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(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WELFARE.)  
**To the Memory of Mrs. Hemans.**  
Oh, say not that the spirit dies, when severed  
From the body;  
For thou breath'st stately music yet, tho' thy  
soul has pass'd away.  
I have been sad, in foreign lands, from friends  
divided long.  
And have rejoic'd them all, in thought, by the  
wist'ry of thy song;  
Thy strains have brought upon my soul my  
mother's voice once more,  
As when she clasp'd me to her heart, in the  
dewy days of yore;  
With tones of thine own back the hour when  
at my father's knee,  
I beat at night, and liv'd the prayer he offer'd  
up for me.  
At thy soft, sorrowing voice I see the weeping  
prigial,  
With bleeding heart, and burning tears in his  
sire's deserv'd hall;  
And o'er my spirit flows the Past, with all its  
memories,  
Of summer skies, and lonely streams, and Au-  
tumn's crimson tress—  
With thy free strain I hear the moan of ocean's  
rolling wild,  
Thou blend'st with stern manhood's cares the  
day-dreams of the child—  
I hear thy music in the wind of August's balmy  
morn,  
And thy spirit leads me home again to the land  
where I was born;  
Thy song evokes the buried Past back from the  
eternal stream,  
And waits the captive soul once more to the  
days of "Love's Young Dream."  
There's something in thy breathings like the  
strain of another sphere,  
Like a seraph's song of Eden that in dreams  
we sometimes hear;  
There is a music in thy strain to lighten human  
care,  
And a halo round thy laurel'd lyre to brighten  
e'en despair;  
Oh, woman of the gifted soul, the high and holy  
land,  
Thou hast left sweet music in the world the  
broken hearts to bind;  
The teachings of thy nature pure flow like per-  
petual streams,  
To bathe the traveller's burning brow in the  
desert sun's red beams;  
Thy love, that took all things within its deep  
and swelling tide,  
Blends with the "Lays of Many Lands," and  
conquer's human pride;  
For the worldling's heart grows softer, beneath  
its swelling glow,  
And thy calm faith in the "Holy Child," as-  
suages human woe;  
Fall off my weary soul hath drank the gentle  
title of song,  
In solitude—upon the seas, and in the city's  
throng—  
And I have risen up refreshed with faith re-  
new'd in Him  
Who reigns everlastingly Lov'd between the  
cherubim—  
Thy "heart is left within our hearts," altho' thy  
day is done,  
And thy spirit lights our spirits yet, like an un-  
extinguish'd sun.  
W. McK.  
North Sydney March, 1853.

**Instruction of Idiots.**  
From a very interesting statement made by H. B. Wilbur, superintendent of the New York Asylum for Idiots, appended to the report of the trustees, we copy the following sketch of the system of education adopted at the institution.  
After premising that however much the cases under treatment differ in other respects, that there is one common point of resemblance in all—the want of attention. In other words, that the powers and faculties are not under the control of the will to the natural and proper extent, from a comparative deficiency in the force or vigor of the will itself. He then remarks:—  
One peculiarity of our system of instruction consists, then, mainly in creating this power of attention; in the first place, by exciting the will by appropriate stimuli; and then by its continued exercise, giving it the capability to control the other attributes of the individual.  
It should be mentioned, because of its relation to our mode of education, that there is a natural order both in the succession in which the will obtains the supremacy over the other powers, and also in the means by which that will is developed and strengthened. We see it in the infant naturally well-endowed, and especially in the idiot, because of the more gradual progress in the control it thus acquires over the muscular system; then over the intellect, and finally over the desires, the appetites and the passions.  
That natural order in the means by which the will is developed, is learned by a similar observation, and the knowledge of it has its practical value in our course of instruction. It is first excited by the instincts, then by the appetites; still again by the desires, the intellect, and finally the moral powers. This a child is sometimes seen who, with no lack of muscular power, is unwilling to take anything in his hand. The fear of falling (one development of the instinct of self-preservation) will, however, lead him to grasp with firmness the rounds of a ladder rather than suffer injury. Then he will hold food in his hand, or a cup of water, to gratify his appetite. Next he is induced to hold an object in his hand, to gratify his senses or curiosity with reference to it. And so he goes from one step to another, the discipline acquired in accomplishing the lower enabling him to achieve the higher.  
Physical training will then form the basis of all well directed efforts for the education of idiots; first, because of its direct effect to obviate the existing peculiarity of physical condition; and secondly, because the gymnastic exercises constituting the physical training may be designed and adapted to develop the power of attention in conformity with the natural order of succession having mentioned.  
Passing, then, to the next stage of development, it deserves to be mentioned, because the same order obtains in the order of the natural order in the order in which different properties are perceived through the medium of a particular sense. We witness in succession the exercise of touch, of taste, of smell, and finally of hearing and of sight.—We notice, for example, the distinctions of

