

TO MOTHERS—"WHO EDUCATES YOUR CHILDREN?"

In the year 1800, Bonaparte met the accomplished Madame De Stael, at Copet. She having requested a private audience, spoke to the first Consul of the powerful means afforded by his situation to provide for the happiness of France, and made an eloquent display of her own plans for the accomplishment of that object, which she was desirous to have that giant among great men adopt in his management of public affairs. He heard her patiently, until she had finished her speech, when he coolly asked, "Who educates your children, Madame?"

What must have been the effect of that very significant question upon the mind of that great woman! She had, in the opinion of the discerning First Consul, neglected the most important of all duties—the education of her children, to waste the energies of her gifted mind upon a fruitless effort to ameliorate the condition of France. Her objects were laudable, but the sacrifice was too great, and therefore she found the most severe rebuke in the question, "Who educates your children?" We have no disposition to censure the course taken by that most accomplished lady, whose writings will ever live to adorn the literature of France.—We wish merely to put the same question to every mother in the land, and request her serious consideration of its import.—It was one that Madame De Stael, the most learned and accomplished woman of her day, could not answer; she had neglected this first and most binding of all obligations, and consequently felt more deeply the sting of self-reproach which Bonaparte's question created. She neglected the education of her children that she might elevate her own position, and shine among the most eminent of French authors. But how is it with mothers in our country? Is it not often the case that the most trivial things upon which the human mind can rest, will interfere with the sublimest of all the duties imposed upon the mother—duties which affect her own happiness and that of her children—duties which, if well performed, will bring the richest reward to society, and confer inestimable blessings upon children and parents.

How often we are told when asking mothers to visit the school, that they have no time, by those who will waste hours in decorating their person to spend an evening at a party. How much time is worse than wasted at home, which should

be devoted to the education of their children by those mothers who never inquire about the condition of the school, the character of the Teacher, or the appliances by which their sons and daughters are to be qualified for an honorable and useful career in life. To them we submit the question, "who educates your children?"

The same mother who can deny the child a necessary school book, or suitable reading matter at home and who can refuse to take a well conducted paper for the improvement of her family, will spend many times their cost for ribbons and gewgaws to meet the arbitrary and foolish demands of fashionable life, and plead the necessity of "keeping up appearances" for her gross perversion of the means God has given her to enrich the minds of those she loves. To such an one we say, when you stand before the glass arranging your useless ornaments, ponder well the question, "who educates your children?" Cease to deny the proper means of improvement to your family—that you may consume their cost in doing homage to the shrine of fashion. There are thousands who pay the teacher most grudgingly and ask almost a gratuitous service at his hands, and yet lavish money most freely to gratify a senseless vanity. They act as if the body was of more value than the soul, and as if a pleasure party was worth more to society than a school.

The mother who can find more enjoyment in a dress-displaying, gossip-making assemblage than in the well-conducted school to which her children are sent for instruction, will feel, unless the God of this world has destroyed her sense of maternal obligations, no slight rebuke in the answer she gives to the question "who educates your children?"

Would you give a satisfactory answer to this question, go to the school and there learn what are the privileges it affords your children—become acquainted with the Teacher—sustain him by a generous and grateful sympathy, in discharging those duties you have delegated to him, and aid him by liberally providing for the educational wants of your children, and by faithfully devoting your time to their mental and moral improvement when out of school. Act upon common sense principles in this matter, and manifest as much interest in the adorning of the mind as you do for their bodily comfort, and you will be able to render an answer to the question "WHO EDUCATES YOUR CHILDREN?" that will satisfy your conscience, and meet the requirements of your obligations to your children and to society.

GREAT RIVER.—Admiral Hope, of the British navy, has succeeded in ascending the great river of China, Yang-tse, to a distance of 570 nautical miles from its mouth, without any accident, and it was stated that it was navigable for 157 miles further up, making in all 727 miles, or about 912 statute miles from the sea.—The Yang-tse, therefore, although it be in point of navigation neither the Mississippi nor the St. Lawrence, far exceeds the Ganges, the Rhine and the Danube; it is, indeed, the finest navigable river of the Old World.

— A retired school-master excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

— An old gentleman says that he is the last man in the world that would tyrannize over his daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of her choice, he don't care whom she loves.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

When thou seest misery in thy brother's face, let him see mercy in thine eye; the more the oyle of mercy is poured on him by pity, the more the oyle in thy cruse shall be increased by thy pity.

Everything has its use. Were it not for the flies, people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day—the portion devoted to sunrise and meadow-larks.

Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Kase they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are very often blacklegs, and are universally fleeced.

'Tis much safer for thee to reconcile an enemy than conquer him. Victory may deprive him of the power for the present, but reconciliation disarms his will.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points prospective; some must be seen at a great distance.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants, by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

An exchange says that the Indian Chief, Billy Bowlegs, is called by fashionable ladies, William Cruikshanks.