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EDUCATIONALIST.

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"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.]

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, MARCH 1. 1861.

NUMBER 12

Doel's Corner.

Trodden Flowers.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,

Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not rejoice;

Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes
and ears;

That wound fond faith with anger worse
than steel,

And out of pity's spring draw idle tears
O, Nature shall it ever be thy will
In things with good to mingle good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shuns not from distress.
Gentleness does her tyrants so reprove—
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will
bend,
And they that dry the tears in others'
eyes

Feel their own anguish rising without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke
of sighs?

Sure, love to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always; weepeth for the
Past,

For woes that are, for woes that may
betide;

Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?

Fate whispers sorrow ever is your lot,
They should be rebels—love rebelleth not.

EMULATION AS A MOTIVE TO STUDY.

The intellectual form of selfishness is emulative ambition; a radical disorder in our schools and our scholarship. Let me tell you what I have seen in our Christian New England: two brilliant, light-hearted youths, the rival leaders of their class, all the rest left behind, stretching across the four years' course neck and neck, stimulated by the spur of an eager emulation, sacrificing health and peace, only to drop one into a grave, and the other into mental perversion, at the end of the heat; this instead of that nobler spectacle,—both striving generously together for wisdom's own immortal and unbounded good, each rejoicing in the other's gains, and then, both standing, nay kneeling, rather, gratefully together, on the summit both have reached. We put our pupils too much on this race, not that they may attain a common good, but that they may outstrip each other. Let the wise, to be strong, to be master of life,

wielders of bright weapons against all ignorance and wrong,—this is not made the aim.—but the complacency of looking back on the rest. A hateful fire is set running through the fresh growths of these unsordid breasts, which scorches, blights, and blackens wherever its hot tongue can find a generous feeling to singe. Paint me, said the boy Chatterton, to an artist who asked him for a design; paint me an angel with trumpet and wings, to publish my name over the world! Plagiarism, madness, suicide, were the horrible chapters of his biography. Why talk of following knowledge for its own sake, if our practice teaches children to prize it only as a ladder to renown, or as a price paid for applause?—But, my friends, the moment you carry your objection to the conductors of education, they tell you the emulative plan is the only one that the previous management of their scholars allows them to use, with the least hope of getting out of them any tolerable amount of work. That is to say, the trail of the serpent runs all the way, from alphabet to diploma,—and who knows how far beyond? Prior once proposed a system of education, by having sweet cakes cut out in the shape of the letters,—the child to eat a letter as soon as he had learned it,—and so on, till he had devoured and digested this baked alphabet. One is reminded of this philosophy of compound nourishment, when he sees little children made to think that the only purpose of learning is to be fattened, whether on cake, money, or compliments. Suppose rather that, from the beginning of his studies, the boy were made to feel the grand object of them is usefulness to society and the service of God. Suppose the question put foremost by the voice of father, and teachers, and tutor, were how to contribute the largest life to the welfare of man, and so to help others to live; how to lighten the load of the wronged and oppressed; how to raise burdens, and cheer outcasts, and render science the minister of overtaken strength, and turn discovery to the relief of sorrow;

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life as life advances,
Valor and charity, more and more."

The mind can never open its largest compass and power under any but the broadest and highest motives. Nor can it ever be too soon to expand it by that Christian measure.—*Prof. Luntington.*

ON COMPRESSION IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{is} ~~possess~~ ^{possess} of making one idea cover a quire of paper is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to no-

body. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence.—On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity.

They remind us of a blunderbuss discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is shattered to atoms.—Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to be married," and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, do it." Such are the men for action; they do more than they say.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in any country where the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language.

A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Catiline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Aeschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed, genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech.

No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space,—this "inordinate appetite for printed paper," which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide of it; the orator who must court popularity is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.—*Selected.*

The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian in 538 rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.

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**THE EDUCATIONALIST.**

MARCH 1, 1881.

**SOCIETY FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF
THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND OF
THE BLIND.**

This Society, like philanthropic enterprises generally, has many difficulties to surmount before it can become efficient for the performance of the whole of the great work for which it was designed.— Its beginning was small, but during the period of about two years since its inception, it has been growing greatly in public estimation and bids fair to become one of the most noted benevolent institutions in Canada. Some three or four years since Mr. McGann, the present master of the society's School, commenced the instruction of the small number of four deaf and dumb pupils in Toronto. His exertions on behalf of this class of persons elicited the warm sympathy of certain persons of known benevolence, including the Rev. Dr. McCall, now president of the Society: and in a short time an establishment was formed which has since been worked with great success. The chief difficulty to be surmounted by any institution depending upon voluntary contributions, is that *res angusta domi* which so often proves fatal to the best of enterprises. For this reason it is that institutions of this kind,

which are designed for the public benefit should receive liberal patronage from the Legislature. The Government has already given aid to the Institution, but not so liberally as is desirable, and it is to be hoped that more will be given during the coming session. The amount received from various sources has been \$2,823.82, a sum quite inadequate to the wants of a Provincial Institution of this character. The result of this limitation of resources is the limited number of pupils at present under instruction. The number of pupils at present is twenty—ten of each sex, but fifty more have been refused admittance on account of the present imperfect state of the arrangements. The school is divided into three divisions, each having a teacher. The course of instruction consists of Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Dictation, Geography, History, and the Bible. Appropriate mechanical labor is provided for the children of both sexes, so that they may be fitted for some occupation by which they may earn a livelihood.

