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THE

Iowa School Journal;

A Paper for the People.

DEVOTED TO THE SPREAD OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

ANDREW J. STEVENS, Editor.

JULY, 1859.

DES MOINES, IOWA:

N. W. MILLS & CO., PUBLISHERS,

Court Avenue.

Terms: $1,00 Per Annum. 11 Copies, $10,00—In Advance. Single Number, 10 Cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We send this number of the JOURNAL to individuals in different parts of the State, who are not subscribers, with the hope and expectation that they feel a deep interest in the object which it is designed to promote, and that they will use their influence to extend its circulation. Among these, we feel justified in relying upon the aid and influence of the members of the last Legislature, because the JOURNAL will be the exponent of the School Laws by them adopted—on the clergy of the various denominations—on teachers generally, who are not only expected to aid in the circulation of the paper, but are earnestly requested to write for its columns—on the members of the Board of Education—to them we look with confidence for support, and in this we know we shall not be disappointed. And we rely fully upon our fellow citizens generally, to come forward and lend their support to the impulse which now seems to be given to the cause of education in our flourishing and prosperous state.

Those who received the prospectus of the SCHOOL JOURNAL, will see that we have made an improvement on our original intention of putting a blue cover on the paper. The color of this is more pleasing to the eye, and commended itself to us on the account of its being less frequently used than blue. If we have done better than was promised no one will have fault to find—we hope *this* may become "familiar as household words" in the homes of the people.

Iowa School Journal.

A Monthly Paper Devoted to Educational Interests, and the Dissemination of General Intelligence.

N. W. MILLS & CO., Publishers.] One Dollar a Year in Advance. [A. J. STEVENS, Editor.

VOLUME I. DES MOINES, JULY, 1859. NUMBER I.

THE

Iowa School Journal

WILL BE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT

West's Block, Court Avenue,

DES MOINES, IOWA;

And is designed for circulation among the friends of Education throughout the State.

TERMS: $1,00; ELEVEN COPIES, $10.00—IN ADVANCE.

HINTS ON ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

We copy the following excellent article upon English Composition, by George R. R. Cockburn, M. A., from the *Journal of Education* for Upper Canada, and commend its careful perusal to all of our readers. There is great lack of proper instruction in this most important branch of education, in all of our schools, and we hope to see a marked improvement, in the manner of teaching as well as the amount of instruction allotted to this department of learning.

In a country like this, where every one who aspires to occupy any position is more or less called upon to express his sentiments publicly, either orally or through the medium of the press, we should imagine that English Composition would hold a prominent place in the schedule of our school studies. But our daily experience tells us that such is not the case, and that we are generally left to acquire that art in a loose, nondescript manner after we are supposed to have *finished* our education. We believe, however, that many of our zealous teachers are fully sensible of this defect, but have been deterred from giving this branch a prominent place in the regular curriculum of studies, from an exaggerated idea of the difficulty of training the youthful mind to the art of composition. With a view to remove this difficulty, and to answer various inquiries, we desire to offer the following few simple hints on English Composition. We would commence by remarking that the great bugbear in the way of teaching English Composition, has been that the subjects given out by the master have not been adapted to the mental powers of the pupil Any one may be convinced of the truth of this remark, by turning over the pages of any ordinary composition class-book, in which, among the list of subjects for essays, be will find such nice abstractions as "*Virtue is its own reward*," "*Honesty is the best policy*," "*Benevolence*," "*Charity*," "*Beauty*," "*Envy*," "*Vice*," "*Truth*," "*Justice*," "*Time*," &c. Now these nuts are rather hard for any one to crack: and to set any ordinary man—far less a child, with its feeble, undeveloped powers—to write about such airy, fleeting abstractions, is simply absurd. The food is too strong, and not adapted to the intellectual digestive organs of the child. You must tempt it by a lighter, simpler, and more nourishing diet: and that you can easily procure, by adopting the following recipe:—Take a short, pithy fairy tale, or heart-stirring deed from history; read it carefully over once, or twice if necessary, to the little fellows, who will listen to it with breathless attention. Then encourage one of them to repeat, as he best can, on the spur of the moment, the same story; and when he has done so, tell the whole class to reproduce it as carefully as they can, but to use *every freedom* in the handling of the subject. In this manner you will help to cultivate—what in a young class it is most essential to cultivate—the habit of attention and sustained intellectual effort: and the fact of one of their class-mates having repeated the story, will encourage the dullest to persevere. You can then cause two or three boys to reproduce, on the black board, their essays, in whole or in part, which you can thus publicly criticise.

After warning the class against similar errors, you may send them all to their seats, to write a second or improved copy, by which means you bring vividly before the boy the fact of his progressing—one of the greatest levers in self education. When in this manner they have had sufficient practice in composing in a variety of styles, so as to be able to punctuate correctly (which may be taught in a very few lessons by the analysis of sentences), and to write pretty fluently, the next step is to throw them more on their own resources, by suggesting to them various subjects for original composition, taking care, however, that these be confined to things which they have seen or handled, or can easily imagine. They may thus describe a shipwreck, fire at sea, cricket-match, boat-race, battle scene, holiday excursions, &c. The teacher can thus allow full scope to individual taste and talent, and can help the backward—but let him beware of compelling his pupils to write a theme nicely cut up and dissected into so many dry morsels, labelled with equally dry names, and thus attempt to force every boy to *think* alike and in a regular order.

The higher style of composition may now be safely entered upon by the more advanced pupils, to whom the master may give critical or parallel biographies; historical, imaginative, or other themes, which require a fairly cultivated mind and taste, and powers of nice discrimination. In these higher subjects he will find it almost indispensable to have at his command a fair school library, to which he can refer the pupils for consultation or preliminary reading. Let them have full time to digest what they read, so that their thoughts may not be mere crude repetitions of the ideas of others.

Such is a rough outline of the manner in which we conceive English Composition may be taught. The judicious teacher may also avail himself of other means to aid the pupils in acquiring that art. Thus, by making it a rule, at least in the junior classes, to admit no answer which does not contain a clearly expressed definite proposition,—by teaching history not so much by questioning as by demanding an oral or written account of a particular lesson or subject,—by requiring in the classics a full, good English (not Latin-English) translation of every passage, instead of allowing both languages to be murdered piecemeal by that curious grammatical hybrid termed "*construing;*" by causing the pupils themselves to comment on and recite choice pieces of our best authors; by avoiding the pernicious habit of correcting pages of bad grammar, which is one of the surest methods of teaching a boy bad grammar, by familiarising him with it; by instituting among the senior pupils a carefully conducted debating society: by these and such similar appliances as will occur to every one who has studied the philosophy of the human mind, in connection with instruction, the art of English Composition can be easily and pleasantly acquired, and a good mental training be at the same time secured. In conclusion, we would draw the particular attention of every teacher to the orthography of his pupils, and the necessity of curtailing their spasmodic effusions.

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WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

We have sometimes thought that of those to whom, as Dogberry says, "reading and writing come by nature," a large majority have somewhere or how "seen their thoughts in print" —and have thus a claim upon the honors of authorship. Be this as it may, we fear many of those best qualified to give employment to the press, have been satisfied too readily, and that there is not too much, but too little writing for the newspapers—too little thought, time and labor given to the public in this form, which is of all others the best calculated for the extensive diffusion of valuable information and intelligence.

It is beneficial to write, though guiltless of thoughts of print —to record the ideas which interest our minds, or facts from which we have gained lessons of value for the after perusal of ourselves or others—and if these ideas or facts are such as interest the public, why hesitate to offer them for that wider dissemination which the periodical press affords? Many educated minds—educated by scholastic training and habits of careful observation and reflection—who make almost daily acquisitions of facts of interest and value to the physical and intellectual world, in the routine and labor of practical life, and who could if they would, do much to increase the interest of this mighty medium of communication with the country at large, neglect almost wholly to give to the world the rich freightage of their minds, not only to the public loss but to their own—for the intellectual powers can and will become narrowed by inaction, as well as developed and expanded by the exercise of their energies.

This should not be so. This hidden talent should be unearthed and added to the current coin of the realm of mind. They should write for the benefit of the vast multitude who read—adding to the knowledge and pleasure of others, and increasing their own happiness and usefulness. All men, whatever be their vocations, who feel themselves the possessors of thoughts, facts or experiences, useful to others like themselves, or to the general public, should unite to make our newspapers not only the most numerous, but the best filled, and the most practically useful and elevating in the world.

Agricultural journalism, in addition to that of politics and news, finds in the country a congenial home. The number of educated and independent farmers who are equally ready with the plow or the pen, exceed that of any other, and it may be feared that the latter class will soon outstrip the former. But there is no reason why every intelligent cultivator of the soil may not be able to throw light on many important questions in agriculture—no reason why he should not do so if he likes—and we believe that those who adventure in this direction will make most rapid progress in the knowledge and practice of their profession.

A word to young writers, and we have done. To reach the reader, one must not only "find a publisher," but must have something worth while to say, and say it in an attractive style. And it requires patient toil and earnest study to mine out, as it were, those thoughts and facts which give all their value to the writings of the highest as well as humblest thinkers. It is not a sordid ambition which aims at excellence here, and we hope the number of those will still increase, who set their wreathed and lighted lamp afloat on the wave of periodical literature, to give light to the present hour if no more.—*Country Gentleman.*

PLEASANT WORDS.

How little these cost, yet how full of power they are. A writer says of them:—

"They come bubbling up in a good natured heart, like the freely gushing waters of a fountain. It is as easy to speak them as it is to breathe. They come forth as easily and naturally from the lips of kindness as the rays from the sun. There is no painstaking about the matter. Pleasant words beget other words, like themselves, in other people. We have been in a crowded omnibus. A few snappish sulky words have multiplied their species, till most of the travelers have taken shares in the same stock. But a genial soul enters. His kind words get wings. They produce an epidemic. Growler number one, and growler two, change voice and visage. The magic of a few kind words has done wonders. Ill nature has jumped out of the coach, and is off for parts unknown; and good nature keeps all things in excellent trim for the rest of the trip. If all this is so then let us fling up our caps in the air, and go into a revolution. Hot words, and sharp words, have had the sceptre long enough. Let us overset the government, and put the dominion in a better hand. Pleasant words, born of kind and loving hearts, are to be welcomed back to supremacy. They will fill the throne with honor.

Purity of Character.—Over the beauty of the plum and apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman was ever with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.

So there is in youth a purity and beauty of character, which, when touched and defiled, can never be restored, a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them in his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still on his forehead, if he once lose that early purity of character, is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Old Kentuck.—A Kentuckian, at the battle of New Orleans, who disdained the restraint of a soldier's life, with his name on the muster roll, preferred "going it alone," fighting on his own hook. Where the battle was fiercest, and the shot flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, "Kentuck" might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle, as perfectly unconscious as though he was "picking deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder, a red coat bit the dust. Old Hickory, who supposing he had become separated from his company, rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was exposed to the fire of the enemy.

"Halloo! my man, what regiment do you belong to?" said the general.

"Regiment!" answered Kentuck; "hold on, yonder's another on 'em," and bringing his shooting iron to his shoulder, he ran his eyes along the barrel—a flash followed and another Englishman came tumbling to the ground.

"Whose company do you belong to?" again inquired the general.

"Company?" was the reply of Kentuck, as he busied himself reloading, "see that ar feller with the gold fixings on his coat and hoss. Jist watch me perforate him."

The general gazed in the direction indicated by the rifle, and observed a British Colonel riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. Kentuck pulled the trigger and the gallant Colonel followed his companions that had been laid low in death that day.

"Hurrah for Kentuck!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came toppling to the ground, then turning to the General he continued: "I'm fighting on my own hook, stranger," and leisurely proceeded to reload.

Poetry.

SLEEP.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost;
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

YOUNG.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and the waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or loose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

WILLIS.

AMERICA'S NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
  Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
  Hew down the woods, and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The workingmen whate'er their task,
  To carve the stone or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
  The royal stamp and seal of God;
And brighter are their drops of sweat
  Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble workingmen,
  Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
  And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them, for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Biographical.

JOHN FITCH.

The life-stories of men of genius are often sad, and filled with incidents of cruelty and neglect which after-generations can only deplore. There is none sadder, more truly pitiable, than that of John Fitch. He was a man of pre-eminent force of character; of native genius; of strength and originality. But these characteristics carried with them restlessness, impetuosity, dissatisfaction, querulousness and defiance. Such a spirit baffled its own soarings, and, moth like, rushed more madly to destruction at the first sensation of pain.

We have no intention in this paper to re-open the much discussed question of "who was the first inventor of the steam vessel." In our article on Fulton we have dropped into the judicious track of most modern inquirers, and awarded to that illustrious man the honor of having first rendered steam navigation generally useful. On this point there can no longer be a doubt. But if the question of originality be mooted—if it be asked who was the most vigorous and original *inventor*—Fulton or Fitch, the answer would, we fancy, be in favor of Fitch. The former was a perfecter; he took the materials which already existed, and blended them with master hand. The latter was a creator; he shaped things in his own mind, and brought them forth rudely fashioned, but pregnant with undeveloped strength. It has happened in the world before, and will happen again, that the man who adapts receives more homage than he who invents. There is a common-sense reason why it should be so. The mass of mankind can not understand a theory; their instruction must be of a practical character. He who can impart this reaps the reward, even though it be merely an inculcation of the theory of his predecessor.

John Fitch, of whose sad life we purpose to give a brief sketch (compiled chiefly from his own manuscripts in the Franklin Library of Philadelphia), was born on the 21st of January, 1743, old style. His father was a farmer in good circumstances, but of an extremely harsh and parsimonious disposition. At four years of age John was sent to school, and, it is said, made some little progress in the usual branches of an English education. His father did not deem it necessary that he should be taught more than to read and write, and, when he had acquired these accomplishments, set him to work on the farm. But John was eager for knowledge, and greedily devoured all the books that lay in his way. When he was eleven years of age, he heard of a volume which he fancied would give him a knowledge of the whole world—this was Salmon's Geography. He repeatedly asked his father to get it for him to no purpose, but the latter consented to give him some headlands at the end of a field in which he might plant potatoes. Our hero was delighted with the prospect of earning the money for the coveted volume, and set to work with such assiduity that, when the season came round for disposing of his stock, he collected the enormous sum of ten shillings, and intrusted the same to a merchant who dealt in New York to procure him the book. He did so; but the book cost twelve shillings, and John had to run in debt two shillings, which he says gave him a great deal of uneasiness. He congratulated himself that he would become the best geographer of the *world* that Connecticut could produce, according to Salmon, at that time.

Being of a "stunted" and weakly habit, which he attributed to the ill usage received from his father and brother, Fitch abandoned all idea of becoming an agriculturist. Salmon's Geography had given him a taste for travel, and he determined to go "down to the sea in ships." He made a couple of experiments in coasting-sloops; but the cruelties and hardships of the maritime profession discouraged him, and he abandoned it. His next experiment was in the clock-making business; but after two years' servitude, during which time he was principally employed in running errands, he left, almost entirely ignorant of the business. Fitch made another attempt to learn it with a brother of his former employer; but here, again, his wishes were frustrated. His employer was jealous of the secrets of the trade; worked in a distant part of the room; locked up his tools when he had finished, and forbade Fitch to meddle with them in any way. He was ill used in more ways than this. "Although I possessed a small appetite," he says, "I never was given sufficient to satisfy it, except on one occasion, when I managed to make a good hearty meal on potatoes. Being an inferior, I was helped last at the table; the females would then discourse upon gluttony, and my master, hastily devouring his own food, would immediately return thanks for that which himself and others ate, as well as for that which his apprentice did *not*." On leaving this curious specimen of humanity, he employed himself "in doing small brass-work," being unable to obtain employment as a journeyman watch and clock maker even with his very limited knowledge of those businesses. He pursued his new vocation with industry, and at the end of two years found himself the master of fifty pounds. A portion of this capital he embarked in the potash business, but was unsuccessful, owing, in a great measure, to the unfairness and incapacity of one of his partners. On the 29th of December, 1767, he entered into a matrimonial alliance with a Miss Lucy Roberts—a most unhappy match, their tempers being totally incompatible. A separation soon became inevitable, the bitterness of which was aggravated by the circumstance that Mrs. Fitch took with her a child whom he "loved as dear as himself."

After this event the subject of our sketch became a wanderer, and roamed from city to city in search of occupation. Unable to procure this in any familiar trade, he gave reins to his ingenuity, and became a button-maker, first at New Brunswick, and afterward at Trenton. He appears to have been tolerably successful. During the Revolutionary war he repaired the arms of the Continental army, became alternately the prisoner of the Indians and of the British, and was finally exchanged, and returned to the Atlantic towns.

In 1785 Fitch first turned his thoughts to the subject of steam, with the intention of using it as a propeller of ordinary carriages on common roads. He pursued this idea, according to his own account, for one week, gave it over as impracticable, and turned his attention to steam navigation. From that time to the day of his death he pursued the latter subject with unremitting assiduity. "The perplexities and embarrassments through which it has caused me to wade," he writes, "far exceed any thing that the common course of life ever presented to my view; and to reflect on the disproportion of a man of my abilities to such a task, I am to charge myself with having been deranged, and, had I not the most convincing proofs to the contrary, should most certainly suppose myself to have been

non compos mentis at the time." The most remarkable evidence of the inventive genius of Fitch is found in the fact that the whole scheme of steam-travel by land and by water, and also of the steam-engine itself, originated in his own mind, and was worked out by the fiery process of independent genius. In Europe the steam-engine was simply known as an amusing plaything; for the philosophic youth, Watt, had not yet developed its latent powers, or bridled them for the use of man. It was therefore by no means remarkable that Fitch had not heard of the invention. He says himself, "I did not know there was a steam-engine on earth when I proposed to gain a force by steam, and I leave my first drafts and descriptions behind, that you may judge whether I am sincere or not. A short time after drawing my first draft for a boat, I was amazingly chagrined to find at Parson Irving's, In Buck's County, a drawing of a steam-engine; but it had the effect to establish me in my other principles, as my doubts then lay in the engine only."

Men of capital are notorious for the distrust they exhibit toward inventors. They are too prone to look on them as mere visionaries—men who conceive wild ideas of what *ought* to be rather than what *can* be. It required time, patience, self-sacrifice, and heart-sickness to induce the possessors of wealth to listen to the schemes of a poor enthusiast like Fitch. In time, however, he succeeded in forming a small company for carrying out his plans. Dr. Thornton, who was a member of this company, has given in his "Account of the Origin of the Steamboat" an interesting narrative of the manifold difficulties Fitch and his associates had to contend with, even after they had obtained a certain amount of protection from state privileges. "We worked incessantly at the boat to bring it to perfection, and under the disadvantages of never having seen a steam-engine on the principles contemplated, of not having a single engineer in our company or pay. We made engineers of common blacksmiths, and, after expending many thousand dollars, the boat did not exceed three miles an hour. Finding great unwillingness in many to proceed, I proposed to the company to give up to any one the one half of my shares who would, at his own expense, make a boat to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, in dead water, in eighteen months, or forfeit all the expenditures on failing; or I would engage with any others to accept these terms. Each relinquished one half of his shares, by making the forty shares eighty, and holding only as many of the new shares as he held of the old ones, and then subscribed as far as he thought proper to enter on the terms, by which many relinquished one half. I was among the number, and within twelve months we were ready for the experiment.

"The day was appointed, and the experiment made in the following manner: a mile was measured in Front (Water) Street, Philadelphia, and the bounds projected at right angles as exactly as could be to the wharf, where a flag was placed at each end, and also a stop-watch. The boat was ordered under way at dead water, or when the tide was found to be without movement; as the boat passed one flag, it struck, and at the same instant the watches were set off; as the boat reached the other flag, it was also struck, and the watches instantly stopped. Every precaution was taken before witnesses: the time was shown to all; the experiment declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of *eight miles an hour*, or one mile in seven minutes and a half, on which the shares were signed over with great satisfaction by the rest of the company. It afterward went *eighty miles* in a day."

Notwithstanding the extremely satisfactory character of this experiment, the company became irritated at the continued outlays, and, in the end, obstinately refused to continue the project. We can paint to ourselves the anxiety and agony of Fitch as he observed the shareholders one by one withdrawing from the concern. The consciousness of truth was all that sustained him; he knew that he was *not* pursuing a chimera. In 1792, when the boat and his hopes appeared to be docked forever, he wrote a letter to Mr. Rittenhouse containing this memorable prophecy: "This, sir, will be the mode of crossing the Atlantic in time, whether I bring it to perfection or not." His enthusiasm on the subject never diminished for one moment. Steam was the constant theme of his discourse whenever he could prevail upon any one to listen to him. Upon one occasion he called on a smith who had worked at his boat, and, after dwelling some time upon his favorite topic, concluded with these words: "Well, gentlemen, although I shall not live to see the time, you will, when steamboats will be preferred to all other means of conveyance, and especially for passengers: and they will be particularly useful in navigating the River Mississippi." He then retired, when a person observed, in a tone of deep sympathy, "*Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!*"

In the winter of 1792-1793, Fitch crossed the Atlantic on a visit to France, whither he went warmly commended, and with strong hopes of success. He was cordially received by the government, and assistance was offered to him. His usual ill luck interposed, however. Throes of the approaching revolulution distracted the attention of the ministers, and poor Fitch was laid aside for subjects of political importance. Dejected, and with scarcely a hope left, he crossed the Channel to London, and, without accomplishing any thing in that metropolis, soon afterward returned to his native land, so poor that he had, it is said, to work his way home as a common sailor He landed in Boston in 1794 in utter destitution, and, but for the hospitality of a brother-in-law, might have perished from actual want. Three years later he made a journey to the West, to see after some grants of lands which had been made to him for services rendered to the State of Kentucky as a surveyor, a knowledge of which business Fitch imbibed while residing on his father's farm. These grants had been long neglected, and, as many settlements had been made on them, it was not without difficulty that he obtained possession of them. A number of suits had to be instituted, and the delays and uncertainties of the law contributed to his other vexations. He became irascible and eccentric, dressed himself in a peculiar way, and excited the observation of the passers by. His health began to decline; he was easily irritated, and, when touched on the subject of steam navigation, expressed himself with a warmth which exposed him to the ridicule of the idle and unfeeling. "When excited by his theme," says Mr. Whittlesey, in his biography, "his power over language was great, his remarks powerful, eloquent, and convincing: but he asserted, and perhaps truly, that the generation in which he lived was incapable of comprehending his invention. His expectations were fixed upon posterity; and with an abiding confidence that the steamboat would bless and astonish his successors, he reserved for them that fame which he was not disposed to ask, but to demand. It was with such sentiments that he inclosed the manuscripts and drawings presented to the Philadelphia Library, and left an injunction that they should not be opened until thirty years after his death."

He appears to have lost all hope from this time. Weary, and anxious for the rest which the grave could alone give, he abandoned himself to habits of obliviousness, fully conscious that they would soon lead him to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." In June, 1798, he executed his last will and testament, and in July following it waa admitted to probate. His death was in one or other of the two months—*which* is not known. The landlord of the inn where he resided, procured a cherry coffin for the remains of his unfortunate boarder, and, attended by a few friends, carried it to the church-yard of Bardstown. No monument, no headstone, no rough tablet carved by hands of affection marked the spot, and in a little while it was forgotten.

Fitch was a man of uncommon stature, being six feet two inches in height, erect and full in carriage, his head slightly bald, but not gray, his manner dignified, distant, and imposing. His countenance was pleasing, with an eye remarkably black and piercing. "To strangers his manners had never been prepossessing, but to men of intelligence, who could comprehend his projects, he proved a most interesting companion. As a friend, he was faithful and devoted while the friendship lasted, carrying his efforts in behalf of others beyond the line of worldly prudence."

Misfortune pursued Fitch even after death. A number of papers, drawings, etc., to which he referred as evidence of the originality and priority of his plans, were destroyed by fire, and the first model of his steamboat, made in 1785, has been lost, so that his claims as an original inventor are always liable to be disputed, especially as the fire in the Patent Office destroyed many other proofs of his originality. Truly a more unfortunate man has never lived.—*C. C. B. Seymour.*

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of Good to Zion; chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *suddenly* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute.
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE EDITOR.

It would require a master hand to sketch, with fidelity, that poor, abused class, known as editors. As a cotemporary truly remarks, he may be the "responsible," the "foreign," the "literary," "local," the "commercial"—in either department he is the subject of laudation, abuse, trials and triumphs. He must have a ready pen, remarkable versatility of knowledge, a correct judgment, and considerable nerve. If you intrude upon him, you will discover him writing, reading, scissoring. He will talk, but his pen does not stop; he spatters the ink; he fumbles over books; he hunts among newspapers; he grows savage in a "leader," or he is learned in a "review." Politicians want to buy him; needy artists ask his favorable notice; inventors have models to show him; some want to thank him—others desire to shoot him. He is addressed upon more subjects than it was ever intended a single mind should comprehend; and, while his journal is called by some "influential," "valuable," etc., there are those who bluntly pronounce it "scurrilous," and "poor." Swimming upon floods of excitement, battling, chafing, arguing, consenting, exalting friends and crushing foes, thinking, working, is the sum and substance of an editor's career. At home, he writes with his wife at his elbow, and his child on his knee; in the streets, he weaves out those ideas which, in a few hours, will startle the men who now jostle and crowd him; in his sanctum, he makes ready thunderbolts, moulded with a pen, but more powerful than any ever hurled from Jove. He delivers lectures; he is a politician; he holds office; he is a traveler; he gives a verdict upon manuscripts which are more precious than the apple of their eye to aspiring authors; he helps on the opera, he bolsters the drama; he pleads for the poor, he snubs the rich; he conciliates, he defies; he arouses nations, he dethrones kings; he is the guardian of liberty, and omnipotent.

