

cannot be spent in reviewing, and the experienced and well-trained teacher will drill in these rudiments not by presenting the same forms which so soon tire the youthful mind, but in varied forms and new combinations, exhibiting in pleasant and attractive illustrations the lesson to be repeated, that it may be known. Such drill fixes indelibly the elements of learning in the youthful mind.

A teacher of professional ability will not for any consideration allow a class to advance till previous work is thoroughly mastered. If rapid advancement is hoped for, if it be realized, the pupil must review often, and go repeatedly over the same ground, and fix anew in his mind the subject of former study. In this way his future progress will rest on a solid basis, and studies difficult and complicated are rendered attractive and increasingly profitable.

It will be seen that this kind of school drill is pleasant, and will bring out, not only teaching ability, but when pursued with proper temper and with such familiar illustrations as invest the subject under consideration with interest, will make the work of teaching easy and pleasant.

All experience proves that review, and constant drill in the rudiments of education insure almost certain success. Teachers do well to keep this in mind, and to make the school exercise a most pleasant and pleasing intellectual drill.

SCHOOLMASTER IN DISGUISE.

Mr. Editor,—When a great English Statesman held up to an admiring audience a copy of that wonderful microcosm the *Times*, and declared it was his belief that a daily knowledge of that is better for a man than a knowledge of the histories of Herodotus, he was not declaring in somewhat exaggerated phrase, the value of the Press as a Teacher. Those of the people among his audience who could read were struck at once with the truth of the idea he wished to give them; they had been reading their daily papers for years and had taken in without wonder the knowledge it presented to them, (just as we take into our eyes without wondering the daily light of dawn) but on a sudden it was made clear to them that they had been going to School daily though they knew it not, (just as we are now and then made suddenly aware that we are the objects of daily miracles, though we see them not,) and that they had all the time been standing in the presence of, and taken instructions from, a Schoolmaster in disguise. We are not going into any long discourse upon the value of the Press generally, that is admitted already, and painting or adorning the rose is but a profitless task at best. We wish just shortly to call the attention of our readers whether engaged in Scholastic pursuits or not to the great value of the Press as an aid to daily "School-teaching," of men as well as boys, and in particular to the great work which the Schoolmaster in disguise has done for us, within the past two weeks, in increasing our stock of knowledge concerning events which are shaking thrones, men who are moving the multitudes, and places which are far removed from us.

The public has been reading its daily papers quite regularly for a long time, and in a general way understood something of the Constitution and a good deal about the Emperor of France; a little less about the Constitution and just nothing at all about the King of Prussia; and it was rather familiarly acquainted with Bismarck and Napoleon and Ollivier and Thiers; but such knowledge as the public had was of a very misty character and not at all to be depended upon for accuracy. A good deal was known too concerning Spain and the revolution, and Prussia and Serrano, and the Nation's need of a King—all this in a misty way, as children will pick up knowledge from hearsay. But the political intrigues that had been going on with suspicious secrecy acted as a wind that fanned the smouldering fires of international jealousy into flame of war, and then the real work of the Schoolmaster began; the misty knowledge was cleared of mist and made certain, all that was doubtful was rendered clearer; and in a wonderfully short space of time the public has been taught a great amount of various sorts of knowledge in a most impressive and lasting manner. We will indicate shortly some of the branches in which the world has received a condensed Education within the past two weeks. The moment they are mentioned all can see how obvious all that is said of them is; but though all be obvious, all is not familiar, and we do not offer any insult to the intelligence of our readers in discussing with a purpose events, which are published and commented on daily in the papers.