We had the pleasure of attending an examination of a few of the pupils held not long since by Mr. McGann, in Whitby. The result was very satisfactory.— The knowledge shown by the pupils on this occasion bore witness to the thorough efficiency of Mr. M. as a teacher for this class of scholars. He possesses that versatility and fruitfulness in expedients for conveying knowledge so indispensable to a successful teacher, and is withal so kind and inviting in his manners, that he wins the attachment of those intrusted to his charge.

It is thought that there are between seven and eight hundred deaf mutes in Canada—about five hundred of whom are natives of this country. Not more than one hundred of these have been educated, and these have obtained their instruction in institutions of foreign countries. Only twenty-five are beyond instruction. What a field is here open for philanthropy!— what an extensive work for a large institution for the elevation to state of enlightened humanity of these two classes of unfortunates. Thus they may be trained to become useful members of society, so that upon going forth into the world they may be able not only to relieve others of the burden of their support, but to discharge those duties to which it may please God to call them, with a deep and happy consciousness of their responsibilities not only in this world but that which is to come.

SEEING AND HEARING.

It has been a fault in our schools that pupils have not been taught to see and hear. Hence, we have hundreds of men who, "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not." They live and move in the midst of the most beautiful scenery and surrounded by the wonders of nature, and yet if they see at all, it is as "through a glass darkly." They discern no beauties in the works of creation, and the most enchanting landscape is to them simply a collection of pasture, woodland, field, and meadow, attractive only as a source of profit. They see no God in nature, nothing to awaken devotional feelings, nothing to excite admiration. The lofty mountains and the flowing river are often regarded as mere obstacles to man's progress,—or as the means of contributing to his material resources. Every object is viewed with a *utilitarian* eye, and every flower is snuffed for its *copperish* scent.

How different it is with the man who has been trained to see, and in beholding the works of Nature, is led to adore as he looks "through Nature up to Nature's God." To such an one, every mountain, hill, and valley, every forest and river, is ever radiant with the smiles of Infinite goodness and wisdom. The babbling brook no less than the majestic river and the mighty cataract proclaim the power of the hand that made them. The springing grass, the waving grain, the stately forest and the opening flower, alike speak of the goodness and omnipotence of God. If he looks upward and beholds the "glittering stars that gem the sky, he is ready to exclaim:—

"Forever singing as they sleep,
The hand that made them is divine."

The man of untrained ear hears no sounds except those of a discordant or utilitarian nature,—while for him who has been taught to hear aright, the world is full of music and sweet sounds. All animated nature is ever chanting in soul-stirring notes the wonderful goodness and wisdom of Him at whose command they spring into existence.

We may find in every community, men who have ears and eyes, and those who are virtually destitute of both. The former revel in beautiful scenery, listening to nature's sweet and varied music, while the latter grope their way as in darkness—bearing no harmonious sounds; the former are happy, ever breathing and diffusing a spirit of cheerfulness; the latter sad and censorious, ever complaining of the present and casting a gloomy horoscope of the future. We have all seen men of the latter class, and know what a chilling and depressing influence their mere presence imparts.

A man with trained eyes and ears—a man of refined tastes and cultivated judgment, is a prize to any community. Happy influences emanate from him, and his spirit of cheerfulness ever makes him a welcome companion, a cherished neighbor. We know of a man, whose correct taste and well-trained eye have done much toward beautifying the village in which he resides,—all unconsciously on his part, and, to a great extent, on the part of others. It is the result of his silent but

correct example by which many have been led to decorate their grounds and to cultivate flowers and shrubbery. Many such men there are in the land, and their worth is inestimable. We hope their number is increasing from year to year. That such may be the case, we would urge upon teachers the importance of training their pupils to observe and to hear. This may be done in many ways and on various occasions. Let them frequently be called upon to give an account of objects of interest that may have attracted their attention on the way to and from the school-room. If they take a holiday walk, let that be made the subject of familiar conversation, with a view to learn what was seen and heard. If a journey has been made by a pupil, take special pains to interrogate him as to what of interest he saw, and thus by your own spirit of inquiry you will awaken in him a desire to afford you gratification, and make him ever watchful to note objects of interest and to catch the sound of sweet music. In fine, it should be the constant aim and wish of the teacher to train his pupils to move about with open eyes and listening ears; and also so to cultivate the senses of vision and hearing, that only beautiful scenes shall be treasured up,—only sweet and harmonious sounds remembered. Then may we hope to meet with more men who possess a genial nature and in whom the true spirit of observation and investigation is properly developed. "Teach a child to see properly and hear properly, and you have prepared him to receive instruction on any point."—*Conn. Common S. Journal.*

THE SANCTITY OF CHILDHOOD.