Up in garrets in out-of-the-way places—sometimes furnished like a parlor, sometimes worse than a pig-pen—is his *sanctum sanctorum*, the "holy of holies." Are you partial to frowns? Do you wish to hear a growl? Disregard the notices of "Editor's Room," "Private," "No Admittance," and enter the den; you observe the contracting brow; you do not know whether you are saluted or insulted; you propose to speak, and your legs incline you to run away; a head lifts itself; a worn pen and inked fingers point you a seat, which it takes you an instant to reach, but, ere you have done so, the monster has his clutches so deeply in an idea, that he has forgotten your existence. There you sit; you try to count the pyramids of newspapers, and wonder if, to be an editor, it is necessary to be a savage. You see books and maps; but you would as soon meddle with the cub of a bear as anything in which the wild animal before you has an interest. Delegations of "devils," from the printing office, come for "copy," and a great many things going on which are strange to you. Other gentry come in, who glance contemptuously at yourself. They seat themselves, and you hear nothing but scratch, scratch, with gold pens, steel pens, and goose quills; they pull at their whiskers; they clear their throats; they look up at the ceiling; they help each other when their ideas run aground; they write and rewrite; they expunge, amend; they become cheerful, if their productions please them, and crusty, if they do not. Now, remember that this mental toil must go on by day and by night, when the head is dizzy with sickness, and the heart weary with sadness, that it entails study, research and thought; that the themes are suggested, and must be discussed within the hour; and you will understand why you are not wanted in an editor's sanctum. Presently, however, he will talk to you; he will cut short your long speeches; he will bring you directly to your business; he will dispatch it; and you will at once discover that necessity, if not inclination, urges him to resume his pen. In summer, when the flowers are so tempting, at midnight, with the glare of artificial light pouring upon him, there he is—a toiling slave. He writes of your pleasures—he adds to your joys. Do you ever think of his exhausted brain, his fading life, his premature death? Literature was, perhaps, a passion of his boyhood, and he has pursued the wicked phantom from year to year, finding, in the gratification of a refined taste, some small reward for his painful infatuation.—*Printers' News Letter.*

BE CLOSE. KEEP CLOSE.

Be close. Keep everything snug. Mind your own business—mind it well. Let your neighbor alone—let him do as he has a mind to. Pay down—if not, pay promptly when you promise to. If you cannot, walk straight up to your creditor, look him in the eye and tell him so, give him the reason and ask him what he will do about it. Don't skulk off like an escaped convict. Do not look at him when you meet him as if you expected a blow over your head. Be close—not parsimonious, but honestly economical. Make your labor pay you, if not money, its equivalent. Be close and keep close, that is, stay at home or travel with a purpose. If you visit a neighbor be sure to impart to him as much information as you obtain. Do not believe it necessary that you should live a recluse in order that your affairs may be kept snug. The sum of all care should be to sustain and retain relations with your neighbors and mankind generally that should be reciprocal. Being close is not being hoggish—is not to refuse a charity—is not to steel your heart against humanity or the claims of your fellow men. But be close in your charities. Give wisely. Succor with employment, for the want of it is often the source of misery. Do not distrust your neighbor, and yet, while you treat him as you would be treated, do not forget that dependence is as irksome to him as to yourself. Keep close to the mark of honor, of truth, of progress—truth and progress are synonymous. Keep close by seeking to draw enjoyment and happiness and contentment from your own resources. Open your mouth when necessary.

Speak of your neighbor when unavoidable, and then speak charitably. Remember you do not stand in anybody's shoes—you have your own stand point; and although you may not see the top of a steeple over the hill, you have no right to say there is no steeple there. Your neighbor may be taller, or stand higher up the hill side, and aver he sees it. You have no right to assert that he does not because you do not. Let him look at it: when you get taller, or have climbed a little higher, you may.

But keep close; let the world avoid you if it chooses; it will soon find you are a necessity—that you have an influence—that you know a thing or two. This is not assuming wisdom. It is verified by observation—it is the result of it. The man that owes a dollar has not a tithe the weight in the scale that the man has who can loan one. He is out of debt and independent, is equivalent to saying, he is a good fellow, and 'twill pay you to make his acquaintance. Be close—keep close with your tongue in all your affairs, but let this advice not be interpreted to mean meanness.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Tht next National Fair of the United States Agricultural Society will be held in Chicago, September 12th.

DON'T DEPEND ON FATHER'S PURSE.

How many young men of the present day, instead of launching out into the world and earning a livelihood and building up a reputation through their own exertions, as their fathers have done before them, spend their time in idleness, if not dissipation, and depend upon their fathers even for the daily bread necessary to prolong their worthless existence? To all such drones we recommend the following:—

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you. You have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse;" on his fair fame for your influence or success in business. Think you that "father" has obtained to eminence in his profession but by unwearied industry! or that he has amassed a fortune honestly without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune is essential to, nay, inseparable from, the retaining of either of these. Suppose father has the "rocks" in abundance; if you have never earned anything for him, you have no more business with these "rocks" than a gosling has with a tortoise! and if he allows you to meddle with them, perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash toward you, while he allows you to while away your time, you'd better leave him; yes, run away, sooner than be an imbecile, or something worse, through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody. If you have become idle; if you have eaten "father's bread and butter," and smoked your "father's" cigars; cut a swell in "father's" buggy, and tried to put on "father's" influence and reputation—you might far better have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney-sweep or boot-black; and, indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor half-starved, motherless calf! Miserable objects you are, that depend entirely upon parents, playing gentlemen, (dandy loafers.) What in the name of common sense, are you thinking of? Wake up there! Go to work with either your hands or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of, that you have vegetated as other green-horns, but let folks know that you count one! Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plough handles, the scythe, the axe, the pickaxe, the spade,—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds or personal influence may secure the forms of respect, but let him lose his property or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead and not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and, our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, "possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny"—and then you may begin to aspire to manhood. Take off then, that ring from your lily finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and by all means never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on "father."—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

THE FIRST ERROR OF TEACHING.

The first error is teaching men to imitate or repeat, rather than to think. We need to take but a very cursory glance at the great theatre of human life, to know how deep a root this radical error has struck into the foundation of education. Look abroad among men and ask yourselves how many of the moving multitude inquire into the springs of action; how many seek to know the causes and consequences of those scenes in which they themselves are actors; or, to descend to details, how many attempt to understand the true principles of the business in which they are engaged, how many can correct a blunder arising merely from the application of a principle. Analyze this boasted liberty of ours; look again upon republican society in the freest land upon the earth; separate the living agents from the mere automata in this game of life, and tell me how many of the latter—how many of the former! And if you are not pleased with the result, tell me whether this is a decree of nature or fault of education; whether you believe if men were taught to be independent thinkers, and that, while they reversed all that was good, or glorious, or valuable in the works of their ancestors, they, too, had an in-dwelling spirit whose high prerogative it was to extend the conquest of mind, they would cease to inquire, and remain dull floats upon the ocean of being.

But if you would know what the effects of thinking are, compare Athens with China. Here are three hundred millions of people—more than one-third of the human race—whose history goes far back into remote antiquity, and who commenced with no small share of arts and sciences, but who have added not a single particle to knowledge, nor taken one step in improvement: whose only policy is to prevent innovation, and whose only power is to perpetuate succession. Here is another people, whose population does not exceed one-tenth that of Ohio, whose place can scarcely be found on the map, who commenced barbarians, yet who have given to the world new sciences and new arts, and whose mighty men infused into language

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn;"

who re-conquered their conquerors by the spirit of eloquence, and whose renown has filled the earth.

What makes this mighty difference? The one learned to repeat, the other to think.—*Connecticut School Journal.*

The Big Woods is fairly alive with Ginseng diggers. And at the rate at which they get it out and dispose of it to purchasers, it is decidedly better than the ordinary run of gold diggings in California. The St. Peter *Free Press* is informed that three men at Ottawa went out last week, and in three hours dug twenty pounds. This at ten cents a pound gives $2 as pay for nine hours' labor—a very good return, surely. In the neighborhood of Lake Washington, we learn that men have made as high as $4 50 per day, that even children make a dollar a day. At present, men, women and children are digging away, as for dear life. Ginseng is about the only thing talked or thought of. It is the burden of their songs by day, and of their dreams by night!

P. S. Since writing the above we have learned that about fifty persons left town on last Monday morning, bound for the "Big Woods," just opposite. In fact there is danger of the town being depopulated. Carpenters left their buildings—cabinet makers their shops—saloon keepers their saloons—and all joined in the cruisade for Ginseng! A dollar a day and board—musquitoes thrown in—is freely offered for hands, and everybody who can shoulder a spade is enlisted. The price of ginseng is from six to ten cents per pound, when green, and from twenty-five to thirty cents when dry. Hereafter the prices will be given in our market report.—*St. Paul Pioneer and Dem.*

Effect of the War in Europe upon American Travelers.—There has been no general war upon the continent of Europe for nearly fifty years, and during that time American emigration to Paris, Germany and Italy, has increased many fold. Numerous American families, reside in Rome, Florence, and other Italian cities. Many have children at the German schools and colleges; others live in the south of France, in Switzerland, or nestle in cosy nooks along the Rhine. The effect will be, first to send all these residents to Paris or London (for who knows that the city of Paris may not again be occupied by foreign troops, as in 1815, by the allies), and secondly, to arrest the usual summer travel to Europe. So much the worse for the European shop-keepers, tavern landlords, &c., and so much the better for the same classes of people here. Our fashionable birds of passage will be obliged to seek their pleasures and spend their money at home; it may be for several years; for when the war commences it will not be easy to fix the date of its conclusion.—*N. Y. Herald.*

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL.

ANDREW J. STEVENS, EDITOR.

Friday, July 1st, 1859.

OUR PURPOSE.

In accordance with the notice previously given, we herewith lay before the readers of the commonwealth, the first number of the Iowa School Journal; and we invite for its pages a careful perusal and candid criticism. We have not embarked in this enterprise without appreciating fully the responsibility which we have assumed in undertaking the editorial management of an educational journal; and we ask from the liberal public such support and encouragement as the enterprise merits, and its magnitude demands.

The necessity for a publication of this kind, in a great State like ours, in order to give direction and effectiveness to our School system, no one will deny; and it will be the purpose of the Journal to aid in maturing and developing that system, until it shall become a model of correctness and efficiency worthy of the imitation of our sister States. It will also be the purpose of the Journal to instigate inquiry among our School officers, teachers and others, as to the best means to be used to better the condition of our Schools, and to awaken an increased earnestness of action among our citizens in behalf of education; and upon this subject we invite communications to our pages. We shall labor to lay before our readers full and correct reports of what is being done in other States and countries in behalf of general and universal education, and thus secure for our School system the advantages to be gained by the practical working and experience of others. We shall hope to be the medium through which good and efficient teachers may be induced to occupy our School rooms and conduct our Schools; and through our pages we shall endeavor to have a free interchange of opinions and sentiments respecting the various matters pertaining to our educational interests.

The literary department of the Journal will not be excelled by any publication in the State. It will be our earnest endeavor to make it a fit companion for the buoyant youth, in his walks through the halls of learning, and in his rambles in the fields of literature. The man of maturer years shall find it a welcome and useful companion while mingling in the busy scenes of active life; and Age, with its locks frosted with years of experience, shall find reflected in its pages those morals which he has so earnestly and effectively taught, and that correct philosophy of which his life has been a worthy example.

When we reflect that the sentiments and opinions expressed by us in the columns of this paper are to be taken as the rule of action, in a great measure, by the rising generation by which we are surrounded, and among which we are moving—that its columns are to be perused by the home groups, as they gather around the family fireside, and its influence, whether for good or evil, is to mark its course in their future action, we almost shrink from the task which we have assumed, and regret that it had not been entrusted to abler and better hands. We engage in the enterprise, however, feeling this responsibility, and if honesty of purpose, integrity of action—fidelity to the educational interests of the State, and unconquerable perseverance in carrying out the measures which shall be proposed for its proper development shall be of any avail—the great interests, for which all good citizens labor, will not have been jeoparded by our connection with the Iowa School Journal.

SCHOOL ROOMS—ARE THEY PROPERLY FURNISHED?

Every person who has had practical experience in the trials incident upon "Teaching a District School," has felt that a great share of his difficulties arose from the want of proper school furniture. By proper school furniture, we mean that which is absolutely necessary for the convenience of both teacher and pupil. Among the articles which should be found in every school room we enumerate the following:

A clock, so placed upon a shelf that each pupil can see it at a glance, should be deemed a necessary companion of the school room. This will avoid the excuse for the frequent inquiry of "Master, what time is it?" which so often rings in the ears of the wearied and care-worn teacher. This clock should be a good one—a correct time keeper—for by it, the scholar who comes into School *five minutes too late*, is to be tried, judged and sentenced for his tardiness.

At the door of the school room should always be found a good iron scraper, so placed at the entrance, that each boy, as he comes in, can remove the mud that will necessarily cling to his boots of a rainy morning, especially, if he has a long walk across the prairies. A mat is the inseparable companion of the scraper upon which the feet-cleaning process can be properly completed.

A water pail and dipper, kept *scrupulously clean*, are always found in the school room, that is properly furnished. The pail sits upon the stand prepared for it, *and never upon the floor*, while the dipper is suspended upon a hook near by and within reach of all the children in the School.

Cleanliness presumes that a broom is found in every School room, and that it is frequently used—not that it takes an occasional promenade up and down the main aisles of the room, with an energetic flourish or two at the door, but that its searching glances penetrate each nook and corner to the great annoyance and total destruction of all accumulations of dirt. It is not in the school room, where the broom has been properly exercised, that we see those great, fat piles of dirt, that look so contented and happy after a twelvemonth's residence, and which seem to indicate by their self-satisfied appearance that they have a lease of the premises for years to come—that they are not even tenants at will, subject to removal without notice.

In making a journey, a few years since, to a distant part of the State, as we were riding along one day, ruminating upon the prospect of our being able to reach the next village, then several miles distant, in time for even a late dinner, (it was then 1 o'clock,) our meditations were suddenly interrupted by the hallooing of a coatless, vestless, barefooted, barcheaded boy, a few rods in advance of us, who was shouting to his companions in the adjoining field, "Boys, come in yer, every one of yer,—Marster ses so—School's goin' ter took up." This mode of calling the children to their studies, convinced us that the

school room which we were then passing was wanting in one of the necessary articles of school room furniture, *a good bell*.

We sometimes see a school house, where the heaps of leached ashes lying about the door, would leave the impression upon the mind, that the directors of the district had secured the lease of an ashery for a school house. All this can be avoided, by providing for the school room a sheet iron ash pail, instead of compelling the teacher to carry the ashes to the door upon the shovel, or in the absence of that article, we have seen a piece of board or shingle substituted. Reader, do the grounds in front of the school house in your district have any resemblance to those surrounding the village ashery?

In the entry to the school room, at a convenient height, should be found proper hooks, *one for each scholar*, upon which bonnets and shawls, hats and coats, can be hung, not thrown upon the floor nor left upon the benches.

It is all important for the progress of the pupil and the convenience of the teacher, that suitable black-boards should be furnished for the school room. No school room should be without them, and no School is properly conducted, where the teacher does not make frequent use of this part of his school furniture.

Outline maps are always found suspended upon the walls of every well furnished school room. By these the scholar can see at a glance the location of any city or country about which he desires to obtain information.

The teacher's desk should be conveniently arranged with shelves and drawers to hold his books and papers; and its location in the school room should be such as to enable the teacher to overlook the entire School.

The seats and desks of the pupils, should be so arranged as to afford the most room in the least space, and at the same time be easy and convenient for the occupants. Too much care cannot be taken in arranging this oft'times sadly neglected part, of the furniture of the school room.

These are only a few of the articles that are absolutely necessary in the school room, and yet we fear that some of the Schools of our State have not even this meagre list of school furniture. Will parents and School Directors, look after these matters and see that the school houses of their respective districts are suitably and properly furnished.

We shall have more to say upon this subject when we come to speak of the school house and its surroundings. We have only referred to this subject here hoping that an inventory will at once be taken of the school furniture in each district, to see if all the articles demanded by even this scanty list can be found. We fear that we should not be obliged to go very many miles from our sanctum, to find "Wanting," written upon the the schedule of school furniture belonging to School District No. —— of —— Township —— Co., Iowa.

PARENTS SHOULD VISIT THE SCHOOLS.

No duty, devolving upon parents and guardians of the young, should be observed more faithfully than that of paying frequent visits to the schools where their children and wards are receiving instruction. The good effect that such visits will have upon both teacher and pupils, can scarcely be enumerated. To the teacher it will afford encouragement—it will re-assure him, that his days of patient toil and nights of anxious thought, are not to be all in vain, for the frequent presence of his patrons is an evidence that his labors are appreciated. Such visits will enable parents to become acquainted with the qualifications of the teacher—his literary attainments—his habits—his morals—his deportment towards the children in his intercourse with them, and thus will they be able to judge of his fitness to *conduct*, as well as to teach, their school. How else, than by personal observation, can parents judge of the qualifications and merits of their teacher? How, but by pursuing this course, can they determine upon the policy of continuing or dismissing the teacher, now in charge of their school? Can they be *just to the teacher*, and judge rightfully upon his competency and qualifications, except they visit him in his school room and there *witness* his mode of procedure?

The children will be prompted to make greater exertions to advance in their studies, if they know that their recitations are liable to be listened to, daily, by their parents or other members of their families. Their attendance will be prompt—their behavior will be dutiful, and they too, with the teacher, will feel encouraged by these attentions, and will pursue their studies with increased zeal. Not only parents, but all who take an interest in the spread of intelligence and desire to see a proper development of the school system of the commonwealth, should frequently be found "wending their way" to the village school. Reader, will you put in practice the lesson herein taught,—set a good example for your neighbors, and surprise both the teacher and pupils of your district school, by paying them a visit, within *one week*, from the time of perusing this article!

DICTATION AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

Correct orthography is a matter of so much importance as lying at the foundation of all literary excellence, and it is so universally considered such, that teachers very generally and very properly give it a prominence among school studies. Despite, however, the pains taken to inculcate it, there is still a lamentable deficiency on this point, and indifferent spellers still abound even among those who claim to be educated men. We propose in this article to explain briefly what we consider the cause of this deficiency, and to point out a remedy.

And, first, we regard the cause to consist in the fact that spelling is taught too exclusively as an *oral* exercise. Pupils are taught to repeat in proper order the letters, composing certain words arranged in columns in their spelling book. They thus learn the sounds of words and the sounds only, and many become proficient in this exercise, who, were they required to write a sentence from any standard author from hearing it read to them, would blunder egregiously. Spelling is only practically used in writing, and for the detection of errors in writing, the eye must be mainly depended on, though the ear may be used as an auxiliary. If then the eye is the organ so universally used in practical writing in detecting false orthography, and our readers may go to a printing office for a full exemplification of the fact, in the lack of discipline of that organ is to be found a fruitful source of the blunders in pelling.

Further, this mode of spelling *orally* is a mere act of memory with no rules to govern it, and but a limited number of words find place in any of the standard spelling books. Even after a scholar has memorized these, he often finds it difficult to go beyond the routine in which he has been drilled, the lists that he has committed. If he attempts to do so he is perplexed till he is either obliged to have recourse repeatedly to a dictionary, or to run the risk of spelling inaccurately.

Again, spelling books contain generally a very small number of derivative words, and though a pupil learns the forms of the radical words fully, he is at a loss frequently when he undertakes to write them in their expanded form.

In most cases too, he is merely taught to memorize *words* without regard to signification, thus gaining practically no knowledge of the many that are alike in sound but unlike both in meaning and spelling. In oral exercises as usually conducted, there is thus no opportunity for discrimination on the part of the pupil between these classes of words; and perhaps as many fail in this as in any other respect.

These brief hints will enable our readers to understand our views as to the cause of the wide spread deficiencies: and now as to the remedy.

We have already indicated the principle upon which the remedy must be founded, to wit: the training of the eye in the observation of the *forms* of words, in addition to the discipline usually given to the ear in the sound. We would cultivate both *eye* and *ear*, and particularly the former. As a first step towards a correct knowledge of orthography, oral exercises from a spelling book are as good as any other. As the child advances we would give him one by one such rules as govern the formation of derivative words, and familiarize these rules by written as well as oral exercises, in the former case introducing such words into sentences. As he still progresses explain to him such words as are alike in sound, but unlike in signification and orthography, illustrate their proper use by full examples, then give him written exercises such as will contain them, and in which he must judge for himself of the meaning to be conveyed by the context, and let him thus learn by thorough drilling to use the right word in the right place. Finally after passing over these preliminary steps read to him passages from his reading book, from the newspaper or from anything at hand and let him write after your reading; give him this exercise daily, and our word for it he would soon acquire by its agency as thorough a discipline for the eye, as by the oral exercexercise he gained for the ear; and with both ear and eye sharpened by such training we should look confidently to a marked improvement in the orthography of our common school graduates.

We do not speak of this matter as mere theorists, but as having seen the beneficial effects of the system in our own teaching; and, so confident are we of its merits that we must urge the teachers of Iowa to give a fair trial to the plan of which we have but sketched the outlines, leaving to their discretion and skill the task of filling in the details.

The writer of the above article is a gentleman intimately connected with the educational interests of the State, and we congratulate our readers upon our success in securing his services as a regular contributor for the JOURNAL.—ED.

Editorial Notes.

Letters relating to the business department of this paper, should be addressed to the publishers—those designed for the editorial department, to the editor.

Exchanges designed for this paper should be addressed "IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL," Des Moines, Iowa.

COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

We are pleased to learn that teachers' associations are being pretty generally held in the several counties of the State. Much good can be accomplished by these associations, if teachers will attend them with the *spirit of inquiry* pervading their actions—if they go up to them determined to improve themselves in the profession in which they are engaged. Such meetings enable the teachers to have a free interchange of opinions upon the various duties pertaining to their vocations—a healthy and beneficial spirit of rivalry will be engendered, and they will return to their several schools refreshed, and will engage in their duties with increased zeal, determined that their school shall be second to none in their county. These associations enable the teachers to make the personal acquaintance of their fellow laborers, and the social benefits arising therefrom are not the least among their advantages.

We shall be pleased to receive reports of the proceedings of these associations that we may notice them in the pages of the Journal.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The following gentlemen constitute the Board of Education for this State:

1st	District,	CHAS. MASON,	7th	District,	T. H. CANFIELD,
2d	"	T. B. PERRY,	8th	"	F. M. CONNELLY,
3d	"	G. P. KIMBALL,	9th	"	O. H. ROSZELL,
4th	"	D. E. BRAINARD,	10th	"	A. B. HILDRETH,
5th	"	DAN MILLS,	11th	"	I. T. MITCHELL,
6th	"	S. F. COOPER,			

Secretary of the Board, THOMAS H. BENTON, jr.

Assistant Secretary, JOSIAH T. TUBBY.

Lieutenant Governor FAVILLE is the presiding officer of the Board. The Governor of the State is *ex officio*, a member of the Board.

During the past month, our city has been visited by a large number of the notables of the State. The session of the Supreme Court brought with it its three judges, Messrs. WRIGHT, STOCKTON, and WOODWARD; Hon. S. A. RICE, Attorney General, and a large number of practicing attorneys. The Agricultural Board has also been holding a session at the Capitol.

In connection with the above, the Democratic and Republican State conventions have been in session. A large number of Delegates were in attendance upon each convention.

Teachers wanting situations, and School Directors desiring to secure the services of teachers, should make their wants known through the JOURNAL.

Hon. Samuel Bell, our efficient County Superintendent, informs us that there are now about eighty schools in full operation in this county in which are employed over one hundred teachers. The Superintendent reports rapid progress in the schools, and increased interest among the people in behalf of school matters.

Publishers and Booksellers will find the Journal an excellent medium through which to advertise their publications, as it will have a more extended and general circulation than any other journal in this State.

Clergymen throughout the State, are earnestly requested to use their efforts to extend the circulation of the Iowa School Journal, in their immediate localities. The good which will result from the circulation of a publication of the moral and intellectual character of the Journal, will, we trust, receive the patronage of that large class of our Iowa population—the church going.

Teachers and School Officers can serve themselves and the community with whom they reside, in no way better than by subscribing, and urging others to subscribe, for a journal that has for its objects the improvement of the condition of our schools and the dissemination of useful and necessary information among the citizens of the commonwealth—thus aiding to lighten their own labors, and at the same time adding to the intelligence of the people.

The proprietors of the *Iowa State Journal* have issued the first number of the *Daily Journal*, which same is a very spicy sheet. Terms, 15 cents per week. The business men of Des Moines should patronize it to the end that it may be a permanent institution.

St. John's Day, (June 24) will be celebrated by the Masonic Fraternity in this City, by Installation of the officers of Capital Lodge, Oration, Procession and Dinner.

J. M. Dixon Esq., for a long time one of the editors of the *Iowa Citizen*, and a resident of this city, has removed to Indianola, Warren county, and connected himself with the *Warren Eagle*. We congratulate the readers of the *Eagle* upon their fortune in securing for their paper the able and fluent pen of Mr. Dixon.

The *Children's Friend*, is the title of a most excellent paper for children, which we have received and gladly place upon our exchange list. It is published semi-monthly at Dayton, Ohio, at the very low price of *twenty-five cents* per annum, or five copies for one dollar. Children save your dimes and subscribe for the *Children's Friend*. Will the publishers please send us Nos. one and two of vol. six?

The first volume, in two parts, of the Geological Survey of Iowa, has been issued, and is being distributed through the office of the Secretary of State. When we are favored with an opportunity of examining a copy of the work, we will give a more extended notice of it.

