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EDUCATIONALIST.

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

VOLUME I. BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, SEPTEMBER 2, 1861. NUMBER 24

Poetry.

TO AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY.

BY JOHN BLANCHARD.

Fair girl, I've gazed upon thy form but once,
I never heard the music of thy voice,
And yet my thoughts and dreams are all of
thee;
Thine image bright has fallen on my heart,
Forever there to rest, indellible.
And I have dwelt with such deep earnestness
Upon the high and holy thoughts that beam
From out thy deep, dark eyes, and seem to rest
Upon thy fair young face, like bright rose-tints
Upon a twilight stream; and circle round
Thy classic brow like angel halo, that
Thou seem'st as dear and as familiar to my
Soul, as though life's path we'ed trod together,
From earliest childhood.

Bright, gifted child!
I know thy bosom is the chosen homes,
Of pure and holy thoughts: from out the
woods,
And waters, and the sky, and air, and sea,
And all the earth;—from out the odor breath-
ing
Flowers, the rainbow skirted clouds of sunset;
From the bright radiance of day, and calm
Moonbeams of the holy night, and the thick
Darkness which floats under the solemn stars
Like dewy balm; from all the fruits and leaves,
And from the odorous winds, and the gay
And music-making birds, whose voices fill
The grand old forest aisles with floods of rich
And wondrous harmony, there breathes into
Thy soul, and floateth round thee like the soft
Waving winds of noon-day dreams, the spirit
Of the Beautiful.

Dear girl, may Heaven
Forever shower its richest blessings
On thy youthful head, and breathe its peace
And joy into thy guileless heart, as calm
Evening sheds its cooling dews on flower
And leaf; and breathes its holy incense o'er
The sleeping earth!

God keep thy soul from stain!
And may no sorrow, grief, or sin e'er cause
Thy heart to throb with pain. May angels
watch
Thy path through life, that no snare catch
thy feet;
Shield thee from the adverse winds of fate;
and
Keep thee ever true to Heaven, to Truth,
To Virtue and thyself!

May all thy days
Flow calmly on, like some unruffled stream
Kissed by the fragrant gales of love, until
They merge at last into the ocean of
eternal love!

Norham, August 11th, 1861.

GIVING OUT.

I do not forget that I am writing for an Educational instead of a Medical Journal, when I devote this paper to health rather than teaching young ideas how to shoot. Inasmuch as the spirit must be linked with the body to teach, or to be taught, it follows that Health is not a foreign subject to Education

I frequently see in Educational Journals and newspapers, suggestions about the health and physical training of pupils, but we seldom, if ever, see anything about the health of teachers, and yet the proportion of teachers who lose their health by teaching is probably greater than of scholars who lose it by studying.

How many teachers, after four or five years of faithful labor in their profession, find themselves as vigorous as when they commenced? The thin cheeks, and yellow, careworn faces testify sadly and positively enough.

The school work is a Minotaur to whose horrible hunger we are unresistingly sacrificing bright health and sweet peace. Where is the Theseus to free us from this sad bondage?

It would seem strange, almost incredible to people who have never had the severe experience, or have never observed the fact in others, that a few years' teaching could completely break down the health.

People generally have an idea that school teaching is a genteel, easy occupation, designed for men and women who are too lazy to work with their hands. A hard working, intelligent man said to me he saw no necessity for vacations, and thought them a waste of time. When I told him they were an absolute necessity to the teacher, to say nothing of the scholars, he looked at me in astonishment, not so much at the fact as at my audacity in saying so absurd a thing, and I thought he wore a half sneer on his face when he said, I could not convince him it was hard work to teach school. Many people understand no fatigue but muscular. Physical labor is no more like school teaching than potatoes are like strawberries.—School teaching deals with the nerves. It is a constant giving away of nervous vitality. One could endure the same, or ten-fold the amount of mental labor, for the same number of hours every day, in the quiet solitude of a pleasant library, without half the loss of nervous strength, and without feeling that exhaustion which is the inseparable shadow of school labors.

It is the constant supervision, the watchfulness and wakefulness, and anxiety, the strenuous and unceasing efforts to bring all the minds around you into sympathy with their lessons, this unrelaxed stretch of the nerves which racks and destroys health. There are, it is true, many who come out unscathed, but they are those usually who have little interest in their business, who go through the routine almost mechanically, who bear little responsibility, have little supervision and have put all the soul they have in something else. The best teachers I have known or seen bore unmistakable marks of over work. Is it possible to do this work well and save ourselves? Where is the Theseus who shall satisfy the Minotaur and save to us our sweet blessings?

