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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] "*Knowledge is Power.*" [AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I. BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, OCTOBER 15, 1860. NUMBER 3.

Poet's Corner.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

The wind came over the hills one day,
Singing a charming tune,
As light and low as the sleepy lay
Of a humming-bird in June.
I should not have heeded his idle song,
But his breath was on my face,
And his arms around my neck were flung
In a fairy-like embrace.
Then, "Whither away, O! Wind," said I,
"And why is thy song so gay?
And why do thy waving pinions fly
So busily all the day?"

"Like a child asleep," the zephyr said,
"I have lain the whole long night,
With the moonbeams spread above my bed
For a covering pure and white.
But just as the sun from out of the sea
Had lifted his princely head,
The morn, like a mother, lifted me
From out of my snowy bed.
Then up like a singing bird I flew
O'er meadow and grassy hills;
I sprinkled the clover heads with dew,
And bathed in a thousand rills.
I gathered the lithe green willow limbs
That bent so lovingly down,
And hung them over the laughing streams
In a beautiful glossy crown.
I swept the boughs of the beach aside
To look at the nestling birds;
The broken flower, at the fountain's side,
Smiled sweet at my loving words.
I fluttered round with the busy hour
O'er forest and creeping vine—
I gleefully kissed the bending flowers
Till their lips were as red as mine.
And thus while I fly, each bud I pass
Will gather a host of charms,
Till the old nurse, Night, comes down at last,
And cradles me in her arms."

Then, "Whither away," said the wind to me,
"And where hast *thou* been to-day?
And why is thy face so sad to see
When everything else is gay?"

"Alas, sweet wind," I sighed to say,
While the tears in my eyelids grew,
"I have not borne to a soul to-day
One drop of affection's dew.
I have not searched for the broken flowers
That wither along my way,
Nor noted the flight of the priceless hours,
Nor bent my knee to pray.
Nor ever a grateful thought have given
For the peace my life hath known,
And of all dear hearts beneath the heaven,
I have thought of *self* alone.
But, Oh! however my soul hath sinned,
Thy lesson of love I'll keep,
Then pass thou on, sweet, wandering wind,
And leave me alone to weep."
Black Rock, N. Y., 1858.

MY SCHOOL TEACHER:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"MELLISCENT! MELLISCENT!"

It was my mother's voice calling at the foot of the back stairway; and I knew very well what she wanted of me, for ten minutes before I had seen Walter Howard enter the gate; and now I was standing before my little mirror, arranging and re-arranging my stubborn hair, that *would not* lie smooth, and pinning and unpinning my pink neck-ribbon, that *would* look stiff and precise, try as I might to give it a graceful air. I heard the murmur of voices below, and was well aware that the rest of the family had been introduced to the new school-master, and now my turn had come, and I must no longer delay making my appearance.—How I wished my mother had not spoken that odious name,—MELLISCENT!"—for I was now sixteen, old enough, I thought, to be called "Miss Grant," and Mr. Howard would not at once have found out the soubriquet which I so much disliked, but which I had received, together with a feather-bed and silver spoon, from my grandmother. My brothers had always tormented me about my unpoetical name, and I really considered it, next to my red hair and pug nose, as part of the daily cross which I must bear,—a heavy one, too, it seemed to me.

But mother had called, and I *must* go down; so sighing involuntarily, and smoothing my black silk apron, I slowly descended, and stumbled into the sitting-room, where the houshold group were assembled.

I was an awkward girl. I remember how I blushed and stammered when my mother, looking up from her knitting, said, "This is my daughter, Melliscent, Mr. Howard," and that gentleman arose, and taking my hand kindly, said smilingly:

"You have my sister's name, and I must call you, as I do her, Mellie."

I felt at once more easy, and less self-conscious; and setting myself in the corner, where I fancied the shadows would conceal the brilliant hue of my hair, I managed to answer Mr. Howard's inquiries, with a degree of composure quite surprising to myself. And by the time my mother called me to assist her in preparing supper, I had decided that Mr. Howard was just the handsomest man that had ever been seen in the little village of Mayfield; and that before the winter was out, half the girls would be in love with him. I was a romantic maiden, the only daughter, and very fond of reading poetry and fiction; although in the latter my tastes were not allowed free range, as I was brought up in a manner befitting a deacon's daughter.

It was not strange that I at once exalted my new acquaintance into a hero, and, for want of another, imagined myself the heroine of an unwritten romance. Fate seemed to favour this idea, so far as opportunity for intercourse was concerned; for my father was "committee-man," and Mr. Howard was to make his home in our family, beside the four weeks which he was to board there for the tuition of my three brothers and myself.

Monday morning came at length,—the long-talked-of "first day" of school.—There was the usual hurry and bustle about "getting a seat, and choosing a seat-mate,"—the whispered consultations in corners, and around the stove, of which remarks the "new master" was the principal theme. How well I remember him as he stood, that morning, by the old-fashioned desk. It did not need the low platform to raise him above the tall boys who always attended the "winter school," for he was of more than ordinary stature, and yet so well-proportioned, and graceful in his movements, that he did not seem so much over the average height.—His hair was black and curling,—his eyes large and dark, with a merry twinkle in them, and there was always a smile on his handsome mouth.

In arranging the classes, when he called me "Miss Mellie," the scholars looked wonderingly at him, and then at me, for they had always heard me called "Melliscent," or "Melissy,"—and at recess several of the girls congratulated me on my new name, which they pronounced to be almost as pretty as Nellie. And, truly, the new name, spoken in that deep-toned, musical voice, had a magic spell for me. Never had I been more studious,—never more successful as a scholar. Mr. Howard paid marked attention to composition, and as I had always excelled in this branch, I found it easy to gain his commendation. That was an eventful winter to me, and one never to be forgotten, for therein I learned more lessons than could have been found in my text-books, and, unawares, became proficient in that love which brings with it joy or sorrow. To me it brought sorrow.

The term closed in the early spring-time, and we had a great "Examination," at which admiring relatives and friends were present, and bestowed high encomiums upon Mr. Howard and his pupils.—The "School Committee" trusted that they would be able to secure the services of so successful a teacher another winter,—which hope was echoed by many hearts. But of this Mr. Howard gave no encouragement, and we knew there was but little prospect of our ever seeing him again.

The valedictory had been assigned me, and I wrote it in rhyme, for which I always had great fondness, and which my partial friends would fain make me believe was a proof of my genius.