To our editorial brethren who have in such complimentary terms, noticed the Journal in advance of its publication, we return our warmest thanks and trust that in our future intercourse with them, we shall continue to merit their esteem and good wishes.

Up to this date (the 17th,) there has been 53 steamboat arrivals at this port, with a prospect for a continuance of navigation for the smaller boats for a few weeks longer.

The "Polk County Farmers' Club," is the name of a society, comprised of practical agriculturalists—persons interested in good farming—which meets at the Capitol in this city once in two weeks, for the discussion of various subjects pertaining to their vocation. We hope each county in the State will have its Farmers' Club. With Teachers' meetings and Farmers' Clubs, properly attended, much good may be accomplished.

Francis C. Woodworth, late editor of "Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet," died of consumption on Sunday morning June 5th, on his way from Havana to New York. He was a pleasing writer and possessed the rare faculty of instructing and amusing children by his writings. The "Cabinet" has been a deservedly popular work. Mr. Woodworth was but 46 years of age at the time of his death.

The good things of this life fall to our lot when we least expect them. Such were the conclusions which we came to without the least necessity for argument to prove the correctness of our judgment, when we were met in the street a few days since by our fellow townsman, Hon. W. P. Davis, and invited by him to his residence, to eat *strawberries*. We accepted of course—were never known to refuse such an invitation. Upon these large, fine, fragrant, luscious berries, dressed with plenty of real cream which Mrs. Davis had furnished in plentiful quantities, we did feast greatly to our satisfaction, and could but reflect upon our hearty concurrence in the Doctor's judgment in selecting us to assist him in disposing of these rich fruits of his horticultural labors. By the way, why don't more of our citizens have a plat of strawberries? They are of easy cultivation, and yield largely to repay for the care and attention bestowed upon them. We should like to see more attention paid to this branch of horticulture.

Nothing can remain stationary. All things must advance or retrograde, and papers are not exceptions to the general rule. The one now before you shall go forward, increase in neatness of appearance and richness of contents, until it shall be said—that, no house which does not receive a copy of it, is supplied with the necessary articles for housekeeping purposes.

There are School Journals published in several States which number their thousands of subscribers, and have been in existence for years.

Is there any reason why thousands in Iowa should not enjoy the benefits of a journal of their own and that it shall be read and quoted from years in the future—even after its original projectors "are not?"

Let every man take a copy and urge his neighbor to do the same. The thinking and reading man we look to for support. Remember it is a paper with an object, and that object one which tends to the elevation and advancement of all who come within its influence.

If you want to see School Books by the cord, just drop in at Redhead & Dawson's. It will cost nothing for the sight, and should you want anything in their line, they will supply you upon most excellent terms. See advertisement on cover.

Miscellany.

WOMAN.

An angel wandering out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of paradise
  Made luminous the auroral air;
And, walking in His awful guise,
  Met the Eternal Father there;
Who, when he saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love through all those bowers of light.
While deep within the tranced spell,
  Our Eden sire lay slumbering near,
God saw, and said: "It is not well
  For man alone to linger here."
Then took that angel by the hand,
  And with a kiss its brow he prest,
And whispering all His mild command,
  He laid it on the sleeper's breast;
With earth enough to make it human,
He chained its wings and called it WOMAN.
And if perchance some stains of rust
  Upon her pinions yet remain;
'Tis but the mark of God's own dust,
  The earth-mould of that Eden chain.

T. B. READ.

NEWSPAPER READING.

Our people are readers rather than students. But, as readers, we suspect no other people have ever stood so high. Probably no other nation of any magnitude exists in which so large a proportion of the whole population are readers. And, although there is a great deal too much of bad reading, and a great deal of merely poor and trashy reading, yet, we believe, that by far the largest part of all the books and papers read are profitable. It is quite in fashion to depreciate newspaper reading in comparison with book reading. But our conviction is, that on the whole newspapers are better reading than books. Of course, sound and solid works of history, literature, travels, biography, natural science, and of religion, are more profitable than poor newspapers. But, so are good newspapers more profitable than the ten thousand transient and superficial books that abound.

One is not apt to consider what an amount of matter is furnished by a newspaper in a year. We presume that the matter contained in the New York Daily Times or Tribune, if printed in book-type, would make not less than fifty octavo volumes a year of four hundred pages! Nor for solid information would, perhaps, one third of them need fear comparison with the average book-issue of the press. But in strong and fine writing they would be above the average. For, the most racy, earnest, and idiomatic writing in our day is found in the editorial columns.

There is no better English written anywhere than in our first class newspapers. We frequently see articles that are as well considered, as exhaustive upon a given topic, and as learned, as any that on the same subjects can be found in a stately Encyclopedia or a Learned Treatise. Besides this, the amount of various information upon natural history, upon mechanics, and agriculture, upon science applied to domestic purposes, which a year's newspaper reading will yield, is surprising to those who have not directed their attention to it.

A good weekly paper amounts almost to a volume a week of small books, and for quality of matter is far better than the average of books.

We do not deny that a great deal of trashy matter is dealt out in newspapers. But books ought not to cast the first stone. And much that people are fond of calling trash we should describe by a different name. And much that passes for solid reading we should call simply stupid. Dead, prosing articles, about various goodness, stale and tedious homilies, are most veritable trash But current events, the progress of state and national affairs, the great events of foreign nations, the inventions, the discoveries, the record of material improvement, domestic news, rendered fresh and sparkling, are not to be called desultory and scattering just because they appear in a cheap uewspaper. As to *stories* and novelettes, we are far from entertaining that indiscriminate prejudice against them which many good people have. What is a novel in our day, but criticism, description, history, science, and, in short, all knowledge made inviting by being threaded upon the line of a story. Some of Shakspeare's dramas are better history than the chronicles from which he borrowed his materials; and many of Scott's novels are more instructive and truthful than the formal Scotch and English histories. Good stories are the wings of newspapers, and enable them to fly all over the land. But poor stories are blame worthy everywhere, whether in newspaper, Sabbath-school book, or religious tract.

All the libraries in the United States are not of the value to the nation that are its newspapers. The daily and weekly newspapers are the glory of America. Much as they are susceptible of improvement, they are unquestionably the most powerful element now at work in our civil society. We do not half estimate their power, nor dream of what they are yet to be.

People living in towns and cities have little idea of the value of newspapers. They are surrounded with associates. They have access to libraries. Books are at hand on every side, and may be easily borrowed when one cannot buy. But on farms, in out of the way places, and in ten thousand corners, nooks and neighborhoods, where men live and work, the newspaper is the only window through which they look out into the world. Its visit brings cheer to the house. The newspaper day is the white day of the week, and the farmer who has got his paper from the office and turns homeward is already rested from his work, and turns homeward with a light foot. Now every word is read. From beginning to end, advertisements and all, every line is read. If not read aloud, each waits impatiently for his turn. Then the more striking subjects are discussed. Every day till the next paper comes round, the topics are thought over, and talked about with a pertinacious interest which they have little conception of who live where papers swarm. And the result of this careful reading is, not only a well-informed common people, but one going out of the city into the country will learn more about what is going on in the city, right under his nose, than he knew before. Country people have time to consider things. Happily they do not live in thunder and whirl and drive as city people do. They live in a silence of affairs that enables them to hear the sounds from a distance, and to consider their meaning. Every week I am surprised to find how much more intelligent country people know about city affairs in New York than I do. In America, Newspaper is King! Long live KING NEWSPAPER!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

——It is a good sign and true when you see amid a little group of boys one dart from the rest and tossing his arms above his head, shout, "There's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles soever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's my father!" With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this! He must be, indeed, a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, love is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over new-made graves tell us so. Fame, and money, and ambition, dwindle to nothing beside the white, calm brow of death, though; God knows it may be but the youngling whose lips have never even learned to syllable our name.—*London Times.*

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

The Bank of England Note is simple in character, having altered very little in appearance since it was first issued at the end of the seventeenth century, but the quality of the paper and of the engraved writing has now been brought up to a high degree of excellence. In thus perfecting their note, the authorities of the Bank have had entirely in view the protection of the public from fraud and loss. Instead of defending themselves, as is the practice in some other countries, by secret marks on their paper money, the substance and printing of which are equally ill executed, the Bank of England accepts no security which may not be possessed by any one who will make himself acquainted with the following characteristics of the paper, the plate-printing, and the type-printing of the note. The paper is distinguished:

1. By its color, a peculiar white, such as is neither sold in the shops, nor used for any other purpose.

2. By its thinness and transparency, qualities which prevent any of the printed part of the note being washed out by turpentine or removed by the knife, unless a hole is made in the place thus practised on.

3. By its characteristic feel. There is a peculiar crispness and toughness in Bank of England paper, which enables those who are accustomed to handle it to distinguish instantaneously, by the sense of touch alone, true from false notes.

4. The wire mark (or water mark) is produced in the paper when in the state of pulp: consequently, a forger must procure a mould, and make his own paper. But both the workmanship of the mould and the manufacture of the paper, from its intricate surface, require the skill of first-rate artizans. As these are not found in the haunts of crime, a spurious imitation of the water mark has to be affixed by means of a metallic stamp upon the counterfeit paper after it has been made.

5. The three deckle edges of the bank note. The mould contains two notes, placed lengthways; these are separated by the knife in a future stage of manufacture. The deckle (or wooden frame of the paper-mould) produces that peculiar effect which is seen on the edges of uncut paper. As it is caused when this substance is in the state of pulp, it is as unlike any imitation attempted upon paper, as the rent or hemmed edge of linen, etc., differs from the selvage. It will be evident from this that any paper purchased for purposes of forgery, inasmuch as it has to be cut into shape, can have but two natural (or deckle) edges at most, instead of three, and must bear, in consequence, a recognizable proof of falsity.

6. The strength of the bank-note paper. Being made, not from the worn fibres of old garments, but from new linen and new cotton pieces, the paper of the bank-note is extremely strong.

In its water-leaf (or unsized) condition, a bank note will support 36 lbs., and when one grain of size has been diffused through it, it will then lift half a hundred weight. The bulk of the note is printed from a steel plate, the identity of which is secured by the process of transferring. The paper is moistened for printing by water driven through its pores under the pressure of the atmosphere admitted into the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. This process was invented about thirty-five years ago. In the bank of England 30,000 double notes are thus moistened in the space of an hour. The ink used in plate printing is made at the Bank from linseed oil and charred husks and vines of Rhenish grapes. This Frankfort black (as it is called) affords a characteristic velvety black, very distinguishable in the left-hand corner of the note. Inks in forgeries have usually a blueish or brownish hue. The numbering and cipher printing are also executed in one of the presses in use at the Bank. The combination of plate with type printing is itself a great security against a successful forgery of a bank note. All that now remains is the signature of the clerk. This is chiefly valuable as a moral restraint against counterfeits. At the same time the nicety of adjustment in bank paper manufacture is evinced by its being suited both to the printer, who requires the least, and to the penman, who requires the greatest quantity of size in the paper to fit it to their respective purposes.

A PLEA FOR DULL SCHOLARS.

A writer in the *Rhode Island School Master* gives an incident in his experience with just reflection, which we commend to every teacher who is tempted to be impatient with dull scholars:

I once saw a teacher engaged in hearing a brilliant recitation, where all was prompt and successful. The class was in high spirits, the teacher in fine temper; but when it came the turn of an honest looking boy at the foot, with large heavy eyes, and a troubled look, I saw the smile of satisfaction leave the teacher's face before he had finished putting the question; I saw the class sneer in anticipation of the blunder; and I saw too the poor boy flinching from the gaze of the school, and the impatient look of his teacher. He failed, of course. The teacher turned away with an expression of *resignation*, which was a more severe blow to the boy than if he had been struck. Reader! have you never done this thing? Never be impatient with dullness in school. Do not merely refrain from contemptuous epithets, (for who would be so brutal?) but avoid every shrug of the shoulder, every gesture of impatience, every sigh of disappointment. It is mortification enough to the scholar to know that he is not so bright as his companions; do not add to his shame the sense of injustice.

A child may be quick to grasp principles, yet slow in learning facts; he may be deficient in mathematical ability, and yet possess much poetic feeling, and an earnest, ardent love of the beautiful. A bad memory or some other defect will keep him back in recitation, though his mind may be full of precious thoughts, which find no utterance in the bustle and hurry of the school room.

I had a case of this kind in my first school; it was a poor little fellow who always seemed puzzled; he was slow to take an idea, and appeared to have no power whatever to express his mind. His companions thought him stupid, and I shared the general impression. In the course of the term, I introduced exercises in composition—a thing hitherto unknown in school. To our astonishment, his first effort exhibited an originality of thought and facility of expression which no other boy could equal. On one occasion he wished to introduce a few stanzas of poetry into his composition, and not remembering the exact form of the original, substituted his own expressions; they were all correct, poetic, and metrical. On conversing with him about his pursuits, I found him altogether superior to his companions, in the more mature and valuable properties of the mind.

I learned wisdom by that experience, and have since found many similar cases; indeed, so many, that I am sometimes inclined to think that a slow manner of thought, in a child, is a sign of good intellect. Therefore if I find that a boy is unsuccessful in ordinary school studies, I look round to see what I can do for him. If he has a poor memory, I often find that he can grasp a thought; if he cannot read well, he may nevertheless understand thoroughly what he is reading about; if clumsy in speech he may be skilful in expressing his thoughts in writing; if he is deficient in mathematical ability, he perhaps has talent for drawing, for mechanics, music, or the languages; though hating arithmetic and geography, he may have a love of poetry and art, that may be turned to account. Thus I find the law of compensation exhibited even in the school room. Many a man or woman has developed a symmetrical mind and character in after life, who in childhood seemed only 'half made up.'

Therefore, O teacher, be not hasty in your judgments! remember that the scope of your influence is limited; that there are chambers of the young mind which, with your parade of school books, you have never entered; remember that the heavy-eyed lad whom you deem so obtuse may yet grow to be a man whom you will delight to honor. Be patient.—*Ohio Journal of Education.*

Restraints on Matrimony.—The first District School Board of New Orleans have resolved 'that hereafter no young lady teacher will be allowed to contract marriage while occupying the position of teacher, and that such an act on her part shall be virtually considered a resignation.'

Recent Publications.

Under this head we shall notice such new publications as we think will be interesting and instructive to the general reader—giving the names of the publishers, and as far as we can, the price of the work.

D. Appleton & Co., New York; Home Memories, or, Echoes from a Mother's Voice. As its title indicates, a beautiful lesson is taught by this book, upon resignation and piety. Price, 75 cents.

Prairie Farming in America: by James Caird, M. P. This work contains much valuable information concerning the soil of our prairies, and the manner of treating it. Price, 50 cts.

The Tin Trumpet, or Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. Price $1 25.

Hamilton's Republic of the United States. A very valuable work, and should be attentively perused by every American citizen. Price $2 50 per vol.

Memoirs of the Empress Catharine II; written by Herself. A remarkable and interesting work.

Derby & Jackson; New York: Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming; by Henry Ward Beecher. Those who have spent so many pleasant hours over "Life Thoughts," the "Star Papers," and other writings, will need no assurance from us that Mr. Beecher will be found equally as entertaining and instructive in this new field of literary labor. Price $1 25.

Acadia; by the author of The Sparrow Grass Papers.

Harper & Bros.; New York: The Life of North American Insects: by Prof. B. Jaeger, of the College of New Jersey. This work is a valuable addition to the scientific literature of the country, and should be placed in every school library in the State. Price $1 25.

Humboldt's Cosmos. The fifth volume of this invaluable work is now issued by the Harpers. Price 12mo, muslin, 85c.

G. P. Putnam; New York: Irving's Works, 21 volumes, including Irving's Washington, are now complete. This is a beautiful edition of the works of the inimitable Irving. Price, octavo edition $2, 12mo edition $1 50 per volume.

W. A. Townsend & Co.; New York: James Fennimore Cooper's Works are being issued by this House. Six volumes are now ready, as follows: "The Pioneer," "The Red Rover," "The Last of the Mohecans," "The Spy," "The Bravo," and "Wyandotte." These works are issued in splendid style, each volume contains two steel vignettes, and twelve characteristic illustrations on wood, designed by Darly. Price $1 50 per volume.

All About it, or the History and Mystery of Common Things. A valuable work for reference.

Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; Davenport Dunn, a Man of our Day. A new novel, by Charles Lever. Price $1 50. This enterprising House is issuing an edition of the Waverly Novels, at the extremely low price of 25 cents per volume.

The Cavalier, a new novel, by G. P. R. James. Price $1 25.

All the Year Round. Dicken's new work has reached its eighth number. It resembles "Household Words," which was so popular under Mr. Dickens' management. Emmerson & Co., publishers, New York. Price 5 cents per No.

Once a Week. A new illustrated periodical, published by L. A. Brady, No. 126 Nassau street, New York.

Rambles among words—their Poetry, History and Wisdom; by William Swinton. A decidedly popular work, entertaining to the general reader; a book to be studied with profit and perused with pleasure. Price $1. Published by C. Scribner, New York.

Housewifery.

Our lady readers will be pleased to learn that each number of the JOURNAL will contain a column upon general Housewifery, and matters pertaining to domestic economy. It will be edited by a lady of practical experience, and will give excellent advice in that often very annoying branch of the "Home Department," the art of cooking a good dinner.

LEMON PIE.—For one pie, two lemons, juice and rinds, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, or the same amount of flour, the yolks of six eggs, bake it; then beat the whites of the eggs with eight tablespoonfuls of fine white sugar and pour over it, put in the oven and dry.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—One teacup of rice in a quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, nutmeg and a little butter, bake half an hour.

PICKLED CITRON.—Cut in shapes, lay in cold water over night; in the morning set them on the fire, in the same water, and scald till tender, then wipe dry, put in a jar and cover with vinegar boiling hot, adding spice and sugar, a teacup of sugar to a quart of vinegar; cover up closely and they will be ready for use in a few days.

TO KEEP ORANGES AND LEMONS FOR PASTRY.—When you have squeezed the juice, throw the peels into salt and water; let them remain a fortnight, clean out the pulp, boil them till tender, strain them, and when they are tolerably dry boil a small quantity of syrup of common loaf sugar and water and put over them, in a week boil them gently in it till they look clear.

HOW TO EXTRACT THE BITTER QUALITY FROM YEAST.—Bake a small piece of bread quite black and drop into the yeast; or if it be very bitter, put a small quantity of bran into a small sieve, and strain the yeast through. These remedies have been tried and never have been known to fail. Or pour cold water over the yeast some time before you require it; the yeast will sink, and the bitter quality remain in the water, which pour off.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—The washerwoman of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. They save in soap nearly one half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same method. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used with tartaric acid, and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made from hard water; all water can be made soft by adding a tea-spoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity used will be at least one-fifth. To give the black the flavor of the green tea, add a single leaf from the black currant tree.

The Farm.

Farmers, and those interested in the culture of the soil will not fail to observe that a portion of the JOURNAL is especially devoted to their interests. In our determination to publish a paper that shall, as far as possible meet the wants of all classes of readers, we shall, under the foregoing head, publish a series of short articles upon practical farming, which will contain much valuable information upon this important branch of national industry. We shall be pleased to receive from our friends in the country, communications for this department of our paper, giving their experience in practical farming in Iowa. If each farmer will take the pains to keep a memorandum of his operations in farming for one season, he will find that at the end of the year he has collected a valuable fund of information which may be embodied in an article for this paper. Farmers try the experiment—write for the JOURNAL.

A GOOD FARM.

What are the requisites for a good farm—such an one as would take and deserve a premium, and prove an example and an encouragement to farmers generally? Let us offer a few thoughts on this subject—recalling, if not suggesting, valuable hints to the reader. A farm should furnish a pleasant and comfortable home, and a healthful and remunerative business, and a good one readily does this for the owner. It should possess

I. A good soil—either naturally, or made so by cultivation and manuring—adapted to the production of the different crops usually grown in that locality, and conveniently situated for marketing them profitably. It should have (2) a wood-lot for supplying fuel for domestic use, the fencing and a greater part of the building lumber of the farm, and there should be (3) water convenient to the dwelling house, barns, and other buildings, as well as for the pastures. These may be either naturally or artificially supplied, by streams and springs, or wells and cisterns, as the locality will allow.

II. A good farm is well fenced—divided into suitable and convenient lots by substantial enclosures, either of rails, stone, boards, or other permanent material, conformable to its size, value, and situation. It is (2) properly tilled—every crop being sowed on properly prepared ground, and its after cultivation thoroughly attended to. (3) The production of weeds is assiduously prevented—the fields, fences and road-sides are kept as clear as possible of "the enemy."

III. A good farm is provided with barns and stables, permanently and neatly built, and conveniently placed and arranged, and of sufficient size to contain the produce of the farm, and to shelter the stock usually kept upon it. (2.) Cellars for storing roots, for the manufacture of manure, &c., are placed under these buildings, and (3) convenient yards attached, so arranged as to prevent the waste of fodder and drainage of manure.—These yards are well sheltered from the winds, and are supplied with water; the whole establishment forming a comfortable winter residence for the domestic animals—such as he may rest content in the knowledge that every want is supplied, and every needless suffering prevented, under his jurisdiction. (4.) A good farm has various out-buildings to facilitate the different operations in its management; among these may here be named a wagon and tool-house for storing the implements of the farm at all times when not in use; a work-shop supplied with proper tools, a granary and corn-house, a convenient piggery, a poultry-house, etc., all conveniently arranged and situated, and neatly and permanently erected.

IV. A good farm has a good dwelling-house, judiciously arranged for the comfort and convenience of the women; neatly built and kept in perfect repair—with a good cellar, smoke-house, ice-house and closets, near at hand; and these and all other buildings, well painted and secure from decay. It has (2) a neatly fenced front yard, enclosing (3) a grassy lawn with ornamental trees, plants and flowers—the whole appearance of the house and grounds indicating the abode of taste, neatness and comfort.

V. A good farm has a good orchard, containing the best varieties of market apples, and other fruits; also (2) a kitchen garden—where are raised in their perfection, all the culinary fruits and vegetables usually grown in such places. (3.) A fruit garden for cherries, plums, pears, &c., and also grapes, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and in short all the fruits which may be grown in the open air, is provided and given due culture and attention.

Such are some of the requisites of a good farm. We shall present hereafter some of the characteristics of an Average Farm, a subject equally interesting and instructive.—*Cultivator.*

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Pike's Peak, with its flattering promises of rich harvests of gold, has lured many a one from his pleasant home, to endure the toils and privations of a journey across the unsettled prairies of the West, to learn, when it is too late, that it is not all gold that glitters.

Nevertheless late accounts from Pike's Peak, give assurances that large deposits of gold will yet be found in the mountain gorges of that region. There is no reason to be given why gold should not be found on the eastern, as well as the western slope of the mountain range that divides the Pacific from the Atlantic States. The great benefit which will result in the new gold discovery will be the opening up of new States, and the addition of new stars to the constellation of Freedom.

Prof. Aagassiz has sailed for Europe for the purpose of making a collection of specimens in Paleontology for the new Museum of Comparative Zoology which has been recently started with very liberal endowments by the enterprising and liberal citizens of Boston and vicinity.

Horace Greeley has gone on an overland trip to California, via Pike's Peak and Utah. What he sees and hears by the way, will be published in his letters to the *New York Tribune*, and they will contain much valuable information concerning the route over which is soon to pass the "Iron Horse," followed in close pursuit by the march of new States.

It may be interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL to know of the condition and prospects of the different portions of the State, and we should be glad to receive from all directions items of similar import to the following taken from a letter of Judge ROSECRANS of Hancock county, to the publishers. Hancock is a new county, almost directly north of this, and in the next to the northern tier:—

"Our taxes are paid as promptly as we can expect, and we are making some valuable improvements in our county. There will be five school houses erected this summer at a cost of about five thousand dollars. We shall improve our roads, and bridge nearly all our small streams so that the traveller will not be impeded in his journey through our vicinity. Although it has been very wet, our crops look very well and our prospects of an abundant harvest are quite fair. The Pike's Peak fever has not raged to any great extent, as our citizens are satisfied to dig for gold in their own fields, and are very sanguine in regard to their ultimate success.

The farming season, thus far, has been very promising, and the prospect of a plentiful harvest seems to be general.

Selections.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility, I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion: but a right understanding of the relations between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but know usually that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows that he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled any one else: only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them; they have a curious undersense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them; that they could not do or be anything else than God-made them. And they see something divine and Godmade in every man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. The slightest manifestation of jealousy or self-complacency is enough to mark a second rate character of the intellect.—*Ruskin.*

Duty of cultivating the faculty of Speech.—There is a power which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to others.

Our social rank, too, depends a good deal upon our power of utterance. The principle distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips, without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning, by a confused, unskilful mode of communication—cannot take the place to which, perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercouse with respectable people, we must speak their language.—Channing.

Cheap Paint.—For the outside of wooden cottages, barns, out-buildings, fences, &c., where economy is important, the following wash is recommended:

Take a clean barrel that will hold water, put in a bushel of fresh lime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it till slaked.

When quite slaked, dissolve in water, and add two pounds of sulphate zinc (white vitriol,) which may be had at any druggist's, and which in a few weeks will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of whitewash. This wash is, of course, white, and as white is a color which we think should never be used, except upon buildings pretty much surrounded by trees, so as to prevent its glare, we would make it a fawn or drab color before using it.

To make the above wash a pleasing cream color, add four pounds yellow ochre.

For fawn color, take four pounds umber, one pound lampblack.

To make the wash gray or stone color, add one pound umber, two pounds lampblack.