As one who has had some experience, I may give a few suggestions, which though they may not reach the heart of the difficulty, may be of some value to those who discover that health shows symptoms of taking wings.

No teacher should be engaged more than six hours a day, even five would be a wise economy of strength; and the home before and after school should not be filled up with a thousand and one tedious things connected with school duties. Better than all gymnastics, when the teacher is exausted, is a calm rest on a good bed. A little sleep, even in the middle of the day if it could be obtained would be a good medicine, or at least a pleasant forgetfulness of school duties in an easy chair. There is no doubt that a rest like this taken two or three times a day, is the best medicine for people in every business, especially where the brain is worked. But such moments should be a perfect oblivion of duties, a half slumber

Another very essential rule to observe, is to fortify one's self against worry.—Worry is the most dangerous thief of health, and we must securely lock him out if we would not have our treasures carried off. This worry is an insidious devil, who finds the school room the best field in the world for his temptations, and he has the greatest passion for school teachers. Resist him, drive him forth forever from your presence, and let serenity and sweet hope rule in his stead

H. M. P.

Boonville, April, 1861

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1861.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

The School-Teachers' Convention for the East Riding of the County of Northumberland, will take place on Saturday, 28th inst., in the Village of Castleton.

☞ At the last commencement of the University of Allegheny College, one of the oldest institutions in the Union, the Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Lancelot Younghusband, Head Master of Scotland County Grammar School.

This is the second College that has conferred its highest honor on this gentleman who has for many years been engaged as a Teacher of Canadian Youth.

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE WANTS OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

During the last year it has been our lot to visit a large number of the public schools in the principal cities, towns, and villages, and we might add many of our rural school sections in this our fine Province, during the present year; and if we would be allowed we would express some of our convictions as to the present and prospective wants of our public schools.

One of the most pressing wants at the present time is more ample accommodation for our common schools. In most cases there are more children than can be accommodated with convenient seats—In our primary schools, and more especially in the county schools, the case is more urgent than in that of the high schools. Planks and sometimes slabs (where Saw-mills are convenient,) are instituted for comfortable seats, and this is something which must be remedied for the safety of the pupils. An improvement in our school buildings, and our school grounds, are too little considered. But few, comparatively speaking, of our school rooms, are very inviting or convenient. They have no play-grounds around them, are not well ventilated, and answer but poorly the purpose for which they are used. Every thing about a school room should be made as attractive as possible, so that children, as they go from their comfortable and pleasant homes, may have comforts and pleasures at school.

Another thing needed to perfect our school system, is increasing carefulness in the selection and examination of teachers. There is a tendency to fall into habits of neglect in this respect, and often teachers are employed first temporarily, and then permanently, who have not all the requisite qualifications. And yet scarcely anything is more injudicious and hurtful than such a course. Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting good teachers, who have the charge even of the youngest children in our primary schools, and in our small rural schools. Children form habits there which they carry with them through life.

To avoid danger of this kind, let there be the utmost caution in the selection of teachers; let there be a careful inquiry into their mental and moral qualification, into their aptness in imparting instruction, their ability to interest and control those committed to their charge. There are those who are adapted to their profession, who have a fondness for children and a love for teaching them, persons whose energy and enthusiasm are enkindled by this work. Such are the teachers we need—teachers who have qualified themselves for the work, because they have a love for it; teachers who will keep themselves qualified by a study of what pertains to their profession, a knowledge of the improvements of the age, in regard to the best methods of imparting instruction. If our present salaries are not sufficient to command such teachers, and retain them, then let the salaries be raised, for we can afford anything rather than to have poor teachers for our children.

While it is a matter of rejoicing that our schools are accomplishing so much for the children and youth of our country, it should not be forgotten that there is much remains to be done. The work of improvement should go on in every department of our educational system. But in order to effect this, the public generally must be interested, and have intelligent views of the importance and magnitude of this work. They must not only be ready to have liberal appropriations made for the subject of education, but they must feel that no better expenditures can be made for the rising generation than to provide for them the best facilities for acquiring knowledge. It is not very generally admitted that it costs less to educate children, and furnish them with the means of advancing in society, than to support them when they have grown up without mental or moral culture. As a matter of policy merely, we might urge the importance of having our school of a high order, and of furnishing all classes with facilities of acquiring a good education. But there are other considerations higher than these, and benefits which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. To every educated mind there are opened sources of usefulness and happiness which are perpetually closed against other minds. The demand of the coming generation upon the present is great, especially in regard to the subject of education. The expenses of the age call loudly for increased efforts and comprehensive views. The minds of our children crave knowledge, and demand the means of acquiring it. "*Educate;* open to us the avenues of light and knowledge; deny us not the privilege and the pleasure of looking abroad upon the works of the Creator with cultivated minds. Send us not out into the world without the discipline and training which will fit us to participate honorably in life's duties, and share largely in life's joys." And to such language the people, and especially parents and guardians, must give heed. The Superintendent, Trustees, and Teachers, need the hearty co-operation. The influence of the best qualified teacher, may be lost to the child; and a spirit of indifference and subordination be awakened by the injudicious acts and unguarded words of a parent.

