the inventor, and every other man and woman working in any and every sphere where human skill has been fabricating things, or improving things for the benefit of mankind, all meet on a common platform with equal rights and similar purposes. This isn't a farmer's Fair, as most orators and visitors seem to think. It is everybody's Fair. The agriculturists are probably largely in the majority, but they claim no rights they do not accord to others. There is no intelligent farmer who wants a professional man who happens to address the crowd to soap him all over as the lord of creation, and the only honest man living, for he knows it is not true. He has had dealings enough with brother farmers to know that they are just like other men. A naturally mean man will violate a contract, and accidentally(?) touch the half-bushel with the toe of a very heavy boot every time he fills it when buying wheat, if he is a farmer, but he never accidentally stumbles against it when he is selling wheat if he *is* a farmer. We have come up here as a common brotherhood, working to one grand end, and to gather knowledge, strength and encouragement to labor to a better purpose in the future. The intrinsic value of property displayed is of no consequence whatever, compared to the moral effect this grand exhibition will have on the people. The intelligent man, who wanders around carefully taking in the character and quality of articles on exhibition, is absorbed only in a train of thought suggested by the meaning of what he sees. That meaning is the capability of human intellect and the advancement of the race. The capabilities of the human intellect—what a meaning has that sentence! We are often told that if our domestic animals knew their power, the horse would break away from his owner, the ox refuse to bow his head to the yoke, and all would evade pursuit in the gloom of the forest. It is well for us and well for them that they either do not know it or do not choose to exercise it, while they haven't intelligence enough to know how to use it, even to putting up hay for the winter. But there is a two-legged animal that doesn't know its capabilities and power either. The world will wade onward and upward through darkness and gloom, and suffering through ignorance for several hundred, and perhaps thousands of years yet, before this biped will find out what mighty resources God Almighty has hidden up in him. It will be perfectly safe for him to find out his power when he has sense enough to know how to use it. Then Kingcraft and Priestcraft will be at a discount; the swarms of lazy, fat drones that have been eating up the honey will be either made to go to work or starved or stung to death. Go into that circus-tent stretched here upon the ground, and what a lesson is learned of human capability! By patient, persistent and long continued effort, what incredible feats are at length accomplished! "Strive to enter in at the difficult gate," is a motto that has guided every man who has attained to remarkable greatness in any single calling. The Greek reads—"Agonize to enter in,"—that is, throw your whole soul into it.

There seems to be a period in man's agonizing to leap over a chasm and attain a laudable end when an unseen power intervenes, and lifts him over; he being almost unconscious of effort.

When Hiero, King of Sicily, offered a large reward to him who would discover, without cutting it, whether a suspected jeweler had filled up the inside of a gold crown with a baser metal, Archimedes set to work to solve the problem. For days and weeks he threw his whole soul into finding a solution of it. Sleepless nights were spent in mental agony over the puzzle, till finally, while balancing his body in the water of a bath, the idea of the law of specific gravity flashed upon his mind already wrought up to a frenzy, and wild with the joy of his discovery he leaped from his bath and ran naked through the city, crying—"Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!" Demosthenes, of awkward mien and with a stammering tongue, aspired to be an orator. For months and years he agonized to perfect himself, training his voice amid the roar of waters on the sea-shore, and curbing his tongue with pebbles till at last the gods, as a reward for his toil, lifted him over the chasm, and set him down in an Athenian ampitheatre, where he astonished and electrified the assembled thousands, as no orator had ever done before. Long years ago there was in England a little, dark-skinned man, with a harsh voice, who made up his mind that he would do what no actor had ever done—play in Drury Lane Theatre the character of Sir Giles Overreach, in Massinger's Drama, giving it all the terrible effect its author intended, in representing a character of the most effective villainy and untamable passion ever portrayed in English dramatic literature. This little dark-skinned man was Edmund Kean. He spent years in preparing, before he could be persuaded to go upon the stage. He studied the language with intensity. He flung himself with a kind of rage into the spirit of the piece, and his wife said he spent whole nights before the mirror, endeavoring to realize by gesture, voice and action, the point at which he had arrived. This man's great soul was on fire with an inspirational determination, and he agonized to pass through a difficult opening to public favor, that no man had ever yet gone through for the want of sufficient effort.

