



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY WM. B. FELL, FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

At Three Dollars per annum, in advance. Advertisements inserted on the usual terms. Letters to the Editor, must be post paid.

SELECTIONS.

From the Education Reporter.

THE "REPORTER" IN SCHOOLS.

The following communication is a specimen of the kind of intelligence which we wish to receive; the specific experiment which a Teacher has made and its obvious results. How easy it is, through a publication of this character, for this single experiment to be made known to hundreds, and be adopted with lasting benefit in each of their schools. How easy, too, for almost every one of those teachers to communicate some other experiment of his own, or some additional remarks on this, which shall also be made as extensively useful through the same medium. The value of such articles cannot be estimated, like the price of the paper, in dollars and cents; or by the time spent in communicating or reading them. The worth of them can only be appreciated by the anxious teacher, when he sees the benefit of the interest and advancement of his pupils.

To the Editor of the Education Reporter.

I have adopted to a considerable extent, and with much advantage, as I have supposed, the plan of devoting ten or fifteen minutes occasionally in my school, to reading to my pupils, short and useful articles from newspapers. Sometimes it is an article of intelligence, which will bring to them useful information; I explain its connexions; the causes and consequences of the facts described;—and ask questions upon the geographical and historical allusions, which all the pupils answer together. Sometimes it is an article from which a moral lesson may be drawn,—a short narrative, illustrating, by actual fact, the consequences of vice or the respectability and happiness of virtue.— Sometimes it is a school book, instead of a newspaper, which I present to their attention, in which case I give as it were a sort of extemporaneous review of it, describing its plan, and its object, and reading extracts. I think I have found the following advantages resulting from this plan.

1. It interests my pupils, and makes them more pleased and happy at school.

2. It gives me an opportunity of laying before them much useful information about common things, which cannot come so well through any other channel.

3. It tends to make them acquainted with the institutions and condition of our country, which is perhaps the most valuable information to which the attention of American youth can be called.

4. It makes my pupils more faithful and intelligent scholars. When subjects connected with education are brought forward, I can see an evident benefit in the additional efforts made by my pupils, to avoid faults, or to attain excellencies thus pointed out to them.

5. All this is accomplished at a small expense of time or money. It is only a few moments every two or three days which is spent in this way. This too may evidently be increased or diminished at the discretion of the teacher.

6. It promotes a business-like, correct method of reading. I ought to have mentioned that I have very frequently allowed the members of a class, in rotation, to read the articles to others, when the room is of such size as to render it easy for all to hear. In this case the attention of all, both reader and hearers, is focused and directed to the ideas, not the words, and this tends much

to promote a distinct, emphatic, and natural enunciation.

A neighboring Teacher.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

'O Dear!—my watch was three minutes too slow.'

A few days ago, I accompanied a friend who was leaving the city, to the steamboat. We were a few moments before the time, and it was curious to witness the different sensations and actions of the busy multitude before us. One class had got their baggage on board and safely deposited, and were quietly awaiting the moment of their departure. Another class were hurrying and bustling to get on board, rudely jostling and crowding each other, giving no attention to the wants or comfort of their fellow travellers, but every one intent on effecting his own purpose, without regard to the feelings and wishes of others. As the moment for departure approached, the confusion increased, till at length the captain gave orders to cast off the fasts—the machinery was put in motion and the boat departed. I now observed a great commotion among the crowd upon the shore, and approaching to discover the cause I beheld a corpulent old gentleman, pushing his way to the shore, in a state of profuse perspiration, and with extreme anxiety manifested in his countenance, exclaiming, "O dear! my watch was three minutes too slow."

As I retired from the crowd, and returned home, I could not help reflecting upon the scene I had just witnessed, and comparing it in my mind to the great drama of human life. The cold indifference which some men manifest to every thing but their own private interest—the hurry and confusion of business which leaves no time for reflection; and the dangers which await us when we put off to a future period what ought to be done now, were all acted out before me in miniature.

When I see a minister of the gospel conforming to the vanities of the world—whose sermons are mere moral or philosophical essays, and whose weekly lecture is upon mechanism or popular education, I would say to his hearers, Take care—you are trusting to a false watch, and are in danger of making shipwreck in the great voyage from time to eternity.