We would here press the fact upon the parents and others the necessity of

strengthening in the minds of the children the principles of moralty and piety, which may be inculcated by our teachers, and which lie at the foundation of all social progress, and which alone can give permanency to all popular governments. The affections, the heart, must be educated as well as the intellect.

With the intellectual must be secured the moral training of the young. This is obvious to all who have studied the nature of our civil and social institutions, and considered the conditions of their perpetuity. In the language of one whose opinion is entitled to more than ordinary weight in this connection, the people "have come to see that a government cannot long perpetuate itself by means of mere secular education; that the increase of intellectual power, without moral principles to give it a right direction, may be used to forge weapons for the more speedy overthrow of our institutions; that what is most needed in our country at the present time is a race of men of thorough-going and unbending integrity, such as can be found only where the law of God has been instituted into the mind as the rule of right, and that a reverence for divine things and for the supreme being, breathed by the conscientious teacher into the hearts of the young, especially of those who receive no such lessons at home, is indispensable for the preservation of social order among men."

PROSE AND POETRY.

Much prose has been given to the world that is impregnated with the very pith of poetry; and more poetry that is essentially prosy. The most difficult lesson to teach young scribblers is, that ryhme is not necessarily poetry. Fitz-Green Halleck, himself a poet of the first class, says that "Draw your swords" is prose, but that "Draw your willing swords" is poetry. We think he is right. Any given sentiment may be rendered either in prose or poetry. When Daniel Webster said, "I still live," he spoke poetry. If he had said, "I ain't dead yet," it would have been very indifferent prose, although it expressed the same thought.

Never, since the world began, has the poetical element in human nature been so prevalent as it is now. It is weak and very incipient, it is true, but still it covers a large ground. Children "lisp in numbers," and older persons talk in rhyme, We are glad it is so. It betokens an improvement in the race. But we must not mistake seed-time for harvest—the latter is not yet. There is to be considerable hoeing, and raking, and weeding, and winnowing, and pruning, before we can begin to count our grains. An acorn may contain the latent forces of a giant oak, but we must wait until those forces are developed before we make our tables or kindle our fires. These truths are better known to the conductors of public journals than to any other class, for they hold the keys of the granaries into which pours an incessant stream of poetical seeds, bulbs, blossoms, buds, and fruit—ripe, unripe, and rottenripe.

We have received our share of these offerings, and if we do not give them all an airing through the columns of the Household Journal, it is because they are not all in presentable shape. Let our young writers remember that the laws which govern and control true poets are as imperative and unchangeable as those which governed the Medes and Persians. It it true that a genius occasionally appears, like Shakspeare, Pope, Burns, Byron, or Longfellow, who are a law unto themselves, and who disdain following in the footsteps of their predecessors. But such are exceptions, and are more rare than comets or earthquakes.

We receive numerus pieces of verse accompanied with a request to correct, amend, and give our opinion of their merits, &c. We cannot do either of these, our time being fully occupied with our ordinary duties. We have, on two or three occasions, requested our poetical contributors to be careful and studious, and to learn the rules of composition before sending their effusions. But all to no avail. In they come, in one continued, "weak, washy, everlasting flood." We do not wish to injure the feelings of our young friends, but we must insist, in a friendly and fraternal way, that they take pains to learn what true poetry is, before they undertake its production.

The best way is to study the works of our standard writers; and above all, remember that a poem is essentially worthless unless woven around some great central thought that is calculated "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

We have been goaded to the production of this article by poring over a so-called poetical contribution containing twenty-one stanzas of eight lines each, and written in a most execrable hand, unpunctuated and uncapitalized. On completing our task, we found the sum-total of information given was, that—

> "Brightly shone the silvery moon
> At midnight's dark and dreary noon.
> And silence pervaded this round earth,
> Just like it did when [illegible]st had its birth."

