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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, AUGUST 1, 1861.

NUMBER 22

Poetry.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A FLEET CARRIAGE HORSE.

BY A. H. BULLOOK.

Light passes at the velocity of ninety-five millions of miles,—our distance from the sun,—in about eight minutes, nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second.—COMSTOCK.

In this "fast age," he will outstrip
Our swiftest racers quite,
Who shall contrive safe way to ride
Upon a ray of light;

And who—if single ray may fall
Of size and strength for team—
Can harness to his lumber train,
Of rays a splendid beam.

Millions of dancing rays there are,
O'er streamlets and in shade,
If caught, and trained to curb and bit,
Grand courses would be made.

Though people now are oft amazed
To see how fast we go,
The rail road cars, I promise you,
Would then be labeled "slow."

No one would then be heard to boast
Of steam's unrivalled power,
Displayed in fierce and fearful speed
Of forty miles an hour.

In just one second, eight times round
This dirty globe—the world—
Can then, by ray, or beam of light,
A traveler be whirled.

And when report from distant land
We may in haste desire,
We need not wait the tardy move
Of telegraphic wire.

Now, Rural dear, your friends remote,
To see your lovely face,
Be doomed to watch, as hours drag slow,
And cur-e the mail's dull pace

"BRING ME A SHOWER OF ROSES."

Bring roses, fresh and rare, all glistening with dewy tears,—bring "budding sprays from wood and wild."—O, bring me a shower of roses, for I have need of their beauty and fragrance. There, toss those half-opened buds to the smiling infant. See, he grasps them in his chubby fingers, and roughly separating their delicate parts, scatters them on the floor at his feet. Sweet child, those buds resemble thee, thou too art a bud of promise, slowly expanding into mental and moral beauty. God grant that thy parents' hopes be not so rudely severed. Let us

weave a garland for the blooming maiden, brighter than glittering diamonds, richer than costly pearls; and when faded and withered, may it be a silent monitor of the frail and fleeting things of earth. We will twine a snow-white wreath for you blushing bride. It will well compare with the purity and truthfulness of that trusting heart.

Bring roses. We will scatter them in the path of the weary and care-worn, and place them amid the gray hairs of the aged. We will bind a chaplet upon the brow of the faithful teacher, which shall dispel the anxious cares there hovering. We will place them before the weary, dejected student,—they will give him new strength and inspire him with fresh courage. Throw a cluster to the sad prisoner in his lone dungeon,—he trembles, he weeps, as he gathers them one by one, and presses them to his bosom. They speak to him of sister flowers, of fresh air, pure sunshine and evening dew. Cast them at the feet of the haughty conquerer, and link them with the galling chains of the conquered.

Bring, O, bring a shower of roses. We would scatter them profusely over this fair earth,—we would decorate each hall, and hang festoons around every hearth-stone. We would spread them in the Valley of Pleasure, and fling them upon the Highway of Vice and Sin. Bring fragrant roses. Arrange them by the bed-side of the sick,—lay them gently upon the pillow of the dying,—place them in the cold hands of the lifeless,—line the coffin with their beautiful blossoms,—and when the last sad offices of love are fulfilled, when the sod has been placed above the sleeping dust, plant there the cherished rose tree, that it may bud, blossom, and shed its fragrance on the new-made grave.—Then, bring roses. Search through the fertile fields of the south, wander over the sunny plains of the far east, and cull their choice exotics. Bring unfading roses,—bring "Roses of Sharon," whose beauties never dim,—lay them upon the altar of every heart, and let them bloom on ever and ever, filling the soul with a perpetual fragrance. Bring roses, O, "bring me a shower of roses."

PROTECT YOUR EYE-SIGHT.

Milton's blindness was the result of over work and dyspepsia. One of the eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye sight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—

Hall's Journal of Health,

Men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

"I bought *them* boots to wear only when I go into genteel society," said one of the codfish to a wag the other day. "Oh, you did, eh?" quoth the wag; "well, then and in that case, *them* boots will be likely to last you a lifetime, and be worth something to your heirs." Exit codfish rather luffy.



THE EDUCATIONALIST.

AUGUST 1, 1861.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

We are requested to say that according to the arrangements made by the teachers last year, the annual meeting of the Teachers' Association for the County of Northumberland will be held in Colborne, commencing on Monday, 5th inst., at the hour of eight o'clock, A. M.

The following gentlemen are expected to lecture during the week:—

Revs. P. Duncan, I. B. Aylesworth, W. A. Sills, C. Underhill, J. C. Burnelle, W. Ormiston, D. D., Dr. Powers, J. Gordon, Esq., of Port Hope, E. Scarlett and J. B. Dixon, Esq.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA WEST.

The next public meeting of The Teachers' Association of Canada West will be held on Tuesday, the 6th day of August next, in the Mechanics' Institute, Toronto, commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Addresses will be delivered by the President, T. J. Robertson, M. A., by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of the University of Toronto, and by the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of Hamilton.