The afternoon's exercises were concluded; the scholars had gone, one by one, each bidding their loved teacher a good-bye; and many tears fell from maiden eyes. I made no display of the deep emotion I felt,—that was reserved for the sanctuary of my own chamber.

We were alone in the school-room,—I

had been collecting my books and placing them in order on my large slate. Mr. Howard left his desk, and came and stood by me; he took up the long composition which I had just read,—it was neatly written, and the sheets of paper were fastened with blue ribbon. "May I not keep this?" he asked. "It will serve as a pleasant memento of my *best* scholar.—I feel very proud of you, MELLIE," he added; "and I shall expect to hear of other and brighter laurels, which you have won in the field of authorship."—And, stooping down, he imprinted a kiss, the first I had received from him, upon my brow. If it be true that a mother's kiss made one of our own noble artists, I may say with due humility,—"That kiss made me a poet."

Mr. Howard carried home my books for me that night, and we all spent a social, pleasant evening, in our cozy sitting-room. But our happiness was alloyed by the thought of his speedy departure, for we were all much attached to the kind and agreeable school-master. That night, when we knelt around the family altar, I noticed a tremor in my good father's voice, as he prayed for "One who would on the morrow go out from us, to return no more." He prayed that his might be a useful and a happy life,—that he might wisely improve the talents entrusted to his care, and at last receive the Divine commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And all our hearts responded, "Amen."

The morning meal was partaken of in haste, and with effort at cheerfulness, but I saw that even my brothers, whom I used to condemn as rough and unfeeling, had but little appetite for their breakfast; and Josie, two years my senior, was seen to brush more than one tear from his eyes; Simeon and Benjamin, being now young men, were not expected to manifest their grief outwardly; but I knew that they also felt very sorry to lose Mr. Howard.

The stage stopped before the house, and my elder brothers carried out the trunk, while Mr. Howard bade us all "good-bye." A cordial grasp of the hand, and the one word which is so full of pathos to the loving heart,—and he was gone! The boys went directly to the barn, father had some errand at the village, and mother and I were soon busied in our household labors. It seemed a strange and not very pleasant change to me, to return to the drudgery of house-work, after spending four months in intellectual pursuits. But I resolved to make the best of it. I had already begun to learn the truth, which I have since well proved, that our primal duties are those which lie the nearest to us, the center whence radiate innumerable obligations to the world around, not one of them of equal importance with those that form that center. Think not that I advocate a selfish course of conduct,—I do believe that "charity begins at home," not by any means that it *ends* there.

I thought of this while washing the dishes and sweeping, that Saturday morning. I determined to be a more dutiful daughter, a kinder sister; and I trust I did not forget that there were still higher claims upon me than these. I would strive more earnestly than ever before, to lead a new life,—yet marvel not if there was blended with all these resolves and aspirations, the hope, still hidden deep in my heart, that at some future day I might meet Walter Howard and read in his beaming glance an approval of all my filial and domestic virtues; for I was nearing seventeen, the age of romance.

Ere many weeks, I had the offer of a little school for the following summer. It was located about two miles from home, and I could easily walk that distance, morning and night, when the weather was favourable; at other times, one of the boys could take me over. Father and mother made this arrangement almost before I had begun to consider the matter, and as I had no serious objections to bring forward, I acceded to the proposal. It would, at least, do me no harm to review my studies in this way, and as father had promised me that I should go, the next autumn, to a noted boarding-school, some sixty miles distant, I thought this might be a good preparation. And so, through the long summer days, I taught twenty scholars in the little red school-house at "the Grove." It was a pleasant task, for I loved the children, and they loved me. But wearysome days would come, when I longed for something higher and better,—when the oft-drilled elements of learning seemed stale and distasteful to me. Then I sighed for the quiet of my little room at home, where my thoughts were so often penciled down in rhyme, and where I could hold communion with the gifted ones of earth, "the bards whose lays had made my deep heart burn," and "the lovely, whose memorial is the verse that cannot die." But the summer gave place to autumn, and I was at home, busily preparing for my year at school.

One day a paper came, directed to "Miss Mellie Grant;" the hand was a firm, free one, the same that was to be seen in so many copy-books at Mayfield. A delicate pencil line attracted our attention to a notice of the appointment of Walter Howard, A. B., as tutor in the college where he had graduated a year previous. The paper was carefully read by the family, and then, together with the wrapper, was placed among my treasures. Smile not at the fondness of "old maids" for "relics"—but I have that paper yet.

The last of September found me duly installed as a pupil at Mrs. Weston's Seminary,—Oak Hill. It was a model school, not only in name, but in reality; and very profitable to me were the months I there spent.

In addition to my numerous school duties, I found leisure for writing a few poetical articles, which at the suggestion of my room-mate, I sent to a paper which was printed in the vicinity. To my great delight they were published, and that, too, without any of the provoking typographical errors so discouraging to youthful votaries of the muse. My signature was simply "Mellie," which I confess I had chosen partly from the hope that it might, some time, meet the gaze of him who had bestowed that name upon me. I sent copies of the papers home, and my mother wrote that they were all much pleased with the poetry,—but hoped I would not neglect my lessons; which I was in no danger of doing.

I remained at Oak Hill until the summer vacation, when I went home, with the earnest solicitations of my teachers and schoolmates that I should return to them at the commencement of the autumn term. This it was my desire to do, but I found my mother too much of an invalid for me *to think, for a moment, of leaving her again.* She had not been well for several months, but with her true motherly love, she forbore to give me cause for anxiety, and had not permitted any of the family to inform me of her illness.

The household had been increased by the arrival of a widowed sister of my father, Aunt Lucy, who assumed the management of all domestic concerns, and a kinder, more faithful friend, we could not have found.

My mother grew gradually weaker through the autumn, and the first snow-flakes fell upon her new-grave. It was a great, a bitter loss to me,—one that the lapse of time has not served to diminish; for true it is, that "God can give us but one mother;" and few daughters can appreciate the blessings of maternal affection until the narrow stream of death flows between the loved one and their bereaved hearts. It was a lonely winter in our desolate dwelling. Aunt Lucy decided to remain with us; and I was to teach the school in our own district the coming summer. Thus passed months of quiet life, until more than two years had elapsed since Mr. Howard left us, and I was now nineteen.

About this time we received a visit from a cousin of my mother, Mrs. Gleason; one of those affable, charming women, who seem to attract all hearts. She was a widow, and childless. Her home was in Boston, and she urged me to share it with her for a number of months,—nothing less than a two year's visit would satisfy her, she said,—and she persuaded my father to allow me to return with her, saying that a little experience of city life was just what I needed.