Not having been here at the time last mentioned, we can't say how silent it was in those days, but, if the author of the "ode to nature" will only keep silent until we call upon him to speak out, his tongue and his pen will have a good resting spell.

THE TEACHER'S PROFESSION.

Contrary to the opinion which has somewhat generally prevailed, there is not, among all the diversified callings of men, one more important, elevating, and commanding, than that of a teacher. The highest achievement of the most able and accomplished legislator is simply the enactment of plain and just laws. His best and noblest work is, after all, but a silent letter; necessarily without vitality, action, or effect to all that class of persons who cannot understand its provisions nor appreciate the intelligence, wisdom, justice, and patriotism which spoke it into being. But suppose the best fortune possible to attend the labor of the legislator, still his works are ephemeral and destined soon to perish. Not such the fate of the teacher. His labors produce no learned tomes of lifeless statutes, but living, intelligent, active, self-interpreting men; men who are not only self-regulating, but whose example attracts, excites, vivifies and directs all within the sphere of their influence. Characters such as these produce and reproduce their representatives through indefinite ages; may not every principle of truth, every seed of virtue which the faithful teacher has implanted in the soul of his pupil continue to germinate and bear precious fruit so long as that soul itself shall exist? Perhaps the most truly renowned name in the whole history of man, the name which appears most likely to attain an earthly immortality is Socrates! The highest glory—in his own estimation—while he lived; and in the world's estimation since his death is that he was a teacher of youth. There are some, who do not appreciate the teachers' labors; but he must not be discouraged for these will meet with a reward sooner or later.

MARY.

New Boston, Kent Co., Mich., 1857.

☞ The sorrows, calamities and disappointment, that a man suffers outwardly, have a most intimate, although secret, connection with hidden evils; until these are removed, it is in vain to hope that the outward life can be orderly, pleasant, and happy.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

(From the Scientific American.)

The continent of Africa where the equator crosses it is about 2,200 miles in breadth, a vast unknown tropical region, which has been explored for only a few hundred miles in its eastern and western portions. So far as examined it is a mass of hills and mountains, covered with the dense forests of the tropics, inhabited by strange tribes of cannibal negroes and still stranger tribes of gigantic monkies which are almost human in their aspect and organization. The country is traversed by rivers, and embraces great sea-like lakes, in which hippopotami wallow and fight, and alligators in countless numbers bask in the vertical rays of the sun.

The western portion of this region to a distance of 330 miles from the coast has been explored by Paul B. Du Chaillu, an American of French parentage. He was associated with his father in trade on the African coast for four years, and being a student of natural history was desirous of procuring specimens of the peculiar animals of Central Africa, which were unknown to the world of science. He was particularly anxious to obtain specimens of the gorilla, the great tailless ape, which approaches nearer to man, in its structure, than any other of the lower animals. This anxiety was not a little hightened by the stories which the natives told of the gigantic strength and ferocity of the gorilla, and of its half human affections, manners and customs. Mr. Du Chaillu started on his exploration in 1856 and spent four years in the forests unaccompanied by any white person, traveling on foot more than 8,000 miles. During this time he killed and stuffed more than 2,000 birds and 1,000 quadrupeds, 60 being new species. He brought his collection to this country, where it was exhibited for a while to the public. The exhibition was noticed at the time in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. He afterwards took it to England, where it has excited the greatest interest among naturalists, reviving the discussion of the developement theory of creation, which embraces the question of the human race being descended from monkies.

Mr. Du Chaillu has published an account of his explorations, from which we take the following extracts:—

KILLING HIS FIRST GORILLA.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we traveled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa—as the reader has seen by this time—are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little cluck with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I never shall forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter,) with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a straggling way, then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted, while my men ate gorilla.

A YOUNG GORILLA.

This time I was accessory to its capture. We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby-gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavored to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so I could easily manage it; and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother, he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo," which touched my heart.

I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry toward me when he saw me. I put the little body in alcohol, and sent it to Dr. Wyman, of Boston, for dissection.

The mother was skinned; and when I came to examine, I found her a very singular specimen. Her head was smaller than that of any other gorilla I ever saw, and the rump was of a reddish-brown color.—These are peculiarities which made this

specimen differs from all others I have seen. I call it, therefore, the gorilla with the red rump.

[illegible]

For some hours after we started we saw nothing but old tracks of different wild beasts, and I began to think that Aguilar's *egana* had been too sanguine. Finally, toward twelve o'clock, when we were crossing a kind of high table land, we heard the cry of a young animal, which we all recognized to be nshiego mbouve. Then all my troubles at once went away out of my mind, and I no longer felt either sick or hungry.