By order of the Directors.

J. W. ACRES, Sec.

The above notice came too late to have received earlier notice, but it would have afforded us pleasure to have given it such a timely publicity as its importance demands. The importance of centralized effort in every cause is so well known that it needs no mention, and assuredly in so laudable and patriotic a cause as that in which the teachers of youth are engaged no pains should be spared not only to render the teacher himself equal to his task, but to diffuse throughout the land, an enthusiastic co-operation on the part of the parents, trustees, and members of the Legislature. These Associations advanced the cause as no other agency could, and it is our earnest hope that the advantages derived from them in other countries may be speedily experienced here.

INSTITUTES.

Meetings for discussion and mutual consultation, have been held, during the past year, in several of the villages of the State, and in this city, under the management of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction. At these Institutes, lectures from prominent educators have been delivered, and the remainder of the sessions have been occupied by spirited and practical discussions, and a free interchange of views upon the comparative merits of the different systems of teaching, and upon such other educational topics as were presented. These gatherings have been well attended, and sustained by the teachers, and well received by the communities where they were held. This is as it should be: for they grow out of the very spirit of our free institutions, and in no other way can so great an amount of practical, indispensable, educational knowledge be diffused among the people, and among the teachers of our common schools. They establish the conviction, in the public mind, of the absolute necessity of a free and liberal education, for the children of a republic; and they point out to teachers the wisest and most economical means for securing such an education. Nothing yet devised, so effectually excites the masses to a general and active interest in our system of public schools.

These conventions enlarge the circle of the teachers' acquaintance; affording opportunity for a more general interchange of opinion, mutually advantageous; establishing concert of action, and giving new impulse to improvement. The practical experience of the best educators, is freely given to all. Greater uniformity in the discipline, classification, and general management of schools, is thereby secured. Increased zeal and unity of purpose, coupled with a better directed and more vigorous intellectual action, is the result. The benefit flows out, as well to those who are already thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their profession, or to those others who have but an imperfect appreciation of its responsibilities.

It has been observed, that nearly all the labor, at these Institute meetings, has invariably fallen upon some half dozen of our most prominent teachers. This is wrong. It is not just; it is not best.—Every teacher in the State, should feel that he may contribute something to the general interest. No teacher, worthy of the name, can be so barren of experience, as not to be able to state some advantages

gained, or some difficulty overcome, and the means by which it was accomplished;—and this is what every member of the profession has a right to know—and no one should be so indifferent, or so illiberal, as to withhold it. All those engaged in teaching, should feel the obligation resting upon them, individually, to contribute something out of their own mind, or experience, for the common benefit. Every teacher should remember that the profession will not honor him, until he first honors the profession.—Selected.

THE MOTHER.

Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of the loveliness of women; the affection of a sister; or the devotedness of a wife; and it is remembrance of such things that cheers and comforts the dearest hour of life—yet a mother's love far exceeds them in strength, in disinterestedness and purity. The child of her bosom may have forsaken her and left her—he may have disregarded all her instructions and warnings,—he may have become an outcast from society, and none may care for or notice him, yet his mother changes not, nor is her love weakened, and for him her prayers will ascend! Sickness may weary other friends—misfortune drive away familiar acquaintances, and poverty leave none to lean upon; yet they will not affect a mother's love, but only call into exercise, in a still greater degree, her tenderness and affection. The mother has duties to perform which are weighty and responsible—the lying infant must be taught how to live—the thoughtless child must be instructed in wisdom's way—the tempted boy be advised and warned—the dangers and difficulties of life must be pointed out, and lessons of virtue must be impressed on the mind. Her words, acts, faults, frailties and temper are all noticed by those that surround her, and impressions in the nursery exert a more powerful influence in forming the character than do any other after instruction. If passions are unrestrained—if truth is not adhered to—if consistency is not seen—if there be want of affection or a murmuring of the dispensations of Providence, the youthful mind will receive the impression, and subsequent life will develop it; but if all its purity, sincerity, truth, contentment and love, then will the result be a blessing, and many will rejoice in the example and influence of the pious mother.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Written for the Educationalist.

VACATION.

Come, boys, we've passed the ordeal now,
The dread examination;
So let us well consider, how
To spend this long vacation.

Some of us will be employed;
Others spend their time in play;
Some will lounge and be decoyed,
Others spend, as best they may.

A way with books and study, O!
For cricket now must be the game,
The glorious game—we love it so—
Of good repute—of noble fame.

Yet should we not our books desert,
But we should ever bear in mind
Lest we, do, *now* ourselves exert,
We certainly will lag behind.

We studied hard the last half year,
So we must have, a little sport;
Away to sport with happy cheer,
The cricket ground must now be sought.

We shall be men, the day is nigh,
When we shall take our fathers' place;
So we should set our mark up high,
That we may run a noble race.