Father told her that she would find me quite a "book-worm," and something of a "blue-stocking," too; at which information, Mrs. Gleason, or "Cousin Eleanor," as she preferred to be called, seemed much delighted; for if she had a weakness, it was a fondness for patronizing those whom she thought would, some day, do honor to her wise fore-sight. And thus I was at once taken under her protecting wing.

The city residence, where I was soon duly ensconced, seemed quite grand compared with my unostentatious country abode. Cousin Eleanor was wealthy, and she was, moreover, possessed of traits that are not always its concomitants, viz., taste and tact. By the aid of these most necessary social virtues, she had furnished her house in a style at once rich and harmonious. The colors all blended,—every article was in its appropriate place,—there was nothing harsh or glaring either in design or execution. And then she had drawn around her a large circle of friends who could well appreciate both herself and her surroundings. They were not the mere ephemeral votaries of fashion, but people who were, at least, one grade

above that class, and many of them of decidedly intellectual tastes and pursuits.

All this was, to me, like entering a new world. My cousin insisted on my devoting a portion of each day to my studies, and my writing. I was not expected to "go into society," on account of my deep mourning,—such conventionalities were something quite foreign to the unceremonious manners of Mayfield. Nor could I see the difference between meeting a dozen or twenty individuals in Mrs. Gleason's parlors, and seeing the same persons with a dozen or twenty more, in some other mansion. But I was well content. And besides, I had now a new project. I would publish a volume of poems, and I set resolutely to work, encouraged by Cousin Eleanor, who soon divined and highly approved my intention.

The next summer we made a flying visit at Mayfield, after which, at cousin's entreaty, I laid aside my sable robes, and wore the delicate shades of second mourning, purple, lavender, or white. I knew that this was a mere form, and yet it seemed almost sinful so soon to throw off the outward badge of my sorrow which was still fresh in my heart and mind.—At this time the little book which I had placed in the hands of a publisher was issued from the press. Neatly printed and bound, it wore quite an attractive look; although its title was simple enough, —"Lays and Lyrics,—By Mellie."

Cousin Eleanor was in her element, and daily rehearsed the compliments which she managed to obtain for me from her numerous friends. I should have been in great danger of becoming vain, had not egotism been entirely at variance with my nature. As it was, I felt pleased with my success, and sent copies of the work to my friends at home with sincere joy. Their approval was what I most thought of; I only wished that mother could have seen it.

In the early winter Mrs. Gleason gave a large party in my honor, she said, as it was right and proper that I should increase the circle of my acquaintance, and she wished to present "the young poetess" to all her friends. I followed my own taste in my toilette that evening.—My dress was of snowy muslin, gossamer-like in its texture. My hair, which, with care, had become soft and silky, and was usually termed "auburn" in hue, was disposed in classic braids, and a few green-house flowers were twined therein. I was aware that I looked unusually well; and yet I felt no particular exhiliration, —indeed I was quite indifferent to the opinion of the world. I wanted to please Cousin Eleanor, because she had been kind to me. I wished that father, and the boys, and Aunt Lucy could see me; I thought with a sigh of my dead mother, and then my heart yearned for the approving smile of that dear friend, of whom I now knew nothing. Mrs. Gleason tapped at my door.

"Ah! Mellie, my white rose-bud, you are all ready,—yes, that will do,—simple and artistic,—I feel very proud of you," and she kissed me kindly. I could not help sighing, for I remembered another kiss, and the words, "I feel proud of you." Ah! *pride* was not *love*, and I longed more than ever for that affection which alone can answer the yearnings of a woman's heart.

We went down into the parlors, and in a short time the guests began to assemble. I was soon the centre of a large circle who seemed anxious to do me homage. I knew they would gather as eagerly around the next person who might win the name of a "star" among them, and feeling, as I did, my own weakness and ignorance, I could not be flattered by their attentions.

Thus passed an hour or two, when I heard a manly voice near me. I started, —for surely I had heard that voice before. The individual who had spoken was standing behind me, and I heard him say, "I must be introduced to this new poet of whom you are all talking.—I saw her book for the first time, to-day, and it quite delighted me,—so chaste in conception, so fresh and artless in style. Where is she?" A moment more, and one of my new acquaintances presented "Professor Howard" to "Miss Grant."

"Mellie Grant! is it possible!" was his first greeting, while I, who had no less cause for surprise, responded, "Indeed, Mr. Howard, I am as much pleased as surprised to meet you once more. But it seems you have acquired new honors."

"Ah! yes, I've just been dubbed Professor of Latin and Greek, at my Alma Mater. However, that's nothing compared with the laurels you have won."

I wondered did he think of his prophecy, and could he know how much the utterance of it had to do with my *success*. We conversed together for some time, of other scenes, and old friends. I thought he did not look quite at ease, and once or twice he turned his face from me with a half audible sigh. At length he said, hurriedly, "I must go now, Mellie,—will you not call and see my wife?—we are stopping at the Revere." His wife! he was married, then. My heart gave one painful throb and seemed to stop. I knew that I turned pale, I grasped a chair for support, and murmured something scarcely intelligible, about my "many engagements," and then I bade him good evening as calmly as I could; and feeling the need of concealing my emotion, I rallied as quickly as possible, and did not allow myself to *think*, until I was alone in my chamber. Ample time had I for reflection, for weeks passed ere I left that room. I was seriously ill. Mrs. Gleason attributed it to over-excitement; I was very glad she had no suspicion of the true cause. When I was once more able to see company, I learned, incidentally, that Professor Howard had returned to his College duties. And then I made a sepulchre in my heart, and there laid away the memory of one who must, henceforth, be even as the dead, to me. If I was a mourner, it was in silence, and no one guessed my secret.

In the early spring I went back to Mayfield. My father's health was failing, and for two years I devoted myself entirely to him. At the end of that time, I was indeed an orphan. Our family all seemed to look upon me as destined for an old maid. Indeed my father had made especial provision for my always having a home at the "old place." My older brothers were both married, and settled in the neighborhood. Joseph, who had ever been my favorite, inherited the homestead, and was soon to bring thither a young and gentle bride. I felt I must not be wholly dependent on him, and so I resumed my teaching. For two or three years I was engaged in the public schools, but this grew irksome to me. I resolved on trying something else. I seemed to have lost all ambition for literary fame, for I had no motive to stimulate me.