Saving makes giving.—A collector of funds for a charitable institution in London came to the house of an old gentleman, whose front door being ajar, he was heard somewhat sharply reproving his servant. For what fault? Because, after kindling a fire with a match, she had thrown the match into the fire, when both ends being tipped with sulphur, it could have been used a second time. The collector thought nothing could be got here. He however summoned courage, went in and told his object. To his great surprise the old gentleman heard the case with interest, and counted out four hundred guineas to further charity. The collector then told him what he had overheard. "That is quite another thing," said the old man. "Saving makes giving. Always expect most from prudent people, who first know how to mind their own accounts."

The City of Jeddo, the Capital of Japan.—The city of Jeddo is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world. It contains 1.500,000 dwellings, and the unparalleled number of 5,000,000 of people. Some of its streets are sixteen Japanese ris in length, which is equal to thirty-two English miles. The commerce of Japan is immense, and the sea all along their coast is covered with their ships. Their vessels are laden in the southern portion of the empire with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, isinglass, and other products of the north, which find a market in the south.

Self-endurance and contentment.—As a gladiator trained the body, so must the mind be trained to self-sacrifice, to endure all things, to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at his highest good.

Domestic Life.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world.

——All governments ought to aspire to produce the highest happiness, by the least objectionable means. In a state of civilization, each individual voluntarily sacrifices a part of his liberty, to increase the general stock. But he sacrifices his liberties only to the laws; and it ought to be the care of good governments, that this sacrifice of the individual is repaid, with security and with interest.

——In 1807, the first successful essays were made with steam navigation. The progress at first was slow. In 1817, there was not such a thing as a regular line of steamboats on the western waters. Since that date, what a change in the progress of both inland and ocean steam navigation.

The remains of the Barracks of Fort Armstrong, built on Rock Island, in the Mississippi River, between the cities of Davenport and Rock Island, was destroyed by fire on Monday last. The building was erected in 1816, and was for years a protection to the early settlers of that region. Thus the hand of the incendiary has removed one of the earliest relics of the settlements of the West.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Our sister States at the West are doing a glorious work for the cause of education. Their schools and academies are already numerous and the higher institutions are in a fair way to add to the renown of the land. It is to the West that we owe the publication of Mayhew's excellent work, and now N. W Mills & Co., the enterprising publlshers of Des Moines, Iowa, are issuing a journal devoted to the educational interests of that State and the dissemination of general intelligence. We wish the *School Journal* that success which the general patronage of the friends of education would be sure to secure to it.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The friends of education throughout the State should give this neatly printed and ably conducted journal their patronage and countenance that it may have an extensive circulation, create a healthy sentiment, and advance the cause.—*Hamilton Freeman.*

'Tis a beautiful specimen of typography as we predicted it would be, ably edited by A. J. Stevens, and deserves the support of every friend of education, which the poet says "makes the man."—*Fayette Co. Pioneer.*

We have received from the publishers, N. W. Mills & Co,, the initial number of this new educational monthly. It contains sixteen double-column quarto pages filled with entertaining and instructive matter. Its typographical appearance reflects much credit on the skill and enterprise of the publishers. We trust the enterprising energy of Messers. Mills will make it a permanent expositor of the school interests of this State. It is furnished at the low price of one dollar a year. Address the publishers at Des Moines. Persons desiring to examine a copy of the *Journal* can do so by calling at this office.—*Oskaloosa Herald.*

We have received the initiatory number of the *Journal*, and from an examination of its contents we are satisfied that it will be a valuable and acceptable manual in the hands of the teachers. The number before us is printed on fine strong paper and presents a clear typographical face that does credit to the taste and mechanical skill of the publishers. Andrew J. Stevens is the Editor. Such a Journal has long been needed, and we commend the enterprise to the favorable attention of every one interested in the educational progress of Iowa. School Superintendants and Teachers, throughout the State should become patrons of the School Journal.—*Council Bluffs Press.*

It is a quarto containing sixteen pages, neatly gotten up, and edited with ability. It is worthy of a liberal support, and we hope it may not fail in getting it. Persons that take an interest in the educational affairs of the State, and especially teachers, should subscribe for it immediately.—*Keosauqua Republican.*

It is very neatly printed, and filled with instructive matter for the teacher, his pupil, and the parent. Mr. Stevens exhibits an earnest desire to make the journal a valuable auxiliary in the cause of popular education.—*Iowa Citizen.*

More of these hereafter.

☞ No person worthy of living in this age of progress, will fail to read the advertisements on the cover of the JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I. DES MOINES, AUGUST, 1859. NUMBER 2.

THE

Iowa School Journal

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GETTING THE RIGHT START.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
Be there a will, then wisdom finds a way.
BURNS.

I suppose that the first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind and his success in life. A young man, bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, cannot readily understand how it is that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If, bred in the country, he seeks the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance. After putting on airs and getting severely laughed at, going into bright and facile society and finding himself awkward and tongue-tied, undertaking to speak in some public place and breaking down, and paying his addresses to some gentle charmer and receiving for his amiable condescension a mitten of inconvenient dimensions, he will be apt to sit down in a state "bordering on distraction," to reason about it.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehend, and in his soul admit and accept the fact, that he knows nothing and is nothing: if he bow to the conviction that his mind and person are but ciphers among the significant and cleanly cut figures about him, and that whatever he is to be, and is to win, must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope of him. If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him, and he straighten stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self; or if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or be trodden upon.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is of but little value, the next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him;—that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem; that he must take care of himself. A letter of introduction may possibly procure him an invitation to tea. If he wear a good hat, and tie his cravat with propriety, the sexton will show him to a pleasant seat in church, and expect him to contribute liberally when the plate goes round. If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, and he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought to give him this. No family connexion will give him this, except among those few who think more of blood than brains.

Society demands that a young man shall be somebody, not only, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust—at least, not for a long time, for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man: then it will bow to him, and make room for him. I know a young man who made a place for himself by writing an article for the North American Review: nobody read the article, so far as I know, but the fact that he wrote such an article, that it was very long, and that it was published, did the business for him. Everybody, however, cannot write articles for the North American Review—at least, I hope everybody will not, for it is a publication which makes me a quarterly visit: but everybody, who is somebody, can do something. There is a wide range of effort between holding a skein of silk for a lady and saving her from drowning—between collecting voters on election day and teaching a Sunday School class. A man must enter society of his own free will, as an active element or a valuable component, before he can receive the recognition that every true man longs for. I take it that this is right. A man who is willing to enter society as a beneficiary is mean, and does not deserve recognition.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help; a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men, I suppose, who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn, and educate them. Or, perhaps with an eye to the sacred profession, they desire to become the benificiaries of some benevolent society or some gentle circle of female devotees.

To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder. Do not misunderstand me: I would not inculcate that pride of personal independence which repels in its sensitiveness the well-meant good offices and benefactions of friends, or that resorts to desperate shifts rather than incur an obligation. What I condemn in a young man is the love of dependence; the willingness to be under obligation for that which his own efforts may win.

I have often thought that the Education Society, and kindred organizations, do much more harm than good by inviting into

the Christian ministry a class of young men who are willing to be helped. A man who willingly receives assistance, especially if he applies for it, invariably sells himself to his benefactor, unless that benefactor happens to be a man of sense who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one whom he knows to be sensitive and honorable. Any young man who will part with freedom and the self-respect that grows out of self reliance and self-support, is unmanly, neither deserving of assistance, nor capable of making good use of it. Assistance will invariably be received by a young man of spirit as a dire necessity—as the chief evil of his poverty.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything, that the world does not care anything about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn, of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results. As manhood dawns and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader chanuels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of providence, that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment. So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when succes, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor, will prove itself, in the end, the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

Never allow yourself to be seduced from this course. You will hear of some young men who have made fortunes in some wild speculations. Pity them; for they will almost certainly lose their easily won success. Do not be in a hurry for anything. Are you in love with some dear girl, whom you would make your wife? Give Angelina Matilda to understand that she must wait; and if Angelina Matilda is really the good girl you take her to be, she will be sensible enough to tell you to choose your time. You cannot build well without first laying a good foundation; and for you to enter upon a business which you have not patiently and thoroughly learned, and to marry before you have won a character, or even the reasonable prospect of a competence, is ultimately to bring your house down about the ears of Agelina Matilda, and such pretty children as she may give you. If, at the age of thirty years, you find yourself established in a business which pays you with certanity a living income, you are to remember that God has blessed you beyond the majority of men.

In saying what I have said to you in this letter, I have had no wish to make of you pattern young men; but of this I will speak more fully hereafter. The fashion plates of the magazines bear no striking resemblance to the humanity which we meet in the streets. I only seek to give you the principles and the spirit which should animate you, without any attempt or desire to set before you the outlines of the life I would have you lead. In fact, if there are detestable things which I despise above all other things detestable, they are the patterns made for young men, and the young men made after them. I would have you carry all your individuality with you, all your blood well purified, all your passions well controlled and made tributary to the motive forces of your nature; all your manhood, enlarged, ennobled, and uncorrupted; all your piety, rendering your whole being sensitively alive to your relations to God and man; all your honor, your affections, and your faculties—all these, and still hold yourselves strictly amenable to those laws which confine a true success to the strong and constant hand of patient achievement.

From Mathematical Monthly.

THE ORDER OF MATHEMATICAL STUDIES.

The order in which Nature presents ideas to the infant mind, is the proper order in which those ideas should be systematically developed. And the first mathematical idea that enters a child's mind is that of form; the child recognizes a vast variety of objects by their form before it can count. Geometry is therefore the first mathematical study for a child, and should precede arithmmetic.

But theorems and demonstrations are wholly unsuited for a child; geometry must be recognized as food for other powers than those of reasoning. Nature presents forms to the eye, and stimulates the child's conception of figures, years before it is capable even of the simplest process of geometrical reasoning. Geometry should, therefore, in a natural system of education, begin with addressing the eye, and stimulating the powers of observation. Little bricks, Chinese tangrams, rude compasses, blackboard drawings, and similar means of illustrating form and the laws of form to the eye, should be in constant use from an early age. The habit of exactness in laying the bricks and blocks, and of critically comparing and analyzing figures drawn on the blackboard, early formed, will be a great aid in gaining that quickness and accuracy of observation which is one of the rarest and most valuable of intellectual powers. Number must also be first presented, as in nature, in the concrete form, and the proper time for doing this is evidently to be found at the period when the symmetrical building with bricks, or the symmetrical chalk drawings, have introduced the idea of number as a distinct intellectual element. But the first lesson in number should evidently be concrete, such as may be given by a pint of corn. From the actual separation of numbers into their equal parts by separating the corn into equal heaps, will come the first clear ideas of prime and composite numbers. In like manner the idea of multiplication, and the commutation of factors; of division, and the process of dividing by the quotient to find the divisor; of the rate of increase in powers; and of the rapidity with which numbers increase in decimal progression, can be clearly conveyed in no other way than by beans, counters, or corn.

The next step is to appeal to the imagination, and develop systematically the powers of conception. This is the peculiar office and excellence of geometry, and yet it is a point to which writers on that science have seldom referred. All mathematics, and indeed all studies and occupations of life, require the ability to conceive clearly as a real thing, that which has been described in words. The first study to require and develop this ability is found in simple geometry. But inasmuch as the powers of conception are developed much earlier than those of reasoning, it seems to me proper that a child should be taught to conceive of geometrical truths before it is taught to demonstrate them. They may be presented to him in a logically connected series, and in simple forms of language, not avoiding the scientific

names of figures, but carefully avoiding scientific terms in the definition and description of the figure. A judicious selection of geometrical facts and names may be thus stored in the child's memory while you are at the same time giving him a power of quick and accurate conception, which will enable him to solve all ordinary questions of loci at a single glance, without reasoning, but by direct sight. Nor in giving him facts should we confine ourselves to those which may be most readily demonstrated, but rather to those which will most stimulate the imagination, and which will lure him upward with a desire to demonstrate them.

The corresponding period in arithmetic introduces the child to the rules of written arithmetic. The decimal notation in Arabic figures is, of course, the first thing to be learned; and it should be taught, at first, as extending on either side of the unit's place. No advantages, on the contrary, great disadvantages, arise from postponing a knowledge of this law on the right of the decimal point, to a later period. The moment that a child is able to understand the meaning of 345 he can also understand 3.45 or .345: and the postponement of an explanation of the latter expressions to a later period, invests them with factitious difficulties, that will impair the pupil's freedom in the use of decimals for many years, if not for life. Prof. Loomis, in his note (Math. Month. p. 73), seems not to have noticed the main point of my remarks, and omits my careful qualification "at first" from the phrase on which he comments. At the age of fourteen or fifteen years a child has his reasoning powers somewhat developed, and will begin to relish the demonstration of both arithmetical and of geometrical problems. And herein also the course of nature should be followed. The first essays toward demonstration are usually by nature analytical, in the metaphysical sense of that word, and yet almost all writers on geometry make use almost wholly of synthesis. About the same period of the pupil's life he may begin algebra, at first as an extension of arithmetic, afterward as the law of all magnitude, and especially of unknown or variable elements.

After this period, the order of study becomes not unimportant, but less important, than for a younger child. The powers of observation, if not cultivated in early childhood, are apt to become permanently dulled; and the same is true of the powers of conception. Not only do I find in the primary schools in which geometry is studied, that the scholars of eight to ten years old are quicker in understanding it than those from twelve to fourteen but I have noticed that the same individual, in passing from the younger to the older period without any cultivation of his geometrical tastes, has lost, in his power of understanding, my isolated experimental lessons. I have, therefore, thought it worth while to occupy thus much room in the pages of the Monthly, to call the attention of teachers to the importance of mathematical training in the earliest years; and more especially to the importance of restoring geometry to its ancient place as the foundation of learning. THOMAS HILL.

CHILDREN LOVE FLOWERS.

A beautiful incident, showing the natural love of flowers in children, and how easily it may be cultivated, occurred a few days since in one of the Public Schools of this city. Some eight months ago, in one of the visits of R. G. Pardee, Superintendent of Sunday Schools, to an uptown day-school the love of flowers was chosen as the subject of one of his pleasant talks with the children.

"We should love flowers," said Mr. Pardee, "God loves them. See how he beautifies the world with them. How sweet they make the atmosphere where the fruit trees bloom in Spring. All of you have seen, and I suppose nearly all of you have loved flowers. I love to grow them. I never have any desire to go to horse-races, dog fights, cock-fights, or man-fights, for amusement. Neither do I spend my spare time at the tavern. I spend it in my garden, among my fruits aud flowers. They give real happiness to me, to my children, and to all my friends who chance to see their beauty. Now, how many of these children would like to grow a beautiful flower of their own? One, two, ten, twenty? Oh, there is a hundred of them! Very well. Now I will tell you what I will do. I have in my little yard, some beautiful German Asters. From these I will grow seed and sow it next Spring, and grow little plants which may be big enough in June to transplant, and then I will give to each little boy and girl in this school, a plant, or to so many as will promise to set it out in the garden or yard, or in a pot, and tend it carefully, until it grows big enough to bear flowers. Now, remember this."

A few days since, Mr. Pardee went to the school, and asked them if they remembered the promise; and not one had forgotten it.

"Now," said he, "I am ready to fulfill my promise. I have planted the seed and God has blessed it, and the object for which it was planted: for he loves little children. Do you remember what he said about them?"

"Yes, sir, 'Suffer little children to come unto me."

"Yes, that was it: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Now about these little plants. I can't pull them up and bring them here because they will wilt, and perhaps die, but, as many of you as can find a place to plant one in the ground, and will promise me to take care of it, shall have one to morrow at 5 o'clock, at my house in thirty-fifth street. I will take them from the bed where they are growing, and wrap a little paper and dirt around the roots, and you can each take one in your hands and run home and set it out, and water it and it will live and grow and bear flowers. But no one need come who is not willing to take care of it for months, and wait patiently for its flowers."

"I fear," said the teacher, "that they will be troublesome in going to your house."

"Oh no: I presume of the thousands here, not more than a hundred will come.

In this he was mistaken; for before 4 o'clock the street began to fill with children.

They soon filled the steps of Mr. Pardee's house, as well as those of his neighbors, and the sidewalks were lined with amateur florists. For two hours he labored as fast as possible to supply their hands—the girls first, the boys at his suggestion generously giving way and quietly waiting their turn, until instead of the anticipated one hundred he furnished a majority of the whole school. For two hours the street was a scene of great interest. The windows and doors of neighboring houses all exhibited curious faces gleaming with pleasure at such an unwonted scene in that quiet locality. Already had the flowers blossomed and borne fruit in the hearts of the children.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR.—Among our recent notices of deaths we find that of Walter Hunt. For more than forty years he has been known as an experimenter in the arts. Whether in mechanical movements, chemistry, electricity, or metalic compositions, he was always at home; and probably in all, he has tried more experiments than any other inventor. He originated the sewing machine, spinning flax by machinery, the first nail machine, the first machine for cutting brads by one operation, placing plugs in leather for soles of boots and shoes, a method of constructing docks by concrete, preparing a paper pulp so as to form boxes by one operation, the vapor baths, the ball known as the Minnie ball for the rifle, and many improvements in fire arms, printing by rollers instead of balls, and so many other things our space will not admit of details. Walter Hunt, like most inventors, devoted his life to his friends rather than to himself; was liberal to a fault, and none knew but to love him; he struggled with that monster, the dollar, all his life, in hopes of mastering it; yet his numberless experiments kept him always poor. Notwithstanding his life of exertion has benefitted the whole world—he dies, as most inventors do, at the very moment he anticipated success. He, however, lived to the ripe age of 63 years, in full vigor until the last four days of his life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Communications.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Agricultural College and Farm.
Des Moines, July 25, 1859.

You are no doubt acquainted with the fact that at the last session of the Legislature of this State, a law was passed authorizing the establishment of a State Institution, for the practical education of the youth of this State in all the sciences and branches of Education pertaining to Husbandry. An appropriation of $10,000 was made, and a Board of thirteen Trustees was created to carry out the provisions of this act. In consequence of the law prohibiting action under it, until the 2nd Monday of January last, provision could not be made for the location of the College and buildings thereon, previous to the year 1860. If this restriction had not been imposed upon the Board, the Institution might have been opened next fall.

I am happy to inform you that the location is now made, on a beautiful tract in Story Co., containing 649 50–100 acres, well adapted to all the purposes of the Institution, and fully meeting the requisitions of the law. It is just 30 miles north of the Capital of the State, and about midway between the county seats of Story and Boone, and in a very healthly section of this district of country. For the improvements of the land, and the erection of buildings, the Board has in money, bonds, and donations of land, from which may be realized during the next year, about $25,000. They have in prospect—an almost certain one—the transfer from the United States of five sections of best quality of prairie land in Jasper county, which may, during the next two years, be sold for sufficient to realize as much more. These are all our present available and prospective means. Half of it, properly expended, will enable us to provide for the first class of students early in the fall of 1860, embracing from fifty to seventy-five. With double this sum to operate with the ensuing year, a class of one hundred could be accommodated at the opening of the College.

The Board at its last session passed a resolution directing the undersigned to address a circular to County Superintendents and other suitable parties, for the purpose of procuring the names of all who wish to be received into this Institution. The information asked for is intended to subserve two purposes:—to inform the Board whether there is a very general desire on the part of the youth of this State to be admitted, so that they may lay out their plans to meet the demand for scholarships, as far as the means placed in their hands will answer that purpose; also, if their means are not sufficient, to present the data thus collected as a forcible appeal to the Legislature for such additional aid as may be necessary to meet the reasonable wants of those who belong to the great leading interest of the State. The sooner this information is obtained, the more valuable it will be to those who expect to have scholarships; it is therefore hoped that those into whose hands this circular may be placed, will take immediate measures to have it laid before the youth in their county, and have it signed by those who desire to be educated in this Institution, with their ages and post office address.

The sections of the law in regard to the reception and education of students, are as follows:

SEC. 15. The course of instruction in said college shall include the following branches, to-wit: Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Horticulture, Fruit Growing, Forestry, Animal and Vegetable Anatomy, Geology, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Entymology, Zoology, the Veterinary Art, plain Mensuration, Leveling, Surveying, Book Keeping, and such mechanical arts as are directly connected with Agriculture. Also, such other studies as the trustees may from time to time prescribe, not inconsistent with the purposes of this act.

SEC. 16 The board of trustees shall establish such Professorships as they may deem best to carry into effect the provisions of this act.

SEC. 17. Tuition in the college herein established shall be forever free to pupils from this State over fourteen years of age and who have been residents of the State six months previous to their admission. Applicants for admission must be of good moral character, able to read and write the English language with ease and correctness, and also to pass a satisfactory examination in the fundamental rules of arithmetic.

SEC. 18 The trustees upon consultation with the professors and teachers shall, from time to time, establish rules regulating the number of hours, to be not less than two in winter and three in summer, which shall be devoted to manual labor and the compensation therefor; and no student shall be exempt from such labor except in case of sickness or other infirmity.

The Professorships and arrangement of studies established by the Board for the present are as follows:

Professor of Physics:—Embracing Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Meteorology.

Professor of Mathematics:—Embracing Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Astronomy, Surveying, Civil Engineering, Book Keeping.

Professor of Zoology:—Embracing Entymology Ornithology, Ichthyology, Animal Anatomy, Veterinary Art.

Professor of Botany:—Embracing Fruit Growing, Horticulture, Forestry, Vegetable Anatomy, and Botany.

The *design* of this institution is different from all other educational institutions in the country—excepting one in Pennsylvania and one in Michigan, now in successful operation.—By the union of labor and study, they are both placed in their proper position, and thus only are exhibited in their true dignity; here they are taught to walk together, and that separation is degrading to both. The Student's mind and hands are first prepared to promote skill and success in the important and honorable occupation of cultivating the soil—but he will be almost equally fitted to fill with honor any other position in life. There is thus supplied a practical and equal education, so much needed by the great body of our farmers, and cheap enough to be embraced by all. "The farmer who claims such an equal education for his son, feels an *imperative necessity* for an institution such as this. He sees that the son of a farmer who has been a four years' course at our old colleges, returns with his eyes and his thoughts, and the bent of his mind directed *away from* the objects which worthily and usefully occupy his father and his brothers. He is useless and inferior in the sphere of his home. He cannot labor, he *must* go from home, he is *driven* to it. He can do nothing but enter a profession, and in any profession he may enter, if he cannot make a conspicuous mark, he is a miserable thing at the best, and almost certain to fall into ruinous habits, and to become their victim. And the unhappy and disappointed father loses not only the cost of his education, his own struggles and expended energy, but in three cases out of four, *the son himself*. How different the case in the circumstances which such an institution as ours is destined to establish. The boy, in great part, aids to work out his own education. Instead of dragging on his father, he aids him; instead of wasting his physical abilities, through want of exercise, he labors and developes them. While his mind is being stored with both practical and refining knowledge, his hands are educated to expertness in a thousand operations, and his body to grace and strength. How delightful will be the meeting between the graduate of our *Agricultural* School and his father and brothers. He has stores of information for them, and there is mutual interest, and subjects of conversation in every thing around. The proud and gratified father will bless the means by which his highest wishes have been accomplished." So plain is the need of this course of training, even to the dullest mind, and so plain is the method of establishing it, it is wonderful up to this day, that such schools are only commencing in this country.

The inquiry will naturally be made in regard to the cost of educating and sustaining a scholar in the College for one year. In the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania, the price for board, lodging, washing, fuel and lights, is fixed at $100 per annum. The cost in our institution would not exceed this sum, from which would be deducted the amount credited for labor on the farm. The tuition is made free by law.

By presenting the subject embraced in this Circular to the people of your County, and obtaining the names of all who wish to be educated in the *Iowa Farmers' College*, you will be conferring a favor upon them, the Board, and the whole State.—When sufficiently circulated, please forward them to this office, so that they may be received by the 1st of September next.

With the earnest hope and full belief that you will co-operate with us in this good work, I subscribe myself,

Most respectfully yours,
WM. DUANE WILSON, Sec'y.

Contributions.

VENTILATION OF SCHOOL ROOMS.

The atmosphere surrounding our globe—the air we breathe—is composed essentially of two elementary gases. One of these, called oxygen, is active, stimulating and vitalizing; the other, nitrogen, is pernicious and deadly. The former is constantly needed in the animal economy during the process of respiration to change the venous or impure blood into arterial or pure blood, and thus fit it for the nourishment of the body; and yet, it is so stimulating that to breath it alone would speedily prove fatal. The latter, uncombined with oxygen, is totally unfit for breathing, and is so peculiarly deleterious as to have been originally named *azote* or *life destroyer*. Either of these, unmixed with the other, is destructive of human life; combined in different proportions from what they are in the atmosphere, the resulting compound is still deadly; but in the relative quantities we find them united in the air, they form a combination not only harmless, but so necessary to human life, that were a person wholly deprived of it for three minutes he would die.

Besides these two essential elements of the atmosphere, there is also constantly present, in variable quantities, a certain other gas called carbonic acid. This latter is a product of combustion, and also, is thrown off from the lungs in breathing. In its effects it is as pernicious as nitrogen, three per cent of it being sufficient to render it unfit and even dangerous to inhale. The quantity in the open air is never largely increased, but is kept within safe limits by one of those wise compensations with which nature abounds: it being as essential to the growth and sustenance of the vegetable world, as it is fatal to the animal, and as regularly absorbed by living plants, as it is thrown off by living animals. Thus man in breathing is constantly withdrawing from the atmosphere its vitalizing, active principle, oxygen; he is as steadily throwing off carbonic acid gas.—From both these processes, the air would gradually become more impure, were it not for the fact that trees and plants absorb the carbonic acid and return in its stead, oxygen. The animal world gives the vegetable, carbonic acid; the vegetable returns oxygen; each thus acquiring what it needs and dispensing what is useless.

