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Doct's Corner.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

There's music in the whispering wind,
That bears at eventide
The fragrance of the scattered flowers,
That deck the mountain's side;
There's music in the gushing stream,
There's music in the sea—
There's not a spot but hears a tone
Of Nature's melody.

There's music in the distant roar,
That trembles on the breeze—
There's music in the surging tide
Of ruffled angry seas,
In every pealing thunder's voice,
That booms along the sky,
A tone was struck on Nature's harp—
And it is melody.

There's music in the wailing winds
That stir the slumbering night,
And shakes the sea foam from the locks
Of mermaids dancing light:
There's music in the early-breeze—
That bears on golden wing,
A thousand touching minstrelsies
From washers of the spring.

The lark bills forth his strains above,
The sparrow on the ground;
On either side there's melody,
And no place silent sound.
The strings of Nature's harp are long,
From pole to pole they span,
Ten thousand minstrels touch the chords—
The listener is man.

UNCLE AMINADAB'S COURTSHIP.

BY ETHAN SPIKE.

Rebecca. Uncle Aminadab, why have you never married?

Aminadab. [An old man, with ancient apparel, claw-hammer coat, &c., seated by the fire, smoking, after a long pause, says] Bekaso I 'spose it wan't so writ.

R. Were you never in love?

A. In what?

R. In love—I mean were you never troubled with the tender passion?

A. What is the nater of that ere complaint, Becky?

R. Why, uncle Aminadab, what a question! It aint a complaint at all. It's a kind of all-overish sort of feeling—a combination of the pleasant and painful. Sometimes you seem to tread on sublimated air, and then or Scotch thistles—at one time you pity kings; at another, you envy beggars—

A. Stop—stop! I guess I know now—it's the fever'n ager. I had it in 18-18 out in York state. Them's very much the symptoms. Fust I was hot, then cold—lean'twice—fust, cold then hot, and ever so much better when they wan't on. Yes, I've had it.

R. [Laughing.] What a funny man you are, any how, uncle Aminadab. You

don't understand me at all. Love is the affection, tho likin, you know, which a man feels for a woman, and vice-versa.

A. [Slowly, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe.] I don't know the vissy-ssy, but I 'er experienced that ere likin.

R. O, uncle I wall, I never—then you have been in love—how droll! How many times? Come, now, be honest, uncle.

A. Does fanciois count?

R. What do you mean by fanciois, uncle?

A. I mean the natral pleasment of bein amingst the woman folks generally.

R. No, no. Only real likings, you know. Only those cases when you felt it would be a great satisfaction to be torn asunder by wild horses, or cut up in little bits for the sake of the loved one.

A. Wall, I never much keered about bein run onto by wild hosses, and I am agin choppin human critters into mince-meat, any how, but raily, them likins did kim it on me purty strong, Becky.

R. Well now, tell me all about it, won't you, uncle dear?

A. [Shaking his head and pretending to fill his pipe.] I wan't no great. But ef you want to know my adventers, I must tell you on 'em, I reckon. Forty-two year ago I was twenty-one years old. I might have had pick and choice of the gals in our neighborhood. But somehow or nuther, I did n't keer much about 'em, and beyond a goin hum' with 'em from singin school and sich like, I had n't much consarn with any on 'em. But about this time our old school marm got married, and the d'ectors went over to Weston and hired Deacon Spaulding's youngest darter to take her place. The vory fust time I sot eyes on Permely Spauldin, I felt that I was a goner. Suthin seemed to run right through me, and I kim purty near screechin' right out. At fust I did n't zactly know what ailed me,—did n't know but 't was a couple of watermillions that I'd been eatin, I tuck some peppermint and sillarat, but got no better purty fast. Howsomover, to make a long story short, I soon found out, 't was the school marm—not the melons—'t was a likin I—

R. Then you were really in love, uncle?

A. Wall, I dun no zactly whether I was in the ere—but I was in a particular strong likin, and it was very distressin, I tell yeon. I've had the tooth-ache, fever-nager—measles, tie—

R. Yes, yes, never mind about that. I'm dying to know how it came out.—You did n't marry her, of course?

A. Wall, no. Can't zactly say I did. But I never kim so near till't afore nor sence.

R. Oh, that's so nice! How near the hyneneal altar did you get, uncle?

A. I do n't know nothin about your highmen—all halters, but the change of a single syllable in a talk I had with that

ere gal would hev tired me up faster 'n a—[at a loss for a simile]—you get out!

R. Only-one syllable, uncle?

A. Nary another. This is tho way it was. I kept a growin' more and more miserable till at last I kim to a dead ker-chnok, and I says to myself to onet, says I, Aminadab, says I, get out of misery, to onet, says I. I will, says I. This was of a Friday. The next night, Saturday, found me at Cap'n Enos Jenkins' parlor. (Permely boarded at Cap'n Enos's) with a pair of new butes and a well greased head. From seven to nine I talked with Cap'n Enos and Mrs. Cap'n Enos, makin eyes at Permely whenever I could get a chance. Bime by Cap'n Enos went off up stairs, and there was me and Permely all soul alone by our two selves! She sot on one side of the room, and I sot t'other, and there we sot and sot, till 't was ever so much o'clock, nyther sayin nothin to t'other. At last I got up and went to the winder to see if I could n't find suthin to suggest an idea, but I did n't see nothing but the gate, a cart, a heap of punkins and tho, moon—Arter flattenin my nose agin a glass a lenthly long spell, I turned right square round and says—the moon aint south yit by a jugfull, says I. One would naterly spose that would hev brought Permely out, but it did n't. She never stirred more 'n though she 'd bin a stork ov atun or a hethen idle. So thar we sot and sot agin.

R. O, gear, how funny! Ha, ha, ha, O, uncle 'Minadab!

A. Funny? Wall, 't wan't any thing but funny to me. I'd a gin boot to a bin in a bumblebees' nest. Howsomover, I felt the time hed kim to do or die and I broke right out.

"Miss Spauldin," says I.

"Wal," says she.

"Permely," says I.

"Wall."

"Will you hev me?"

"No."

"You wont?"

"I wont."

"Good night," says I.

"Good night," says she.

That night I slept better 'n I'd done for three weeks. I'd got a trouble off my mind—if I had n't!

R. And do you call that near being married, uncle Aminadab?

A. Why, in course I do. She could hev said yes just as easy as no—but I'm glad she did n't. She turned out arterward to be a pesky scold, and married Isaiah Cumstock, poor Zaah—he took to drink, because Permely rattled in his ears like a kettle drum.

R. Now, uncle, let's have the other episode.

A. Tother what?

R. I mean the other love adventure.

A. Wall, for several years arter Permely mitted me, I made up my mind