Tidings of Cousin Eleanor's death now reached us, and soon after I received a handsome legacy from her estate. This, with a sum of my own earning, which had been accumulating interest for several years, would enable me to carry out my design, which was to open a select family school at my old home. Brother Joseph entered into all my plans. He was to be my steward; and we soon commenced remodeling the house to suit our purpose. Various additions were made, a new front erected, and in due time the stately mansion bore but little resemblance to the original domicile. Circulars were issued, and I had no difficulty in obtaining the twenty scholars from abroad, which was all I could accommodate. I received as many more day scholars, and very soon we had a flourishing school. I employed assistant teachers, and in the new career thus opened to me, I found peace and contentment. Years passed on, until my thirty-third birth-day found me still surrounded by kind and loving pupils. I had amassed considerable wealth, and what I cared more for, influence and respect, yet not the love for which I had once sighed. I had not been wholly destitute of suitors, but none of them had been successful in winning more than my esteem. One day a carriage stopped at the entrance of the long avenue leading to our door, and soon after I was called to the reception room. There I found a gentleman, a stranger as I supposed, but a second glance showed me that, despite the traces of time and care, it was no other than Walter Howard who stood before her.

"Miss Grant?" he said, inquiringly; "but, ah! you have altered so little I could not be mistaken;" and he shook hands with his old cordiality. After a few common-place remarks, he said he had come to ask if I could receive another pupil? He had a daughter, an only child, of eleven years, now left motherless, —could he entrust her to my care? Of course I consented to receive her, and he left, promising to bring her to me the next day. She came, sweet little Agnes! and I could but love her, so innocent in her heart, so winning in her ways. She remained with us a year before her father again came to Mayfield.

—And here, kind reader, I must close "the diary of an old maid," for next week I am to become the wife of my old school teacher, Walter Howard!

REDUNDANCIES IN SPEECH.—"They are *united together*," should be "they are united." "I shall *fall down*" should be "I shall fall;" *down* is superfluous. You do not lift *up*; "to *lift up*" should be "to lift;" you cannot lift a thing *down*.

THE EDUCATIONALIST Is published semi-monthly, by H. Spencer, at the *Flag* Office, Main Street, Brighton.

TERMS:—Fifty Cents per annum, in advance. One Dollar at the expiration of three months.

Communications of every kind, in any way connected with the Journal, to be addressed as shown in the form under these lines.

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

OCTOBER 15, 1860.

AGRICULTURAL FACTS.

The cultivated part of the earth's surface is called the soil, and that immediately below the subsoil.

The soil is composed of a variety of combinations of the three primitive earths united with organic matter in a state of decay.

The three principal earths are Silex, Alumina and Lime.

Silex is generally an ingredient of the soil in the form of fine sand, an impalpable powder, coarse sand, sharp and gritty gravel, or nodular masses of flint.

Alumina is the pure earth, or characteristic matter of clay, and was called allumina because it was obtained from alum in its greatest purity, by the abstraction of the potash and sulphuric acid, which were then in combination with it.

Lime in the protoxide of calcium; it is powerfully caustic, and has properties intermediate between those of an earth and those of a pure alkali; it is therefore called an alkaline earth.

In combination with other elements of matter, it is a large and important constituent of the aggregate rocks of the earth's crust.

The poorest soils are generally the purely silicious sands. An excess of alumina or clay also produces an unfaithful soil, it being a tenacious adhesive substance, retaining water, which combines chemically with it to a consderable extent.

When lime forms the principal ingredient in a soil, it is usually a carbonate of lime. It too is barren of purely limestone; yet as it absorbs moisture and some portions decompose rapidly, the valleys are generally made fruitful from the debris of the hills.

Some tracts of country contain what are called Diluvial and Alluvial soils.—Geologists have given the name of diluvium to accumulations of sand, gravel, and other materials, which are occasionally found covering in masses some of the older formations.

Alluvium is the material which is washed by the floods of rivers from the surface of the surrounding hills and lands, when their motion is rapid, and consists of minute particles of their soil and vegetable matter, which are deposited on the level ground over which they flow when their motion is sluggish.

Peat soil exists in a variety of forms, and has various names applied to its different varieties; all soils that have a superabundance of half decayed vegetable matter in them are called peaty soils.—The most extensive tracts of this class are what are called flow, or fibrous bogs. Peat is found in the counties of Welland, Renfrew, and Ottawa.

To be continued.

MATHEMATICAL CORNER.

1.—The national debt of Great Britain is seven hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds, out of which the commissioners have redeemed one hundred and seventeen millions and a half, how long will the remainder take in paying off, if eight millions be applied annually, at the rate of five per cent, compound interest for the purpose?

2nd.—What is the expectation of a life at 66, according to the tables used by all the chief Life Assurance offices?

2.—What is the difference between an annuity during a life of 36, and an annuity certain for 20 years at 5 per cent?

4.—A club of 21 persons agreed to meet weekly, five at a time, so long as they could without the same five persons meeting together; how long would the club exist?

5.—There are three parties of cricketers, in each eleven men; in how many ways can eleven men be chosen, one out of each?

ANSWERS TO THE MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS IN OUR FIRST ISSUE.

1st.—As radius is to a breadth of a degree of longitude on the equator—60 miles, so is the co-sine of any parallel of latitude to the breadth of a degree of longitude in that parallel.

As the question just answered is one which pupils often ask, we will give the proof. Because the parallels of latitudes are small circles drawn parallel to the equator, which are getting smaller as they approach the poles, and as all circles are in proportion to their diameters, it is evident that a similar portion of each circle will also be in proportion to their radii; consequently as the co-sine of each latitude is the radius of the circle of that parallel of latitude, it follows that radius is to any portion of the equator, as the co-sine of any latitude is to a similar portion of a parallel circle in that latitude.

2nd.—Take the difference between the sum of the northings and southings from their respective columns, and this difference will be the whole difference of latitude made good; and the difference between the sums of the eastings and westings will be the whole departure made good.

3.—Draw a line at the bottom of the paper, and with a pair of dividers taking 60 off from any scale of equal parts, with this divide the said line to represent the degrees of longitude, then by erecting perpendicular lines, one at each edge of the paper, and laying thereon the meridional difference of latitude from one degree to another, beginning from the lowest latitude of that part of the coast we have to construct to the highest; and after the outlines of the chart have been thus prepared, draw the parallels of latitudes and longitudes at such convenient distances as not to crowd the paper with too many lines, then marking the limits of latitude and longitude on their respective lines, proceed to lay down the line of coast by cross bearing from one given station to another, until the survey be complete, taking care to note the configuration of the shore, the views of remarkable headlands, watering places, rocks, shoals, channels, dangers, depth of water, setting and drift of the

[illegible] time of high water at full and change of the moon, &c.

