

perhaps the most complete and beautiful thing of the kind ever executed. It is constructed on the scale of one-eighth of an inch to the foot, is covered with a splendid glass case, and rests upon a stand of the most finished workmanship. The flow of the Dnieper is represented by a mirror, wherein the exquisite workmanship of the model bridge above is reflected, and care has been taken also to mark the depth of the river, which is at some points 60 feet. No doubt, from the situation in which it is to be constructed, the work when finished will be strongly fortified, each of the huge piers on which the chains are swung being mounted with cannon, and the approaches also being protected by batteries.

Old Timber.—The spiles under London Bridge have been driven six hundred years. On examining them in 1746, they were found to be but little decayed. They are principally of elm. Old Savory Place, in the city of London, was built six hundred and fifty years ago, and the wooden piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found upon recent examination to be perfectly sound. Of the durability of timber in a wet state, the piles of the bridge built by the Emperor Trajan over the Danube, afford a striking example. One of these piles was taken up, and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch; but the rest of the wood was little different from its former state, though it had been driven more than sixteen hundred years!

Medusa Fulgens.—The waters of the Bristol Channel have lately presented during the night such profuse effusions of lambent light as to excite unusual attention. The phenomenon, it is well known, is occasioned by the presence of a very minute insect, called medusa fulgens, visible only through means of a microscope.—[Cambria.]

Gas from a New Substance.—Two French chemists in Paris, Messrs. Livenais and Berhardt, have ascertained that the decomposition of grape-skins, after the last pressing and lees of wine, disengages a carbonated hydrogen gas of a superior quality. A pound of dried grape-skins, placed in a white hot retort, furnished, in less than seven minutes, three hundred and fifty quarts of excellent carbonated hydrogen gas. The gas burns with a brilliant white flame, is without odour, and emits little smoke; in comparison with that produced from pit-coal and resin. An experiment with the dried dregs of wine was equally satisfactory.

Singular Instance of Posthumous Fame.—One of the bricks brought from the ruins of Nimroud, besides the letters inscribed on it, is marked with the footsteps of a weasel, which must have run over the brick before it was dried, so that the little animal and the mighty Assyrian king have stamped a record of their existence on the same piece of clay!

Glass Tissue—Triumph of Art.—At the Polytechnic Institution in London there was exhibited one pound of glass spun by steam into four thousand miles, and woven with silk into tapestry and dresses!

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S OFFICE IN EDUCATION.

(EXTRACT OF AN ADDRESS, BY JAMES HENRY, JUN'R. ESQ.)

Not only have the farmer, mechanic, scholar, statesman, philosopher and patriot, enrolled themselves under the banner of educational reform, but woman, with all her inherent beauty and loveliness, with her innate shrewdness, aptness, patience, hopefulness, perseverance and irresistible power, has with a devotion and ardor which none but herself can feel or know, espoused this noble cause, and rendered it such good service as none but woman can render.

Not only as a mother does she indelibly impress upon the tender infant mind the love and practice of the true, the beautiful, the great, the glorious, and the good, but as a teacher she has entered the once unattractive, not to say repulsive school-house, and its whole aspect has been changed as with the wand of an enchantress.

The hoary cobweb which from time immemorial has occupied its prescriptive corner or window, has been removed; the dust of ages has been brushed from the walls; the virgin loveliness of white is once more seen upon the floors; yards have been levelled, enclosed and planted with shrubbery; windows, tables and mantle-pieces, are surmounted by pots of flowers; graceful festoons of evergreens, maps, paintings, and drawings, adorn the walls; in a word, that perfect cleanliness, order and beauty, which at once endear and consecrate the domestic fire-side, have been transferred

to the school-room, making it no longer the hated prison-house, the dear chosen and loved retreat of childhood.

Woman, whose unrivalled dominion ever has been, and ever must be, in the tenderest and holiest affections of humanity, understands full well the art of addressing and winning the juvenile heart, and drawing it out successfully into ardent and constant aspirations to all that is great, and noble, and pure in the universe. Well, too, has woman, by her noble actions, repelled the unnatural and unjust prejudice, once generally, and I fear even now by some entertained, that she is incompetent to preside over and direct intellectual education.

The following lines were sent us by a pupil of the Leicester School, at Moscow, Livingston Co., N. Y. :—

LET ME DIE IN MY YOUTH.

Let me die in my youth, let me die in my youth,
Ere my footsteps have strayed from the pathway of truth,
Ere a withering blight on my spirit shall rest,
Ere my heart has made sadness or evil a guest,
Ere the moments of purity darken and fly,
Let me die in my youth—in my youth let me die.

Oh! life is all joyous—a bright, sunny dream,
And its pleasures are many—a full flowing stream;
Its hours of happiness fondly have flown;
In my heart's deep recess its bliss I have known;
But if, as they tell me, earth's joys quickly fly,
Let me die in my youth—in my youth let me die!

For I would not stay till a gloom is o'ercast,
Till the waters of grief o'er my spirit have passed,
Till my heart's sweetest joys, in their circles, have broken,
Till the last gentle word of affection is spoken.
There are hopes more enduring that brighten on high;
Let me die in my youth—in my youth let me die!

Bright hours of Spring in their beauty have come,
And earth in their light, is a sweet, sunny home,
Yet I fain would go while the flowers are springing,
While the earth seems glad and the birds are singing;
For the music and fragrance will breathe where I lie;
Let me die in my youth—in my youth let me die!

[The Student.]

HINTS ON SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

From an Essay written by a Female Teacher, and read before the Essex County Teachers' Association.

When the mother of Washington was asked respecting the education of her son, she replied, she had taught him to *obey*. In saying this, she did not merely give her own method of training her son, and preparing him for the duties which, unforeseen by her, afterwards devolved upon him, but she stated a general principle,—one which lies at the foundation of all true government, and to which teachers should give heed. It is our duty as such to prepare boys and girls to become men and women; to educate boys who are to become governors of the nation, and girls who are to become mothers of future statesmen and rulers; and in order that these may, each in their own turn rule wisely, they must *learn to obey*.

This is the first and most important lesson the child can be taught. Instinct will lead it to seek for food, to cling to those who give it protection and nourishment; to express by natural signs not to be mistaken, grief, pain, or terror, and to oppose some form of resistance to that which causes any important sensation, or succumb to a force which it is unable to resist; but it does not ever lead them to submit their own will to any other will. This must and should be taught by those to whom is given the important and responsible duty to control and guide that delicate but omnipotent lever. Yet how seldom is this done, until the will, having no self-regulating power, has become habitually either impotent or wavering or headstrong and obstinate. Not unfrequently is this first great lesson left to be learned in the school-room; and it is of the *highest importance*, that we see to it that it is *learned there*.

Perhaps some will say, "Very well, we all know that children must obey, but how is submission to be secured in the best manner, or in other words, how are we to inspire our children with the true spirit of obedience?"

Here lies the difficulty. It is comparatively easy to maintain an unlimited despotism in the school room—to have an almost breathless silence and to hear recitations verbatim, the very punctuation