What then are children really? Their constant presence, and their often disturbing wants, conceal from us the charms of these angelic forms which we know not how to name with sufficient beauty and tenderness—blossoms, dew-drops, stars, butterflies—But when you kiss and love them, you give and feel all their names! A single child upon the earth would seem to us a wonderful angel, come from some distant home, who, unaccustomed to our strange language, manners, and air, looked at us speechless and inquisitorial, but pure as Raffaele's infant Jesus; and hence, we can always adopt every new child into the child's place, but not every new friend into the friend's place. And daily from the unknown world these pure beings are sent upon the wild earth; and sometimes they alight on slave-coasts or battle fields, or in prison for execution; and sometimes in flowery valleys, and on lofty mountains; sometimes in a most baleful, sometimes in a most holy age, and after the loss of their only father, they seek an adopted one here below. * * * I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can yet raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or hope; but the child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black, poison drop of the present.—*Richter.*

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

Labor is of Divine origin. The first work ever performed upon the globe was executed by the hand of the Almighty. He implanted the ore beds deep in the secret recesses of the earth. By his hands the stately pines and the towering oaks were made to grow. He made the waters to flow in their destined channel. All for what purpose? Was it that they should ever remain thus? If no one labored, the great designs of Deity in furnishing the raw material for the use of man would never be fulfilled. But why did not the Creator himself perform this work? The same Power that created the iron ore, might with the same ease have spoken into existence shovels, fires, stoves, and various domestic utensils, and thus have furnished them to man without farther effort on his part. The same Being that spoke into existence the trees and the forest, might have furnished man with houses ready built, ships prepared for sea, tables, chairs, and all the implements now in use. All these could have been presented to man without effort or labor on his part.

But then the designs of God would have been thwarted. It is necessary that men should labor, and giving him the materials and the ability, urges him onward and prepares him for that high and holy existence for which he has been created.

He who refuses to labor then, disobeys the law of God, perverts nature, weakens his intellectual faculties, and by requiring his fellows to labor too much, that they may be supported in idleness, becomes an enemy to his race and is only unworthy of a place in the workshop of the Great Architect.

CULTIVATE DOMESTIC PEACE.—To those scenes of domestic peace which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest member of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power: and thus we may expect to see the promise fulfilled:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

WELL-SPENT TIME.—Spend your time in nothing which must be repented of.—Spend it in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—*Baxter.*

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of unhappy organization.

THE ALPINE HEIGHTS.

The pen and pencil may attempt, and not unsuccessfully, to reproduce the soft gradations of the beautiful or the abrupt contrasts of the picturesque, but they are alike powerless and paralyzed before the awful grandeur of the Alpine Heights, where there is neither life nor motion, where a stern, unsmiling sublimity has molded every form, and stamped upon the scene the frown of a perpetual winter.—There is nothing in the ordinary aspect of nature that prepares us for what we see when we have entered the region of perpetual snow. Here is no hum of insects, no rustle of foliage, no pulse of vitality. There is no provision for animal life in the pitiless granite, ice, and snow, that make up the landscape. The solitary eagle, whose slow circling form is painted on the dark sky above, seems but a momentary presence, like ourselves, and not a part of the scene. Nature is no longer a bounteous and beneficent mother, but a stern and awful power, before which we bow and tremble, and the earth ceases to be a man's farm and garden, and becomes only a part of the solar system.—*HILLIARD'S Italy.*

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen in which you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy.—Mothers rarely become conscious that their children have grown up out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not fully fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child—Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes the next year, at the furthest, she may have "just her own family there;" and if you see there, look out for the fat lamb or a fried chicken, and the coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence full of household history, and running over with genuine mother-love is telling by beautiful. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice."

A mother mourning at the father's grave, or closing the dying eye of child after child, displays a grief whose sacredness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death stroke is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart into vice which he would hide even from the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France most needed for the education of her youth; and the short, profound reply was, "Mothers!"

THE LEAFLESS WOODS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I know how beautiful it is
Where forest leaves are green,
And little silver-throated birds
To music turn the scene.
With poet-winds that in their joy
Make every bough a lyre,
Whose harmony is sweeter far
Than Art's divinest wire.

O, what an ecstasy is his
Who hears that music roll,
If a true love of Nature makes
An altar of the soul,
From which perpetual incense soars
In praise and prayer above,
To Him who sits the Father-Lord
Of Wisdom, Light, and Love!

But, mighty woods! is't only when
Your robes are on that ye
Can to the true, religious heart
Give glorious ministry?
For it must birds forever sing?
And winds weave delicate tunes
Beneath the proud unclouded suns
And azure-tented moons?

No, mighty woods! though bare ye wave,
Though all your crowns are lost,
And round ye, like o'er-tortured souls,
And writhing clouds are tost—
Yet still ye have a ministry,
And still ye shake the heart
With feelings beautiful and grand
Beyond the touch of Art.

What lesson's in your leafless boughs!
Though bare, they wrestle still
With all the stern, unpeyting storms.
Nor sink beneath the ill;
So when misfortune strike the soul,
If truth and courage reign,
He nobly takes each iron blow,
And smiles at all the pain.

Yes, winter woods! 'tis yours to roll
Grand music for us still,
If a true love of Nature makes
An altar of the will,
From whence perpetual incense soars
In praise and prayer above,
To Him who sits the Father-Lord
Of Wisdom, Light, and Love!

INSECT LIFE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTES OF PORT HOPE,
NEWCASTLE, WHITBY, AND BELLEVILLE,
BY THE REV. DR. SHORT OF PORT HOPE.

(From the Home Circle.)

The more fully we become acquainted with the works of the Almighty, the more we are struck with the remarkable proofs of benevolent design which meet us at every step. "That which may be of God" outside of the book of Revelation "is manifest in them." "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." His power, wisdom, goodness and love, are strikingly and beautifully exhibited in the wondrous pages of the Book of Nature.

The three kingdoms of Nature, as they are technically called, Animal, Vegetable and Mineral, afford us ample fields of research; in which the interesting and the amusing are so blended with the useful and the practical, as to supply us with abundant sources of pleasure and profit.