4.—Twenty-eight cases, namely, sixteen in right angled trigonometry, and twelve in oblique trigonometry.

5.—The complement of the hypothenuse, the complements of the two angles opposite the two sides, and the two sides opposite these angles.

6.—11.7 miles, or nearly five leagues.

7.—£951 12s, nearly at five per cent.

LOCAL AGENTS.

GRAFTON—C. WINTERS.
COLBORNE—J. B. DIXON.

Written for Clark's School Visitor.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. No. 1.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. CARNELL, M. M.,
Teacher of the School for the "Physical and Mental Education of Young Ladies in Philadelphia."

My friend, Mr. Clark, having invited me to write something upon *Physical Culture* for the excellent School Visitor, I most cheerfully comply with his request. I do this the more readily, because I have long been engaged in medical practice, and in the instruction and supervision of schools; and, because, since I first commenced writing and publishing upon health and education,—now more than twenty years since,—very great progress has been made in the right direction.—Being, also, now engaged specially in a school for the "Physical and Mental Education of Young Ladies," in this city, and having the satisfaction of knowing that many excellent girls, who had previously lost their health by too close application to study, while neglecting the body, have recovered health, strength and spirits under my supervision, I rejoice in every opportunity of saying a word upon a subject of such vast moment; more especially, in writing for a journal devoted to so good a cause, and circulating some thirty thousand copies. It is but a day or two since I received a letter from a very estimable young lady, who has been under my care for two years, and who says, "I should not have been now among the living but for your care and advice."

2. It also being my first essay for your journal, I trust your readers will pardon me for this somewhat egotistical introduction.

3. To begin with the *young* child. Let it be said, too careful attention cannot be paid to it during the first years of its life. Let me say, then, to parents and nurses, that the child may be made to grow into any shape which they may choose to have it. It should always be remembred that, the *bones*, then, are but in the gristle, and may be easily bent into a wrong form, as well as kept in a right one. Mothers should, also, remember that no child should be made to stand on its feet until about a year old. Many children are injured by being made to bear their weight upon their legs before there are really any *bones* in them. No *compresses*, nor any tight clothing should be put upon a child; nor, indeed, upon any person, child or adult. You may have seen Dr. Winship's, (our strong man, of Boston,) remark on the subject of tight clothing. It is simply this—"wear your clothes very loosely about you." There is true philosophy in this remark.

4. Respecting *position*, and unnatural growths in consequence, I have seen some very affecting ones. A boy of ten years was once brought to me for medical treatment, with the shoulder-bone projected from the socket upon the upper part of the sholder, so as to form a *lump* as large as a goose-egg. This had been done by sitting on a corner seat, at school, where he rested the elbow upon a part of the desk, and thus caused this mal-formation. The socket, in the mean time, had become filled up with a fleshy substance, and the poor boy lost for life, the use of his shoulder. Had the teacher properly looked after the *position* of his pupils, this unfortunate occurrence would never have taken place.

5. Of the unnatural effects of *pressure*, early applied to cause mal-formations, the Flat-headed Indians are a striking example. That they may be the better able to carry weights upon their heads, their parents, when the children are young, bind a flat, hard substance tightly upon the top of the head, which is kept there till the head becomes flattened.

6. Another striking instance may be found in the *club-foot* of the Chinese damsel; and a more direful one prevailed, a few years since, in the young females of this country, in *lacing* their chests so tightly as almost to cut them in two; at least, to render them *wasp-shaped*.

7. But, I have matter enough for the present, and will, (D. V.,) pursue the subject at some future time. Hoping that mothers, nurses, and teachers of young children may be profited by these precautionary remarks, I remain yours for the cause of *Education* and *Health*.

P. S. It is said, *short* articles are always read, and more than one wise man has had the credit of writing over his door, "*Be Short.*"

SCHOOL-TEACHING EXPERIENCE.

On looking over your last *Home-Luxury*, and finding the column usually devoted to Educational topics filled with other matter, I was somewhat disappointed, for I really enjoy that part of the Rural, being myself a young pedagogue, and the thought occured to me where there is an effect, there must be a cause; so I settled my head to think a little, and soon decided that I had found the trouble. First, we know that you have the agriculture of all these United States, and part of Canada, to look after, which is quite enough for one hand; so if you have the kindness to allow the large body of teachers to interchange ideas thro' your columns, they ought to keep you flush with items on educational subjects. What I wish is, that our District School teachers would take it in hand; for the lessons we would get from them would be practical, and could readily be tested; and I have concluded that if one effort will start a pure District School confab, it shall be made.

The idea that all the *smart ones* teach High Schools, is absurd. This, I think, will be fully proved if we get our ranks stirred up, and, perhaps, I had better break the ice, by giving a short sketch of my experience. I commenced with a school of forty, and remember, very distinctly, the first long day. I did not know what to do, nor where to begin; and felt as though a sad mistake had been made, and that a certain individual had evidently got into the wrong pew. The first two days, we had a real good old-fashioned school,—the scholars doing as they wished, teacher, ditto. The second night I was possessed of a subject for serious consideration, and made up my mind that a revolution must be effected. The next morning the pupils were favored with a short harangue, the burden of which was to the effect that an *Education* was what we came there for,—what we could not very well get along without—and that to get it we must work. We made the simple word *work* our motto; and work we did. For once there was a whole district pleased with their school—rather a novelty about here. Work brings with it order and system; and the old saying, "give a child something to do and you will keep it out of mischief," is, word by word, capable of proof. Get life into the school,—get their ambition aroused,—and make every thing practical, as far as you can, and the sch'l will prosper.

District School teachers labor under one serious disadvantage, and that is, our good old farmers seem to think the books they used twenty years ago, are just as good for their children to study as modern works. Every one who will give it a second thought, however, cannot fail to see that this idea is wrong. Suppose I turn farmer, and, climbing up in the shed, find an old plow, with a wooden mould-board, but one handle, and taking it down, begin the labor of inverting the soil. Along comes one of these old-time book fanciers, remarking, "Friend you're behind the times—you're foolish to try and plow with such an old thing as that,—we have a much better kind now-a-days." Let us turn his own weapon against him:—"My father used this, and he said it *always* did good work." Teachers must have all the external aids that can be brought into service, if we expect to reap a worthy harvest from their labors, and these should be cheerfully furnished by those who stand sponsors to the intelligences put into their hands for instruction.