Then when our long vacation's o'er,
We may again our books peruse;
And pry into the ancient Lore,
Of Classic, Greek and Roman muse.

These are the studies which delight,
And make the mind's perfection;
To follow up the Poet's flight—
These teach the mind reflection.

Berlin, July 23rd, 1861.

ETON.

MATTIE'S SMOKING CURE.

A wild girl was Mattie Lee. I knew her when she was fifteen; she was the first in every frolic; a favorite with the master; yet the scholar, who oftener than any of the rest, caused a shade to rest upon his brow. I knew her when a grown up young lady; she was first in every party of pleasure; a favorite with all the gentlemen, yet a coquette, who oftener than any other caused a shade to fall upon their hearts. I knew her, too, when a true hearted woman, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Richard Forrest, the editor of one of our village newspapers. Now, Richard was a fine fellow, but, like a good many other "nice young men," he had one habit—he would smoke. This habit annoyed Mattie quite as much as it would most young ladies, but she did not commence curing him of it as they would have done—with prayers and tears entreating him for "the love he bore her, to give up the noxious weed;" not she. Mattie took a plan less threadbare, and it was this wise:

They were boarding, and had a nice room, second story front. On a certain evening, just before dark, Mattie busied herself with putting the room in perfect order—placed every chair, where it belonged, arranged the books on the table, and the manual ornaments in the most

tasteful manner. After taking a careful survey of the room, and satisfying herself that everything was as it should be, she went to the bureau, and took from one of the drawers a small package, neatly wrapped in tissue paper; some jewel, probably, you will say. "with which she intends adorning herself to meet her lord." She carefully unrolled the paper, and took from it a new, spotless tobacco pipe; then opening at one end a little roll of carefully sealed silver paper, she commenced stuffing the pipe with fine cut tobacco. How strange her little white fingers looked, diving into the hateful stuff! The pipe, well filled, she laid it carefully on the table, placed a match beside it, to await the coming of her "better half."

Soon she heard the street door open, and a well known footstep in the hall below. Quickly lighting the match, she applied it to the herb in the pipe, seated herself, and when her husband entered, sat, quietly, by the stove, with wreaths of blue smoke curling gracefully over her head, which was thrown back in that peculiar position of enjoyment which gentlemen assume while inhaling the weed.

Mr. F. had opened the door with visions of Mattie's smiling face, looking lovingly on him, floating through his mind. How different the picture that met his astonished gaze! On hearing the door open Mattie looked up, and taking the pipe deliberately from her mouth, bid her husband "good evening," as though nothing unusual had happened, then quietly resumed her smoking. Richard regarded her with a mixture of surprise and horror for a few moments, and then gave vent to his feelings in words:

"Why, Martha, what am I to think? Have you suddenly lost your senses?"

"I do not see any very strange evidence of such being the case," answered the lady addressed; then, as if just comprehending the cause of his astonishment, she immediately asked:—"It is possible, Richard, that you are astonished, merely because I am enjoying a comfortable smoke? Has no one ever informed you that I smoked?"

We would here state that one of Martha's faults was that she would not stick to the truth as closely as she ought to have done. Like thousands of others, she would occasionally "do evil that good might come."

Each particular hair seemed to stand on end, in contemplating the tale unfolded by that reply. The only outward manifestation he made of the state of his feel-

ings, was an emphatic "impossible!" accompanied by a look of horror.

"Why impossible, my dear? If I had taken to smoking only lately, I am but following in your footsteps, thereby showing a willingness to be guided, as a dutiful wife should be, by the inclinations of my husband, and a laudable design to consult in all things, his tastes; since it adds to your enjoyment, and you have told me how much all your pleasures are heightened by being shared by me, I have concluded it my duty to keep your company in this delightful enjoyment, instead of each of us enjoying it separately. How delightful it will be to sit together during the long winter evenings, and thus taste the thoughts of social intercourse. Come, sit down; I have here a cigar in readiness for you; I prefer the old fashioned pipe."

By this time Richard's brain was well stupefied.

"It cannot be possible that you would so degrade yourself! Am I dreaming, or is this real! Tell me, Martha, tell me that you are not in earnest."

"Why, Richard, it seems to me that you are making a great ado about a small matter. I do not think it so dreadful to enjoy a harmless, innocent pipe, here in my room, occasionally, where no one can possibly know it but yourself. Beside, if there is any degradation in the practice, as you hinted a moment ago, I am only coming down to a level with my husband. You expected me to love you notwithstanding the habit, why not vice versa? And if it makes no change in your feelings towards me, I care not what others think," and Mattie now looked up in his face with such an expression of veneration for him, and all his actions, that he almost laughed, annoyed as he felt.

"Come Mattie," said he, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken, "let us make an agreement. If you will leave off smoking, I will use but one cigar a day, for a week, and then give it up entirely. What do you say?"