Nor is this a slow process. We breathe eighteen times each minute, taking in at each inspiration about a pint of air. In an hour we use about two hogsheads of air, and in a day upwards of fifty. In a school room in which there are thirty or forty scholars, each vitiating during each hour some two hogsheads of air first by the abstraction of its oxygen, and secondly by the emission of carbonic acid in its place, it is easily seen how soon if the apartment be close, the air must acquire the three per cent. of impurity which renders it unfit for respiration, and how important it becomes that the vitiated air be allowed to escape and a fresh supply be permitted to take its place; how important in short, that thorough ventilation be had.

These facts have been urged so often that we should deem it unnecessary to present them to the readers of this Journal, were it not that there is still with very many teachers an almost total disregard of the requirements of ventilation. All understand the necessity of fresh air to mental as well as physical energy; few avail themselves of the means to obtain it. The truth is, that the poisoning by vitiated air is so slow that people will not see its gradual advances. Were we to ask one of our readers to step into a close room in which a charcoal furnace was burning, and to remain there for an hour, we venture to say that he would respectfully decline the invitation, and why? Because he has probably heard of an occasonally death from confinement in such a room. Yes, people *inevitably die from suffocation* in such rooms. The air is corrupted by the combustion going on there. The burning charcoal robs it of its vital element, and generates instead, the noxious carbonic acid vapor, and man cannot breathe this and live. Now is this not precisely the process we have described in the case of the breathing animal? Man is a charcoal furnace on a small scale. He burns little fuel it is true, but produces in exercising the functions of respiration precisely the effect of the furnace itself. If carbonic acid may be fatal when inhaled in large quantities from a charcoal furnace, is it not dangerous in proportion to the quantity used. Physical lassitude is its first effect, followed speedily by mental inactivity. Do the teachers who read this ever discover these symptoms in their school rooms? If they do, let them remember that the poison is at work, and that it is their immediate duty to apply the antidote. Fresh air is not so sparingly bestowed that we need be niggardly in its use; it is not so expensive a luxury that we need stop to count the cost; it is not so difficult of transport that we need be afraid of the labor it will involve to obtain it. We have only to open our doors and windows and it flows in of itself; we have only to manifest a willingness to use this priceless gift, so remarkably adapted to our wants and so carefully preserved in its purity by the compensations of nature, and it is thrust upon us.

Will our teachers open the windows of their school rooms that they and the children under their care may partake of this bounty from Heaven? Will they apply this antidote against mental sloth and physical inactivity and reap the reward of greater success in the school room, and the higher reward which comes of a duty performed?

We cannot in this article avail ourselves of the opportunity to speak at length upon the various methods of ventilation, nor of their relative merits. What we desire now to do, is simply to call attention to the especial need in our school rooms of a constant supply of *fresh air*. The health of the children needs it; the health of the teacher needs it—the labors of the latter will be lightened by it—the progress of the former will be quickened by it. As a parting injunction to teachers we must add, admit into your school rooms *fresh air* and *plenty of it*. *

Young man, would you succeed in life—make the most of all your resources—adapt yourself to the circumstances by which you are surrounded—don't waste your time in attempting to pick up eels with a pair of tongs, but learn to direct your energies in a *practical* channel, and your success is certain.

When you see a child going to school, dressed neatly, its hair combed, face and hands clean—you at once exclaim, that child has a good mother.

EDUCATION.

How hackneyed, discussed, written about, thought about, and quarreled about has been this subject of education. There is a perfect unanimity as to its transcendant importance to every individual, and yet there are the most irrecconcilably diverse views entertained by different persons as to what should constitute an education. All agree however that

"'Tis education forms the common mind."

What should be the character of the mind thus formed? When we are able to dispose of this question satisfactorily, I imagine the solution of many of the other difficulties will be easy.

No person will deny that the mind should be so developed and moulded, as to insure to the individual the greatest amount of happiness and contribute in the greatest practicable degree to the best interests of community. Can any mind possess the proper qualifications for those ends unless thoroughly imbued with sound morality? *Intelligent goodness*, it seems to me, can secure these ends, but nothing else possesses the power adequate to command such results. It should follow then that the inculcation of moral sentiment, and development of virtuous feeling should be the prime object in all our educational efforts. How shall we effect this? Nothing easier to be done, *if we have a will to do it.* It can be effected in this manner:

1st. Let none be employed as educators of our children unless they come up to a high standard of moral excellence.—This is exceedingly important, for childhood is the period to impress moral principle on the plastic soul. Images of Purity. Beauty and Holiness may be enstamped there that will be ineffaceable by change or time, and be to their possessor "a joy forever." I would as soon think of placing a bad man in the pulpit as in the school room. Indeed, a bad man is less dangerous in the pulpit than in the school room. In the former he may be watched by persons of maturer thought and his errors exposed—in the school room he may infuse the poison of his moral sentiment into the unsuspecting and immature mind of childhood.

2d. If we would succeed we must use the proper text books on morals and ethics, and by requiring that their lessons shall be impressed on the pupil's mind, and their observance enforced in their conduct. How shall we decide as to the correctness of these text books? We have but one umpire to decide such questions, but that is easy of access and ever infallible—'tis the Bible—the moral code of Heaven—Statutes of Jehovah! There is no diversity of opinion about the moral precepts of the Bible—all may understand them—"he who runs may read," and "the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err."

SIGMA.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

There are many people who oppose the office of County Superintendent of Common Schools. We here propose to make a few remarks upon the object and duties of that office.

The best support of liberty is an educated people; and our State has made provision for a large fund to be devoted to the support of common schools, and it is proper that our government should still hold a protecting hand over the disbursement of it, that it may be expended to the best advantage.

The duties of Superintendent may be enumerated as follows:

1st. To attain the first order of school-rooms.

2d. To attain the highest rank in schools.

3d. To make the highest standard of qualification in teachers.

In our State, within a few years there will be constructed a great many school houses, and it is important that they should be arranged for the best accommodation of teachers and pupils.

As great improvements are being made in the art of teaching as in any of the mechanic arts; and a county may get far behind the age, or it may rank with the first in the grade of its schools.

The business of examining teachers is often of no value. To require a teacher to solve a half dozen problems from old Dabol, is a poor test to judge of his qualifications to teach; or requiring one to recite, in rotation, the rules of arithmetic, is a poor way to judge of his aptness to impart instruction.

One great mistake in an examining committee is, to suppose they can only advance the cause of education by requiring solutions from teachers, and giving none. A superintendent could far better judge of a teacher's qualifications, by asking him how he would explain to a scholar the question "What is a verb?" than by asking him to parse a definite one.

A superintendent should be one, interested in the cause of education; a thorough student, who would keep himself posted in the progress of the times; a practical teacher, understanding what appertains to school houses, schools, parents, and teachers, that he may give a true decision as to the ability and success of a teacher.

I hope our electors will look more favorably on the office of County Superintendent, and choose men who will reflect honor on their calling, that our State may reach a position second to none in the condition of her schools.

E. C.

CARLISLE, IOWA, July 1859.

A subscriber writes us as follows—"I have received the SCHOOL JOURNAL and am much pleased with it. I have no doubt but that it will become a useful auxilary to the educational interests of the State, and it occurs to me that it should be patronized by the State and become its official school paper. By making it the regular channel of communication with the people as to the laws and regulations of the Board of Education, and the instructions of the Secretary, the knowledge of them would become general, and much confusion and misunderstanding be avoided among the school districts. Besides it would save a large amount of money to the State in the end." We heartily endorse the above suggestions of our correspondent, and beg leave to call the attention of the Board of Education especially to this subject. By adopting this course, the JOURNAL can be made a very effective and useful aid in the cause of education, and we hope ere long the Board of Education will see the necessity of reaching the public through such a medium as above designated."

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

DROPS OF WISDOM.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The greatest and most generous natures are the ones in the greatest danger of becoming soured through the ingratitude of the world.

If all unkind and unjust words were arrows, like needles and pins, and if instead of piercing the ear and the heart, they flew against the bodies of those to whom they were directed, the children in some men's families would be like pin cushions stuck completely full of sharp and painful weapons.

Many men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a *five story competence*. Everything subserves this; and religion they want as a sort of lightning rod to their houses, to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.

The Bible is the most betrashed book in the world. Coming to it through commentaries, is much like looking at a landscape through garret windows, over which generations of unmolested spiders have spun their webs.

You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt, and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them as citizens and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of to-day.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

If a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison.—The worst prisons are not of stone; they are throbbing hearts, outraged by an infamous life.

There is nothing in this world so fiendish as the conduct of a mean man, when he has the power to revenge himself upon a noble one in adversity. It takes a *man* to make a devil; and the fittest man for such a purpose is a snarling, waspish, red-hot, firey creditor.

A man who emigrates from the low country of selfishness, where are perpetual chills and fevers, to the high lands of benevolence, goes from sickness and barrenness to the realm of health and plenty, and joy, where his hand can almost pluck the fruits from the tree of life itself.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed.

Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat, if only the right adversary overcomes us.

Men often abstain from the grosser vices as too coarse and common for their appetites, while the vices that are frosted and ornamented are served up to them as delicacies.

The stream of life forks; and religion is apt to run in one channel, and business in another.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

Men who concentrate themselves all upon one point may be sharp, acute, pungent—they may have spear-like force of character, but they are never broad, and round, never of full proportioned manhood; which can only be obtained by the carrying forward of the whole of a man in an even-breasted march.

Those persons who do most good are least conscious of it.—The man who has but a single virtue or charity, is very much like the hen that has but one chicken. *That solitary chicken* calls forth an amount of clucking and scratching that a whole brood seldom causes.

Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled upon by the fingers of joy.

Farmers have learned a lesson which many moralists have not learned; namely, that when seed is sown, grain must be looked for at the latter end of harvest, and not at the beginning.

A GRAVE WITHOUT A MONUMENT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor,; but in that great ocean cemetry the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all, the requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sang to their honor; Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the dishonered, will sleep on until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered. Yet this cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.—*Henry Giles.*

TRUE PIETY.—It requires less piety to be a martyr for Christ, than it does to look upon the success of a rival without envy, or even to maintain a perfect and guiltless integrity, in the common transactions of life.—*Bushnell.*

"REFORMERS are always dinging away at the same old story." Precisely. It is just what the old tree says to the axe; "Don't keep hitting in the same place." But the axe says to the tree, "How else shall I get you down?"—*G. W. Curtis.*

Elder Munger, speaking of the time when he was a boy, says it was the custom of school children as you passed a school house to make a bow; but in these latter days, as you pass a school house; you must keep your eye peeled, or you will get a snow ball or a brick bat at the side of your head.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL.

ANDREW J. STEVENS, EDITOR.

Monday, August 1st, 1859.

"I'VE NO INTEREST IN SCHOOLS:"

Such was the reply made to us, a few days, since, by a gentleman in response to our invitation to become a subscriber for the JOURNAL. "I've no interest in schools, and hence have no use for a school journal." Such was the argument of our friend, and his is the argument of thousands. No interest in schools! Let us see—no interest in the spread of intelligence—in the building up of a sound school system that shall be the pride and ornament of the State. No interest in the rising generation around you—in their moral growth and intellectual advancement! No interest in seeing the youth of the country well educated, that they may become Fathers and Mothers in whose hands we shall not be afraid to entrust the destinies of the commonwealth! No interest in placing our gallant young State in the front rank of the *thirty-three* sisters that now compose the family of Freedom!

No interest in the rapid completion of the great system of internal improvements which is now going on in our country, that is to bring in its train of rich fruits—wealth, happiness, intelligence, industry, and worth—all the results of education! No interest in aiding to carry on to final completion the great benevolent and religious enterprises of the day, that are encircling the whole earth with their blessings, and making green the barren wastes of ignorance, superstition and crime! No interest in seeing ourcommerce extended until the gallant crafts of our mercantile navy shall whiten every sea, and bear to our ports the products of every clime! No interest in the advancement of Agriculture, that great source of our national wealth and the right arm of our national treasury. If you have no interest in all these, then your proposition is correct—you have truly no interest in schools.

But again—ask yourself the question and see if you feel no interest in the destiny, welfare and happiness of that group of little children who each morning pass your place of business, with buoyant step and smiling countenances, on their way to the village school. Watch their career; they are soon to become members of society, to mingle daily with you in the business marts of life, and with you determine the moral tone and intellectual standard of the society in which you are moving. Look again at that little group of village philosophers as they return homeward, at the close of the day, with their brains racked with the a-b-abs of science—and wait, reflect a long time and hesitate before you tell us that you feel no interest in their welfare.

Would you benefit society by lessening the amount of taxes required for the support of paupers and convicts—throw open the doors of your institutions of learning, and educate—thoroughly educate all the youth in the land. Would you decrease the number of your prisons, multiply the number of your school houses. Would you secure to the State of your adoption the title of the *Queen of the Prairie States*, aid by your *purse* and your *pen* in developing her educational system, and you will rear for yourself a monument that shall last while intelligence rules, and virtue has her reward.

Let no one, then, say that they have no interest in schools, for, if we would enjoy fully the blessings of freedom, WE MUST EDUCATE. Our schools are the foundation—the corner stones of the temples of liberty—and if we would preserve that liberty, and transmit it unimpaired to future generations, we must see to it that we entrust it to intelligent hands; *educate the masses, and all will be safe*; *let ignorance overspread the land, and the temples of Freedom will be draped in mourning, and Liberty's assassins will sit as the dispensers of law in the Halls of Justice.*

SCHOOL HOUSES—THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

In our last issue ot the JOURNAL, we took a look at the *inside* of our school houses, and found in many of them serious defects. We propose, now, to make a second visit to our school institutions, and take an *outside* view of them, and see if we can suggest any improvements. And in this talk with our readers, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not the advocates of expensive school houses, until we are better able to construct them; at this time we are only in condition to put up temporary houses, that will answer the purpose for a year or two, until by the change of times, and the settling up of the country, we can have in each school district in the State, a school house constructed upon the most improved plan—such as we can point to with pride and say, "there is our public school house."

What we now propose is, that each district shall, if it has not already done so, secure a piece of ground to be owned by the district upon which may be erected the school house; and it is of the piece of ground that we propose to speak, more than of the house we hope to construct upon it at some future day.

"How much land shall the district purchase for school purposes," is the question which Major A. and Deacon B. will discuss, as they meet at the saw mill to "haul in" the logs which the industrious sawyer is anxious to transform into lumber, And this is a question worthy of deep consideration, as many of the school districts in the State, with their scanty patch of ground, barely large enough for a school house to stand upon, can bear witness. In our opinion, not less than one acre, should in any case, be thought sufficient space for the school house, play grounds and out buildings; and this amount should only be deemed sufficient in town and city districts where a larger tract cannot be obtained without great expense to the district, but in the country, where land can be had from five to ten dollars per acre, not less than *five acres* should be set apart for the school grounds of the district. This amount of space will give ample play ground—*one of the necessary fixtures of a school*, and should it be found expedient to do so, these grounds will be large enough to erect upon them a primary school building, in which the small children of the district can receive instruction apart from the more advanced pupils.

Having now secured our grounds, a five acre tract, around which has been built a good substantial board fence, (for the school house should never be left standing "out of doors," as

is too often the case,) we proceed to speak of the *surroundings* of the school house, and shall suggest some improvements upon the usual plan of embellishing these sadly neglected acres.

The school house should stand in the centre of the lot, upon a line running east and west, and about one quarter of the depth of the inclosure from the center upon the north and south line—provided the lot is square; this will give the largest space of ground in the rear of the building, for the school house should always front the south whenever the location will in any wise permit. Immediately in the rear of the house and adjoining it, should be the wood-shed or coal house, where the fuel for winter can be kept dry, and be ready for use, without going through a par-boiling and roasting process on the top of the stove for an hour or two, before the deluge of water which it has absorbed during the rainy months of the autumn, and "the late thaw," will be sufficiently warmed to permit the wood to ignite. We have *sometimes* known the wood to be furnished by the district, in large logs, twelve and twenty feet long, which the teacher and his pupils were required to prepare for the stove of the school room. A stranger passing this district's log pile, would mistake the school house for a well supplied saw mill, and should the "man of letters," be perched upon the pile, with axe in hand, preparing fuel for the morning's fire, he would most certainly be taken for an industrious wood chopper, who was furnishing cord wood for the village.—But this is an extreme case and is not the way the fuel is furnished in the district of which we are now speaking. The fuel should all be prepared for the stove early in the season, that it may have time to become thoroughly dry before it is wanted for use, and packed away in the wood house, to await the demands of the school.

People residing near a public school in any of our villages know how much they are sometimes annoyed by the swarming of the children about their wells during recess, for water. They cluster about like bees around an empty sugar hogshead. This annoyance should not be allowed to continue, for *every school house* should have a well of its own, kept in good order by frequent cleansings from which the thirsty children can obtain their cooling draughts without disturbing their neighbors.

At a proper distance, in the rear of the school house, with a well protected walk leading thereto, should be the out-buildings, in two departments, for the convenience of the children; and here let us add, that more attention should be bestowed upon the construction of this part of the surroundings of the school house than is frequently given to it. Here, as well as elsewhere, should be impressed upon the minds of the children that cleanliness is one of nature's first and holiest laws, and the teacher who is competent for the position which he occupies, and who discharges faithfully his duty, will see that these out buildings are kept in as neat and perfect order as the school room in which the children receive instruction.

One of the first steps that should be taken with any public grounds, whether they be for a village park—a cemetery—for church, or college buildings, or school houses is to embellish them by planting upon them, in proper order trees and shrubbery: and, happily for us, nature furnishes a ready supply, free of cost. Our forests are full of trees, which, when transplanted to our walks and public grounds, furnish a willing and grateful shade which all may enjoy. What would present a finer appearance, especially in our prairie country, than a row of rock maples and elms standing around the outside of the school house park, at a sufficient distance from the fence to allow of an ample walk; and how easy can all this be accomplished.—There is not a boy, we venture to say attending any of our district schools who would not gladly assist in beautifying the grounds around the school house of his boyhood; and with what care, too, he would watch their growth, watering their thirsty roots, and guarding their tender branches from the rude blasts of the summer's storms. The grounds within the inclosure should be ornamented with care and taste; and here will be found an excellent field to cultivate among the children a taste for horticulture. Each family of the district should have a tree planted in the school grounds which should be known as the *family tree*, and under the direction of the teacher—this tree, with the cultivation of a small plat of ground surrounding it, should belong to the children of the family by whom it was planted. This will give room for a healthy rivalry among the children as to the mode of culture to adopt, and the kind of plants and shrubs to cultivate. Besides this family plat, there may be borders and lawns which may be planted by the children jointly, by contributions from their several family stocks each one furnishing according to his taste. Little Jennie Smith will furnish some *pansies*—Willie Thomas, will think that he can spare some *petunias* better than anything else—while Nellie Ashton will contribute some of her new variety of *pinks*, and thus on through the catalogue. Who will say that such an arrangements of the grounds about our school houses would not be far better than the forlorn and desolate appearance which such grounds usually present? "Its all very nice," says Squire Smithers, "but how are we going to do it?" We reply that the children themselves will do it. All that is wanting is that you should give your consent and encouragement to the enterprise, and it will be accomplished—with no expense but the time and labor bestowed upon the planting and culture of the trees and shrubs.

With what cheerfulness and promptness will the children attend a school where the surroundings of the school house are so pleasant and attractive—no loitering by the way—no coming in too late—no boisterous hallooing of the children the moment they come out of the school, as if a young bedlam had been let loose—no feigned sickness, that one has a lame toe, another a pain in the left eye—another thinks he is going to have the ague or the toothache—while another's Grand Mother living some twenty miles distant *has been* awful sick, and he don't know what day she may send for him to come and see her—all frivolous excuses to enable them to remain away from school.—Not so with the children who have, not only their teacher, with his acts of kindness, and lessons of wisdom to entice them thitherward—but who have as their companions, the smiling flowers and waving trees as they pass up the walks of this their garden of literature, to the *fountain of learning*, the *district school*.

Would it not be better for us to find out and correct one of our own faults, than to point out ten of our neighbors?

A WORD WITH POLITICIANS.

"Politics, eh! I thought," will say Mr. KNOW-IT-ALL, "that you proposed to publish an educational paper, and here you are, contrary to my understanding of the matter, giving us an essay on politics. I thought you were to say nothing about politics—we get all the politics we want in the *Scrubville Trumpet* and the *Saddlebags Echo*, without your prosing us with any more. I can't stand it, and I won't stand it, no how you can fix it. I'll make a fuss about it. I'd like to know what right you have to discuss political questions in your paper, especially during this warm weather, right in the midst, too, of an exciting canvass, when everybody has got as much "steam up," as they can safely carry. Come, Mr. JOURNAL, explain yourself."

Well, friend KNOW-IT-ALL, be quiet a moment, and we will satisfy you that our say on politics legitimately belongs to the pages of our journal, and that all questions, whether political or otherwise, which pertain to the interests of the people, can be safely and profitably discussed in the columns of a paper that labors for and advocates the interests of the masses—let them be discussed, however, with candor and discretion, by a pen that is fearlessly independent. But to the subject of our article.

We propose, with your permission, COL. KNOW-IT-ALL, to ask our friends, the politicians, of which there has been this year a goodly crop, a few simple and pertinent questions, as they come before us, to discuss the topics of the day, and tell us of the many deeds which they have performed, entitling them to the confidence and support of the people. And we would commence in this wise. Mr. POLITICIAN: among the many great exploits of yours, have you assisted in securing good roads and bridges in your county; and have you, in your village, *through your efforts*, good side-walks, and dry street crossings; are the streets well paved, the culverts and sewers, are they in good order? Have you shade trees along your streets and in your public parks, and did you assist in planting them, or through your influence in part was it done? Is the road in front of your own house such, in the wet season of the year, as you would have the man whose favor you are now soliciting, pass over on his way to the polls, if your election depended upon his vote? Have you aided the young men of your village in securing a lyceum, a library, a reading room, and a course of lectures during the long winter evenings? Did you, until you received a nomination for office, manifest an earnest zeal in behalf of the agricultural interests of your county? Has your county a well organized agricultural society, and have your labors been bestowed in that direction? Have you manifested by your advice and your contributions that you are a friend of good schools? Does that excellent public school house in your village, with its fine lawn, and the abundance of well-selected trees and shrubs surrounding it, owe its existence to your strenuous exertions in its behalf? Are the children of your village and town familiar with your countenance from the frequency of your visits to the schools which they are attending?

Has the excellent teacher of your public school, as he was wending his way homeward, careworn with the toils of the school room, and almost discouraged from the slow progress which some of his pupils were making, been met by you with a smile, and a cheering word, taken kindly by the hand and invited to walk with you in your garden, examine your trees, shrubs and plants—your fruits and flowers, and thus, amid nature's productions, aided by your love of horticultural pursuits, been led to forget the cares of the student, and the vexations of the "School Master."

Did you ever plant a fruit tree—a flower seed—a potato—a rose bush, or a hill of corn? Have you any fruit trees about your residence—any flowers blooming beneath your windows to smile pleasantly at and gladden the hearts of the weary passers-by—any shade trees beneath which your children can gambol, and be protected from the sun's scorching heat, and to ward off winter's piercing blasts? Does the village church, whose rich toned bell rings out its eloquent peals of a Sabbath morning, number you among those who aided in its construction? Have the suffering poor of your town been led to rejoice frequently at your appearance among them, of a cold winters morning, with a supply of food, clothing and fuel, for their wants and comfort?

These, Col. KNOW-IT-ALL, are a few of the questions which we propose asking our political friends, as they call upon us, glowing with patriotism, love of country, and devotion to the Union, and ask us for our votes. And Col., we should be pleased to have you do the same. To the candidates that we find able to answer unhesitatingly all these questions, we can safely give our votes without inquiring what party they belong to, or on whose ticket they are running. We fear that the patriotism of our political friends would be cooled amazingly, if they were called upon to answer these questions—questions in which the people are deeply interested—from the stump. Let them be asked and let them be answered, that we may know in what the claims of our public men, upon our confidence and support, consist. And here, dear Col., our essay ends, and we trust that your political creed has not been interfered with, or the sayings of your devoted and tried friend, the editor of the *Echo*, Maj. BLOWEMUP, in the least disputed.

Editorial Notes.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have the pleasure of again conversing with you through the second number of the JOURNAL, and we trust that our short acquaintance has been mutually agreeable. When we first met with you, the JOURNAL was an *experiment*, it comes to you today as a SUCCESS. We felt confident that the publication of a first class paper, devoted to the educational interests of the state, literature and general intelligence, would be sustained, and the hearty response with which our enterprise has been seconded from all parts of the state, gives us renewed assurance that we have not failed in our estimate of what was demanded by the reading public. We ask only your hearty and generous co-operation, and we promise that the JOURNAL shall be worthy of your support.

We have secured a list of able correspondents, who will write regularly for the JOURNAL, and we shall be able to give

more interesting and varied literary matter to our readers, through our pages, than can be obtained in any other publication in the West. Our contributors will not be confined exclusively to School matters, for our pages are open for the discussion of all subjects of interest, so that the general reader, although he may think that he has no interest in Schools, will find ours the reading companion that will be profitable in the study room, and pleasant and amusing in his hours of recreation.

The summer months will be gone when we meet with you again-sere and yellow leaves will be seen upon the hill-tops and autumn's decorating hand with artistic skill will have changed nature's mantle of green to a golden hue, in which she will, with us, celebrate the "Harvest Home." Anticipating that pleasant meeting, with many wishes for your success, and that of the troops of new friends which you will bring with you, we part with you, for a month.

DEATH OF AN OLD PIONEER.