Allow me the privilege of mentioning one or two essential characteristics of works for educational purposes. Mathematical books should furnish the analysis, or reason, for every thing. Readers ought to be based on the modern style of pronunciation, and contain suitable and interesting pieces, thus imparting new animation. The old series have been re-read, and sung over by the children, until there is not a spark of interest left. In fact, the old Geographies, Arithmetics, Grammars, and Readers, are a detriment to scholars.

L[illegible] cross-way, N. Y., 1860. J. A. COBB.

TALK WITH THE BOYS.

No. 6.—Carbonic Acid in the Leaf—The Philosophy of Burning Charcoal — The Way Plants Draw their Solid Substance from the Air.

" What were we going to talk about to-day, boys ?"

" You were going to tell us, sir, how carbonic acid gets into the leaves of trees and plants, and what becomes of it there."

" Oh, yes ! And of all the operations of this wonderful substance there is none more interesting than this, and none which has been the subject of more delicate and rational investigations. When carbonic acid, floating along in the atmosphere, comes in contact with a growing leaf, it is absorbed by the leaf and decomposed ; that is, in each of its atoms the oxygen is separated from the carbon, the former escaping into the air, while the carbon is carried by the sap to all those parts of the plant in which new wood is being formed, and is deposited in the proper places to perform its part in building up the structure of the plant. If you take a piece of wood and heat it in a close oven, or under a covering of turf, so as to keep the oxygen of the air away from it, and thus prevent the carbon from burning, the more volatile constituents of the wood will be driven off in the form of gases and the carbon will be left. Charcoal is almost pure carbon, and if you examine a piece of charcoal you will see the form in which carbon is deposited by the sap in the structure of the tree."

" But, father, how do they know this ?"

" A very proper question, and one to be asked in relation to all assertions. It would, however, require volumes to give a full account of the experiments and observations which have been made in the investigation of vegetable physiology. One of the simplest observations is made by bending a branch of a growing plant under the edge of an inverted jar filled with water, and exposing the jar to the action of light. Little bubbles are seen to collect on the surface on the leaves and float up through the water, in time filling the top of the jar with gas. On examining this gas it is found to be pure oygen, and if the water contains carbonic acid, or if carbonic acid be put into the jar, just enough of this to yield, the oxygen produced is always found to disappear. If there is no carbonic acid in the jar, no oxygen will come from the leaves.—These experiments have been made in the most thorough and careful manner by different men, and not only has the general law been fully established, but the slight modifications of it have been noted and fully discussed. For instance, it is found that, under certain circumstances, the oxygen given off by the leaf is not quite equal to the amount contained in the carbonic acid absorbed, from which it is inferred that the oxygen resulting from the decomposition of the carbonic acid is not always all given off, but that sometimes a portion of it is appropriated to the growth of the plant. On the other hand, if the roots are placed in substances full of oxygen a portion will be absorbed by them, and the leaves will give off a little more oxygen than is contained in the carbonic acid absorbed."

" What did you say about setting the plant in the light ?"

" It is found that this decomposition of carbonic acid only goes on when the plant is exposed to the action of light. During the night the process is reversed ; the plant absorbs oxygen and gives off carbonic acid. The quantity of carbonic acid given off in the night however, is not nearly equal to that absorbed during the day. If plants are wholly excluded from the light they will grow for a while ; but, having no carbon, which is one of the elements necessary to a perfect plant, they will present a pale and sickly appearance, as you have doubtless observed in the case of potatoes growing in a dark cellar."

" Is all the carbon in plants absorbed from the air by the leaves ?"

" That question has given rise to several long series of very laborious experiments.—It is found that a portion is absorbed by the roots, and that the relative proportion taken in by the roots and by the leaves varies with circumstances, and with the different kinds of plants. Boussingault found that the Jerusalem artichoke obtained the largest prorortion of its carbon from the air, of any plant that he tried. Some plants, under certain circumstances, obtain nine-tenths of their carbon from the air, but two-thirds is probably not very far from the average."

" What was that you said last week about shears ?"

" Oh ! I said that we would discover the two blades of the shears that cut the atoms of oxygen and carbon, which form carbnic acid, asunder. One of the blades is light, the other is the force of vegetable life."

" How do they divide the atom of carbon from the two atoms of oxygen ?"

" That is a question which any boy can ask, but which no man can answer. Notwithstanding all that we know about chemical affinity, and how its power varies over the several substances which we meet with, what is its essential nature—how it gets hold of one atom and draws it to another—is an absolute mystery. In every department of inquiry, a few steps bring us to the boundaries of knowledge.—There is one singular thing about this action of plants on carbonic acid—the petals of the flowers exhale this gas both day and night "

" Do you say the carbon is carried down from the leaf by the sap ?"

" Yes ; the course of the sap has been carefully observed. It enters the roots, passes up through the pores of the wood, and after being spread through the leaf, returns again through the pores of the bark, depositing as it goes down, the materials by which the growth of the plants is carried forward between the wood and the bark. The sap is thickened in the leaf by the evaporation of its watery portion. A large tree draws up from the earth and gives off into the air an enormous amount of water. You now have a general idea of the way plants grow ; and next week I will take you away back into the depths of time, and show you how carbonic acid was being decomposed and its carbon packed away in the hills long ages before man was created, where it could be preserved for this steam engine generation. This will bring us back to illuminating gas, where we first started, and will complete the history of the great circle thro' which carbonic acid passes in the operations of nature.—*Scientific American.*

IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

The cause of irregular attendance is generally charged to the indifference of parents and guardians to the advantages of knowledge.—But why ? unless, from a mistaken idea of education. It is a common idea that education begins at school and ends at school, whereas it is a life-long business. Schools are purposely to furnish the means only for that education which begins and ends with life and sense. The process of education is altogether too slow for the mind to note the progress, and the results too far in the future for this *fast age*—an age that wants a quick return for every outlay. In my opinion, the chief cause of irregularity is the reluctance of pupils to attend. Parents do not like to drive their children to school from profitable labor, with no prospect of immediate, or, of ultimate advantages, especially if against the child's desires ; and, on the other hand, but few parents would prohibit going to school against an earnest desire of the child to attend. But why is this repugnance to the school, when knowledge is mental nourishment, and *mind* has instinctive, resistless desires for it ? Why ? because schools are not what they should be—fountains of knowledge for all. The kind they supply is not adapted to the wants and needs of the reluctant pupils at least. Children think and act like children, and if " thought is the parent of action," it is also the offspring of action. Confine or prohibit action, thought becomes dull, the mind diseased and the system deformed. Room and opportunity for action and expansion must be had, or else the demands of nature are denied, and then nature revolts.