"I do not see why I should not have the same privilege as yourself," said Mattie, pretending to be offended, "it is probably quite as difficult for me to give up a long established habit;" then, after a moment's consideration, she added, "However, since I consider that proviso in your favor, an acknowledgement of the superiority of the strength of woman's will over that of the stronger sex, I will accede to your proposition."

If Richard ever smoked that "one cigar a day for a week," Mattie never knew it. On that eventful night he had seen himself as others saw him, and with the sight vanished forever his love of smoke.

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES

BY ANNA BURG.

"Never mind what you wear, Kate, we are only going into the country." But the speaker tied the ribbons of her "shaker" with coquettish grace, at the same time bestowing a lingering glance upon the reflection of her figure in the mirror.

"Pshaw!" returned her sister, a tall, dashing girl—"I'm going 'to astonish the natives!' How they will stare to behold a *bona fide* cashmere, that cost two hundred,—why don't you wear yours too?"

"Well, I will!—wait one moment,—Tom hasn't come with the carriage yet."

Ten minutes later, the two ladies tripped down the gravelled walk, leading from a handsome residence in one of our inland cities. Their gallant brother Tom Anderson betrayed much astonishment at his sisters' "full costume;" but they soon silenced his remarks upon improprieties, and he, too, entered with zest into the plan of "astonishing the natives."

"Where are my primrose kids? Oh, here they are!" and he drew forth the perfumed gloves which he was wont to don at the Opera.

"O, Tom, you cannot drive with those," exclaimed his sisters.

"Yes I can,—shall try it anyhow. I am bound to create a sensation, or have an adventure this afternoon. Wish the Governor would keep a coachman,—think it is confounded mean anyhow."

"Don't talk so, brother! Papa can afford it, everybody knows—it is only one of his eccentricities."

It was a warm July day, and the party entertained each other with remarks upon the miseries of country life, while they rode through several miles of sandy road, which was not relieved by any grateful shade. At length broad wheat fields lined either side, and now they were golden, ready for the reaper,—in many places the farmers had already begun to secure their grain. There was beauty everywhere,—in the blue sky above, and upon the fruitful earth beneath; but the coarse-grained nature which occupied that elegant carriage failed to perceive it.

"Doesn't Ida Hart live somewhere about here? I do want to see her very much. It seems strange that a girl of her talents can be content to immure herself in the country," remarked Elvira Anderson.

"I was at Mr. Hart's one evening last

winter, and am confident that he lives in this region; but it must be nearly four miles to his residence. Ida is a fine girl,—we must call upon her,"—and Tom smoothed his silken mustache.

"What an ugly house that is,—look Tom, look Elvira!—built of *logs*, too.—Goodness! how can any one exist in such a place. They must be heathen. There is a woman at the window,—she seems to be neatly dressed. I presume that she is one of that class who try to 'put on airs,' and ape city fashions. I propose that we call and ask for some bread and milk,—we can pretend that we have traveled some distance, and are excessively fatigued and famished. Wouldn't it be a capital joke to relate to our city acquaintances?" and Kate clapped her hands enthusiastically, while her companions joined with her, and laughed immoderately at the plan.

Tom immediately reined his horses up to the unpretending dwelling, and assisted his sisters to alight. As they walked up the path he drew down his face with comic gravity, while mentally preparing an introductory speech. The lady met her callers at the door, and they were somewhat "taken aback" with her dignified appearance. Elvira perceived their mistake at once, but it was too late to recede, and Tom still wore an air of assurance. With many bows and extra flourishes, he proceeded to present the case of a wearied, famished party, who would be happy to partake of her hospitality, in the shape of bread and milk. Kate's inward amusement, and the airs of superiority which she tried to assume, were not unobserved by the well bred woman, who immediately placed chairs for them and then hastened away to obey their request.

The party had not anticipated such a ready acquiescence, and now glancing about them, they perceived marks of intellectual tastes, for the gilt bindings of a choice selection of volumes shone through the glass doors of a carved bookcase.—The apartment was humble, but neatly furnished; and now they watched the operations of their obliging hostess, with ill-concealed uneasiness. She spread a snowy cloth upon the table, and soon emerged from the pantry with a loaf of light white bread; and then three large bowls, with silver spoons, made their appearance. Last of all, a bright tin pan, brimming with milk, and overlaid with a thin crusting of yellow cream. It was poured into the bowls, and then the visitors were invited to partake.

Elvira blushed violently—Kate tossed her head and tried to wink very roguishly at Tom, while she flounced up to the table, and, sitting down, spread out her rich silks upon the rag carpet. Her brother's self-possession did not forsake him, however, until he, too, was seated; when a new difficulty presented itself, in the shape of his primrose kid. His hands had become swollen with the heat and the exercise of reigning in his highly mettled steeds, and now it was impossible to draw them off.

"I can never get rid of these pestering things; what shall I do?" said he, in a low tone.