Those who first settle in a new country, open up its resources —hew down its forests, and subdue its prairie lands, plant its first corn fields and rear its first cabins, endure the hardships and privations of a frontier life in preparing the way for civilization, comfort and refinement, become as it were "land marks," in the march of enterprise, and when they fall by the wayside and are gathered to the graves of their fathers, they leave a space in society that cannot easily be filled. Such a man was W. A. Scott, whose death at Fort Kearney, on the 23d day of June last, in the fortieth year of his age, it becomes our painful duty to announce. Although young in years he was truly an "Old Pioneer," having settled in Jefferson County, in this State, as early as 1840. In 1842, Mr. Scott first came to what is now Des Moines, in the capacity of Government farmer, and supplied the garrison at this point with produce from a tract of land that is now within the corporate limits of our city. When the Indians were removed from Iowa to Kansas in 1845, Mr. Scott was app ointed government trader and remained at his new post of duty two years, returning from Kansas to Iowa in 1847. In 1852 he crossed the plains and remained two years in California, returning to this city in 1854, where he continued to reside until the 23d of May last, when he left us in good health and fine spirits for a trip to the new gold fields of the Rocky Mountains, and met with his death as above stated. As a citizen, Mr. Scott was prompt and upright in all his dealings—his charities were unbounded—at his fireside the weary emigrant and belated traveler were always welcome—and the pleadings of poverty and suffering were never made to him in vain. This city, which owes so much to his enterprise will feel his loss severly: and in the community where he has lived so long, and for which he has done so much, his memory will be cherished with grateful remembrance. We knew Mr. Scott intimately—well, and we assure his family and friends that the tears of a sympathising community mingle freely with theirs in this, their sad bereavement.

The State Teachers' Association will meet on the 23d of August, at Washington, Iowa. Hon. James Harlan is to deliver the Annual Address. Farther than this we are not informed, not having seen a programme of the exercises determined on for that occasion.

We have been favored with an examination of specimen pages of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED AND ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY, which is soon to be placed before the public, by the enterprising publishers of Webster's Unabriged Dictionary, Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass. In addition to all former editions of this work, the Illustrated edition is to contain *ten thousand* new words, a new table of synonyms by Prof. Goodrich, and several other valuable tables, together with *fifteen hundred* beautiful illustrations, demonstrating to the eye the meaning of words that cannot be fully and correctly defined by language unaided. That this will be the most valuable edition of any Dictionary in the English language, no one can for a moment doubt. We learn from the publishers that they intend to supply the illustrated edition to the school districts of this State, in place of Webster's Unabridged edition. This commendable liberality on the part of the publishers will, we are confident, be appreciated by the citizens of this State. We shall look with interest for the appearance of this new edition, of the world renowned WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, *Illustrated.*

Will County Superintendents please use their influence in behalf of the JOURNAL. In their intercourse with the citizens of their several counties, they can by a little effort secure a large list of subscribers. One superintendent writes us that he intends to raise the list of subscribers in his county to 500, before the issue of our sixth number, and claims that his shall be the banner county, in proportion to the population. Will other superintendents go and do likewise. Let us have a little strife in this direction, gentlemen—*which shall be the banner county.*

Let no one fail to read "Getting the right start," which is one of an admirable series of letters, addressed to young men, by Timothy Titcomb, (J. G. Holland, of the Springfield, Mass., Republican,) and after an attentive perusal, let there be an equally attentive practicing of the wholesome truths therein set forth.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND," continues to sustain the well earned reputation which Mr. Dickens gained in the editorial management of that admirable periodical, "House Hold Words." The American publishers, Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., New York, will please accept our thanks for attentions to this office.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is filled with interesting and varied literary matter—profusely and elegantly illustrated, and in every sense it is emphatically *the* Lady's Book. That the ladies will not do without it, is the best evidence of its real merit.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC MONTHLY is fast winning its way to public favor. Each number is filled with excellent literary matter—the editor gives his readers a pleasant omnibus ride in each No., and all for twenty-five cents per No., or three dollars a year. Oaksmith & Co,, publishers, N. Y.

The Atlantic Monthly, sustains in its last No., the reputation which it so justly merits, of being one of the ablest publications emanating from the American Press.

Pres. G. A. CHASE, of Brookville College, Indiana, has our thanks for the Catalogue of that Institution for the 8th year.

A man went into one of our city printing offices the other day and inquired if that was the place "whar his woman was advertised;" the partner of his joys and sorrows having left him, he, the husband, had notified all persons to be on their guard against crediting his stray Susan on his account, as he would pay no charges, &c. The polite foreman of the office informed the sorrow-stricken benedict, that the proprietors of the establishment were constitutionally opposed to advertising women, but thinking it his christian duty to do something to shed a ray of light upon the poor fellow's pathway, invited him to subscribe for the JOURNAL, that he might have something to read during his lonely hours. His response was: "I don't want no newspaper, nor don't take none nuther. *She* was always a readin' and that's cause why she run off." This argument was conclusive. There was no use of talking to this man about newspapers. His wife, thirsting after knowledge, would read the people's *circulating library*—the newspaper—thereby she became intelligent, and consequently disgusted with her ignorant, boorish husband, and possessing a goodly share of God's noble gift to woman, enterprise, she packed up one day and left him, the husband in law, but not in fact, to advertise her as "ran away from the subscriber on the — day of —, my wife Susan," &c.

Now, our opinion is, that it should be a justifiable excuse for obtaining a divorce by this running away process, at least in all cases where the husband does not subscribe for and read a newspaper. He should be required to furnish food for the mind as well as the body.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—We call the special attention of the readers of the JOURNAL, to the circular of the Secretary of the Agricultural College in another column. This new institution, which is now just dawning upon our educational system, is capable, under proper management, of becoming one of the most popular and beneficial educational measures that legislators in their wisdom have ever created; and we trust that the measures which are being adopted by the Agricultural Board, to put this institution in operation, will receive the sanction of all the friends of good schools, intelligent farmers, and good farms, in the State.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON, late proprietor of the bones of the Father of his Country—GEORGE WASHINGTON, is investing the money in Chicago which the fair women of America have so patriotically raised to rescue the Mt. Vernon estate from his vandal hands. He will make a good speculation out of the operation of selling his relative's "last remains," having purchased already from the proceeds of this sale, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of real estate in Chicago. His selecting Chicago as the point to make investments in, shows that he has a keen eye to speculation, and appreciates the advantages to be gained by making his purchases in a free State, instead of slave ridden Virginia.

The ruins of an ancient city have recently been discovered in Central America, covering four miles, and embracing the remains of a large fortification. Many works of ancient art have been found showing that the builders of this city belonged to an age long anterior to our own.

DR. GAMALIEL BAILEY, Editor and publisher of the *National Era*, died at sea on board the steamship Argo, July 5th. Dr. Bailey had been an invalid for several months, and was on his way to Europe for the purpose of regaining his health. He was a vigorous writer—a zealous advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and as editor of the *National Era*, had won the reputation of being among the first of American Journalists.

PORCELAIN FACED BRICKS, is a new style of building material for which Mr. D. W. Clark of Vermont received a patent on the 10th of June. These bricks can be furnished at $40 per thousand, making the cost of facing a building less than one third of that of marble. The material is said to be very beautiful, and may be used for inside finish with fair effect.

We are indebted to our townsman, Rev. GEO. B. JOCELYN, for a copy of the Annual Catalogue of the IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, located at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The Professors of this Institution are as follows:

Rev. CHAS. ELLIOTT, D.D., L.L.D., President, Prof. of Moral Science, Biblical Literature and Theology; Rev. E. W. GRAY, A.M., Prof. of Latin Language and Literature; Hon. JAMES HARLAN, L.L.D., Prof. of Political Economy and International Law; Rev. G. D. WHITLOCK, A.M., Prof. of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Rev. WESLEY J. SPAULDING, A.M., Prof. of Greek Language and Literature; Rev. THOS. AUDAS, A.M., Prof. of Mathematics; English Language and Literature, at present is taught by the other Professors; Mrs. M. J. A. KELLY, A.M., Preceptress and Professor of Natural History; WRAY BEATTIE, Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, and Principal of the Preparatory Department; HENRY AMBLER, Esq., Prof. of the Practice of Law; Rev. ADAM MILLER, M.D., Prof. of the German Language; Miss AMANDA T. BUCKINGHAM, Teacher of Music.

The able corps of Professors—the wide range of studies presented in the Institution—the cheapness of tuition—and the excellent moral tone adopted in the management of it, should ensure this Institution, a large increase of patronage. The next term of the University commences August 29th.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, located in the flourishing county seat of Washington county, commences the first term of the next college year, on Wednesday, September 7th, with the following able Faculty:

Rev. JAMES R. DOIG, D.D., President, and Professor of Moral Science; Rev. W. H. WILSON, A.M., Professor of Natural Science; WM. M. STEWART, Professor of Language; L. F. SHERMAN, Professor of Mathematics; Miss M. S. WALSH, Principal of the Female Department; S. E. JONES, Instructor in Botany and Physiology.

We are placed under obligations to Prof. A. N. CURRIER, of the Central University of Iowa, for a Catalogue of that Institution, located at Pella, Iowa. Pella is a flourishing settlement of Hollanders, who have shown that they fully understand in what the basis of a Republican government consists, by early establishing and building up in their midst one of the best and most prosperous Collegiate Institutions in the State. The Central University commences its next term on the second Tuesday in September, in charge of the following Faculty:

Rev. ELIHU GUNN, A.M., Principal, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and Mathematics; A. N. CURRIER, A.B., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages; JOHN P. PETERS, A.M., (formerly of the University of Liege, Belgium,) Professor of the French Language; Mrs. D. C. A. STODDARD, Principal of the Female Department.

Miscellany.

THE RAINBOW OF THE SOUL.

When summer clouds are flying,
Before the king of day,
And tears to smiles replying,
The moist leaves meet his ray.

How softly leans the rainbow
Above the weeping flowers,
As if the Peris wove it
In their aerial bowers.

To guard within its circle—
Its mystic spell of love,
Their pure and pleading beauty
From storms that rage above.

But holier seems its splendor,
If Faith but whisper low,
In accents soft and tender,
"'Tis God who bends the bow!"

OSGOOD.

"IT WON'T PAY!"

Among the silliest of silly things, is the indiscriminate use of the expression, "It won't pay." Uttered with regard to some matters it is wise and proper, but relative to many others it is unwise and improper, if not wrong. Out in the busy walks of life, where men are constantly engrossed with the pursuit of money, and where experience has given a keen edge to the perceptive faculties, it is little wonder that the thousand and one foolish schemes that grow with such weedy growth in the brains of imaginative men should receive a cold water extinguisher in the shape of the exclamation quoted. But, that beneficial institutions developed by age, by usefulness, by experience, and by every means through which the value and usefulness of a thing can be demonstrated, should be set aside without an investigation of the principles upon which they are built, or the object which they are designed to and are attaining, by the use of such a foolish remark, seems unworthy of the age of a man of sense.

So I thought on becoming acquainted with the following circumstances. A certain good farmer(?) having occasion to sell some corn, went to a dealer in produce to dispose of it. "What will you give," said he to the man of grain, "for one hundred bushels of corn?" "Well don't know—the fact is don't care about buying much. Market's pretty full; things are looking gloomy on account of this war; guess times are going to be pretty hard; 'spect corn's worth about seventy cents." "Can't you give no more than that for it?" "No sir," emphatically responded Grain, turning upon his heel, apparently indifferent concerning the event. "Well, I guess you can have what little I've got," returned our Farmer.

This pretty little business transaction was duly "signed sealed, and delivered," and one of the parties made a large profit, and the other a large loss. Let us examine this transaction. To my certain knowledge this farmer "dropped" his paper because he wanted "every cent he could get," and "it wouldn't pay to continue it." Hence he did not know that periods of war excitement generally produce advanced prices in those things upon which war depends for its sustainment (although followed by a corresponding depression at its close, if not before,) but he might have been posted in this respect if he had known *what* would *pay*, and have saved something besides, as the following portion of his experience will show.

A few days after the "sell" he met a neighbor, from whom he learned that a brother farmer had just been offered eighty cents a bushel, but concluded that it would be higher, and was going to "hold on." Last week he felt so "worked up" about it, that he borrowed a paper from another neighbor, and reading the "markets," discovered that corn stood at ninety cents a bushel. What his ideas concerning the profitability of taking a good paper (such as the one that he borrowed) are, I know not; but I think myself that, in his case at least, going without one "won't pay." In the case of the dealer, it did pay to know what was going on in the world of trade and barter, and I hazard nothing in saying that his paper is continued.

Thus much for all illustrations drawn from actual life, concerning the working of this non-investigating, without information, penny-wise, pound-foolish, anti-progressive principle. It serves to give a true appreciation of the old adage, "Knowledge is power." There were days when this might have been reversed, affording a reason why the desired end of both (success) was not more readily attained. But the present demands of him who would win a steady step side by side with every *real* improvement, a thorough study of the great world in which he lives, and a proper combination of theory with practice.

A man who lives without any or with but little knowledge of what progress the world is making in the various phases of its manifested life, or who knows nothing (comparatively speaking) of its daily experience, must not be astonished if his fellow beings outstrip him in the march of time.

That farmer who believes that it "won't pay" to take a good paper, and who depends upon others for that information which he should possess and reason upon himself, must not be surprised if he obtains such information at second hand; or, still more, if he ascertains the fact that "knowledge is power"-ful to make money.—*Rural New Yorker*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good natured beef eater. Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers, and thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "female" literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait,) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. E. F. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances S. Osgood had a lovely womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madame de Stael was a fright; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Langdon, pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular, and though she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Bronte had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first class craniums Shakspeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so was Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macauley is homely. Bulwer nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but covered with jewelry he can but look like a simpleton.

Recent Publications.

PUBLISHERS desiring to have their works noticed in the JOURNAL, should forward copies of the same to the editor. The extended circulation of this paper affords to publishers an excellent medium through which to reach the public.

We have received the following works from Pratt, Oakley & Co., New York: Human Physiology, for colleges and higher classes in schools by Worthington Hooker, M. D.; Elements of Practical Arithmetic, by James B. Dodd, A. M.; The Student's Series of Readers, in five parts, by J. S. Denman; Bullion's Series of English Grammar. These works possess much merit, and we commend them to the careful attention of teachers. The publishers of these works should advertise them, that teachers and school officers may have their attention directed to them.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.—By De Tocqueville, has been received from A. S. Barnes, & Co., N. Y., through Redhead & Dawson, Des Moines. This work is one of the series of the Teacher's Library, published by Barnes & Co., and is a work that should be carefully studied by every American citizen.

THE PETERSONS are still publishing their cheap edition of the Waverly Novels—Fortunes of Nigil; Bride of Lammermoor; Anne of Geierstein; The Monastery—four additional volumes of the works of the great Novelist, for one dollar. The whole set of Waverly for $5.00, including a Steel portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

HARPER & BROS., New York—The Bertrams; a novel, by Trollope, a popular story writer. Price $1.00.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.—By G. G. Edgar. A book for the boys, covering a period of interesting English history.—Price 75 cents.

JOHN HALLIFAX, GENTLEMAN: by Miss Muloch—illustrated by Hoppin. A new edition of a vigorous and popular writer. Price, $1,00.

D. APPLETON & CO.—A work by Michael Chevalier, member of the Institute of France &c., *on the probable fall in the price of gold*, with a preface by Richard Cobden. A valuable work for political economists to speculate upon. Price $1,25.

CHAMBER'S ENCYC.—Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings on wood. This work is published in monthly parts at 15 cents a month, and cannot fail to be a valuable work for the people.

OAKSMITH & COS. Thirty Years out of the Senate. One of the most readable books that has been issued for many years. This work is the Don Quixotte of Yankee Land. No one can read it without being amused. Price $1,25.

WALL STREET TO CASHMERE.—A journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa and Europe, by John B. Ireland. An interesting work of over five hundred pages, illustrated; published by S. A. ROLLO & Co., N. Y. Price $4.00

SUMMER PICTURES, from Copenhagen to Venice, by Henry M. Field. An entertaining and interesting work, by a pleasant and graphic writer. Published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., N. Y. Price $1.00

CUBA AND BACK.—A vacation voyage; by R. H. Dana, jr. A very readable work, in Mr. D's best style. Ticknor & Field, Boston. Price 75 cents.

ELEMENTS OF MAP-DRAWING, with plans for sketching maps. A very useful work for schools. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

GENESEE FARMER.—The July number of this valuable agricultural journal has been received. As usual, it abounds with practical information interesting and useful to every one who cultivates the soil.

Housewifery.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Slice four common biscuits thin, boil them in 3 gills of new milk, with a piece of lemon-peel chopped as fine as possible. Break it to a mash; to which put three ounces of warmed butter, two ounces of sugar and four eggs well beaten; add a large spoonful of brandy. Bake or boil.

VEGETABLE TOOTH-POWDER.—Prepared chalk, 4 ounces; powdered rhatany, 4 drachms; powdered bark, 4 drachms; powdered cuttle-fish, 1 ounce; mix well together, and keep in a *wide-mouthed* bottle.

TO DESTROY WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up: wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle and repeat the washing often, and it will take away the largest warts.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Mix soft soap with starch powdered, half as much salt and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part on both sides with a brush. Let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF SILKS OR STUFFS.—Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it, wet over the spot; let it dry; then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear.

BUTTER-MILK CURDS.—Take three pints of butter-milk, and put in a broad basin; take a pint and a half of new milk, and boil it with half a nutmeg till it relishes; pour it hot over the butter-milk, and let it stand two or three hours, till the whey is cleared from the curds; put it on a thin cloth, and let it hang till the whey is all drained from it. Serve it up with cream, sugar and grated nutmeg.

SUMMER DRINK.—Pour a quart of boiling water over half an ounce of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of cream of tartar, with the outer rind of a lemon, either fresh or dried. When cold, strain for use.

CORN FRITTERS.—Grate sweet corn, season with salt, and fry in hot lard, without adding either flour, eggs, or milk.

CHARLESTON PUDDING.—Four cups of flour, three of sugar one of butter, one of milk or cream, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, six eggs. Beat all well, and bake in rather a quick oven, and eat with a rich sauce.

RHUBARB DUMPLINGS.—Cut the rhubard fine, and make it into dumplings, as you would any other fruit. Eat it with any sauce you may prefer. You may peel the rhubarb or not; if you have plenty of time, it is better peeled.

SUET PUDDING.—Take one teacupful of molasses, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda and one of salt, one teacup of finely-chopped suet or half a cup of butter, half a cup of currants or raisins or both: stir together with three cups of flour, or sufficient to form a stiff batter; spice to the taste. Put in a greased tin basin, and cook two or three hours. Eat with cream.

RUSK, LIKE POUND CAKE.—Six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one pint of sifted flour, and a small quantity of tartaric acid; a little cream or milk may be added. Bake in a deep pan.

ONE-EGG TEA-CAKE.—One egg, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a gill of milk, one teaspoonful of yeast-powder, and enough flour to make it the consistency of pound-cake; season to taste. Bake in patties.

TO PRESERVE GILDING AND CLEAN IT.—It is not possible to prevent flies from staining the gilding without covering it; before which, blow off the light dust, and pass a feather or clean brush over it, but never touch it with water: then with strips of paper, or rather gauze, cover the frames of your glasses, and do not remove till the flies are gone.

Linen takes off the gilding, and deadens its brightness; it should therefore never be used for wiping it.

(Most of the above receipts are taken from Godey's Lady's Book)

The Farm.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF HAY.

Farmers are you well supplied with hay? If you are not see to it that you secure an extra ton or two at once, so that a severe Winter, late Spring, or a little unexpected emigration shall not find you out of hay, and your cattle breaking into your neighbor's fields from starvation. You may also, if you put up an extra supply of hay, find that you buy at a low figure, a few head of young cattle, which will pay you well for wintering over; at least by taking the precaution to supply yourself with an abundance of fodder, your own stock will be in a better condition in the Spring, and you will be able to get your beef into market early, when it is always in good demand, and commands a large price. Farmers, look to your haymows, and see if a few more tons will not answer your purpose better than your present supply.

FEED FOR COWS.

Nothing pays the farmer better than to raise an abundance of Cabbages, Carrots and Turnips, with which to feed Milk Cows, late in the Fall when the grass becomes frost bitten and short, and also during the winter when they are confined to the narrow range of the barn-yard and have only hay to feed upon.—And these articles are profitable to raise for the purpose of feeding them to the stock generally during the winter. An acre of ground planted in cabbage, carrots and turnips will yield a crop which, when properly fed to the stock during the winter, will be of more value than several tons of hay. Let our farmers see to it that they supply themselves with a good quantity of of these articles. Now is the time to sow turnips, let each farmer have an acre at least and see if the appearance of his stock next spring will not pay him for the trouble of raising and feeding them.

GRAPE CULTURE.

We believe that there is no branch of business that could be engaged in, in this country, that would yield so large, so certain and so quick returns as the culture of grapes. Our soil and climate is well adapted to their growth, and we believe that those who engage in the enterprise are certain to realize fortunes. Native wine ought to supply the place of the villainous mixtures which are sold and drank under the disguised names of whiskey, brandy, gin, etc., and nothing would add more to advance the cause of temperance. Place native wine of a pure article within the reach of all classes, and drunkenness will no longer disgrace our country. To give an idea of the profits to be realized from the cultivation of grapes, and the manufacture of wine, we copy from the California *State Register*, the following summary of the increase of the grape crop, which from these figures, bids fair, in a few years, to rival the yield of gold, in importance. "The increase of vines from 1856 to 1857 was 50 per cent.; and seventy-four per cent. from 1857 to 1858, and about fifty per cent. since then on the whole stock, being a greater increase than compound interest would yield. It is estimated that the present stocks of vines, when matured, exclusive of the proceeds derived from the sale of grapes and the manufacture of brandy, will exceed $10,000,000." We have no data by which to arrive at the value of the grape crop of Missouri and other States, but we know that it amounts annually to a large sum. We trust that it will not be very long before some of our enterprising agriculturists try the experiment of a diversity of crops, and devote a small space each year to grapes.

Brine a Cure for Warts.—A Correspondent of the Albany *Cultivator*, residing at Markesan, Wisconsin, says: I see in your March number a recommendation of a method of curing warts on horses, which seems to me to be very cruel. I am induced to write my experience in curing them, believing that warts have one origin, and are the same, and the same remedy will cure, on whatever animal they may be found. It is some years since I saw a young man in Salem, Mass., the back of whose hands were literally covered with warts, many of them large and seedy, and very troublesome. I told him to go and wash his hands in the tide water in the flume, (he worked in a tide mill,) three times a day for a week, and to use plenty of soap, and in a few weeks his warts would be among the missing. He took my advice, and the warts left in about two months.

Cows often have warts on their udders. I have seen many, and some very bad, which I have cured by simply washing them after milking, for one or two weeks, with brine, which is my only remedy, and has never failed of a cure.

Old Times.—The father of Chief-Justice Parsons was the pastor of the Byfield parish in Newbury, Mass. He had a salary of two hundred and eighty dollars, upon which he brought up a family of five sons and two daughters, educated three sons at Harvard College and always maintained a comfortable and hospitable household. This wonder, says Professor Parson's is "to be explained by my grandfather's systematic and admirable economy."

Would you wish to live without trials? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trials you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand the true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable——throw them overboard! Over with them—and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

"When a man treats me with want of respect," said a philosophical poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but an old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

Backbiting.—Never say of any one who is absent what you would be afraid or ashamed to say if he were present. "He of whom you delight to speak evil," says a wise moralist, "may hear of it, and become your enemy, or if he do not, you will have to reproach yourself with the meanness of attacking one who had no oppotunity of defending himself. Never listen to those who deal in scandal; he who slanders one to you, will slander you to another,' Tale hearers make tale bearers; and hence Dr. South said, "the tale bearer and tale hearers should be hanged together the one by the ear, the other by the tongue."

Selections.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Young man, is that your father? How could you make use of language so disrespectful? You don't care! You will talk as you please, no matter who hears you! If we were in want of a clerk, and there was not another young man within ten hundred miles that we could engage, we would not consent to take you. We should be afraid to trust a boy who is disobedient to his parents, who shows so little respect for his father. A youth who was so saucy to his parents we never knew to do well. He respects nobody. If your father is in the wrong, and you are certain of it, that is no excuse for such language. No one will respect you for it. Everybody will condemn you. A parent should be treated with respect by his children, no matter how poor he may be, or how large his family may have grown.

There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grevious to go into many families, and hear the language daily used by the children. "I will," "I won't" "I don't care," " it's none of your business. I am old enough to know what is right," and the like expressions, are painfully common. Large boys, and grown-up girls even do not hesitate to give their mother the lie, and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintances, and if they have any shame it must flush on their cheeks. There is truth as well as rhyme in a couplet by John Randolph,

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed."

One thing is certain—an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of a stranger, but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobeys his parents will not hesitate to abuse anybody. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.

If we would enjoy the future, we must improve the present —with a manful energy then, and unyielding determination let us perform to the best of our ability, all of the duties of life, and leave the consequences to God.

As the old man in the fable, who sat by the roadside and endured the sun's scorching rays, and the storm's pelting blasts, for the purpose of pointing out to the travelers who passed that way, a dangerous precipice over which they would be hurled and dashed to pieces, so should we become guardians and monitors to our fellows, and with words of gentle admonition and kind sympathy, lead them from the thorny path of error, sin, and wretchedness, to the well beaten way of truth, prosperity and happiness.

Will some one answer for us this question: How much would the average of our lives be prolonged, if each one of us did as much laughing as fretting?