Natural History and Natural Philosophy should form part of a liberal course of education. The rising generation ought to be so well grounded in the elementary principles of Natural Science, as to make it no less agreeable than beneficial to them to follow up those studies to a fuller extent, as opportunity may be given them in after years.

Young persons who have happily acquired a taste for these most interesting and improving researches, will feel independent of the mischievous tribe of novels, and the silly, and often much worse than silly, tales, with which our modern literature is flooded. Instead of dribbling away their inestimably precious time in what may be appropriately styled the mental dram-drinking, and the soul-enservating dissipation of the common run of light reading, they will have their mind strengthened, as well as informed, and their intellect advanced towards the elevated height of which it is capable, by that kind of reading which "mixes the useful with the sweet." Thus, the every day duties of life will not be interfered with; on the contrary, the gently stimulating and refreshing, but not engrossing, amusement and recreation afforded by such reading, will assist them in discharging every duty of their station effectually, agreeably and happily.

Among the various scenes of animated nature unfolded to us in the study of the Animal Kingdom, none are more curious, or more fraught with interest, than those of *Insect Life*.

Some persons, possibly, may suppose that insects are beings too minute and insignificant to be worthy of much thought. It is evident that those who are of that opinion have never given the subject full consideration. If they think upon all the damage that is done by the weevil for instance; they must admit that the nature and habits of insects are worth studying with a view to prevent their ravages.

Professor Hind says; "It is difficult to arrive at accurate conclusions respecting the annual cost of maintaining destructive insects." France, where great efforts are constantly made to diminish the numbers of these terrible foes to the agriculturist, upwards of £400,000 have been paid out of the government chest in one year to armies of men, women and children, for their labors in extirpating these pests. This large outlay occurred during a season in which destructive insects prevailed to an unusual extent, threatening the country with famine. It has been asserted on very excellent authority, that the damages done by the insects in France alone amount on the average to \$50,000,000. This sum, immense as it appears to be, is actually approached in some years in the United States. The damage done by the wheat midge in 1854, exceeded, undoubtedly, \$18,000,000 throughout the Union. When to the injuries committed by the

pest just named those of the chinch-bug, Hessian fly, wire-worm and the host of insects preying on fruit trees are added, \$30,000,000 would not cover the cost in that year. The quantity of human food annually consumed by insects in France is equal to the entire consumption of the nation for a period of five weeks, and two species alone are computed to consume annually more than would feed three millions of men. These considerations show the importance of insects, and others may be instanced to prove their value.

Let any one who is inclined to undervalue insects reflect on the quantity of silk it takes to cover our modern crinolines, and say whether any idea of insignificance can properly attach to an insect to which so valuable and so costly a production is due.

One of the richest dyes we possess, is furnished by the cochineal insect. And let every lover of sweet things recollect, that the manufacturers of honey are insects. Not only do we owe them this most agreeable and useful product; but bees-wax, so much sought after for many useful purposes, is supplied by their industry.

If the small size of insects be assumed as a reason for counting them less worthy of study, the fallacy of such an idea is evident from the fact, that *minuteness*, no less than *magnitudo*, displays the Almighty working of divine power.

The wondrous vastness of the material universe extends, in each direction of minuteness and of magnitude, far beyond the ken of mortal vision. As the revelations of Astronomy exhibit to us our Planetary Systems, with the Sun and its circling worlds, we learn with surprise, that this is but one of the multitude of Solar Systems, that revolve around some enormous central source of attraction; and the distance of these systems from ours, and from each other, is figured by an array of numbers which the power of calculation may enable us to write down on paper, but the quantity represented by these figures, no human intellect, however gigantic, can comprehend. As the science of Astronomy has advanced, it has enabled us to ascend in the scale of the sublime from magnitude to magnitude, each successive discovery reducing all former standards to comparative minuteness, until the understanding and the imagination are equally confounded by the stupendous spectacle which the material universe presents, and the mind is lost in the immensity which is the theatre of the creative and beneficent power of the Most High.

As the human intellect utterly fails in the endeavor to reach the idea of infinite magnitude, so when it turns in the opposite direction, and tries to imagine the extent of infinite minuteness, it is equally baffled. How small must be the ultimate atoms of which the subtle agent light consists! What mortal power can separate from each other the component particles of electricity? A grain of musk is a small quantity, yet it will scent a large apartment; in every portion of which, the atoms of musk come in actual contact with the nerves of smell. And still, after centuries have elapsed, the grain of

musk will have lost hardly any appreciable quantity. When the most acute and quick-sighted vision has realized the existence of the minutest insect visible to any unaided eye, we are far from having reached the smallest living creature that can be exhibited to us. The Microscope enables us to see animated beings, thousands of which together in one spot, occupy a space too small for the eye alone to perceive.

Microscopic research has disclosed the existence of animals, a million of which together, do not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand; and yet each of these creatures is composed of members admirably suited to its mode of life. Their motions give evident proofs of vitality, and instinct. In the liquids which they inhabit they are observed to move with surprising agility and speed; nor are their actions fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice, and directed to a purpose. They are supplied with digestive organs, and they exhibit muscular power far exceeding, in proportion, that of the larger species. Some of these animalcules are found to be preyed upon by parasites still more minute—in fact, after we have exhausted all the powers of science and of art in searching out these mysteries of creation, we are forcibly led to the conclusion that there remain degrees of minuteness far beyond the utmost reach of our intellect.