form are perceived before those of color, &c. These distinctions, at the outset, must be of the broadest possible character, to be properly comprehended by the pupil, and to constitute the starting point in acquiring perceptions of lesser differences.  
Again, as soon as the pupil, by the habitual exercise of his senses has acquired an ease and readiness of perception, it will not be a difficult step to the reception of ideas of some of the more palpable relations of the objects of sense. No matter how simple the first ideas, for with proper effort they will prepare the way for more complex ones.  
All through this educational process, the mutual relation and dependence of the will and the other powers is constantly manifested.  
The apparatus we employ is of the simplest character; a series of ladders in various positions; wooden and iron dumb-bells; a tread-mill; simple blocks; boards with depressions of various shapes and sizes, with blocks to fit the depressions, to teach distinctions of form and size; cups and balls of various colors; pictures; the simpler forms of common school apparatus; black boards everywhere; special contrivances for individual cases; and last though not least, the extensive apparatus of ordinary childish sports.  
With this imperfect statement of some matters that have occurred to me as aiding any one to comprehend our general plan of instruction, I will proceed to some particulars.  
A certain portion of the younger and more backward pupils are placed in what may be termed the nursery department, coming into the school room only a few moments at a time, at the opening and closing of school sessions, when there is singing or other general exercises. These children are watched carefully with reference to their habits of body and mind, to the best mode of commencing our course of instruction with them—the most appropriate first steps in their pupillage. Every means that can be thought of are attempted to attract their attention to exercise their senses, to awaken perceptions, to excite their curiosity and encourage their initiative faculty.  
These efforts at the outset will be somewhat empirical, and would be entirely so, without a knowledge on the part of the instructor of those principles I have already mentioned as constituting the basis of our art. Such, however, is the variety of our educational means and appliances, that in our corner, unless of the very lowest natural capacity, if allowed to range within the influence of those means and appliances for a while, will sooner or later furnish some clue, by some manifestation of observation or interest, to the best mode of commencing his education. Properly belonging to these preliminary measures is the imparting an idea of language; they learn their names; they learn to obey a few simple commands; they are aided by appropriate gestures; they learn the names of different objects, names of form, of color and other properties of matter, and finally of pictures.  
Arrived at this point, we may commence with exercises more resembling those of ordinary schools. We have cards with the names of familiar objects printed upon them which are learned by the pupil. Before learning the names of the letters of the alphabet they are taught to distinguish their differences of shape and even to form them from a card previously learned. With such preparation, the step is not a difficult one of learning to read by the ordinary method. They can receive instruction in drawing on the black board, gradually passing into exercises in writing; they can receive oral lessons in geography with exercises upon the outline maps; they can be taught the simple relations of numbers.  
Within the year past, the range of instruction has been very wide. We have taught a child to walk when we first had to awaken and cultivate a fear of falling as an incentive to any efforts on her part. We have awakened perceptions of sounds in ears where the sense of hearing resided without the use of it. We have developed perceptions of sight through the eyes that had never performed their appropriate office. We have been teaching children to speak in every stage of articulation, and we now have very creditable classes in Web's First Reader, in geography, in writing, and in simple numbers.  
I need hardly add, that with such a variety of subject and exercises, great care and judgment are always requisite (on the part of the teachers) in adapting the steps of instruction to the pupil's capacity; great patience in dwelling, sometimes with faint hope upon the points of difficulty; and I beg your attention to this fact in justice to the teachers under my direction, they have always to depend upon principles rather than rules.  
I ought not to omit, even in a brief account of our daily exercises, to mention that we have a class of girls in sewing for an hour each day. Some of the little girls can do little more than hold a needle in their hands or even a piece of cloth, but they gradually acquire a curiosity to notice what the others are doing, and will in the same gradual manner make the first attempt toward sewing.—During the summer past, the elder members of the class have made twenty-four sheets, twenty-four towels; forty pillow-cases, besides hemming a large number of pocket handkerchiefs. Their success already gives promise that they will in time be able to do much of the sewing required in such an institution.  
Nor need this, or will this be the only industrial occupation to be profitably carried on in the asylum, when a series of years shall have given further development to the pupils.  
Out of school hours, there is the same systematic employment of time on the part of the children, though with a studious concealment of anything that may seem like restraint during those periods.  
The children rise early, the older one taking a walk in the open air or active exercises within doors in addition to their preparation for breakfast. Considerable time is spent with the younger and lower grades of pupils in teaching them step by step, and little by little in the matter of dressing themselves, from barely holding out an arm for the reception of a sleeve up to all the mysteries of buttons, hooks and eyes and shoeties.  
After breakfast, the older ones make their beds and assist in other simple household