"Cut them," rejoined Kate, nonchalantly.

"I han't any knife."

"Here is one," and the color mounted to his brow as their polite hostess came out, very noiselessly, from the pantry with the desired article, and then withdrew from the room but not before they all perceived her inward amusement at the circumstance.

Tom struck the sharp blade into his delicate gloves with a savage pleasure, and sought to hide his chagrin and vexation with a gay laugh. But the bread and milk must not be neglected. The party knew that it would not answer to slight the hospitality which had been begged and so cheerfully granted. They swallowed their liberal allowance with a disagreeable sense of stuffing, for a well-filled dinner table had appeased their appetites only an hour previous; and then, with many thanks for their entertainment, took their leave.

Upon seating themselves in the carriage again, Tom curtly remarked, "There girls! I hope you are satisfied with 'astonishing the natives' now."

"And you are satisfied with 'creating a sensation,' in those gloves,—rather a disagreeable one for your hands though," retorted Kate.

Tom laughed good-naturedly, and they rode on in silence for some time, when he suddenly halted in front of a beautiful country residence, embowered in shrubbery, and half hid from view by a shady grove of majestic trees.

"Mr. Hart lives here. I did not know that we were so near his estate,—shall we call?"

"O, yes, certainly!" ejaculated the ladies.

Miss Ida met her old acquaintances with undisguised pleasure. The party enjoyed their call extremely, and ere they

departed, Kate and Elvira eagerly accepted an urgent invitation to come out the following week and spend a few days in this charming retreat. The appointed time saw the Misses Anderson at Oak Grove, as Mr. Hart's place was called.

Ida endeavored to entertain her guests as agreeably as possible, and one day informed them that several of her neighbors, who were her intimate friends, would spend that afternoon at Oak Grove.—While Kate and Elvira were dressing, they indulged in some sarcastic witticisms at the expense of Ida's "country friends;" but their mortification and chagrin was excessive when they entered the parlor and found the lady who had acted the part of hostess to them, seated on the sofa, as one of the visitors. She was attired in a plain, but rich silk, and her manners were at once graceful and refined. She did not appear to recognize the sisters, and they began to feel more at ease.

The afternoon passed away very agreeably to all; but when Mrs. Mills was taking leave, she turned to Kate and Elvira, smiling pleasantly, and saying,—“I would be very happy to have you call upon me again, and partake of my bread and milk.”

The mortified city girls could say nothing, although they endeavored to stammer forth apologies; but hastily retreated from the room as soon as an opportunity offered. Of course, Ida Hart became cognizant of the affair, and as her notions of good breeding did not accord with such preconceived plans of "Astonishing the Natives," she did not hesitate to cut the acquaintance of her city friends. It is to be hoped that the disagreeable termination of their "adventure" taught them a lesson.

THE BEST WAY TO ENDURE MATRIMONY.

Timothy Titecomb writes the following on what is called, with exquisite irony, the divine institution:

I suppose there is a modicum of romance in most natures, and that if it gathers about any event, it is that of marriage. Most people marry their ideals. There is more or less fictitious and fallacious glory resting upon the head of every bride, which the inchoate husband believes in. Most men and women manufacture perfection in their mates by a happy process of their imaginations, and then marry them. This, of course, wears away. By the time the husband has seen his wife eat heartily of pork and beans, and with

her hair frizzled, and her oldest dress on, full of the enterprise of overhauling things, he sees that she belongs to the same race as himself. And she, when her husband gets up cross in the morning, and undertakes to shave himself with cold water and a dull razor, while his suspenders dangle at his heels begins to see that man is a very prosaic animal. In other words, there is such a thing as a honeymoon, of longer or shorter duration; and while the moonshine lasts, the radiance of the seventh heaven cannot compare with it. It is a very delicious little delirium—a febrile mental disease, which, like measles, never returns.

When the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of marriage-life has come.—Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire of possession has gone—vanished into gratification—and all excitement has receded. Then begins, or should begin, the business of adaption. If they find that they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest degree to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open differences. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their condition and relations, begin this work of reconciliation before you are a day older.

Renew the attention of earlier days. Draw your hearts close together. Talk the thing all over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and, my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make which can restore to its setting upon the bosoms, the missing pearl.

GEOGRAPHY OUT OF DOORS.

“When about to introduce the study of Geography, the intelligent teacher will take the children out of the school room to the road or fields, where we may suppose a conversation to take place in which

the teacher will communicate something like the following,—the children asking questions and also answering those of the teacher

We will now stand upon the hill opposite the school-house and see what is around us. The objects at our right hand are east of us, or in the direction where the sun rise; those at our left hand, or in the direction of the sun's setting, are west of us. The field at the right or to the north of the school-house is level, and may be called a plain. Sometimes a plain is barren, and then it is called a desert.