The extremes of magnitude and minuteness appear to approach each other, when we think of the rocky matter, which consists of the petrified remains of myriads of microscopic insects—such as the vast beds of the limestone strata—or when we consider those which are the product of minute living creatures, such are the coral reefs and islands that rise to the surface of the deepest sea. We may believe that Ehrenberg was not mistaken when he asserted that he had discovered many species of infusoria so small that a thousand might swim, side by side, at once, through the eye of a needle. The shells of these creatures are found to exist fossilized in the strata of the earth in quantities so great as almost to exceed the limits of credibility. In the truck across the Atlantic, in which the Telegraphic cable was laid, the bottom was found singularly adapted for the purpose, from its consisting of a deep impalpable sand composed of these shells. By microscopic measurement it has been ascertained that in the slate found at Bilin in Bohemia, which consists almost entirely of these shells, a cubic inch contains 41,000,000,000; and as a cubic inch of this slate weighs 226 grains, it follows that 186,000,000 of these shells must be contained in a grain, each of which shells would consequently weigh the 186,000,000th part of a grain. What enlarged views these facts present to me, of the wonderful power, wisdom, and goodness of the creator, who has made this world so teeming with living creatures, enjoying, to the utmost of their nature, the privileges man's inhumanity denies to so many of his fellow-men, namely—life, liberty, and the pursuit and enjoyment of happiness.

To be Continued.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY E. B. COOK.

There is a power all must feel,
Whose cheeks are felt a mother's kiss,
Memory of which in woe or weal,
Will every sinful thought dismiss.
The stricken one may sadly wail—
Laden with sorrow, prostrate, weary;
But there's a love that will not fail
To scatter all that's sad and dreary.

It comes unto the sorrowing heart,
Like sunbeams breaking through the storm;
And sorrows like the clouds depart,
And leave it happy, pure and warm.
Upon the wanderer o'er the earth—
The warrior in his pensive hour—
The thoughtless votary of mirth,
"A mother's love" must wield its power.

Oh, yes! the youth who hesitates,
"Twixt Virtue's rule and Vice's sway:
And in his fertile mind creates
The question "What would mother say?"
Must feel his inclination turn
In Virtue's happy path to rove;
Oh, yes! his heart could never spurn
The memory of a mother's love.

A PRINTER'S CHRISTMAS.

[The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald says that on Christmas Eve an expressman delivered to him an exceedingly mysterious box. After paying the charges, thirty-eight cents—being just the amount of cash on hand—he proceeded to examine its contents. He says:]

The cover was removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne, and last was a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar!"—What in the world is O Tar! It must mean old tar—but what in the world induced any one to send us either old or new tar? We haven't got any waggon; and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it! We will sell it to the livery man. Called on him, and he said he did not use tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought it back to the office in not a very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved, finally, to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again—knew it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and drew up a resolution declaring in the most emphatic terms that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and began to feel happy. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again and began to feel very rich, and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate the office to Jabe, and buy out the New York Ledger. Gave the "dogg" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round hundred for New Year's. Bought a \$5,000 pair of pigs and a dog, and a hundred chickens, and a doctor.

gold and pearls. Ordered from the South a driver and footman whose faces shone like a glass bottle under a direct sun ray. Went over to the "Union," and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of the best flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in the market, and ordered it to be sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars; adopted fourteen orphan girls and boys; ran around and paid all debts, (what printer on earth did that?) put on our slippers (imagining we heard music;) did hear music—for somebody came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been dreaming!

HOW SHALL WE AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

To amuse the little ones, the children, successfully, is no small or easy task. To simplify our words and actions, so as to meet the comprehension of a child, requires a better knowledge of ourselves and of nature, than most people possess.

How often we hear it said—"Such a one is just fit to play with and amuse children;" and their minds and capacities are held in comparative insignificance and contempt, while in fact their mental capacities are superior to those who thus hold them in ridicule. The truth is, human nature is prone to undervalue qualities or capacities which are beyond our reach, or ambition. A weary, ever-plodding mother or sister may bend her energies, and no matter how worn, or disgusted with the toil and worry of petty, endless, trivial cares, the children hang around her, when at last she has a long-coveted moment to sit down. Mother must tell the stories, or explain the pictures, or mend the toys, or in some way or other devise ways and means for the time to be spent by these restless ever-active children. And what of it?—Nothing—only those people who are supposed to have no brains, and to have been made on purpose to fritter away whole lives in the constant employment of the merest trifles,—viz., women—are not, after all, the most enviable people in the world. To be useful, even in the smallest thing, is pleasant—but after you have struggled to bring your mind to the faithful performance of little duties, to have your reward in the mere assertion—"O, it is nothing for her; it just suits her—all she is good for." Some people like to do the great things, and have the name of it, because they well know it requires the stronger mind, and the greater effort, to perform small things, well and constantly.

COLUMBUS died May 20, 1506, aged about 70 years; was buried at the convent of San Francisco. In 1513 his remains were removed to Seville; in 1536 again removed to San Domingo, Hispaniola; in 1796 to Havana, and it is now proposed to remove them again to a new cemetery. Living or dead Columbus has been a moving man.

The Belles.—A Parody.

BY PHILO.

How the saucy glitters with the belles—
City belles!
What a dearth of happiness their shallowness
foretells.
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the mazy waves of light!
While their silken slippers patters
Whiskered dandies fawn and flatter
In vacuities of delight,
With their flirting keeping time
Inexpressible in rhyme,
To the see saw adulation that ecstasically
swells

For the belles belles, belles,
Dancing city-belles.
Alas! how bowitching are the belles, belles,
belles,
City belles!