We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little cleared space, we saw something running along the ground toward the spot where we stood concealed. When it came nearer we saw it was a female nshiego mbouve, running on all fours, with a young one clinging to her breasts. She was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one.

Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, "Hew! hew! hew!", and clung to the dead body sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun.

We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I cannot tell my surprise when I saw that the nshiego baby's face was pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child.

I looked at the mother, but found her as black as soot in the face. The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which I reached toward evening.—The little nshiego had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her, but, touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened.—For a few minutes he caressed her, as tho' trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail, "Ooee! ooee! ooee!" which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrow, and the women were especially moved.

All this time I stood wonderingly staring at the white face of the creature. It was really marvelous and incomprehensible; and a more strange and wierd-looking animal I never saw.

While I stood there [illegible] [illegible] laughed at me [illegible] "[illegible]," said they, calling me by the name I was known by among them, "look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla you tell us, 'Look at your black friend.' Now, you see, look at your white friend." Then came a tremendous roar at what they thought a good joke.

"Look! he got straight hair, all same as you. See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than the gorilla is to us."

And another roar.

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like we. This one straight hair, like you."

"Yes," said I; "but when he gets old his face is black, and do not you see his nose how flat it is, like yours?"

Whereat there was a louder laugh than before. For, so long as he can laugh, the negro cares little against whom the joke goes.

This little fellow lived five months, and became quite tame and affectionate. His only bad propensities were love of drink and a tendency to thieve. He would steal into bed with the negroes, and sit with them at the fireside, and delighted to eat with them.

As the dry season advanced, and the nights grew cooler, he became exceedingly fond of sitting near the fire with the men in the evening; Master Tommy seemed then to enjoy himself wonderfully, and quite as much as any human being. From time to time he looked up into the faces of those round him, as if to say, "Do not drive me away!" and the very white color of his face contrasted singularly with the black heads around him. His eyes were intelligent, and when left to himself his whole countenance had a look of sadness, sometimes painful to behold. Many times I tried to penetrate and read the inward thoughts of this wonderful little creature, which not only excited my wonder, but that of the natives. Tommy had a reputation quite as great as mine throughout the country. But alas! poor Tommy! One morning he refused his food, and seemed downcast, and was very anxious to be petted and held in the arms. I got all kinds of forest berries for him, but he refused all. He did not seem to suffer, but ate nothing; and next day, without a struggle died. Poor fellow! I was very sorry, for he had grown to be quite a pet companion for me; and even the negroes, though he had given them great trouble, were sorry at his death.

The gorilla belongs to the class of quadramana or four-handed animals, the great toe being in fact a thumb, and so placed as to make a hand of his foot. He walks usually on all-fours, though he can walk erect in an awkward manner. Though he has immense jaws, he lives exclusively on vegetables. The animals live in pairs, though occasionally a morose old bachelor or widower is found living alone. The strength of the gorilla is enormous; with his arms he can break trees from four to six inches in diameter; and with one blow of his huge paw, armed with its long nails, he easily breaks the breast-bone of a man, crushes his skull, or tears out his entrails.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says: "The English language seems destined to gather to itself all the scattered readers. Slowly it is whispering its way into the heart of mankind—and is acknowledged to be the best adapted to the universal reader. In Lord Bacon's time he deemed the Latin language the safest to entrust his immortality in. "I do conceive," he said, "that the Latin volumes, being the universal language, may last as long as books last." Milton, more modest, "content," (to use his own expression with regard to Britain and his native tongue,) "with these Islands as my world," set his great works in the English. He did not care "to be once named abroad," though he deemed that he might have attained to that.—"Paradise Lost" was written in English, and where is it not read in English, and where is *it* not "named abroad?" English readers have been sown like seed in

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms;

the English language has been planted on all shores—and everywhere, like a native flower of thought, it grows. And everywhere are its readers.

☞ In the debate which took place in the British House of Commons on the subject of Education, the Duke of Newcastle said that the Commissioners found that often those teachers who had a low class certificate or no certificate at all made the very best teachers, and that some who held high certificates were quite inefficient. Our Canadian School Trustees should bear this in mind, for certainly the natural aptitude and skill in teaching and government is of the first importance. Lord Brougham observed that forty years ago he had said the Scoolmaster was abroad, but that now another master was abroad who came into competition with the Schoolmaster, namely, the Work-master. Lord Brougham also spoke in favour of half time or three hours instead of six per day for young children.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—A man's best help is in himself—his own heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The battle cannot be fought by proxy. A man's [illegible] may be aroused by another—his desire to improve and advance himself be excited by another; but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own [illegible] to make his own character. What if a man fail in one effort? Let him try again. Let him try again—try often, and he cannot fail ultimately to succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution.