duties. All take as much exercise as possible, till nine, the hour of school. At eleven there is a recess of half an hour with a slight stroll. School ends at half past 12 for the forenoon session. Dinner at one consuming some time, as we regard it of great importance to inculcate habits of decorum, of moderation, and general propriety. Each is required to wait till all are helped, and then to eat slowly.  
After dinner they are occupied in plays of various sorts, till 3, when school begins again. At half past four school closes for the day. Then follow, with a short interval for supper, under the supervision of intelligent persons, a great variety of exercises and amusements. We have military exercises for the boys; gymnastic exercises for the girls; singing, games of various sorts.—These all deserve as high a place in any system of education for idiots as the more customary matters of instruction, and they are carried on here under as much supervision as the school exercises. It is in these out of school employments that the pupils acquire that little every day knowledge and judgment, that they are so entirely destitute of when they come to us.  
On the Sabbath they are divided into smaller companies, and are sent to school, so to speak, to encourage a more quiet deportment than on other days. We are compelled, however, to have systematic exercises on that day. In the afternoon, the older children have a Sunday-school, in which they are taught simple moral duties, scripture history in its simplest form, and children's songs.  
In the evening they spend an hour in listening to the reading of such stories as are adapted to their comprehension, and conveying much interest and pleasure.  
Were we at a more convenient access to any house of religious worship, we have quite a class that would conduct themselves with propriety in attending it, and would certainly receive one benefit from it, that of increased reverence.—N. Y. Spectator.

**Valley of the Great Salt Lake.**  
From the *London Athenaeum* we take the following notice of Capt. Stansbury's "Expedition to the Great Salt Lake." The article is made up mainly of extracts from the work, judiciously taken, and is exceedingly interesting.  
The existence of a vast lake of salt water somewhere amid the wilds west of the Rocky Mountains has been known since 1689; when Baron La Houette wrote an account—which, however, seems to have been as much indebted to imagination as to observation—of his discovery in that region. Some attempts have since that time been made to explore its shores; but Captain Stansbury's party are the first white men that have made the circuit of its waters. The results of the Captain's observations, which were sent to the Secretary of War, and which are published in a small and immense labour, make the circumference of the lake, exclusive of offsets, to be two hundred and ninety-one miles. The neighbourhood around is on the same gigantic scale—consisting of deserts sixty and seventy miles across, separated from each other by precipitous rocky eminences of great elevation. Many of these deserts Captain Stansbury says would furnish extended plains, absolutely level, upon which a degree of the meridian could be measured to great advantage.  
This inland sea is believed by Captain Stansbury to have been in a past age of infinitely greater extent. He says:—  
"Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches, or water-marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing probably to gradual elevation occasioned by the contraction of the earth. This is the highest of the benches, and the most grotesque and fantastic."  
As the morning sun wakes nature into life, and music from the quiet slumber of the night, so the great principles of the Bible, were they properly developed in the teachings and doings of the church, would break away from all domestic inspection and restraint. The day appointed for the carrying out of his purpose arrived. At the first grey beams of morning's steal his chamber, he rises and prepares for his journey. All within are asleep besides. His father is unconscious of his plans. With clandestine step, and a thousand mingled emotions, he bids adieu to his birth-place and his home. In a few hours he finds himself on board the vessel which is to bear him to a foreign land. Month after month through storms and sunshine, he pursues his way. He reaches his destination, and exults in the thought, that now without restriction he can revel in all the pleasures his new home can afford. The thought of his father's joy fills his mind with distress. It disturbs him in his dreams at night. It scares him in the mornings. It spreads a sadness over him through the day. At length he is informed of the far-distant residence of his father, and of his wicked ways. He determines to restore him to a sense of filial obligation, and to his home. And what is the plan? He writes a letter—all that is moving in paternal love is thrown into the letter. Now, on what will its success depend? On its contents? On its being delivered? On its being read? All this is required; but something more is indispensable, to bring out its full force upon his wicked father. He must reflect upon it, as the expression of a tender father, whose heart, which he had well-nigh broken, still glows with the warmest love for him. Young men in this picture behold yourselves. You are prodigals. You have violated the love, and forsaken the home of the Infinite Father. Here is a letter which has addressed to you. In it he says, "Come now, and let us reason together." Oh! who amongst reasonings of paternal love are here! Have you ever devoted one day to a concentrated reflection upon the contents of this document, in its