Loving are the glances of the belles—
Village belles!
What a love of coquetry their theory foretells.
In their apt imaginations,
Filled with apt concatenations,
Oh, how cruelly they tease!

Wooping beaux.
Glances ever saying: "Please
To propose."
Then the woes—
Oh, how lonely!—that are stealing
Through me, e singleness of feeling!
To the heart
Cupid's smart

Shall be banished by the belles, belles, belles,
Married belles—
By the smiling and beguiling of the belles.

Listen to the laughing of the belles—
Rural belles—
What pleasure in the happiness, that musical
Swells

In those clear, angelic notes,
Where the soul in gladness floats
Free from art!
How the chorus-as-it sweeps,
Follows echo as it leaps.
Through the dells
As it wells
From the heart.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of woodland rhyme,
With the temples of the hills,
With the ripples of the rills,
And whisper to our senses that the belles,
belles, belles,

Nature-mo'ded
Are the belles that will bring us,
As they musically ring us
Happy times
In the chimes
Of the dishes as they rattle,
When they drowned the "baby's"
prattle,
In a wood-embowered home, where the belle
of the belles—

Of even country
[belles—
Free from silly affection—
Can love in every station;
A love not very common
Among belles, city belles, smiling village
belles.

Often heartless and as soulless—
Quite certainly they know less—
Than the sopranos that will flitter
Round the rubies that may glitter
Commingled with the finery that decorates
the belles.

WHY AMERICAN WOMEN ARE
DELICATE.

Comparisons are frequently made between the pale, delicate American women and the plump, rosy-cheeked English, attributing the latter to their out-of-door exercise, and our fragility to confinement to household labors—which may be true, but let us look at the facts a little.

The English ladies, who have been so much admired for their freshness and bloom, have leisure to spend in the open air all the time they choose—to walk or ride. They have their house-keepers, their nurses, their servants, their carriages &c. While on the other hand, the English peasantry live in such small houses, and on such plain fare, and in an unfashionable, unostentatious manner, that they also spend much time in the fields and garden. But in this country, how different are all the social arrangements! We have no titles, no hereditary property—and no class of people kept down, for the benefit of the nobility. Every man may rise to wealth and distinction who has the industry and ambition, and as there is no lack of these, what a scrambling and haste to get rich! Riches brings cares, and nearly all of the farmers and their wives do a great share of their own work, with the help of one or two servants, perhaps, who are considered a part of their family. And there is scarcely an American woman in a thousand, who can get a moment's time to spend out of doors. The farmer worth twenty or thirty thousand, has no idea of keeping a carriage or riding or walking out with his family, or of stopping a moment to enjoy life in any manner. With him, it is plow and sow and reap and mow; and with his wife, her children, her breakfast, dinner and supper, her wardrobe, her company, and general supervision from garret to cellar.—No wonder she never gets time to breathe the fresh air, and the bloom is departed from her thin face and form.

The great scarcity of permanent or competent girls to assist us, is becoming the worst and most formidable evil American women have to contend with. It is a fact, that we must hire such raw, ignorant help, as are worse than none, or do without. Scarcely any farmer's wife, who cannot accomplish the whole of her housework within her own family, can say she has in her kitchen a competent, trusty, girl or woman. Such help as she is obliged to accept is only an addition to her cares. And thus many a woman who is able to pay for good help, and be glad to do it, is compelled to attend constantly to her household, and be thankful to have a chance to sit down long enough to eat, and for the night, when she can rest.

"We speak that we know, and testify that we have seen." Our husbands need not compare us to the fair, robust, English women, while their pride, and ambition, and haste to get rich, makes them forget that flesh and blood can, and will, and does wear out, and that speedily, under our present social arrangements.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE
ERRING.

How much good we might do in this world, if we would but heed the counsel contained in the caption of this brief writing, and how many a fellow-creature who is now living on in darkness and obscurity might have gained honor and glory had it not been for the rough and unkind remarks of those envious of his superior talents, and who, feeling their inability to excel him in his works, have exerted themselves to their utmost to dis-

courage him in his early productions, that thereby they might become possessed of the laurels due to him who is now toiling up the rugged pathway of life unknown and uncoared-for. And is it not likely that this unfortunate and sensitive being who feels so deeply the taunts of his fellow creatures will, in his sorrowful and discouraged state of mind, turn from the path in which his footsteps vainly strove to wander and seek to drown his ears in the cup which leads to intoxication? Oh! how great the sin for which those will become answerable who were instrumental in leading him into this ruinous and desolate path, and who might, by an encouraging word, have led him on, making brighter his anticipations and more successful his efforts, and in so doing would they not have felt a deep satisfaction in knowing that by kindness and encouragements they had helped him to win the praise of which he was so worthy? And by setting such an example of kindness, would they not have led others to follow in their footsteps?

Thus, often by our influence alone, we can enable our fellow creatures to display their real worth to the world, or throw over them forever the veil of obscurity. A gentle and sensitive being, by her industry and talents was fast gaining popularity and the favor of those around her, when, in the midst of her bright and flowery pathway a schoolmaster, with a bold and haughty spirit, threw a cloud of sadness around her, and caused to spring up in her young heart a feeling of inferiority and unworthiness. Her spirits drooped beneath the heavy load of disappointment and sorrow, and she sank into an early grave. Oh, how little, do we seem to feel our power greatly to increase, or diminish another's happiness, else, who would not be kind when kindness costs no art, and who is there that would breathe unkind and harsh words into the ears of suffering and sorrowing friends, when by gentleness they might increase their happiness a thousand fold, and enable them to do things worthy of much praise, thereby rousing their capabilities even beyond their own anticipations.