When I see a man hesitating about the performance of a known duty, because it may subject him to a little inconvenience or reproach—I would say, beware, my friend, death may knock at your door, and find your watch three minutes too slow.

We are all now standing on the shores of time—an Ark of safety has been provided to carry us to the haven of eternal bliss—the time of sailing is perfectly uncertain, and it is of infinite consequence to us to see to it that our watch do not deceive us.—Let all who intend to be passengers be on board in season.

The Affrighted Farmer.—A Tevidale Farmer was riding from a fair, at which he had indulged himself with John Barleycorn, but not to that extent of defying gallant which it inspired into the gallant Tam O'Shanter. He was pondering with some anxiety upon the danger of travelling alone upon a solitary road, which passed the corner of a churchyard now near at hand, when he saw before him, in the moonlight, a pale female form standing upon the very wall which surrounded the cemetery. The road was very narrow, with no chance of giving the apparent phantom what seamen call a wide berth. It was, however, the only path which led to the rider's home, who therefore resolved, at all risks, to pass the apparition. He accord-

ingly approached, as slowly as possible, the spot where the spectre stood; while the figure remained, now perfectly still and silent, now brandishing its arms and gibbering to the moon. When the farmer came close to the spot, he dashed in the spurs, and set the horse off upon a gallop; but the spectre did not miss its opportunity. As he passed the corner where she was perched, she contrived to drop behind the horseman and seize him round the waist; a manoeuvre which greatly increased the speed of the horse and the terror of the rider, for the hand of her who sat beside him, when pressed upon his; felt as cold as that of a corpse. At his own house at length he arrived, and bid the servants who came to attend him, "Tak off the ghast!" They took off accordingly a female in white, and the poor farmer himself was conveyed to bed, where he lay struggling for weeks with a strong nervous fever. The female was found to be a maniac, who had been left a widow very suddenly by an affectionate husband, and the nature and cause of her malady induced her, when she could make her escape, to wander to the churchyard, where she sometimes wildly wept over his grave, and sometimes, standing on the corner of the churchyard wall, looked out and mistook every stranger on horseback for the husband she had lost. If this woman, which was very possible, had dropt from the horse unobserved by him whom she had made her involuntary companion, it would have been very hard to have convinced the honest farmer that he had not actually performed part of his journey with a ghost behind!"—Walter Scott.

THE APPETITES.

The following is the concluding paragraph of an article in a late number of the Journal of Health, on the "education of the appetites."

"One fundamental principle we cannot, however, abstain from mentioning at this time; it is the education of the appetites, on success in which so much of the happiness of this life depends. It must begin from the earliest infancy, long before the dawn of reason, and even anterior to the revolution in the moral sentiments. The rule on which it is conducted is a very simple one—applicable to all classes. It is to allow no child the indulgence of an appetite or propensity other than what is required by its instructive wants, for its bodily support and health. Nothing is to be conceded by the whim or caprice of a parent, to the imaginary wants of a child; for it must be constantly borne in mind, that every gratification of any one sense, whether of taste, sight, sound, or touch, is the beginning of a desire for its renewal; and that every renewal gives the probability of the indulgence becoming a habit; and that habit once formed, even in childhood, will often remain during the whole of after life, acquiring strength every year, until it sets all laws, both human and divine, at defiance. Let parents, who allow children to sip a little of this wine, or to just taste that cordial, or who yield to the cries of the little ones for promiscuous food, or for liberty to sit up a little later, or to torment a domestic animal, or to strike their nurse, or to raise the hand against mama; ponder well on the consequences. If they do not, often vain are the after efforts of instructors—vain the monitions from the pulpit; their child is in danger of growing up a drunkard, or a glutton—a self-willed sensualist, or passionate and revengeful—prompt to take the life of a fellow-being, and to sacrifice his own; and all this because the fond parents were faithless to their trust—they had not the firm-

ness to do their duty, they feared to mortify their child; and, in so doing; they exposed him, in after life, to be mortified by the world's scorn, to wander an unloved, unpitied thing."