FADED FLOWERS.

It was on a pleasant day, not long since, that, looking over an old box which I had not seen in some time, I discovered a cluster of faded flowers. I was about examining them more closely, when I heard a gentle rap at the door. On opening it, whom should I see but dear aunt Patience. Aunt Patience is a widow lady, about sixty years of age. She lives with a maiden daughter, in a little vine-covered cottage a few miles from us, and, though she enjoys good health, she but seldom visits us, on account of the distance. She keeps her eyes open, and by this means has become quite a wise woman. There is not one among her acquaintances for whom she has not a kind word; and her pleasant yet dignified face always seems to bring peace with it. The little children leave their sports and run to meet her, crying, "Aunt Patience is coming;" and the quiet housekeepers smile a satisfied smile, as they place the rocking chair for her by the open window. Always "patient and loving," we think she is rightly named.

"I am glad you have come," said I, taking her bonnet and shawl, and putting them carefully away. Aunt Patience seated; then, taking her knitting, commenced her work.

"Always at work, aunt," said I.

"Don't you know that

'Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do?'

Ah! *you must never be idle*, Alice. But what have you there?"

"'Tis a withered nosegay, aunt, Fannie gave it to me—and you know Fannie is dead now," said I softly, as the memory of that dear friend came over me.

"Yes, yes, Alice, I know it full well. She was a faded flower on earth, but her pure spirit blooms in Heaven."

"Yes, aunt, and when she gave them to me she said, 'Think of me often, Alice.' I do very often, aunt. This little bud she wore in her hair the last evening I saw her,—I begged it to put with other flowers that she had just given me. They retain their *fragrance*, if not their *color*," said I, as I carefully laid them away.

"Alice, dear, on that never-to-be-forgotten day on which Fannie died, did not the Angel of Death beg that sweet bud to place with others which he had that day gathered? The *jewel*,—her soul,—was taken away, and the casket only remained. So with your flowers, Alice,—the life of them has departed,—the faded flowers only remain. The sweet fragrance which they even yet give is like the good deeds, kind words, and pleasant smiles which Fannie herself has given, which, though past, are not forgotten. That sweet bud is a fit emblem of herself, thus early transplanted to the bright land where is no parting, and where the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of 'their Father.'"

"Ah," said I, "you have found the true secret of happiness. You hope to meet Fannie in that better land. Is it not so, dear aunt?"

"Yes, Alice. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' even in the hour of death." After a few moments' pause, aunt resumed:

"Do you know of any other faded flowers?"

"I think not, aunt."

"There are very *many* faded flowers, Alice,—more than is sometimes supposed. How many flowers that once grew in human gardens are faded. They lie cold, and alone,—they sleep the dreamless sleep,—their bright eyes are closed, never to be opened here,—their merry, laughing voices, that once sounded in joyous glee through their happy homes, are hushed, and the little dimpled hands lie folded over bosoms that are never to know more of pain or care. How many of these are in the old church-yard,—how many faded in years gone by, and whose graves are forgotten,—how many lie in the depths of the sea,—how many whose last resting places will never be known till the earth and sea shall give up their dead. Another *faded flower*, Alice, is the aged, respected *mother*, cared for and loved with the pure affections of a child's heart. Mother toiled against poverty to give her children an education and to clothe them, and shall *they refuse* to provide for her wants, and to increase her comfort by every means in their power? What if the infirmities of age rest heavily upon her? They will never leave her,—never turn her upon the cold charities of the world alone. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,'—how often in childhood have they heard it from her venerable lips, and now they obey the command cheerfully. May you, Alice, ever remember to love and cherish *this* faded flower."

Aunt Patience continued:—"The *wife*, worn down with care and watchfulness, is another faded flower. Care has taken the rose-tint from her cheek and the once bright and beaming expression from her eye. The hilarity of youth is gone,—the step is slow. Husbands need not remind them of it,—it is enough that it is so. We know, *ourselves*, that 'we do fade as a leaf.' Let them *lessen* our cares; let them take more of the *responsibility* of the family upon themselves, and they will not be so ready to perceive the inroads of decay; or, perceiving, and knowing the cause, will wisely refrain from the reminders in which some husbands are inclined, either unwittingly or heartlessly, to indulge. Many a wife toils on alone, as far as the interest or care taken by the husband is concerned, and then, added to all their trouble, is the taunt, 'How you have faded.' By-the-by, Alice, I find that husbands are very apt to see 'faded flowers' in the persons of their weary wives on their return from an evening's pastime amid the young and gay. I saw Mrs. S., and Mrs. H., last Sabbath, at church. They wore a look of care, and I thought, Alice, perhaps their husbands had seen '*faded flowers*' on their return from the last party."