"Speak gently to the erring,
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

ISAAC.

RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

Bentham for himself had used it a rule to avoid as much as possible discussions whose results would leave matters where they were, with the risk of annoyance to both parties in the progress of the discussion. Endeavour, he said, to ascertain the opinions of others who are strangers to you, before you venture to introduce your own. Introduce them not if their opinions are so remote as to be irreconcilable with yours. Say not "I have a right to proclaim and defend my opinion." What is the English of all that? I have a right to give pain—to make enemies—to have backs turned and doors shut against me.—*Tait's Magazine.*

EPODES AND CHANGES ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

The history of our Globe exhibits to us three grand periods: the *first* or preparatory period, when it was enriched only with vegetable life; the *second*, when it was under the power of the brute creation; and the *third*, when it was under the dominion of man. This last period is again divisible into two—the antediluvian period, and that in which we ourselves live. During this extensive portion of time, numbering 4300 years, no event has occurred of the same transcendent magnitude as the deluge; but great changes, both of a local and general nature, have taken place on our globe.—Floods of vast extent have swept over its surface; successions of mighty forests have flourished and decayed on the same spot. The seas have, in one region, quitted their ancient beds, and in another invaded and destroyed the habitations of man. Earthquakes have shaken the mountain crests, and dislocated the solid pavement of the Globe. Extensive lakes have peened out their contents, and recorded upon their ancient shores the erosions of the winds and waves. Huge masses of rock have been transported from their mountain crags to vast distances in the plains below; and that element with whose desolating power we are all familiar, seems to have at one time exercised a more tremendous energy, when in the form of glaciers, it descended our valleys with slackened pace but accumulated power—grinding the granite flanks which held it—crushing the forest trunks which stopped it—poising on its crystalline pinnacles huge blocks of stone, and carrying them along its glassy viaduct over valleys now smiling with lakes, and plains now luxuriant with vegetation.—*Edinburgh Review.*

SUSPICION.

One thing you will learn fast enough in the world, for it is potent in such teaching—that is, to be suspicious. Oh, cast from you for ever the hateful lesson. Men do not think how much of their innocency they are laying down, when they assume a clothing whose texture is guile. Beware of this mock protection, for you can hardly use it without practising deceit. I do not ask you to trust always; but I would have you think well of men until you find them otherwise. When you are once deceived, either by and acted or a spoken falsehood, trust that person no more. I had it once laid down to me as an axiom by a very dear friend (and I am so satisfied of the precept's truth as to make it a rule of my life), that persons rarely suspect others except of things which they are capable of doing themselves. Yes, these shadows of doubting are generally flung from some bad realities within. You are looking at your own image when you see so much vileness in your neighbour's face. How much better might not we ourselves become, if we used more largely to others that blessed charity which thinketh no evil!—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.

EFFECTS OF CHANGES IN THE SEA.

The mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature. There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies, the rivers are fed from the mountains, and the ocean restrained within bounds which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea, floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits, the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element. If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.—*Quarterly Review.*

PROFANITY.—In the use of profane words, no idea is to be expressed, no object is to be attained, no end secured, no ear to be pleased, no appetite is to be administered, no passion to be fed, no title to be acquired, no wealth to be earned, no possible good either real or imagined, is had in view. They mean nothing. They are wicked cheats, playing a game of deception; attempting to palm off a blustering sound for a substantial thought. Profanity is surely a good witness of a terrible dearth of wisdom—a frightful scarcity of ideas. Nor will any one pretend that there is any good in profanity; for, besides being an arrant cheat, it is an idle and wicked use of the name of the greatest being in the Universe—the best and truest friend of every human being.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the first smile that gleams over the infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."

THE BIAS OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

We do not hesitate to say that ancient literature—the Greek and Latin languages—should be the foundation of the education of youth. If you change the system, we venture to affirm you will cause the national mind to degenerate.—Infancy is pre-eminently apt for the study of language, because at that age the understanding, unfit for the exercise of reflection, is well disposed for that of memory. * * Without the ancient languages we do not know antiquity; we have but a pale, imperfect representation of it, now, antiquity, we venture to say, to an age proud of itself, is that which is most beautiful in the world. Independently of its beauty, it possesses for childhood an unequalled merit—that of simplicity. If simple food be necessary for the body of a child, it will also be necessary for its mind; as their palates should not be palled by things too savoury, the mind should not be stimulated by the often exaggerated beauty of modern literature. Homer, Sophocles, and Virgil, should occupy in the teaching of literature, the same place that Phidias and Praxiteles occupy in the teaching of the Arts. And it is not merely words that children are taught when they learn Latin and Greek; they are noble and sublime things, the history of human nature under images simple, great and ineffaceable.—*M. Thiers.*

VISIT YOUR SCHOOLS.

You could not do a better thing.—Your boy has the idea that you care scarcely more than a fig's value about his progress there; your girl thinks you are too busy about more important matters to worry about her recitations. Grammar is dry as dust to her, geography is tedious, arithmetic is a bore, reading is horrid, writing is her special abomination. If she speaks of either at the table, she is hushed up. You talk of stocks and speculation, of the war and free trade. The young ones learn to think their studies very small matters in comparison with yours.

