

MANAGEMENT OF SCHOOLS.

It would seem that enough had been said and written upon the subject of Common School Education to now let the matter remain in silence, but when we consider that the little children composing our schools, are soon to enter the great field of action, as the thinkers and workers upon whom will rest the destiny of our country, we think that too much cannot be spoken to arouse teachers and patrons to a sense of their duty.

The child's mind is a canvas upon which the principles and character of those with whom he has daily intercourse soon becomes impressed. A word may change his whole after life—may awaken the energy and the power to rank first among the honored of our land, to achieve works of true greatness, or may crush that spirit, and the child becomes the "vilest of the vile," an inhabitant of a prison cell. Yet how many parents there are who never enter the school-room to look after the interests of their children? The lowest applicant is usually employed, without any regard to reputation as a teacher, and the work is begun and ended without further notice.

"Haven't time to attend to such matters," says one—"business will not admit," remarks another. Certainly you "haven't time," yet of what enlargements will not your "business" admit, and all receive due attention. Perhaps you never thought how a few hours spent in the school-room now and then, would encourage pupils and interest teachers in their work. The same round of duties, day after day, becomes irksome—the child longs for some change, and the thought that some one is interested in their welfare, and desires to see them progressing, will give to each a new relish for study and a new determination to improve.

Some say "our school is small, hardly worth teaching, much more visiting." If you possessed an acre of ground, would you neglect to cultivate it because you hadn't fifty, or bestow your whole care upon it in order that the harvest might be more abundant? In either case the idea of neglect suggests itself to our minds as a very erroneous one. If the few are not educated, how are the mass to become so? That little company may contain another Washington, a Newton, or a Franklin—let him be educated judiciously, then, and receive his place in society. At a time when an education is within the reach of every one, let every possible

exertion be made to enhance the cause.—Let teachers visit the parents and talk with them about the matter. If they neglect to send their children regularly, tell them the evils resulting from such a practice, and get them interested—if too poor to afford to buy a book, buy one yourself—the expense would be but a trifle, and the consciousness of having performed a kind action would more than furnish a recompense. Since immortality is the birth-right of every human being, let no one be left in ignorance of those divine truths which refine the nature, and prepare the soul for that "glorious hereafter," promised us as a reward for well doing.

THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER IN NEW YORK.

The first schoolmaster who ever wielded the ferule in New York, came here in April, 1633, on board the good ship Southberg, from Holland, in company with stately old Everardus Bogardus, the domine who married Anneke Jans, and owned jointly with her so goodly a portion of worldly wealth, which afterward came down to Trinity Church, in conjunction with much near-burning and an interminable lawsuit.

Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the first schoolmaster of Manhattan Island, and his name should be remembered as that of the local tutelary saint of the book and the ferule. He came in other good company, too, for Wouter van Twiller, the new Director-General, was on board the same ship—good old Wouter, whose luminous decision and portly breadth of person have been so drolly caricatured by Irving, and who really seems to have been not only a thriving and prosperous merchant, but quite as good a Governor of traditional ridicule—as the times could very well afford for such an out-of-the-way and ever-troublesome colony as New Amsterdam. Adam Roelandson had not a pedagogic charge of great extent. The little tin horn, with which he called his dilatory charges from the school-house door on sunshiny mornings, could be heard over all the settlement, and the school-house itself was only of rough slabs, of height enough to clear the head of the pedagogue, and a dozen feet each way in extent.

It is as true of love and friendship as of anything else, that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.—Smith.

BROADCLOTH AN ENEMY TO HEALTH.

Prof. Hamilton, in an address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted as a national custom, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning—we travel in black, we write in black, and we walk in black. The priest, the lawyer, the literary man, the doctor, the mechanic, chooses always the same unvarying monotonous black broadcloth, a style and material which never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit; because it is at the North no suitable protection against the cold, nor is it indeed any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in the winter and too black to be cool in the summer, but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, or pitch quoits, or wrestle and tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain fall upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of the broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse, or leap a fence, because broadcloth as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men, these old men, merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully, they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

VIOLENCE AND TRUTH.—It is a strange and tedious war, when violence attempts to vanquish truth. All the efforts of violence cannot weaken truth, and only serve to give it fresh vigor. All the rights of truth cannot arrest violence, and only serve to exasperate it. When force meets force, the weaker must succumb to the stronger; when argument is opposed to argument, the solid and convincing triumph over the empty and false, but violence and verity can make no impression on each other. Let none suppose, however, that the two are therefore equal to each other, for there is this vast difference between them, that violence has a certain course to run, limited by the appointment of heaven, which overrules its effects to the glory of the truth which it assails; whereas verity endures forever, and triumphs over its enemies, being eternal and almighty as God himself.