Aunt's conversation was suddenly broken off by a rap at the door, which proved to be a call upon her to visit the sick, and thus ended her descriptions of 'faded flowers.' Very sorry was I that we were interrupted,—for I was being educated, and wished to learn more. Dear me, I did not know before that there were such flowers as aunt has last described,—my idea was that husbands and wives faded together. ALICE.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1859.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read and not heard;" and as to actors they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at second-hand.—The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion.—Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathe-

matician and philosopher; Lafontain, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation.—Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that a friend said of him, after an interview: "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classical elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say there could be no real conversation but between two persons, friends, and that it was then thinking aloud. Steel, Swift, Pope, and Congreve—men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order—allowed him to have been a delightful compan[illegible] among intimates; and Young writes of him that "he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him." Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished; he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself. Dr. Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnsonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time, we have many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest; they could "set a table in a roar," and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality that it makes their survivors think "we could have spared better men." Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is said to have been as skillful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration to listeners so enchanted that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons, and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque and dramatic. He never talked for effect and display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a thinker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretentions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease.

SUMMER SHOWERS.

Here they come! dashing down like liquid sheets of silver, and then in crystal jets, as if trying the effect of their restorative powers upon Nature. The red lips of our roses drink the cooling libation with eagerness; and those buds, which have been pouting upon their parent stems so long, are now bursting forth into such *sweet* smiles as only rose-buds can display when coaxed into good humor by such a shower as this.

There is rare poetry in the country now, and "unwritten music," too. Down in the valley, yonder, is the richest carpet of velvety green that you ever saw, and now there are little mimic lakes, shining like silver, all over it. I think that this shower was purposely sent to make Nature appreciate herself, by taking a view of her varied charms in the aforesaid "looking-glasses," which are flung down in such promiscuous confusion. The woods are "delightful in their summer garb, and I can hardly bear to think of the coming winter, when they will resume those drab surtouts, closely "buttoned up to the chin."

A beautiful panorama is exhibiting in the West. The sun smiled very pleasantly upon his audience for a few moments, and then, blushing like a modest artist, as he is, hastened down behind the distant hills, and I can see nothing now but the waving of his gorgeous scarf, as it sweeps their brows. He has such odd ways of coloring and framing his pictures! Very *original* in style, though,—none can deny that. Now see those huge bales of cotton, piled upon each other so carelessly. Those waves of amber are trying to heave them out of the way, for there comes a troop of the brightest clouds—vermillion-tinted, ruby, and the softest pink, with lacing of gold. They seem like a happy band of children in holiday attire, with blue sashes and bronzed sandals. A moment they bow to us from the gorgeously decorated stage, then gracefully retire, and a new party glides into their places. So swiftly do these scenes pass before my eyes, that I have time to note but few particulars. The whole seems like fragments of a heavenly vision; and once I thought the "shining gates" were visible.

What do I behold now! A sober train of drab garmented clouds are walking along the horizon, and what are they bearing away,—urns? Yes! They press them to their hearts, and I know that those urns contain the ashes of all that gorgeous pageant, which drew forth my admiration just now. They are carrying them back to the artist, that he may fan them into new life to-morrow's dawn. A. F. B.

Marshall, Mich., 1860.

☞ Dare to be singular, when you see all around you to be wrong.

☞ Satire should not be like a saw, but like a sword—it should cut, not mangle.

A Lover's Conundrum.—Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

COMMON SCHOOL STUDIES.

From the New York Teacher.

There is no trait in the character of the American people more inordinate than ambition. It enters every department of our industrial and social life, and distinctions of caste and race melt away before it. It seems innate; and from the cradle the child dreams golden dreams of future eminence and success. It lies at the foundation of much of our prosperity, and, properly directed, it may, without impropri ty, be classed among the virtues, because of giving tone and character to the most praiseworthy of human endeavors. But when it seeks a short road to success, at the expense of that proper development of manhood, which alone can produce symmetry and strength of character, its influence becomes mischievous, and every agency tending to excite it, becomes dangerous. In these late days, this ambition especially vaunts itself in demanding that the "higher branches" shall be taught in our common schools; and not unfrequently, they who should ward off the approaches of this dangerous heresy become its abettors—the teachers themselves. If the purpose of primary education is to store the mind with the elemental facts of science, then surely it needs no argument to prove that not only the different branches should be taken up in the order in which the young mind is able to grasp them, but in many of them nothing but the elementary principles can be well taught, till maturity of judgment, and elasticity of mind has prepared a fitting receptacle. If, on the hand, which we shall regard as the better statement, the chief object of education is mental development tending to mental independence and mental power, then surely there must be an order of study, in which of first importance is that thoroughness in each subject undertaken which will stand forever in the way of cramming the ologies down the throats of children, fresh from the nursery.