But visit your school to-day. Hear a lesson or two recited. Learn from their teachers what their standing is, in what they oftenest fail, and in what they excel. See who sits next to them in the school-room. See how they compare in personal appearance, whether they look happy and at home. If acquainted with their school habits, you cannot but be interested in them, and then you cannot possibly avoid talking of them. Making these matters subjects of home conversation will certainly stimulate them to better efforts—make better scholars of them. By all means, then, visit your schools. Go alone, if no one will go with you. You will always be welcomed by the teacher, unless he is a stiff one to turn off.

THE BETTER LAND.

There is a land far, far away,
Unseen by mortal eye;
Unstained by sin, undimmed by care,
Where pleasures never lie.

Unlike this sinful world of ours,
Its skies are ever bright;
No clouds o'erspread its sunniest hours,
Nor day gives place to night.

No tempest, with its rude alarms,
Invades those regions fair;
But soft and fragrant zephyrs fill
The pure celestial air.

No forvid ray of summer's sun
Falls on the radiant brow,
But light effulgent from the throne
Illumes their pathway now.

No blasting winds, or winter's cold,
Can chill the fadeless forms;
They're safe within the heavenly fold,
Scourge from earthly storms.

They dwell with Christ, a happy band,
Redeemed from sin and pain—
By them affliction, sorrow, death,
Is never known again.

Friends are not called to gather there
Around the dying bed
Of loving ones, and bid adieu,
Or farewell tears to shed.

No, no; their sufferings now are o'er,
Their happiness complete;
For on that bright, eternal shore,
No sorrow shall they meet.

But ever in the glorious beams
Of God's eternal love,
They'll dwell throughout unending day
In that bright world above.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE MILKY WAY.

A young correspondent, in Oswego county, asks the following questions about the *Milky Way* :

1. Why does the galaxy appear in different positions, and of different brightness, in different seasons?
2. Is this change a regular revolution?
3. Why is it not visible in the evening in the month of May.

The *Milky Way* is a belt, from four to twenty degrees broad, round the heavens, and of very different brightness in its parts. When the splendid star in *Lyra* is on our meridian, just south of the zenith, about the middle of August, this belt of whiteness lies from N. E. to S. W. The *Milky Way* always passes through the constellation *Cassiopeia*, in which is the *W*, a group of five stars, about thirty degrees from the Pole star, and it can be traced through *Perseus*, *Auriga*, *Orion*, to the feet of *Gemini*, and thence onward in the same direction south of the equator. It is this peculiar trace through the constellations that makes a difficulty in apprehending the apparent motions and positions of this belt, by some minds.

From the daily revolution of the earth on its axis from west to east, the stars,

and of course, the *Milky Way*, appear to move round daily from east to west.— Follow the motion of *Cassiopeia* through several hours of a clear evening, and this motion of the *Milky Way* will be obvious. And, as *Cassiopeia* is always above our horizon, the *W* is always visible when the sky is cloudless in the evening and night, because its distance from the pole is less than our distance from the equator; or, in other words, our place is 43° from the equator, and the *W* is only about 30° from the pole, so that some portion of the *Milky Way* will be visible with *Cassiopeia*. Because *Cassiopeia* thus appears to revolve from E. to W., the position of the *Milky Way* will be different at different hours.

From the annual revolution of the earth round the sun from W. to E., the constellations appear to move annually over our heads from E. to W. Hence the *Milky Way* must have this revolution, and be on our meridian at different times in the year. But it is obvious that this motion of the *Milky Way* must be as regular as that of the sun or other stars. In three months it must complete one-fourth of this apparent annual revolution. The ancients knew this in all certainty, and its varying yet definite positions at different times. When *W* is directly west of the pole star, as seen in February, the *Milky Way* lies from N. N. W. to S. E.; and when *W* is due east of the pole star, the course of it is N. N. E. to S. S. W.

In the months of July and August, September and October, the most splendid part of the *Milky Way* is visible in our latitude. It is then truly magnificent. But in May the sun and this most splendid part of the belt rise and set together, and this part can be only partially seen for several weeks. But as the sun sets with this belt at the west, the opposite portion of it rises to the east; yet it has so much less splendor that it is little noticed, and many seem not to notice it at all. In fact, then, some portion of the *Milky Way* may be seen every clear night in the year.

The irregular outline of this belt and its obliquity to the equator, ecliptic, and meridians, probably gave rise to the ancient myth, that when Phaeton undertook to guide the chariot of the sun, and could not manage the steeds and keep them in their true course, the sun set the heavens on fire, and the mighty conflagration left the *Milky Way* to be the perpetual memento of its desolating power.

Magnificent is the discovery by astronomers, that this white and beautiful belt is the mingled light of myriads of stars and suns too remote to be seen except in a large telescope. Herschel reckoned that in one-quarter of an hour 116,000 fixed stars, in one part of the *Milky Way*, passed over the field of view. The larger telescopes, like Lord Rosse's, have shown multitudes more.

The name of this belt, among the Greeks, is in one form of it, *Galaxy*, the Milk-belt or circle; in the Latin, *Viateca*, the *Milky Way*. In ages so remote, the *milky splendor* seized upon the minds of men, as the distinguishing property by which to designate this wonder of the Universe.

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