The common school is a compound of all the degrees of mind, from lisping infancy to the fullblown " Young American,"—a peculiar institution to instil theories of science for far-off future use, so uncertain that positive benefit is doubtful—so abstract that no pleasure is given to the mind that asks for simple facts only, to understand and amuse, as well as to instruct.

Pleasure in the pursuit and delight in the possession are natural guides to useful knowledge ; and it is not satisfactory evidence to the young, that such pursuits will not prove useful to them, because adults doubt the utility, and advise or insist on higher aims and pursuits, that afford no delight. But it is satisfactory evidence, if the knowledge obtained in the pursuit is adapted to the capacity to understand sufficient to exercise and discipline the mental and physical powers, to

qualify the candidate to find pleasure and profit in pursuing the positively useful.

Blind guides are mistaken in supposing the natural guides are all wrong, and if followed, will surely lead to evil results. They forget they themselves were once young, and the many difficulties thrown before them, purposely, to hedge the only practical way to that kind of knowledge compatible with the powers of the mind to enjoy, to assimilate and to nourish. They mistake natural desires for knowledge as natural propensities for folly, and prefer, however difficult, to prevent the pursuit rather than to follow and assist reason, however easy, to draw just conclusions from the experience thus obtained.

ERRORS IN THE USE OF WORDS.

"The Baptists are about to *lie* out five hundred dollars in their church," said a man of some pretensions in our hearing, not long since. Whether the Baptists were sucessful in "laying out" the specified amount, we have not learned, but this seeming libel upon a worthy sect was perhaps due more to ignorance than carelessness. The two words lay and lie are very often used improperly. We "lie" down ourselves, but we "lay" down every thing that we use. We "lay" a book on the desk, we "lay" up stores for future use. The hens "lay" their eggs and men who "lie" eat them. We "lie" in bed to-day, but we *lay* in bed yesterday. We "lay" a thing down, in the present tense, but *laid* it down in the past. Hence the expression we "laid" down to rest is wrongfully used for we *lay* down, lay being the past tense of lie, and laid the past of lay.

The sun never "sits," as some persist in saying, but it sets every day. Fowls "sit" upon their eggs, men sit in chairs, but "set" a building on its foundation. Another common error is to say, "I done it" and "I have did it;" for I did it, and I have done it. The word "got" is frequently ill used. To say we have fine weather, is much better than to say we have *got* fine weather. So "we ought not to do a thing," is preferable to saying "we *had* not ought to do it," or, "we ought not to go" instead of "we *had* not ought to go." Some writers use the expression, "I *am* a mind" to do this or that, when they should say "I *have* a mind." Some say that "one thing is rounder than another." A thing that is round, is perfectly round; how then can another thing be said to be rounder? "Cast steel soap" is sometimes ordered when castile soap is wanted. The word ugly is improperly applied to the disposition. An ugly person is very homely but may be very good.

Afterward, upward, toward, and words of like termination, are frequently written afterwards, upwards, towards, etc., which is improper. So the words endwise lengthwise, crosswise, are incorrectly written endways, lengthways, crossways, etc. But our article is getting decidedly "wordy," and may fail to interest those who might profit by brief hints. Those who are "posted" in these matters, will not, of course, read or criticise our remarks.

THE BELLEVILLE SEMINARY.

[*From he C. C. Advcate.*]

The Visitors of the Belleville Seminary feel that we owe it as a duty to the public, as well as to the Institution itself, to express the opinion of its efficiency and claims to public support which we have formed from a pretty careful attention to its examination and general working.

The recent annual examination gave proof in every department, of that first great requisite to good scholarship, thoroughness. The general style of answering shows that the pupils were well rooted and grounded in the elements of their studies. While the amount of work performed during the session was such, that only assiduous study on the part of the students, and great fidelity on the part of the teachers, could have accomplished it.

Speaking generally of the Faculty, we think that the teachers have fine abilities for their vocation, and that they exert them consicentiously.

From our own observation, and from careful inquiry, we feel warranted in saying that good order and decorum are uniformly maintained in the Institution, and we are happy to believe without recourse being necessary to that severest of discipiline, which has often found place in similar Institutions; but which is always most painful. In this respect we think the Belleville Seminary has been singularly happy during the last academic year.

The visitors have nothing to do with its financial affairs, but we cannot refrain from expersing our regret and surprise that, the Institutions shuld be so crippled by debt, and we feel that its merits, and the great work that it is already doing, need but be known to the public to secure for it adequate assistance.

We most cordially and earnestly recommend this Institution to parents and guardians, as a safe, a pleasant, and a profitable school for the education of their children, and we feel every confidence in advising them to entrust the intellectual and moral interests of their sons and daughters, to the safe keeping of its governing faculty and teachers.

W. Hope, M. D., *Mayor of Belleville.*
Rufus Holden, M. D.
Rev. S. W. LaDu.
Rev. J. C. Burnelle.

Sensible.—Rev. Anson Smyth, State Commissioner of Common Schools in Ohio, in his last report to the Legislature, makes the following remarks.—Every teacher should read at least one good newspaper, otherwise he will live in ignorance of daily occurring facts, in regard to which his profession requires that he should be informed. Newspapers are fast becoming the teachers of the world; and the man or woman who is not a habitual reader of this department of literature cannot be thorougly qualified for the teacher's profession.

☞ Bell's tavern, so well known to all visitors to the mammoth Cave, Ky., was recently destroyed by fire, and the furniture consumed with the building.

CHILDREN'S FACES.

It is interesting to study human nature in children's faces, to see the effect of different modes of education upon diverse developments of mind and body. Many children look sour, wilful, and ugly; while others look happy, pleasant, and sweet, as children should. Much as perfect or diseased physical nature, proper or improper diet, may have to do in producing these appearances, home discipline and example, as a general thing, have more. Mothers do not realze that they fasten their own feelings, so far as expressed in their countenances, upon the faces of their offspring. She who scowls and frowns habitually, must not expect her child to look joyous, but gnarled and surly. Like mother, like child; only she who sows the wind in the heart of her daughter, may expect to see the whirlwind gather and burst forth, as our harvests are generally more plentiful than the seed we scatter. Select a very pleasant-looking child, and notice if it have not a pleasant-looking mother, one who answers many of its thousand and one questions with a warm, loving smile, instead of turning away the inquiring mind and fretting at its endless teasing.