The lost wig.—While Lord Coalstoun lived in the Advocate's close, Edinburgh, a strange accident befel him. It was at that time the custom for Advocates to dress in gowns and wigs at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed, were in the habit of leaping over their parlor windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles' bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air. It so happened, that one morning while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls who lived in the second floor above wrote amusing themselves with a kitten, which they had swung over the window by a cord tied to its middle, and hoisted for some time, up and down till the creature was getting rather desperate by its exertions. In this crisis, his Lordship had just popped his head out the window directly below, little suspecting, good easy man, what danger impended, like the sword of Dionysius, over his head, when down came the exasperated animal in full career directly over his senatorial wig! No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of a landing place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late; for along with the animal up came also the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons.

His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted up off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled when looking up he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to himself, by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the almost rive of the senator below—the half mirth, the terror of the girls above, together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but in which George Cruike-shank might perhaps embody considerable effect.

A PROCLAMATION.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know ye, that whereas it has been represented to us, that several ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, unmarried women, &c. within our dominion, have not only a willingness to consent, but even an ardent desire to leave the state of celibacy, and take to themselves or be taken to husbands; and whereas it is supposed by many that the bachelors, young and unmarried men of these our realms do not know who among the maidens, &c. would or would not be so willing, or so desirous to marry, and it seems proper and fitting that the ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, and unmarried women as aforesaid, should put on some mark of dress as a token by which their willingness or desire in the premises should be made particularly known: we have issued this Our Proclamation, giving leave, ordering and commanding, that the said ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, and unmarried women, may and do make sleeves to their dresses large in proportion to their desire to be married. Thus, those who most exceedingly desire soon, and can't well delay the happy hour much longer, may say so, saving their blushes consequent on such occasion, by putting, over and above what is necessary for comfort or comeliness in their sleeves, seven yards of silk, chintz, calico, or other

stuff. If they simply desire pretty considerably to be married; they may reduce the quantity to five yards. If they merely wish to be modestly understood as being willing to be respectfully courted; if it had to suit them shall present himself—they are in that case confined to wearing their sleeves the size of a two bushel bag, or only so large as to hide a moderate sized liver; &c. Village Record.

FASHION.

The Portland Courier contains a satirical epistle, supposed to be written by an artless country girl, on a visit to the town, to her friends at home. The sarcasms are adapted to many other populous communities beside that at which it is directed.

"Whoever, (says the unsophisticated damsel) wants to be noticed here in Portland, must be able to sit idle with a grace, walk the streets in a fashionable dress, with a haughty swing, and above all, be capable of always forgetting an acquaintance, if he or she be meanly clad: I assure you, dear aunt, if a young lady only have these requisite accomplishments, and can barely read and write; she will not only be tolerated here; but will be the envy and admiration of the town! You can't think how kind and obliging the Portland folks are to each other. In Downingville we expect every one to pay his debts, even to the utmost farthing. But here nothing is more common than for men to run in debt eight or ten thousand dollars and then fail; as they call it, and pay perhaps twenty or thirty cents on a dollar. At the same time they do not diminish in the least their expenses of dress or living. Perhaps you will think; of course, they lose their standing in society, and are not afterwards considered worthy of trust. No; indeed, dear aunt, the more money they get into their possession by this or any other means, that will not actually send them to the State Prison, the more is their company courted. Young ladies too have been known to take up goods to the amount of twenty dollars; and because the obliging milliner presumed to send in her bill, she lost the whole sum, and the privilege of trusting Miss in future. In the country, you know, people are esteemed in proportion to their good feelings, industrious habits; and strict integrity. But here these things are thrown altogether into the back ground; people are esteemed in proportion as they dress well; live well, and keep a fine house.—Up there, when a girl is spoken of, the question is, is she neat and smart? but here it is, is she handsome? is she genteel? If she knows how to work, she is considered ill-bred."

Pigalle the celebrated Sculptor.—Pigalle the celebrated sculptor, who had laid by twelve louis d'ors for a journey from Lyons to Paris, seeing a man walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, accosted him; and asked if he could in any way relieve him. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the stranger, "for the want of ten louis, I must be dragged this evening to a prison, and be separated from my dear wife and helpless children."—"Is that all," said the humane artist; "follow me, I command the sum you want, and it shall be at your service." A friend who met him next day, asked if he had relieved the distress of this poor man, as was publicly reported in Lyons. "Yes, friend," said Pigalle, "and what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese with his family; who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, and every maithful was maintained with tears of their gratitude!"