The result of all this patient training and hard discipline was witnessed in Drury Lane on that memorable night, after Kean announced himself as ready. It was observed that when he first walked upon the stage there was that in his burning eye which betokened greater determination than usual, and Lord Byron, who was in a stage-box, whispered to the poet, Moore, that "something dreadful was written upon the great actor's countenance—something more suggestive of power even than he had ever noticed before." And never till then in the history of the stage was there witnessed such an exhibition of forceful endeavor. Throughout the whole play Kean bore himself like a fury; but it was reserved for the last scene to stamp an impression which existed during the lifetime of all who were present. The great actor himself shook like a strong oak in the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance, as displayed in the closing sentences of the play; and when he was removed from the stage, his face turned to the spectators was so awful that Byron was seized with a convulsive fit, and fell forward pale as death itself. The solemn stillness of the house was broken by screams of terror from boxes and gallery. Mrs. Glover, an actress of long experience and great talent, fainted outright on the stage. Mrs. Horn, who was also playing in the piece, staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight of Kean's agony and rage. Munden, a veteran on the board, who played the part of *Marall*, stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he had to be carried off by main force from the scene, his eye riveted on Kean's convulsed and awful countenance.

With a strong faith in the final result, and the exercise of such untiring, agonizing effort, to what height of greatness and distinction, in agriculture, in invention, in art, in science, in oratory, and in statesmanship, may many young men within the sound of my voice yet attain? These capacities you have if you only know your power. Possibilities of distinction and eminence are within the reach of thousands who die in obscurity, if they would only "agonize to enter in," as did Archimedes, Demosthenes, Kean, Cyrus W. Field, and a host of men and women whose names stud the galaxy of earth's illustrious ones, to shine for ever in the heavens. What kind of Fairs do you suppose we should have a few years hence, if all of us should resolve to take a new departure, and develop all our latent power, as did such as I have mentioned? It is less than thirty years ago that we were wearing buckskin breeches, eating on tin plates, plowing with oxen hitched to a Missouri plow with a wooden mouldboard, and riding to church on white-eyed and sore-nosed Cayuse ponies. We raised squashes a little larger than your double-fist, cabbage-heads little larger than the squashes, and potatoes as large as walnuts, if, it happened to be a good year for roots. It is not many years since the highest speed a trotting horse was thought to be able to attain, was a mile in four minutes. Now, a horse that cannot do better than that, isn't considered worthy to be put in training for a race. A few years ago we looked upon a fast horse as rather an irreligious animal. Fiddles and fast horses were supposed to be possessed of more devils than were pumpkin stems and Cayuse ponies. The fiddle has in most places been freed from demons by the laying on of clerical hands, and then taken into the churches. Since such preachers as Murray of Boston, and Henry Ward Beecher, have begun to love to ride after fast horses, the evil spirits are rapidly leaving them. The State Agricultural Society of Oregon is doing its share toward expelling them; and your present efficient President, though a pretty strict Methodist, seems to be impressed with the idea that there never was any more devil in a good horse than in an "ornary" Cayuse, and that all noble animals can, under proper regulations, be exhibited as to qualities for draught or speed, without detriment to good morals and without any injury to the Society's treasury. I attribute many of his liberal ideas to the influence of the drippings of the sanctuary when I used to preach.