Parental Example.—Example is a living lesson. The life speaks. Every action has a tongue. Words are but articulate breath.—Deeds are the fac-similes of the soul: they proclaim what is within. The child notices the life. It should be in harmony with goodness. Keen is the vision of youth; every mark is transparent. If a word is thrown into one balance, a deed is thrown into the other.—Nothing is more important than that parents should be consistent. A sincere word is never lost. But advice, counter to example, is always suspected. Both cannot be true; one is false. Example is like statuary. It is reality. The eye dwells upon it; the memory recalls it; the imagination broods over it. Its influence enters the soul. Parental example becomes incorporated with the child's understanding. He cannot forget it if he would — If it is good, it blesses. If it is bad, it curses. The parent may die, his example cannot.—Let life, then, be an unblemished picture, a consistent whole.

☞ "The Shool-House," says Gov Chase, "is a better institution than the Court-House or the State House, in the State-House, laws are enacted, in the Court-House, laws are applied; in the School-House legislators, judges and jurymen are made. Especially is the School-House indispensable where popular government is made a practical reality by free suffrage and general eligibility to office. It is impossible to over estimate the importance of universal education, where every boy is to be a voter, and any boy may be a President.

☞ Hospitality is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thy house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

☞ The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

1. Revised Programme for the Examination and Classification of Teachers of Common Schools, prescribed by the Council of Public Instruction for Upper Canada.

To be in full force until repealed or revised by the Council.

N.B.—Candidates are not eligible to be admitted to examination until they shall have furnished the Examiners with satisfactory evidence of their strictly temperate habits and good moral character.

(1) *Minimum Qualifications of Third Class Teachers.*

Candidates for certificates are required

1. To be able to read intelligibly and correctly any passage from any common reading book.
2. To be able to spell correctly the words of an ordinary sentence dictated by the Examiners.
3. To be able to write a plain hand.
4. To be able to work readily questions in the compound rules of arithmetic, and in reduction and proportion, and to be familiar with the principles or which these rules depend.
5. To know the elements of English grammar and to be able to parse any easy sentence in prose.
6. In regard to teachers in French or German settlements, a knowledge of the French or German grammar may be substituted for a knowledge of the English grammar, and the certificates to the teachers expressly limited accordingly.
7. To be acquainted with the relative positions of the principal countries of the world, with the principal cities, physical features, boundaries of continents, &c.
8. To have some knowledge of school organization and the classification of pupils.

(2) *Minimum Qualifications of Second Class Teachers.*

Candidates for certificates as second class teachers, in addition to what is required of candidates for third class certificates, are required:

1. To be able to read with ease, intelligence, and expression, and to be familiar with the principles of reading and pronunciation.
2. To write a bold free hand, and to be acquainted with the rules of teaching writing.
3. To know fractions, vulgar and decimal, involution, evolution, and commercial and mental arithmetic, and to be familiar with the principles or which the rules depend.
4. To be acquainted with the elements of book-keeping.
5. To know the common rules of orthography, and to be able to parse any sentence in poetry which may be submitted; to write grammatically, with correct spelling and punctuation, the substance of any passages which may be read, or any topics which may be suggested.
6. To be familiar with the elements of mathematical and physical geography, and the particular geography of Canada.
7. To be familiar with the outlines of general history.

(3) *Minimum Qualifications of First Class Teachers.*

Candidates for certificates as first class teachers, in addition to what is required of candidaties for third and second class certificates, are required:

1. To be familiar with the remaining rules of common arithmetic.
2. To be acquainted with the rules for the mensuration of superficies and solids.
3. To be familiar with the simple rules of algebra, and to be able to solve problems in simple and quadratic equations. (Colenso's.)
4. To know the first four books of Euclid. (Potts'.)
5. To be familiar with the outlines of Canadian and English history.
6. To have some acquaintance with the elements of vegetable and animal physiology, and natural philosophy, as far as taught in the fifth book of the national readers.
7. To understand the proper organization and management of schools, and the improved methods of teaching.
8. To be acquainted with the principal Greek and Latin roots, in the English language, with the prefixes and affixes, to be able to describe and exemplify the principal changes of construction.

Female candidates for first class certificates will not be examined in the subjects mentioned in the second, third, and fourth paragraphs under this head.

Originally adopted the 3rd day of October, 1850, and revised by the Council on the 17th day of December, 1858.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

Children and young persons have generally great curiosity in relation to tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head being empty of good sense, has been filled brim full of ghost legends and black letter recollections. We have even now, while we write, a dim, shuddering recollection of those appalling horrors which make the blood chill, creep and curdle about the heart—even after the finger of time has planted furrows on the brow and sown silver threads in the hair. It was the practice of a full-grown boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, (we are certain he never became a man,) to take the writer upon his knees, (then three or four years old,) when the twilight was gradually fading into darkness, veil his face with a black handkerchief, and then for our special edification, affirm that he was the unmentionable personage who is supposed to be no better than he should be. Then would follow a long dissertation upon witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, as whole family of horrible monstrosities, by way of giving tone to the infantile imagination. The lessons operated upon the young mind like a potent spell; soon it became as much as the life was worth to attempt to cross a dark entry after nightfall. If left alone in a sleeping apartment, the avenue to the eye was carefully barricaded by the pillows and bed-clothes; there, panting, trembling, shivering, huge drops of perspiration oozing out at every pore, the flesh creeping all over with horror, the writer lay a full believer in all monstrous shapes and terrible delusions, at times but a single remove from a maniac.

Those terrible night-time solitudes, the darkness peopled by the imagination with spectres the most terrific, how vividly do they come back even now in the days of maturer judgment and riper reason, never to be erased from the recollection by the hand of time. If there is a worse condition on earth than that into which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow from the time it is two years of age, until seven, eight, or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in his own mind of realizing his own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning. This is the purgatory of early innocent, and otherwise happy childhood.

These midnight horrors haunt the imagination even to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, the appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do, or the reason can urge. For a moment at certain times—even to old age, the heart will throb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood run cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure, the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times to his dying day. These are some of the painful, deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth.

How important it is that parents should guard them against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.—*Dr. Knapp's Journal.*

☞ In conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being, rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.—*Friends in Council.*

☞ How fortunate beyond all others is the man who, in order to adjust himself to his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole preceding life.

☞ Our sweet illusions are half of them conscious illusions, like effects of color that we know to be made up of tinsel, broken glass and rags.

☞ The noblest contribution for the benefit of posterity, is a good character, formed by good conduct.