Beyond the plain are high masses of land called mountains. When a mountain sends forth fire, smoke, and melted stones from its top, it is called a volcano. Far off in the north between two mountains, is a portion of low land called a valley.

At the left of us is a body of fresh water. This is a pond, or small lake.—In the lake is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water. This is an island, and the point of land extending into the water from the main land, is a cape.

The narrow passage of water between the island and cape is a strait. From the lake a stream of water called a river, flows on through the valley to a very large body of water called an ocean. If we were on the top of the mountain we could see the ocean. The land which is next the water is a shore or coast.

As we study Geography we shall learn about some countries that have very large rivers and lakes. Some are very cold and others are very warm. Our Geography will tell us the names of these countries, and we can find them on the maps.—*Connecticut Common School Journal.*

THINK.

Thought engenders thought. Place our ideas on paper, another will follow, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom the mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.—If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter; time and perseverance will arrange and polish them.—Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think the better you will express your ideas.

PROGRESS.

Life! This strange, mysterious life of ours, is viewed from many different stand-points, and each man colors the scene he looks upon with "auxiliary light," coming from the imagination. Some are led by their own peculiar mental constitution to abide in the *Present* with quiet content, and take no more thought for the morrow than the lilies of the field. If they have no sunny glimpses of the Elysian fields of the great *hereafter*, they are amply repaid by the immunity they enjoy from their far-reaching, prophetic insight into future sorrows,—such as the wizard gave to the dauntless Loehiel. Others cling as tenaciously to the ruins of the past, as the ivy does to the towers and buttresses of an ancient castle. To them there is no glory, no vitality, no abiding place and comfort in anything that is not of the *Past*. The word, "progress," suggests nothing but frightful images and disasters, of "noble crafts," alone on the "wide, wide sea," sweeping with all sails set, with creaking masts and straining cordage, upon the rocks of destruction, while the master and helmsman see not their peril in their mad haste to get *onward*!

But surely, there is a "progress" toward a sure and quiet haven, and it is for this that a third class is struggling with all the energy that the proud "I will," of a powerful mind gives to man! It always has been and still is "the conflict of ages." In all climes and seasons, in every stage of man's destiny,—from the infancy of nations to their vigorous maturity,—this "conflict" has gone on with ever-varying results, but undiminished courage. The ultimate success of many great minds has been ruthlessly darkened by persecution and prison walls,—the superficial "timeservers" of the day ending the eventful tragedy with the assassin's dagger, or an official (?) "scene" on the scaffold; because they had, in their presumption, dared to believe that man was a progressive being; and acting upon this inherent principle, disturbed somewhat, the lethargic sleep of their self-righteous tyrants.—Other champions have, however, rushed impetuously forward and filled the vacated places—the majesty of Truth, ever opposing the madness of Error!

The adventurous Spaniard, gazing from the mountain-peak, out upon the blue and radiant waters of the new-found Pacific, experienced no such delight as thrills the breasts of the enraptured *Pioneers* of progress, when they look down from the calm

heights they have attained, and see the glad Future smiling before them. Of this class was the great COLUMBUS, whose brave heart faltered not during the moons that waxed and waned while he was exploring a boundless sea, and searching for the fragrant shores of the unknown land,—hidden so long, and hidden still, but for him, and those like him. Such was the heroic Luther, whose life was a stern battle to preserve the never-to-be extinguished light, brought from the shades of antiquity, and leave the world to grope onward in the rayless obscurity of a moonless, starless night. Such again, was the stately Florentine, Galileo, whose explorations into the mysteries of nature, were rewarded with the prison-cell, not even his gray hairs shielding him from malice.

Many others there have been, who dared to act and think beyond their age, and received in return no meed but the crown and palm of martyrdom; and have since been consecrated in all eyes, by a fame that will never die. Yet we, reaping the rich harvests they have sown, dare to stand with the light of the nineteenth century falling upon us, and lament that the march of progression has swept so many flowers from our pathway. We sigh wearily over the unceasing toil demanded of us, if we would keep pace with the arts and sciences in their swift career, and long for the patriarchal ages, when, as we imagine, life was one long play-day—full of fragrance, music, and beauty. Strange infatuation!

The man of letters, as he wipes the moisture from his brow, and pores over his manuscripts in his little attic amid the noise and murmur of a crowded city, may think of the lovely vales of Arcadia with something akin to regret that his lot is cast in an age when these peaceful pictures of Grecian life are regarded as mere fictions of the poet-laureate; but would he exchange his life of active intellectuality,—his meetings with kindred minds,—his enjoyment of the garnered wisdom of the great and gifted,—to spend his days in tending sheep beside Arcadian fountains, and celebrating, with an oaten pipe, the charms of some rustic Amarylhis. London, wrapped in fog and smoke, may be a less romantic object of contemplation, than a group of Arab tents, bathed in the mellow sunlight of Oriental climes, with palm trees fluttering their plummy leaves over them and the purple cones of mountains visible in the distance; but in reality there is more of the true poetry within the walls of the prosaic-looking city,

than ever dwelt in the rude homes of the sons of the desert. We are so accustomed to think of the literary productions of by-gone ages, as embracing the highest order of intellect, that we are very apt to undervalue our own literature.