An angry word or discourteous reply, spoken in haste, becomes to our thoughts a constant and disagreeable companion —better to not have spoken at all.

Modesty and worth go hand in hand—bombast and shallowness are boon companions—the one is known by the power of its silence, the other by the fury of its emptiness.

Childhood is like a mirror—catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon a young heart, like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

Divers Paragraphs.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland there is a stone with the following inscription: " N. B. —When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river.

But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads: "This is the bridle-path to Feversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road.

A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days ago, "Oh pray pull it out," she exclaimed, "If I pull it out ten will come to the funeral." replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they all come in *black*."

The Spartans were great enemies of much speaking. Certain orators came from Samos and made a long discourse to Cleomenes. He said to them: "The beginning of your speech I do not remember; the middle, therefore, I do not comprehend; the conclusion I do not approve."

An inventor has produced an apparatus which he claims is a cure for snoring. It fastens upon the mouth a gutta-percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, and finds how disagreeable it is.

Only Bachelors should belong to clubs. Hercules gave up his *club* when he married Dejaneira, and all good husbands should follow his example.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they *fume* the less they *fret*.

Go without your dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper time.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Good manners is the art of making those around easy. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in the company

Benevolent impulses, where we should not expect them, in modest privacy, exact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst the plaudits of angels.

If you do when you are alone what you are unwilling to do in the presence of your acquaintances, you respect them more than you do yourself.

Slanderers are like flies, they leap all over a man's good parts to light upon his sores.

The world is a great treadmill, which turns all the while, and leaves no choice but to sink or to climb.

Absence destroys small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

Prove with strictness, with impartiality, and sincerity, the degree of your moral perfections.

Ingratitude is the pretext that selfishness seizes hold of for refusing to do a favor.

There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against every thing that has not emanated from themselves.

Use the best language in your common conversation at home, and you will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

When you have occasion to rebuke, let your words be soft, and your arguments hard.

Obey the ordinances of God while poor, to the end that you may obey them when rich.

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[WRITTEN FOR THE SCHOOL JOURNAL]

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BY MRS. CAROLINE A SOULE.

"Why, William Merton! Haven't you gone to school yet? You'll be late, just as sure as the world. Don't you see what time it is?" and the mother pointed to the clock with a reproving gesture.

The boy looked up. It was a quarter to nine. Yet late as it was, he did not move from his easy resting place on the lounge, but kept idly toying with his slate and pencil, marking hieroglyphics as uncouth and hard to decipher as those of the old Egyptians.

"Come! Start! Here's your satchel. I'll put your things in, while you wash your face and hands, or have you done that? O, yes, I see. They're clean enough," as the two little pink palms, with their sun-browned fingers were held out, and the bright fresh countenance lifted to hers. "Well, then, run into the buttery and get your dinner—a nice dinner, too; light biscuit with cold tongue, hard boiled eggs, tarts and cookies. Come, why don't you start? What under the sun ails you this morning, that you loiter so. Are you sick? If you are, say so, but don't lie there so like a log, without ever moving or speaking," and going up to him, she took one of his hands in hers, and while her fingers gently pressed his pulse, she looked anxiously into his face. It was flushed, but not with fever, for his blood flowed in even currents.

At last, just when she was getting a little out of patience with him, the boy spoke. It was with an effort, though, and the words were rather jerked out, than uttered.

"I am not sick, mother, nor lazy, nor tired, but—but—but I don't want to go to school to day; no, nor any day."

"Why, William Merton? Is it possible I hear *my* boy talk so; *my* boy, who has always been so fond of his books, so good to get his lessons—who has always loved so dearly to go to school—*my* boy, who was going to study so hard and be a great and good minister, just like his old grandfather. I *am* astonished. What does it mean," and she looked sadly at him, for he was her only son; the idol of her affectionate heart.

Tears gushed into his blue eyes, and they rippled too, over his rosy cheeks. But wiping them off, after a moment's pause, he said resolutely, "but its true, mother, and I must say it if it does make you feel bad; I don't want to go to school any more. Wait, though, mother," seeing she was about to speak, "and before you scold me or feel sorry, let me tell you why. It isn't because I don't love to study just as well as I ever did, for I do, and if any thing better, but mother, O, mother, I can't stand it to go any longer to that school. Mother, it is the hottest, nastiest, dirtiest, worst-looking and worst-feeling place I ever was in, in all my life. I just wish you and father would go over and give one look at it. I know you'd never want me to go there again. The sun lies on it burning hot, all day long, first one side and then the other; the windows are so thick with fly-specks and mud spatters, that you can't begin to see through them; the plaster is all off the ceiling, and the cobwebs just dangle all over the sides; the floor—O, mother, it's worse than our pig-pen—I don't believe it ever was washed. I know you'd have to take a hoe to it, if you wanted to get down to the boards, and then such seats; why my toes don't touch the floor, and the desks, besides being all cut up and greased and inked, are so slanting that my things are all the time sliding off, and I can't shape a decent letter if I try ever so hard, and then mother," and a burning blush suffused his face, "there's such awful bad things scribbled all over the walls and doors and window sills. O, I would not have one of my little sisters read them for the world. And then, outside too, O, it's so awful. It's nothing but sand and mud and stones and filth; not a tree, not a bit of grass, nor any place to go to, and the nearest well a quarter of a mile away. Mother, I've nearly died the two weeks I've been there, I thought I'd try and bear it, but I can't, and that's just the whole of it. I can't study where its so awful nasty, and as to eating my dinner there, I should starve before I could eat a mouthful. I'm so sorrry about it, too, for I did want to learn so much these two years now, before I go to an academy, and I will try to learn yet, mother, if you'll let me stay at home and study with you. I'll agree not to leave this room from nine to twelve, and stay in it again from one till four. O, it would be so nice to study in such a pretty, clean, quiet place as this," and he looked admiringly around.

It was a pleasant-looking room, low and old-fashioned as it was, for the ceiling was like snow, with its fresh coat of whitewash, and the walls like the sides of an arbor, with their new paper-hangings, the ground work a soft fawn color, and the designs a gracefnl vine, in which the rich green of the leaves formed a beautiful contrast to the blue, white, and pink flowrets. There was no carpet down, but the floor had been lately scoured, and looked delightfully cool and clean, while the plain cherry and pine furniture was free from the least speck of dirt.

Sprays of asparagus drooped over the small mirror—bunches of the same clustered against the ample jambs, while on the mantle, between the clock and the candlesticks, were glasses with fresh-cut spring blossoms. The windows were all raised, the white curtains, loosened from their bands, swaying gracefully in the scented breeze which stole in and out, changing the sunbeams from broad rich bands, into light, golden waves. From two of them, as you looked out, you had a view of old gray mountains, softening down into wooded hills and fertile fields, while the others opened on to a pretty flower garden, encircled with fruit trees now in full bloom, and beyond which you caught glimpses of the winding stage-road, and the softly flowing river.

Yes, it was a pleasant looking room and as Mrs. Merton glanced about it, she did not wonder that her little son, born and reared in a home of neatness and bred from his infancy upwards to habits of exquisite cleanliness, should so abhor the dirty, dilapidated school-house, and from the bottom of her heart she sympathised with him. But she was not a woman to act rashly. She knew that children, even the best and most truthtelling of them are prone to exagerate both their joys and troubles, and so she simply said, "you may stay at home this morning, William, and I will consult your father at dinner time as to what course to pursue farther. Take your books now, and get your regular lessons, and at eleven o'clock I will come in and hear them."

"Thank you, mother—O, you are a good mother," and he folded his hands about her neck, and kissed her cheeks. "O, I am as happy as a bird now. This is such a nice place to study," and he drew up a chair to the little round stand and opened his geography and spread out his maps. "I'll be just as still as a mouse, mother, and when I've learned this lesson, if you'll bring in the baby, I'll rock it to sleep, while you're busy. I can study my grammar lesson and parsing and keep the cradle going too.

The clock struck nine just then, and as the last chime died away, Willie bent his eyes to his lesson. His mother knew she could trust him and with a single caressing touch of her hand on his brown hair she left him.

"And is Master William sick ma'am?" said the girl, as Mrs. Merton re-entered the kitchen. "I see he hasn't gone to school yet and he's always so ready to be off in season."

"No, Hannah, he is perfectly well, but he's going to study at home to-day."

"And I don't wonder he wants to, ma'am, for such another place as that school house is—dear me, but it's worse, a hundred times, than Mr. Merton's pig-sty. I'ts a shame too, for folks that's decent to be sending their children to such a place. They may get a little book-learning, but it won't pay, nor begin to either, for the dirty tricks they'll learn. Only think, ma'am, not a place outside for them to go to, but everything right out in the broad daylight, and not a bit of a clean place for to play in, or eat their dinners, or get their lessons. O, it's dreadful. It was bad enough when I went there to school, and it's been a growing worse these twenty years, and it's nothing but shiftlessness too, for the district is rich enough to build a new brick school-house, and fix it all up as it ought to be.—Poor Master William, I wonder how he stood it as long as he has—a boy that never goes with a dirty face and black hands," and with this relief to her pent-up feelings, the girl turned again to her wash-board, putting an extra rub on to the clothes.

"I wonder we didn't think to inquire about the school-house," thought Mrs. Merton, as she kneaded her bread. "But we'd always had such nice ones in Glenville, that I supposed they did everywhere. I can't understand it; I can't see why in such a nice farming country as this, where everybody is well off, they can let a school-house go so to rack and ruin. Dear me, but it's dreadful. Poor Willie, what a time he must have had."

The bread was in the oven, the pies too, and the pan of beans and the Indian pudding. The potatoes were washed and the kettle to hold them, simmering on the stove. All the mother's kitchen duties were neatly done and it yet lacked a few minutes of eleven. She had time to comb up her hair anew, change her cap, replace her calico with a gingham apron, and even strain the fine starch for washing ere the clock struck.

Then she went again to the sitting room. William was gently rocking the cradle, in which lay little Fannie, while beside him on a stool, sat the little four-year-old Carrie, busy as a bee with his slate and pencil.

"Are you ready to recite, my son?"

"I believe so, mother. I haven't rested a moment," and he handed her the geography, grammar and spelling book.

Question after question was put out and correctly answered, and word after word spelled and defined. Not a single mistake; and how pleasant it seemed too, to the lad, to stand there in that cool, neat, pretty room and say his lessons to his mother.

"You have done well, William, very well, and helped me a great deal too, by taking care of the baby and Carrie. You may have a recess now. There is a good spell between this and dinner to play in."

"Thank you mother, and I'll take Carrie with me and we'll go to the chicken-yard and hunt eggs, won't we, Dolly?" and tying on her sunbonnet, and taking his own straw hat from the peg, they went out together.

A quiet, peaceful and industrious forenoon had prepared him to enjoy an hour of leisure, and merry enough was his romp with the little pet sister, and buoyant and happy did he look when he came in at the sound of the dinner bell with a basket filled to the rim with fresh laid eggs.

"You home, William,—why what's to pay, my son?" and a frown loomed up on the father's brow, for he was a stout disciplinarian, and thought it an almost unpardonable sin for a child to be at home on a school-day.

"Mother let me stay; tell him, please, mother."

"After dinner, William—come now; it is ready.

The warm brown bread, the nicely baked beans, the mashed potatoes, hot coffee and rich dessert of brown and yellow pudding, were disposed of, and then William was allowed to tell his story, or rather state the reasons which had made school so disagreeable. Hannah corroberated all he said, and spoke in withering terms of the meanness of those who would send their children to study in a place not fit for a decent pig.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE STUDY OF CHEMISTRY IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

The attempt to teach Chemistry in the Common Schools is considered by many as entirely useless. There is generally, they say, no apparatus by which its principles can be illustrated, its combinations represented, and thus the whole subject so placed before the eye as to arrest the attention of the pupil and awaken in him an interest in the study. They argue that for these reasons the study of Chemistry should be omitted in schools of this grade and instruction in it imparted only in those higher seminaries which possess the requisite apparatus and well qualified Professors of the Science.

These views seem plausible, especially when we take into consideration the nature of the text-books that have hitherto been placed in the hands of pupils. These have generally been written, it would seeem, with a direct reference to the wants of those who desire to make chemists of themselves, who wish to understand not only the laws by which chemical combinations are effected, but also the practical application of those laws, with all their modifications, in the work of the laboratory.—Hence we find such books filled with the dry details and formulas of the science, than which nothing can be more distasteful to the youthful mind. True, these are necessary for the scientific student—for him who wishes to master the subject—but they are stumbling blocks in the path of the unscientific multitude. They render the subject unattractive, and deter those who are soon to engage in the practical affairs of life, and who feel that their studies should bear some relation thereto, from an examination of even the more interesting and less technical parts of the science.

This is, without doubt, the occasion of the lamentable lack of interest taken in this subject by the people, the little attention given to it in the public schools, and the objection to its general introduction into the course of study therein pursued. Of course no well informed person will venture the assertion that a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Chemistry is unimportant to persons in any rank or sphere in life. On the contrary, it will readily be conceded that such knowledge is of the most vital importance to persons of all grades and occupations. The difficulty heretofore has been, the want of a suitable text-book —one that should present the practical, every-day facts and principles of the science in a popular form, divested as far as possible of all cumbersome technicalities. But—thanks to the labors of Mr. Youmans! Such a work we now have. Household Science, or The Chemistry of the Household, is the title of a volume issued about a year since by D. Appleton & Co., from the pen of E, L. Youmans. It is the latest work of this popular author and by far the best. Mr. Youmans is not an experimenter in his favorite science, but a diffuser of its principles. He possesses the rare faculty of seizing upon the most prominent features of a subject and presenting them in plain and simple language to his hearers and readers. He is the first and leading popularizer of the science of Chemistry in our Country. By his lectures and writings he has done more than any other person to bring it within the comprehension of the mass of the people, and to diffuse a knowledge of its principles throughout the community.

From such a man, who with a thorough understanding of his subject combines a knowledge of the people's condition and wants, and the happy faculty of adapting his teachings thereto, we might reasonably expect a work suited to the demands of our common schools. The one before us is admirably adapted to meet these demands. It combines in one snug little volume all the most important and recent information on the general principles of the science. It treats, as its name imports, of the Chemistry of the Household—of the laws that govern these familiar operations that are going on everywhere around us, a knowledge of which should be possesed by every young man and woman before entering upon the duties of life. Each subject is treated by itself in the most brief, simple and lucid manner, the abstractions and technicalities of the science are mostly dispensed with, the most interesting facts and the principles of the most practical importance are very clearly set forth, and the whole work plainly shows that the author understood the wants of those for whom he was writing. No family library is complete without it. It should be used by old and young, the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and above all the housewife should be furnished with it, and no scholar however practical and restricted his education should leave his studies while ignorant of its teachings.

"That the subject is important is readily conceded," say the teachers, "but can it be made interesting to the minds we have to deal with?" Having had some experience in imparting instruction on this subject and others of a similar nature, I can unhesitatingly say that under the direction of a skillful teacher, a recitation from this book would be the most interesting recitation of the school room. It treats of subjects which minds twelve years old can be deeply interested in, and in a style so plain and forcible that all can understand them. How much more interesting to the youthful mind is a study which treats of principles and laws that are operating about them on every hand, than mathematical formulas, or studies that tax the memory but afford little food for thought! Such a study as is stimulates thought, observation and reflection. The pupils almost invariably enter the class room prepared with numerous questions for their instructor, relating to the subject of recitation, and with a multitude of facts illustrative of the principles under consideration. The teacher of course gladly entertains all questions thus honestly asked, and throws out many suggestions in regard to the proper study and classification of the facts that may come under his pupils' observation. Thus their minds are awakened, and they begin to observe what is passing around them, and to study and admire the manifold operations of nature.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that this suj ect has been much neglected; but it is to be hoped that teachers and school committees, now that a book suited to their wants is placed before them, will take the matter into serious consideration, and see that this work is introduced as a text book into all the schools of Iowa. C.

An "exchange" suggests that around each post used in fencing, a small mound of clay mould should be raised, to throw off the water of heavy rains, thus protecting the post-hole from filling so often with water, and adding to the longevity of the post.

EDUCATION ABROAD.

The United States of America is a great nation, and it has a great system of colleges, and seminaries, and common schools; but while we realize this to be the case, we should also know that there are other nations, and other school systems which compare in many respects equally with our own. A few facts will be given in this article concerning education abroad.

The interest taken in education in Upper Canada cannot be better shown than by stating what has been done to provide suitable teachers, and well selected libraries for all public schools of the province.

In 1847 the first Provincial Normal School was opened for the admission of students; in the following year a Model School was established. Both of these were opened in the old Government house at Toronto; but in 1850 the Legislature appropriated £15,000, and in 1852 £100,000 in addition, for the purchase of a site and the erection of buildings for these schools In November, 1852, the institution was opened.

In the Normal School the students are taught how to teach, and in the Model school they are trained to practice well these instructions. These model schools are designed to be the model for all the public schools of the Province. An allowance of about one dollar per week is made to those students who, at the end of the sessions, obtain a Provincial certificate.

The income of the Toronto University and Upper Canada College, as reported to the Legislature, amounts to $75,200 per annum.

The plan of distributing public school libraries, maps, charts, apparatus, &c., might be a model for some of our own educational operations.

The Council of Public Instruction have selected more than three thousand different works, comprising several thousand volumes. These books have been carefully chosen, and constitute a great variety of useful and entertaining books of permanent value, adapted to popular reading in the various departments of human knowledge. They have also made selections of the best maps, globes, tellurians, charts, collections, instruments and apparatus, to use in illustrating Geography. Natural History, Geology and Minerology, Mathematics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Astronomy, &c., &c. Any locality can select from this large catalogue of books, &c., such as may be wished and obtain them at cost price; and on all sums thus received by the Province, it allows one hundred per cent. in addition. By this means, the locality receives what it may order, for one-half of the lowest cost price. It might be well to state that these books, apparatus, &c., are furnished in no case to private individuals, but to municipal and school authorities.

We find from the report of the Educational Departments of Upper Canada that during the first three years that this system has been in operation, the whole number of volumes sent out, is 155,726; the subjects of which are as follows: History, 26,-826 volumes; Zoology, 11,312; Botany, 2,033; Natural Phenomena, 4,517; Moral and Physical Science, 3,524; Geology and Mineralogy, 1,315; Natural Philosophy, 1,407; Chemistry, 682; Agricultural Chemistry, 682; Agriculture, 6,980; Manufactures, 7,300; Literature, 15,279; Travels, 11,329; Biography, 17,234; Practical Life, 41,970; Teacher's Library, 1,979. Total, 155,726.

Besides these volumes, the department has furnished 1624 maps, 2480 black boards, 520 sets Holbrook's Apparatus, and 697 tablet lessons.

Of all the schools of the Eastern Continent, probably those of the Prussians are the most systematic, and best adapted to the wants of the mass of the people. They have long had this maxim, "That whatever you would have appear in a nation's life you must put it in the schools of the nation."

Although inferior to our schools in some respects—yet as regards the method of instruction, we must give the palm to Prussia. As early as 1748, a Seminary was established at Berlin, for the benefit of Teachers. Now there are many such schools, furnishing many qualified teachers for the schools of the kingdom. It is the custom in Prussia, as well as throughout Germany, to devote a given number of hours weekly, not daily, to each study pursued.

For example, the Prussian Gymnasia at Berlin has six classes, the first, or *Prima*, being the most advanced, which pursues the following studies, with the stated number of hours given to each: Religion, 2 hours; German, 3; Latin, 8; Greek, 6; French, 2; History and Geography, 3; Physics, *i. e.*, Natural Philosophy 2; Mathematics and Arithmetic 4.

The teachers have charge of all the scholars, and teach all the branches in the lower classes; while in the higher classes each class remains in its room and the teacher goes to them, hears them recite, and leaves them. They go to school at 8 A. M., and have Thursday afternoon for their play or holiday, instead of Saturday.

The kingdom of Prussia has 23,384 school houses, or one to 698 of the population. They have a law which requires all the children between the ages of seven and fourteen to learn to read and write. Absentees from school are liable to full school fees, and a fine or a day's labor in compensation. In 1845 there were only two out of a hundred who could neither read nor write. Their standing army consists of 126,900 soldiers—and but two of these are unable to read. It is thought that if Prussia had taken part in the recent war, she could have brought into the field 300,000 soldiers, and it would have been the best SCHOOL educated military force in the world.

Having written thus lengthily upon this subject—and only of the same in Canada and Prussia, we will simply notice what has and is being done in some other parts of the world. In France the Minister of Public Instruction has recently raised the salaries of Teachers from 700 to 800 francs—and of Assistant Teachers from 400 to 500 francs.

A French public school Teacher therefore now only gets about 40 cents, and an Assistant about 25 cents per day. Is it strange, then, that about one-third of the French people cannot read and write?

But there is prospect of advancement; for a commisioner has lately been sent to Germany to examine its school systems, and one of his recommendations is, to enforce compulsory instruction upon all the children of the empire. The facilities are very poor for educating the masses in France, yet they are very superior in their attainments in many of the most popular sciences.

Professor Agassiz of our own country has been offered a celbrated professorship at Paris, which he declined.

This government has just established twenty military schools for teaching surveying, topographic engineering, gymnastics, etc., each school to number about 800 pupils.

For about three centuries Scotland has enjoyed the blessings of a popular system of education extended to all classes of of her people. No nation has been more deeply interested in education since the time of the Reformation.

As early as in 1696 it was ordered that a school should be established and a school master appointed in every parish, while the landlords were required to erect a school house and a dwelling house for the use of the master. Great benefit resulted from this parish school system—which cannot better be shown than by stating that at the time it was established there were "two hundred thousand people in Scotland begging from door to door," while in 1757, at the Autumn assizes there was not a person found guilty of a capital crime.

This parish system was ordered by and under the control of the established Presbyterian Church, which was represented at that time by nine tenths of the people of the country. But now that church is much in the minority–and although there is no serious objection to the old system yet efforts are being made to create a plan of "National Education for Scotland."

Turkey has long ignored a system of education. But recently the Sultan has ordered Schools to be opened, and that means be adopted for the education of girls.

In Constantinople seventy-eight primary schools have just been established, and as soon as sufficient advancement has been made, thirteen superior schools are to be opened to complete the course of instruction.

Even in the Sandwich Islands, which so short a time ago, were inhabited only by savages, there is now a college with nearly seventy students.

The Swedish Government is busily engaged in establishing a system of free schools. An agent has recently been in New York City gaining information concerning the schools of this country. In some others of the European States, parents are compelled to send their children to school.

In Saxony, sickness is the only excuse for absence from school, and attendance is compelled by fine and imprisonment.

In Hanover every child is required to attend school at the age of six years, and in Bavaria no child is allowed to leave school until he is twelve years of age—and only then by having certain qualifications. In Austria all the children are required to attend school from the ages of six to twelve years. We conclude this lengthy article, by omitting many facts concerning the common and especially the higher schools of other countries—such as the University of Oxford, and London, with its twenty-five different Colleges scattered about in that great metropolis.

W.

Waterloo, Iowa, August, 1859.

ADVANTAGES OF THE IOWA FARMERS' COLLEGE.

There are so many who do not understand the principles and advantages of an Agricultural School, that I have been induced to embody some of them in the following article, which I hope will call forth some reflection upon the subject. I have been induced to do this, from the fact that I have frequently heard it remarked by some of our most intelligent men, that "an Agricultural College was a very great humbug." On conversing with such a person two or three minutes, they almost universally acknowledge the principles to be right and hope we shall succeed. Political strife has not entered our Board, and we do not expect it. All parties wish us success, and give their aid:

1. Our State is pre-eminently an agricultural country, and hence the necessity for agricultural knowledge.

2. Our State is new and comparatively poor, and but few who would be glad to send their sons to a High School, have the means to spare to do so. The tuition of this school is to be forever FREE, and the boys will all be compelled to work a few hours each day, enough to pay about half their board; thus making it of less expense to both the State and the scholar than any other school.

3. Regular daily exercise is indispensible to health. It is a great detriment to the health of a young man to take him from hard labor of the farm or shop, and set him down at school. Backward in his studies, and ambitious to keep up with his class, his great change of habit ruins his health.

4. By manual labor, and vigorous health of body, the student learns faster.

5. By the three or four hours labor upon the Farm, the student acquires the most *approved practical knowledge of the cultivation of the earth*, and all the variety of products suited to this climate—a *knowledge second in importance only to that of the written language of our mother tongue*—in the omission of which, most of our educational men have made a wide mistake.

6. It is expected to give a most thorough instruction in all the Natural Sciences, and especially the vegetable and animal kingdoms, in all their immense variety; and thereby acquire a knowledge of raising fruits, crops, forests and animals, and to remedy the diseases and defects of the same, *by actual practice upon the Experimental Farm.*

7. The graduates of this school will be qualified for the mechanic's shop, or the farm, or any other business, either public or private, except it may be the learned professions, and these studies are indispensible to them. They only need to add other studies.

8. The United States government appropriates annually from $60,000 to $100,000 for agricultural purposes. This is far more useful than many millions otherwise spent. A powerful effort will be made next session of Congress to establish and Agricultural Bureau, with a Secretary. It now becomes the duty of each State to open an Experimental Farm, to receive, plant, cultivate. and report to the Secretary of Agriculture, those valuable seeds, plants and animals, which are gathered from all nations of the earth, and to return to that office a portion of those valuable seeds; and thus to co-operate with the national government in encouraging and sustaining the most important and valuable (though much neglected) interest of our country.

SUEL FOSTER.

MUSCATINE, July, 1859.

[From our Special Reporter.]

IOWA STATE TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION.

HELD AT WASHINGTON, AUGUST 22, 23, 24, 25.