The first thing which must strike the thoughtful reader of the dispatches of the week is the complete publicity with which the designs of cabinets, the policies of Statesmen, the desires of ambitious Nations are revealed and discussed. We have been given a great lesson in diplomacy as the first result of the week's teaching of the Schoolmaster in disguise; and we shall not soon

forget it. We have been taught by Lord Clarendon and Reverdy Johnson, how completely the old systems of diplomacy have failed this age. The Press and the Telegram have ruined them, have flung light upon their mysterious cyphers, have rendered it impossible for governments to conduct a negotiation of any importance unknown to the present subject who can read a newspaper or listen to the voices of men—who gather and debate in the club room, or the tavern, or at the corner of the street. The old systems of diplomacy, with their expensive and magnificent embassies, their secrets, their intrigues, their circular dispatches,—the old systems dear to Ximenes and Richelieu, dear to Cecil and Walsingham, are dead, or nearly dead, and now instead of negotiations and treaties being finished long before the people heard or read of them, the first hint of them is given to the public in the Press almost as soon as it is mentioned in the Cabinet, and once a negotiation is begun the daily papers give ministers the earliest information. "What is the news from France, My Lord?" said a tactless, blundering painter who was painting Lord Palmerston's portrait; "I have not read the papers," said his Lordship. That was at once a gentle rebuke to the painter and a statement of a fact of great significance. The schoolmaster in disguise, the Press, has then taught us this week past a great deal about the intrigues of Spain with Prussia, the ambitious designs of France, the policies of Russia Austria, Holland, Belgium, Italy and England. We take all this information, which is mainly correct, too without special wonder, because we do not think enough about the means by which we get it. It will take volumes to describe and months to read, in the time when the history of the war shall be written, all the events which we have learned with some accuracy in less than a week. The Schoolmaster in disguise has certainly taught us some lessons in politics.

He has taught us some lessons in Geography too which were well worth knowing. The Elbe, the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Baltic; Mentz, Strasburgh, Coblenz, Paris, Antwerp, these words have been in men's mouths, and boy's mouths, quite familiarly for many days, and those who took the trouble of looking the maps over, have received lessons of considerable value. The political geography of Europe was a tangled affair for most people, whether Teachers or not, till the last two weeks. Now there are not many who do not know the composition of the North German Confederation, and the States that compose South Germany; and the Geography of the "left bank" of the Rhine is common knowledge. And for all this information we have to thank the Schoolmaster in disguise. The lessons do not end here. The boys have, or used to have, a trick of making a secret writing stand out plain on paper by merely sticking it with a glove. Well the first blow that is struck in Germany will bring out such a secret store of historical events and such a cloud of historical resemblances as will fairly astonish us if we set to think about them. Will not the whole history of the war in Europe from early times be opened up in thought to us in this war? The telegram flashes us the word Antwerp and fancy seizes the word, and we see the fierce hard Duke of Alva, and the spears of Spain about the City; and now the Guise rides indefatigably about among his half starved troops whom the gloomy minded man in the Escurial will not furnish with stores, now the fire ships float down the Rhine, and there are horsemen on the bridge that guards the town; they go away, and then with an awful crash the bridge is shattered and Antwerp and all disappears from our sight, and we recognize the Morning paper's despatches and the breakfast table. Is Brussels mentioned? What a host of memories important to Europe, especially striking at this moment and connected with it. We see the windows alight in "Belgium's Capital" where its "beauty and its chivalry" are gathered (is it not all familiar?) the music breathes, the floor shakes to the dancers, dancing in tune, and the Iron Duke takes Brunswick's Duchess to have an ice perhaps—and then the scene changes, and the soldiers are gathering and orderlies riding, and the army is on the march; and again a change and it is Waterloo; and the Duke is riding about in the hail of iron on his cob, and Picton is shot, and Brunswick is being pricked to death in the marsh by the spears of the Polish Lancers, and the Black Dragoons of Brunswick will shortly have keen speech of swords with these same Lancers. What memories are not evoked by the Baltic and the Rhine? almost every spot of ground in central Europe is a mine of historical memories; and the Schoolmaster in disguise will not fail to call them up in proper time.

It is perhaps in political and commercial economy that we have been taught the fairest lessons. The moment that trouble began in Europe, the moment that war became inevitable, grain began to raise, stocks began to fall. It is supposed that the loss to stock holders during the past week has been as much as two hundred millions sterling. That is a lesson condensed. How does it come about that when France goes to war with Prussia, wheat should go up in Minnesota, and Consols go down in London? The answer is not hard to give, but we shall not go into it; we merely wish to suggest some of the things which the Schoolmaster in disguise is bringing home to us and the question which he asks us, and answers himself. We have probably suggested enough. It is not pleasant listening to a speaker whose slow imagination takes him hours to arrive at