The *present*, is, indeed, the product of the *past*, but it surpasses it, as the fully ripened fruit is better than the flower.—We contend that there is more pure and just sentiment,—higher views of man, his duties and destiny,—more exalted ideas of woman's worth,—and as much poetic brilliancy in the writings of modern bards, as in the well-filled pages of Homer and Virgil. The sublime strains of Milton,—the melting pathos, exquisite harmony, and justness of composition exhibited by the myriad-minded Shakspeare,—the haze of quiet beauty that Wordsworth brought from his lyre of many strings,—are unsurpassed by anything in the whole range of ancient literature. Our historians, orators, and philosophers are, at least, equal to those of Greece and Rome, while they have struggled under disadvantages of which the classical never even dreamed.

The indiscriminate laudation of ancient authors indulged in by those who cannot hope to rival their fame, would have repressed, if possible, the manifestations of genius in later ages; and when America awakens to the idea that there may be a progress in literature, as well as in art, science, and morals; then may our country witness the rise of a national literature, to which that of Greece, in her palmy days, will appear but as the day-star heralding the glorious sun!

GOOD MANNERS.

We know a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed and ungracious, who whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil; and who, moreover, seems to be quite content, and even proud, of his incivility. And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this nothing more than a habit of his, which has insensibly fastened upon him; and that he goes through the world—a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact, that so small as his manners, is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation, such as ten years hence he may regret as the greatest blunders of his life.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a young wife to her husband.—"Ahem! Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of dressing," said the husband, "is about as nice as any."

THE MYSTERY OF COMETS' TAILS.

From the Scientific American.

There is nothing in nature more mysterious than that growth and motion of the trains of comets. When a comet is first discovered by a telescope it generally has no tail, appearing like a faint star seen through a haze. As it approaches the sun the tail is developed, starting out on the side next the sun, but being immediately turned back, as if it were a flame acted on by a powerful blast coming from the sun. The nucleus or head of the comet is matter, though lighter than the thinnest fog, but the tail is either not matter at all, or it is acted on by forces which do not manifest themselves on this earth. If the train were simply matter, acted on by gravitation, it would follow the head in its track around the sun, consequently bending, as the head sweeps around the part of its orbit nearest the sun, into nearly a semicircular curve. Instead of this, the train always points from the sun, swinging around as the stream of light from a lantern in the fog does when the lantern is turned. As the trains are sometimes of such length that they would reach from the sun to the earth, and as the comet when nearest the sun moves through many degrees of its orbit in a few hours, the end of the train is swept around with a velocity which forbids the belief of its being matter possessed with the property of inertia.

The velocity, too, with which the tail is shot forth is irreconcilable with the idea of its being subject to the law of inertia. The tail of the great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than sixty millions of miles in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body.

One of the most singular phenomena of comets' tails is the violent commotion observed in them. Flames stream forth from the nucleus in fan-shaped and various other and swiftly changing forms, toward the sun at first, but bending quickly back as if encountered by a furious blast, and then streaming away millions of miles into the sky. This may be owing to the intense heat to which they are exposed from their proximity to the sun. The great comet of 1843 approached the sun within about a seventh part of the sun's radius. Sir John Herschel calculates that at this distance the heat of the sun would be 47,042 times greater than it is at this

earth, and at least 24½ times greater than the heat in the focus of Parker's great lens, which melted cornelian, agate and rock crystal.

Usually, as the comet moves away from the sun, the train, which it is now pushing partly before it, gradually diminishes till it disappears altogether. Sometimes, however, the train is obliterated in the vicinity of the sun, the comet emerging from the sun's light without any tail whatever. At other times the tail is the longest just after the perihelion passage; at others there are two or three or more tails branching out like a fan. They are frequently curved like Donati's in 1858, and exhibit a great variety of singular phenomena, which are an incomprehensible mystery to the students of astronomy.

At about the same time, Bissel and Prof. Pierce, each independently of the other, offered the suggestion that the trains of comets may be electricity. Perhaps they are simply light; the sun's rays, in their passage through the unknown substance of the nucleus, may acquire the power — analogous to polarization — of producing the vibrations which constitute light.

The heads of comets are unquestionably formed of material substance, as they are acted on by gravitation; and reflect the sun's light, but this substance is generally of extreme tenuity. Stars of the smallest magnitude have been seen through the densest portion of the head, and, in the language of Sir John Herschel, "The most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet." In some, however, a very minute stellar point has been seen, indicating the existence of a solid body.

Among the mysterious phenomena presented by the head, is its diminution in size as it approaches the sun, and its re-expansion during its retreat. It also throws off nebulous envelopes one after another, during the formation of the train, in a very curious manner.