Do we want acuteness in analysis?—What student has so mastered the processes of Mental Arithmetic, that he no longer needs the advantages it affords. Are our pupils to be prepared for the active business of life? The incidents passing every day before our eyes afford food for the liveliest imagination, and the exercise of the ripest judgment. Does Natural Philosophy clamor for a hearing? Many a pupil whose rote knowledge of the book was faultless, had not the remotest idea that the laws he enunciated so glibly were ever developing themselves before his eyes, and that grander demonstrations were ready made, as the curtain of the morning drawn up ushered in each new born day, than ever the expertest teacher exhibited in the class room. And Chemistry, one of the most intricate and most subtile of the sciences, can be imprisoned within the crucible in no laboratory, or pent up in no glass retort, but has its grandest development in the myriad forms of active life, and in the changing phases of nature; in the sunbeams tinting the hill tops with crimson and gold, and pouring a flood of life and light upon the world; in the air we breathe, the food we eat, the plant that drinks in its sustenance from the circumambient air, and grows and ripens and dies again in the universal round of the changing seasons. The useful arts have their trophies in every dwelling, and have modified every phase of life. What we most need in elementary instruction is to awaken the child's faculties, especially of perception, memory and judgment, and so prepare his mind to take cognizance of the myriad facts and laws which await his inquiry, and will unfold themselves to his growing consciousness in ever new and ever wonderful harmony and beauty.

A variety of studies will give that grateful change which will invest each with interest; but too many will only confuse and bewilder. Two, or at most, three regular studies, other than the general exercises of the school, are enough for any pupil; and a single lesson, a single principle well mastered will not only open the way for what is to come, but every such achievement gives strength and vigor to the intellect, and engenders a habit of decision and earnestness, without which little valuable can be achieved.

For the attainment of physical vigor, we would not attempt at first effort to rival Sampson, but by doing what we can, use it as the means to give strength and suppleness, gradually increasing the task with our growing strength. So, he that would develop the intellect of the child must assign such tasks as that he shall be made strong by their perfect mastery, and take up each succeeding one with new vigor. The old gymnast carried an ox by commencing when it was a calf and continuing the task day by day.

So let algebra and logic, and metaphysics and political economy wait on arithmetic and reading and spelling, and the study of objects and familiar acquaintance with common things—their nature, uses, etc., and we shall then have knowledge, judgment, skill and a symmetrically developed child-mind, rather than the forced, unnatural and unreal pretensions of a sage's head on an infant's shoulders.

SUGGESTION TO YOUNG MEN.

In the course of my travels, I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling, and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise any youth who quits that abode of purity, peace and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing. At every place where he may reside long, let him study to make his apartments as attractive and comfortable as possible, for he will find a little extraordinary expense, so bestowed at the beginning, to be economy at the end; let him read the books in the language of the place in which he lives, and, above all, let him never retire without writing at least a page of original comments on what he has seen, read and heard in the day. This habit will teach him to observe and discriminate, for a man ceases to read with a desultory and wandering mind, which is utter waste of time, when he knows that an account of the information which he has gained must be written at night.—*Clayton's Sketches on Biography.*

A Compliment to College Avenue. A lovely little girl of three years, went out from the close brick walls of her boarding house home in the city a few days since, with her mother and a party of friends to walk in the beautiful public grounds known as College Avenue. Those who have been so happy as to visit them know them to be delightful beyond description. After entering the gates L lla let go her mother's hand and bounding forward a few steps, stopped and poised lightly on her toes, with outstretched hands and rapt expression, gazed up and around, for a moment, then running back exclaimed "Mama! Mama! this must be the place where God lives." T. A. D.

A Cheap and Good Barometer.—A truthful and cheap *Barometer*, interesting and instructive to youth, may be made by taking a clean glass bottle, and putting in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain, or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple, and beautiful barometer.—Robert Shaw *Shaneville N. Y.*, 1859.