We are apt to flatter ourselves that all the artistic skill of antiquity is known in our age. This is a mistake. The ancients knew some things that we do not know. About 200 years ago there were published in France letters from Catholic priests, saying that they had seen in China a transparent and colorless glass, into which was poured a liquid, colorless, like water. Then, on looking through this glass, it appeared to be filled with fishes. The Chinese admitted they did not make them, but stole them, among other plunder of a foreign conquest. The Romans, who got their chemistry from the Arabians, claimed in their books written 800 years ago, that they were able to make malleable glass. It is said that, in the age of Tiberius and time of St. Paul, a Roman who had been banished, returned, bringing a glass cup, which he dashed upon the marble pavement without breaking it. It was dented some, but with a hammer he soon brought it back to its original shape. There is a vase in the Genoa cathedral which was long considered a solid emerald. The Roman Catholic legend is, that it was a present to Solomon from the Queen of Sheba, and that it was the cup out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. Scholars say of it, "it is not a stone; we hardly know what it is." There are cabinets of gems in Italy, on which there are engravings made more than two thousand years ago. The engraving is so fine that it can hardly be seen with the naked eye; but by the aid of powerful glasses, the perfect forms of men and women can be seen, and the figure of the god Hercules stands out so boldly that you can see the interlacing muscles and count every hair on his eyebrows. No man now is able to mix a color that, upon exposure to the weather, will retain its brilliancy a hundred years. Yet you go to the buried city of Pompei, and clear away the ashes from its ruins, and you will find the Syrian purple with which the walls were painted seventeen hundred years ago, flashing out as bright and beautiful as though it had been used a month ago. No modern steel can stand the atmosphere of India without soon rusting. Surgical instruments not gilded, soon spoil. Yet the Damascus blades of the Crusades were not gilded, and they never rust. The point of one of these blades can be made to touch the hilt, and the sword can be thrust into a scabbard, shaped like a cork-screw, it having, according to Phillips, an elasticity equal to that of an American politician. These are some of what Wendell Phillips calls "the lost arts." They show that the world possessed some skill that we haven't got, thousands of years ago; but as to their utility to the human race, they fade into insignificance compared with the telegraph, steam power, and the art of printing. The discovery of the use of anæsthetics in surgery, made by Dr. Warren, of Boston, in October, 1846, is worth infinitely more to the world than would be the revival of all the arts that were ever lost. One labor-saving machine on exhibition here, would outweigh in value all the lost inventions that could be thrown into the scale. In those days, what knowledge there was, was confined to the few. It was hid up in the breasts of kings and priests, and down in the underground laboratories of chemists, alchemists, and cunning artisans. It only gave the rulers power to crush the ignorant masses still lower. Now, knowledge is power in the hands of the people. All inventions, though patented, are made public. Your newspapers, tell you every week all that is going on in the world worth knowing. A knowledge of chemistry, and pharmacy, is now within the reach of every school-boy. Scientific men are always willing and anxious to give the world the benefit of their discoveries. We have no secrets now, excepting in compounding nostrums, by quacks, and in putting up patent medicines—and these are only secret to those who are credulous enough to use them.

To trace the history of the race, by its waymarks of handicraft, scattered through the unknown ages, from the origin of man to the time he was seen in apocalyptic vision, entering upon the enjoyment of the acme of all art, by entering through pearly gates, within jasper-flashing walls, to a city whose streets are paved with gold, whose gardens are watered with crystal rivers, and whose trees have been so perfected by the great Artist that they bear each twelve kinds of fruit every season—would indeed be an interesting study. But we have enough to do, and more than the wisdom of the world has yet been able to do, in reading the book of Nature, and tracing back the history of our race, by the light of the records we have. Four years ago last March, Mons. Emile Reviere, acting under instructions from the French Minister of Public Instruction, found, in digging into a cavern at Mentone, in Italy, a paleolithic human skeleton, supposed to belong to a prehistoric age. This skeleton of a man, fully six feet high, was found in a cavern in the rift of a mountain, and buried twenty-one and a half feet under earth. The skull was ornamented with a wreath made of a number of perforated shells, and by twenty-two canine teeth of a stag, also perforated. Forty-one perforated shells also ornamented the left leg. Stone arms and instruments, rudely cut from flint, were found in the cave by thousands. Around this skeleton man lay the bones of nineteen different species of animals, and six varieties of shell-fish. Four of these animals are assigned to extinct prehistoric species. Out of ten thousand long bones found, all but five had been split lengthwise, to extract the marrow, of which this fellow, like ourselves, seems to have been fond. How he managed, with rude stone instruments, to split these bones their entire length, so as to expose the whole line of marrow, we do not know. Phillips can set that down as another of "the lost arts," for no man living now could do it. Was this man of Mentone one of our ancestors, having had his start as a grub in a primordial cell, and having been gradually developed under Darwin's laws of evolution and natural selection, until having cast off the shell of a snail, shed the skin of a snake, and put off the form of a jackass, he finally stood up on two legs, and learned to be a lapidary? Of course we know but little about these laws, and haven't any clear conception of the number of ages they would require to develop man, starting as a grub, until he assumed the aldermanic proportions, and had the musical voice of a jackass; but these laws may have been giving him a start long before. According to La Place, there was an aggregation of worlds from a vast mass of rapidly rotating nebulous matter. Darwin, I think, has overlooked two of the strongest arguments in favor of his theory. One is, that it is recorded in history that a jackass once had the gift of speech, and spoke just like a man. Another is, that we hear so many men now-a-days talking just like jackasses, that we might naturally infer that we sprang from them.

The first time in the history of the world we find any mention of the two grand divisions of agriculture, is that of the tilling of the soil by Cain, and the raising of stock by Abel. What was the character of the stock, and the nature and quality of the grain raised, we know nothing. We infer that the cattle were not much superior to our stock which came from Missouri in

*Concluded on page 23.*