relation to you? If not, you have never yet tried the only way to repentance. Go and think this, and as you muse the fire will burn. God's complaint of the world is, its religious thoughtlessness. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."—N. Y. Evangelist.

**The Jubilee.**  
Hail, God of Truth! Triumphant hail!  
O'er all the powers, of earth and hell;  
So, like thy Sire shalt thou be hailed;  
And swell the Anthem of the skies!  
The Book by ancient seers foretold,  
Inspired of God—whose leaves unfold  
"Eternal life"—sent forth to all,  
Who breathe, on this tempestuous ball!  
Hail, all ye servants of the Lord,  
Who bear the power of his Word!  
Proclaim its message—destined to shine,  
From east to west, o'er every clime.  
"All nations" shall behold its light;  
Its rays divine, dispel their night;  
Its gracious influence shall fall,  
"As rain from Heaven," refreshing all.  
Hail, thou distinguish'd—British Isle!  
Where truth with holiness doth smile,  
Whence rose, the heaven-suggested scheme,  
To spread, God's Word—the Bible theme.  
Ye worthies, who have nobly stood,  
As guardians to the Word of God,  
To send it forth, from comment free,  
Now, hail with praise your Jubilee!  
Hail, all ye lovers of the Lord,  
And sing the triumph of His Word!  
Sing how it sets the captive free,  
And celebrates the Jubilee!  
Come forth with gratitude and love,  
To Him, who sits enthron'd above!  
With heart and hand, with offerings free,  
And hail the Jubilee.  
Hail, ye "Associations" dear!  
Your hands shall strengthen, light increase,  
The Book shall triumph!—Eye to eye shall see,  
Rejoice in faith, and hail the Jubilee.  
"All hail"—ye ransomed ones, escap'd to bliss!  
Ye entered there, (your Heaven) by faith in this,  
The written word—look down—behold and  
With joy increased, and share the Jubilee.  
A.  
EX. XXX.—2.  
Gaysborough, March 7th, 1853.

**A Few Hints to a Father.**  
Father, you have a son, a darling son. He has faculties for good and for evil, and they must act. Each capable of such intense action that both cannot act on a level, one must be in some measure subservient. Your son is now young, he has no habits, no principles, the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a delinquent state, amounted to over four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about one hundred millions of bushels.  
Among the other peculiarities of this region, the quantity of the wood-work of the wagon wheels to shrink so much that there was great danger of their falling asunder, and it was only by sinking them in a stream during the night, that the expedition was enabled to proceed. The wood-work of the mathematical instruments was rent and split, in some cases breaking the tubes, and otherwise causing serious damage. The mirage on the shore of the lake where the ground was moist and oozy was very great, and gave rise to optical illusions the most grotesque and fantastic.

**Letter to Young Men.**  
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