Many of the comets move in elliptical orbits, and continue to revolve around the sun. But the orbits of a few have been ascertained to be hyperbolas, and these consequently will never return. Light, ethereal volumes of vapor, they come from unmeasured distances above, below, or on either hand, with constantly accelerating velocity, rush in strange turmoil around the sun, and then move more and more slowly away on their solitary courses into the depths of space.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

The moral cultivation of children belongs mainly to parents, at home; and is achieved more by example than by precept. The boy whose father abhors a lie, seldom becomes a liar. Children are imitative beings; and as imitation soon becomes habit, parents cannot be too careful what examples for imitation they set. — We do not pretend to lay down rules for moral training; a sufficiency of them for every practical purpose will be found between the covers of that ancient and much neglected book, the Bible, and it is for parents to make the application clear to their children. We would have the young taught to think for themselves and assisted to think justly, and to do this, the parent must himself think justly.

To think for themselves! And how are they to be taught to think for themselves? In various ways, and if we may be allowed to recommend any branch of education, particularly, by the study of the exact science; at least to some extent. It is true that every boy is not qualified by nature to become a great mathematician, but almost every one is capable of being taught that twice two are four, and we would cultivate whatever mathematical talent a pupil has, were it ever so little. And why, we may be asked, should he study algebra and geometry, if he is to be a farmer or a shopkeeper? For this reason: it will teach him to think, to weigh every thing, to take nothing for granted without sufficient reason, to examine whatever is doubtful or suspicious, to detect error, and very often to arrive at truth. It will make him in a measure independent of the opinion of others; for he who thinks much and deeply is of healthy mind, competent to form opinions of his own. The elements of Euclid is an easy and delightful book, which it does not require any extraordinary capacity or much time to master; but we will venture to affirm that the few days or weeks spent upon it will give the student a habit of thinking and close reasoning that will never depart from him, and that will be of inestimable advantage to him through life. — Miss C. E. Beecher.

ES. A bothering fellow, meeting a coal merchant, inquired what a chaldron of coals would come to. The coal merchant began to consider, and knowing that the question was put to him for mere idle curiosity, deliberately answered, "Sir, if they are well burnt they'll come to ash."

WHAT WE ARE SLOW TO BELIEVE.

One thing very slowly learned by most human beings is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed, and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost every common-place man and woman in this world has a vague but deep-rooted belief that they are quite different from everybody else, and of course quite superior to everybody else. It may be in only one respect that they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that if a grocer or silk-mercer in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or silk-mercer is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown and he will give it a little better." The grocer, keenly alive to the weakness of his fellow creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four and sixpence to any one else, but to you it is only four and three-pence." Judging from my own observation, I should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact in the condition of the human mind, that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity, that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath if it were presented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks and Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them, quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed—at least, with the class in which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly cannot be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired

Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that: there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age." It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed!—Was it for this that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself a unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a class of young men? Now in my friend's half playful reminiscence I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliance, brief and grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times*, to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Stirling, Philips, succeeded; and Delane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper, another.

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM.—No keenness or culture of intellect (says a recent writer) that does not embrace the culture of health—no wealth, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from all deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they are naturally entitled among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and reliability of character. All that tends to produce these is so far a vital good.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

PUNCTUALITY.—This is one of the most beautiful traits in one's character, and not only adds to a person's estimation in the minds of others, but is ever a source of great advantage to the one possessing it. Those unaccustomed to be punctual, and to perform their duties with promptness, are forever in the drag. By their tardiness at the commencement of the day, they are just so much behind all during it; which, taken in connection with the accumulation of losses from the force of the habit during the day, results, at the close of it, in the loss of much precious time; and if continued through life, in the frustrating of many plans, and the blighting of many fond hopes, and too frequently, is a clog to the progress of many who are dependent upon the exertions and instructions of these tardy ones, for means and ability and occasion to perform promptly the duties of life. It is particularly desirable and essential that the young who are now forming habits for life, should cultivate Punctuality, as one of the noblest and most promotive traits of character, and one of the first among the graces which adorn a well-ordered life.

A BEAUTIFUL FORM.—Take abundant exercise in the open air,—free, joyous, attractive exercise, such as young girls, when not restrained by false and artificial proprieties, are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and through the woodlands; botanize, geologize, seek rare flowers and plants, hunt birds' nests, and chase butterflies. Be a romp, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend to your bodily positions, in standing, sitting, lying, or walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live, while in doors, in well-ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful; in short, obey all the laws of health.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—By a recent English mail, we learn that J. George Hodgins, L. L. B., Deputy Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Thos. Hodgskin, Esq., M. D., moved the election of Mr. Hodgins, and it was seconded by Admiral Sir G. Bick, and H. G. Findlay, Esq.—*Christian Guardian.*