The report contained in the following, of the proceedings of the State Teacher's Association, is necessarily but an outline.—It was expected to obtain a full report from the Secretary, but he was unable on account of its length to prepare it in time.—It will doubtless appear in various papers of the State, soon.

Operations commenced on Tuesday evening 23d ult., the convention being opened with prayer.

The proceedings of last year's meeting were read, after which an opportunity was given for reception of new members; quite a number paid the requisite dollar and had their names enrolled.

The address of President Humphreys was next read, containing many practical suggestions for the Association to act upon, after which miscellaneous business occupied the meeting until the adjournment—which took place at 9½ o'clock.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 24th.

At 9 A. M. Reading of Scriptures was had and prayer was offered, after which miscellaneous business was the order.

At 9. 30, a paper was read by S. S. Howe on the light Literature of the Age, taking ground against the reading of fiction almost altogether, the exceptions being Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the Vicar of Wakefield. He could not recommend anything farther than these. Discussion after each address being the order, the gentleman found few to agree with him. A minister present remarked that he should very much dislike to be deprived of such reading as the Minister's Wooing, and other modern productions, of a similar character.

At the proper hour the resolution "that females should enjoy the right of suffrage in school matters," was discussed, the majority being in favor of it.

Adjourned at 12 M.

AFTERNOON.

The subject—"Co-education of the Sexes" was treated by Mr. Weller of Davenport:—the gentleman being in favor of it to a certain extent. Doubted the capacity of the female mind to master the higher branches of study with the same facility as men, although in the earlier stages of study thought them superior to the other sex, in the power of comprehending and grasping the matters presented to them.

In the discussion which followed this, the majority were in favor of the sexes being educated together, both in the higher and lower branches. It was thought the sexes had an elevating effect upon each other, which was exerted to the best advantage when they were trained in study together.

This was followed by the Report of the Executive Committee, was taken from which the following statement of the Teachers' Institutes held since the last meeting, the Counties held in, number of Teachers in attendance, and amount of State aid received, and days in session:

County.	No. Teachers.	State aid,	Days held.
Decatur,	60	$50	6
Johnson,	—	—	6
Henry,	70	00	6
Jackson,	70	50	6
Madison,	—	50	6
Delaware,	—	50	6
Jones,	—	50	6
Washington,	81	50	10
Marshall,	—	50	6
Clayton,	58	50	6
Jasper,	—	50	6
Louisa,	15	35 40	6
Clark,	—	35 40	6
Bremer,	—	50	6
Blackhawk,	—	50	6
Cedar,	209	50	9
Linn,	60	35 40	6
Hardin,	44	35	6
Mahaska,	54	50	6
Marion,	62	25	6
Washington,	79	—	10
Louisa,	—	35	6
Van Buren,	—	50	6
Buchanan,	—	50	5
Henry,	100	40	6

The report contained many other matters for which we have no space. Following this, was an address on reading, by Prof. A. A. Griffith, interspersed with selections from various authors which were exceedingly well rendered and well received.

EVENING.

Association convened at 7 o'clock, a "Sociable" was the order for half an hour, when an address was heard from S. H. Weller of Davenport.

The next business in order was the report of Committee on resolutions on the death of Hon. Horace Mann. Prof. Wells of Iowa City, delivered a feeling eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased. The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

Adjourned.

THURSDAY 25, FORENOON.

At 9 o'clock—Reading of Scriptures and Prayer, afterwards, miscellaneous business; and at 10.15 the report of J. H. Sanders of Keokuk county, on "Bad spelling, as exhibited on street signs with accompanying documents."

This report was very interesting and will be printed and placed before the people soon.

The next hour was occupied with business, then adjournment took place.

AFTERNOON.

A paper was read by Rev. M. K. Cross of Tipton, Cedar county, on "Sectarianism and its relations to Public Schools," after which, in relation to the topic touched by the gentleman of reading the Bible in schools, many responded warmly in its favor, and it was the sense of the convention that the custom should become established; after which until 4 o'clock, business was the order.

At the hour last mentioned, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, resulting as follows:

President, Prof. Wells of Johnson County.

Vice-Presidents Z. C. Taber, Wm. Selden, E. Booth, —— McArthur, I. G. Moore; Executive Committee, C. C. Nestleroade, M. B. Beals, J. R. Doig, S. H. Weller, J. H. Sanders; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. F. Humphreys; Recording Secretary, M. B. Lawler; Treasurer, G. B. Dennison.

Association adjourned.

EVENING.

This was the most interesting of the whole proceedings.—Sociable for one hour. The house was crowded, the citizens having turned out in mass to hear the address on reading and oratory, by Prof. A. A. Griffith. This gentleman whose card will be found in the JOURNAL, is a master of his profession, and those who heard him expressed themselves highly delighted with his performances. It is hoped he will visit this place and give one or more of his exceedingly interesting and instructive readings.

FRIDAY MORNING, 26.

After the usual services, Dr. J. Maynard of Cedar county, read a report on the "Duties of District School Directors."

The remainder of the forenoon was taken up with business, the Convention adjourned to hold their next annual meeting at Tipton, Cedar county, to begin on the fourth Tuesday in August, 1860.

Resolutions were passed to memorialize the Board of Education and Legislature on a great variety of subject, among which were County Teacher's Institutes, a Central State Normal School, School apyaratus etc.

The new School Law, was unanimously pronounced to be just what was needed for the State, and it was recommended to the people that they try it thoroughly, and study it closely, and wait till they become acquainted with it before they pronounce it impracticable. It was conceded that the law had done and was doing more for education in the State than all previous laws and

operations, of whatever kind. The office of County Superintendant was thought to be the main instrument, for the accomplishment of good in this direction.

The most difficult matter of business was in relation to the establishment by thes Asociation of an organ, as it seemed that one was wanted which they could control in their peculiar manner. A great diversity of opinion was expressed in relation to what should be done in the premises, and the harmony which prevailed on all other subjects was absent on this. The subject was up a number of times and was not concluded until the last hour of their meeting, when the Executive Committee was requested by a resolution to establish an organ immediately, co-operation of the body being pledged. Very many of the members have great doubts as to the feasibility of the project, and of the propriety of saddling upon the Association a work of so great expense and magnitude as that of establishing a paper.

Before concluding it was advised that they had better suppress all that portion of the minutes relating to this business except the last action in order that the proceedings should appear to the people to be harmonious. It was accordingly determined to suppress.

The following tremendeusly magnanimous resolution it was "barely possible to pass."

Resolved, That, in the action of this association with reference to establishing a paper under the control of the Executive Committee, we do not wish to discourage the publication of other educational publications in the State.

The attendance throughout was very good. The teachers present would probably number one hundred.

The assemblage was a good looking one as regards men and women.

The people of Washington seemed to take great interest in the meetings. A few of them formed a choir and sang songs appropriate to the occasion.

POLK COUNTY TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.

This Institute convened on Monday, August 22d, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the public school rooms in Des Moines, and continued by adjournment until Saturday noon, Aug. 27th. Mr. Samuel Bell, the County Superintendent of Common Schools, and a respectable number of teachers were present, and, after organizing, entered earnestly upon the business of the Institute. The following officers were elected for the session:

President, Mr. Samuel Bell; Vice Presidents, Messrs. R. P. Woodruff, and H. B. Merritt; Secretary, N. T. Case, Treasurer, N. T. Webber; Criticism Recitations, Messrs. H. B. Merritt and J. R. Cary, and Misses Bloodgood and Bausman; special critic on General Deportment, P. H. Van Slyck.

The following committees were then appointed:

On Finance—Messrs. Woodruff, Wheaton and Brown.

On Programme—Messrs. Merritt, Cary, and Woodruff, and Misses Bloodgood and Bausman.

On Music—Misses Bloodgood and Bausman, and Messrs. Woodruff, Merritt and Carey.

On Lectures—Messrs. Merritt, Brown and Fuller,

On Publication—Messrs. Van Slyck, Carey, and Miss Bloodgood.

The programme presented by the committee, and adopted by the Institute, comprised exercises in the following branches: Orthography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, mental and written, and Algebra. These were conducted in the form of school recitations, by teachers chosen for the purpose, who gave practical illustrations of their several methods of teaching. During each recitation, as well as at the close, questions were freely asked, criticisms were passed, and there was a general expression of views upon the course adopted by the teacher. Thus conducted, the recitations were both interesting and instructive. These exercises were conducted during the entire week, alternating with general business relating to the Institute, and a free interchange of views on the organization and management of schools, teacher's wages, and such other subjects as have a legitimate claim upon the attention of teachers. The number of teachers present at any one time was not large, and the importance of securing a fuller attendance in future, claimed the earnest consideration of the Institute. Probably many had not noticed the call, issued by the County Superintendent, and many who had, not knowing that any provisions would be made for their accommodation while here, felt unable to meet the expenses which they supposed would be unavoidably incurred. To obviate this difficulty in future, Resolution No. 1, was unanimously adopted.

The following subjects were selected to be reported upon at the next annual session of the Institute, by the teachers whose names are severally appended.

1. To what extent should natural science be taught in our common schools?—J. R. Carey.

2. Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. Should a general knowledge of the subjects be possessed by every licensed teacher?—Miss Proctor.

3. School Government.—Miss Bloodgood.

4. The best method of securing regular attendance at school, and punctuality in the performance of every duty. R P. Woodruff.

5. Should a uniform course of studies be insisted upon in our common schools.—M. Keeney.

6. Teacher's wages. Shall there be a uniform standard in schools of the same grade? If so, should the same standard apply alike to males and females?—P. H. Van Slyck.

7. The Spirit of Emulation. Should it be encouraged? if so, by what means?—Miss Clark.

Interesting and instuctive evening Lectures were delivered during the week, at the M. E. Church, by the Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, J. T. Tubby, J. R. Carey, C. C. Dawson, and Rev. N. Summerbell, These were quite well attended by the citizens, and seemed to be highly appreciated.

Saturday noon the Institute adjourned *sine die*. The opinion appeared to prevail among the members that the first session augured well for the future, and they parted in the hope of meeting at the next annual session, not only those whose acquaintance they had now so favorably formed, but a full convention of the county teachers.

The following are the resolutions passed by the Institute:

1. *Resolved*, That it be considered the duty of the County Superintendent of Common Schools, at all future sessions of the Institute, to see that provisions are made for the accommodation of teachers from abroad; that each teacher in the county is seasonably notified by letter, of such provision, and of the time at which the session will commence.

2. *Resolved*, That such portions of the surplus funds now in the hands of the treasurer, as may be required for that purpose, be applied to defray the necessary expenses of teachers in attendance, and that the balance be deposited in Bank for the future use of the Institute.

3. *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Institute be presented to the Lecturers who have added so greatly to the interest of the occasion, by their able and entertaining addresses.

4. *Resolved*, That we gratefully acknowledge our obligations to the members of the several choirs who have contributed so materially to our evening entertainments.

5. *Resolved*, That our special acknowledgments are due to the editor of the Iowa State Journal, publishing the notice concerning the Institute, free of charge.

6. *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Institute are due to its officers for the able and impartial manner in which they have discharged their duties.

7. *Resolved*. That a notice of our proceedings be presented to the Press of Des Moines, with the request that it be published.

By order of the Publishing Committee.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL.

ANDREW J. STEVENS, EDITOR.

Thursday, September 1st, 1859.

LEARN TO LABOR.

Young man, why do you spend your time standing upon the corners of the streets and lounging about the saloons, hotels and other public places, idling away your time? Why don't you stir about and try to do something—be somebody—you are now designated as an idle, worthless loafer, and so you will continue to be known as long as you pursue your present course. Shake off the lethargy which is now hanging over you—arouse yourself to the reality of your position—put in active use the powers which God has given you, take an erect, man-like position in society and boldly walk forth in the world a real, true man. You have the capacity to do all this—to make yourself known and your influence felt in the society in which you are moving; will you do it—will you make the effort?

To accomplish the great end for which we are created requires constant labor. Happily for us in this country we find ourselves in the world upon a glorious equality. As there is no royal road to learning—so in our happy land there are no exclusive favorites of fortune—the competition for success in the great battle of life is open to all.

There is one great lesson which all should learn, at the outset of life's journey, and that is *that there is nothing good or great accomplished in this world without labor*. Hence, young man, do not suppose, that business, success and prosperity will be your reward unsought—that what others attain only after a long life of industry and severe toil, will rush to your embrace, simply for the wishing for it. Be not thus deluded, young man. Study life's great lesson, and learn wisdom therefrom.

Our country may be compared to a great national workshop, in which every man designs and carves out his own destiny, after whatever fashion and pattern he pleases. We are a nation of laborers—it is true, indeed, that there are a few whose pathway in life is paved with *inherited* gold, instead of that which is gained by their own toil—but they bear a very small proportion in numbers to the great industrial masses, by whom the world is moved and governed. The distinguishing feature, that places us as a people far above surrounding nations, is the fact that we are a nation of laborers—the din of our work-shops and manufactories is the music of Freedom. The brave hearts, strong arms and intelligent heads of the laboring hosts of our country are peacefully, quietly, but surely and certainly elevating us to a position in which we shall be able to dictate terms to the obedient nations of the Earth. Young man, enlist then in this great industrial army—do it to-day—don't put it off until another time, or because you can't enter it in the position which you desire. Enlist in the ranks, and prove yourself a good soldier, and trust to fortune for the rest—don't be discouraged—labor on—study—*think*—ACT—and you will soon be able to command any position you desire. LEARN TO LABOR!

READING IN SCHOOLS.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject and the importance of it as a branch of our common school education, there are, we regret to say, very few good and intelligent readers. This is an evil that should be remedied as speedily as possible, and in our school rooms of to-day, with the children there in attendance, are the places to commence the reformation.

"How is this reformation to be accomplished?" is the inquiry of every one who feels an interest in the progress of our schools and the intellectual advancement of the children attending them. Children are great imitators—they learn readily, rapidly and permanently from example, and consequently, as they hear others read and pronounce, so will they read and pronounce.—The teacher, then, should be a good reader, and in order to secure complete success in the reform which we propose in this branch of education, the teachers themselves, in some instances, must take lessons. But we will presume that the teacher is himself a good reader—what then is to be done. Care, attention and an enormous stock of patience is necessary to begin with, on the part of the teacher—then the pupil should be required to study his reading lesson so that he is familiar with it and not be allowed to come into the reading class without even knowing where the lesson is—slow, distinct delivery, proper accent and correct pronunciation should be insisted upon by the teacher, and if any mistakes are made let them be at once pointed out and corrected, either by the teacher's reading the lesson himself or some more advanced pupil of the class who is competent to make the corrections. When this is done, let the first reader be called upon to go through with the reading again and again—pointing out to him at each reading the errors he has committed. Perhaps a whole recitation may be devoted to the reading of only one verse of the lesson, but it will be found that this mode of teaching is far more advantageous than to gallop at race horse speed through an entire chapter at one recitation, without reading one single line intelligibly or pronouncing one tenth of the words correctly. This is doubtless the source of the difficulty in teaching reading—the rapid pace with which the pupil is permitted to pass over his reading lessons. Let our teachers try the experiment above suggested and report to us their success.

In some schools it will be found that a lack of clear and distinct utterance is the crying evil. In such cases let the teacher give the pupils a difficult word to pronounce and let them be drilled upon it until they are able to catch the sound and pronounce the word distinctly.

For example take the words—*successful*, *kindness*, *barbarity*, *promiscuously*, *average*, *sovereigns*, and other similar words and let them be practiced upon until they are correctly pronounced, and then another list may be made out and written upon the black board, for the next exercise. We are confident that this plan, thoroughly practiced, will be found in some of our schools very successful and beneficial.

We wish here to call the attention of teachers to another evil that has found its way into our schools and has been so long practiced, that, with some teachers, it seems to have become a law of too venerable an age to be interfered with; and that is

the practice of having the boy at the head of the class commence the reading lesson—the second one follow, and so on in regular order down through the class—it will be found far better to call upon them promiscuously—that is let the reading be commenced by the first, followed by the fifth, third, seventh and so on—by this plan you will be able to keep the attention of the pupils, for they will not know what moment they may be called upon. Great efforts should be made by the teacher to keep the attention of the pupils upon the lesson while the class is reading—hence a very good plan is practiced by many teachers, of asking the pupils questions at the close of the exercise as to what they have been reading about, the pupils giving the substance of the lesson—dates, history &c. There are many ways by which the faithful and ingenious teacher can illustrate the subject of the recitation before the pupils and enable them to see wherein they are deficient, and point out to them the best means of correcting that deficiency. We have thrown out these few hints, at this time, hoping that it may be the means of calling the attention of our teachers to a subject which requires their candid and careful attention.

LAND VS. LEARNING.

"It keeps me constantly poor," said Mr. Smallacres, to his friend Broadfields, "to supply my children with school books. Now that little Ella is large enough to go to school, we have seven in attendance, daily, and last term I bought them each a new reader, speller and slate, and the boys, George, William, and Thomas, Arithmetics, Grammars, and Geographys—in all twenty-three new books. These I supposed would last them for a year, at least, and so they would, for they are now nearly as good as new, but Mr. Longhead, the new teacher, sends me word that he is going to introduce a new kind of books this term, and that I must furnish my children with an entire new set if I wish to have them placed in classes with the balance of the school. I suppose therefore, that I must get them, although I can scarcely afford it." "Now," says Broadfields, "you do as I do, my boys use the books that I had when I went to school, and they are plenty good enough—they were good then and that is only some twenty years ago, and I am sure they don't make books any better now than they did when we were boys. You just let these college fellows, who come out here, because they think us a little green to introduce their new fangled notions, alone. This Mr. Loggerheads, or Longheads, whatever his name is, sent my boys home with their books, saying that I must get new ones. I'll show him that he must take my boys with their old books, or not take them at all. There is no use of humoring these educational fellows in all their notions, I assure you, friend Smallacres, and if you do they'l keep you buying books until your neighbors will think you have gone into the book business—are a real book merchant sure enough. Now don't you do it—don't you buy any more books simply because this Mr. Schoolmaster says so—take my advice now, and don't you do it. If my boys with their old books are not wanted at school, they can stay at home and work on the farm. Them's my notions."

The reply of our friend Smallacres to this bombastic harrangue of his wealthy neighbor Broadfields, evinces a true parental interest in the welfare of his children. "I am poor, Mr. Broadfields, and you are wealthy—a good education is all that I have to give my children—yours will inherit these large well cultivated fields which you are tilling with so much care and just pride—my children have nothing of this kind to hope for—but a good education I can manage to give them, and that I am determined they shall have. Therefore, I will not complain if I do have to buy new books occasionally. I will not keep my children out of school for this reason nor force them to use books which will compel the teacher to put them in classes by themselves; and although I can scarcely afford it just at this time, I will thresh out a few oats—the boys have saved some eggs and the girls have picked up a nice lot of paper rags—all these I will take down to friend Goodstock the store keeper and exchange for the desired books, then my children can be placed in the proper classes and I shall be none the poorer for having furnished them with food for their intellectual growth and advancement. So, good morning, Broadfields, you can give your boys land and I will give mine learning, and we will see which is the best investment."

We appreciate the position of our friend Smallacres, and commend him most heartily for his determination not to follow the advice of his more wealthy, but less enterprising neighbor, Broadfields. The constant changing of text books in schools, is an every day evil that should be avoided as much as possible, but the plan of using the old books which our fathers had years ago, as recommended by Mr. Broadfields, is alike faulty. The best school books that can be obtained, are always the cheapest, and as near as possible the districts in each county, should use one series of books, so that a change of pupils from one school to another will not require a change of books. Let our Mess. Broadfields and Smallacres alike reflect upon this subject of schools and school books, and profit by the lesson taught in the above dialogue.

School Books.—That there is no end to the making of books has often been said, and especially is this the case with reference to school books; but in no department of the book publishing business has there been such a marked improvement both in the style of getting them up and the matter contained in them, as has been made by the publishers of the different series of school books during the last few years. And this too, to the people, is a very important branch of the book business, for too much care cannot be taken in selecting and adopting a series of school books—economy of time, of labor, and money should all be considered—time of the pupil, labor of the teacher and money of the parent.

Uniformity of school books is desirable as far as practicable, but it is far better to reject a poor book than to retain it simply on the ground of uniformity. Before a series of books are finally adopted by a State, county or district, a thorough examination of the several series which are being published should be made, that the best series, as far as possible, may be selected. And here, we would suggest to publishers the advantage to them as well as the public which would result from advertising their publications in the School Journal. At no time since the organization of our State, has there been so much attention paid to schools, as at present. Schools are being organized, libra-

ries are being replenished; and the enterprising publishers who wish to take advantage of these circumstances will liberally advertise. We shall, through the JOURNAL, as far as possible, make known to the public the different series of books which are being published, and shall labor to be of some service in pointing out their merits and defects, that our schools and libraries may be furnished with as good and valuable books as can be obtained.

DEATH OF HON. HORACE MANN.

One of the greatest lights of the age has gone out—one of the most beneficial men of our times has fallen; Literature—Science—Art—Industry—Enterprise—Progress, and all the elements that go to make up the blessings of a great and free people, are arrayed in mourning at the death of HORACE MANN for he was alike interested in, and identified with them all. As statesman—philanthropist—patriot and citizen he was equally great.

Mr. MANN died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, on Tuesday July 2d, 1859, being about sixty-three years of age, having been born in the town of Franklin, Massachusetts, about the year 1796. His father, Thomas Mann, was a farmer, in poor circumstances, who died when Horace was but thirteen years of age, leaving him with but few of this world's goods, but what was better—the example of a just, pious and upright life.

Mr. MANN by industrious habits, hard study and indomitable perseverance, passed through a collegiate course at Brown's University, and graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1819. Immediately after commencement, he entered the office of Hon. J. J. Fiske, of Wrentham, as a student of law.—Mr. MANN was very successful at the bar, and continued the practice of his profession until the year 1837, when he accepted the position of Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, in which position he won for himself an enviable reputation. He was several times elected to the legislature of Massachusetts, and when the sage and patriot of Quincy fell at his post in the capitol of his country, Mr. MANN was selected as the person most competent to occupy the seat of the "old man eloquent." Mr. MANN remained in Congress until the close of the session of 1852, when he accepted the appointment of President of Antioch College, Ohio, where he continued to reside, and discharge the responsible duties of his office until the time of his death. This is a brief memoranda of the principle events in the life of one whose example should be closely imitated by the youth of our country. HORACE MANN, lived not for himself alone—his labors were for the benefit of his race and his country, and we shall continue to reap the blessings flowing from them, as long as we seek our national prosperity through our Halls of Learning and in the Temples of the living God.

Rev. S. P. Crawford, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church in this city, but now a resident of Mt. Vernon, Linn County, paid our citizens a visit during last month, and we had the pleasure of hearing from him one of the most eloquent, bold, pathetic and practical sermons that it has been our good fortune to listen to. Mr. Crawford is now agent for the Bible Society, and in that connection, is doing excellent service in spreading the truths of the Gospel, and widening the field of christian influence.

CORNELL COLLEGE.

No State in the west is more highly favored with Institutions of learning, possessing the true elements of success and vitality, than is our own; and no where is there a more earnest devotedness to the cause of education than is manifested, generally among our people. This fact speaks volumes for the growth and advancement of our State and the prosperity of her Institutions.

Among the many excellent Institutions of learning of which our State can boast, none rank higher than CORNELL COLLEGE, located at Mt. Vernon, Linn County. From the annual Catalogue we learn that this College has already an endowment of *Sixty Thousand Dollars*, and it is hoped that this sum may be speedily increased to One Hundred Thousand Dollars. During the year past, there have been in attendance at this Institution 321 students; and the present term, which opened on the 1st inst.. will show a large increase of patronage. The winter term of fifteen weeks, opens Thursday, Dec. 1, 1859.

Under the management of the following able Faculty, this Institution cannot fail to sustain its present excellent reputation:

Rev. RICHARD W. KEELER, A. M., *President*, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Rev. SAMUEL M. FELLOWS, A. M., Professor of Latin Language and Literature; Rev. STEPHEN N. FELLOWS, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science Rev. DAVID H. WHEELER, A. M., Professor of Greek Language and Literature; ————, * Hamaline Professor of History and Belles Lettres; Miss SUSAN E. HALE, *Preceptress*, Teacher of French; Miss HARRIETTE J. COOKE, Teacher of German, Drawing and Painting; Miss MADGE E. OLIVER, Teacher of Music,—Piano, Melodian and Guitar; Miss ELIZABETH O. DU MON, *Preceptress* of Primary Department; Prof. S. N. FELLOWS A. M., Librarian.

——*The duties of this Chair are performed by another member of the Faculty.

From a County Superintendent, we have received the following commendation in behalf of our labors:—"I have received the second number of the *Iowa School Journal*, have carefully perused its pages, and find it a high toned and spirited sheet, well adapted to the interests of schools and intellectual advancement. I predict for the *Journal* a future full of prosperity and will take pleasure in recommending it to teachers with whom I have to do." We hope to continue to merit the good wishes of all the friends of universal education.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We are placed under great obligations to the press of the State, for the numerous complimentary notices which they have given of the JOURNAL, and their courtesy in promptly exchanging with it. These favors are duly appreicated, and we trust that our course, while associated with the "army of the Press," will be such that we shall continue to merit similar good wishes.

Once a Week, has reached its fifth number. It is well filled with interesting matter from the best pens in Europe—profusely illustrated and in many respects is one of the best publications in the country, The American publishers are Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, New York.

Editorial Notes.

Unequalled Inducements to Clubs!!

By reference to the second page of the cover, it will be seen that the Publishers of the JOURNAL offer several splendid Premiums to persons getting up Clubs.

For the highest number of subscribers sent by a Lady, one of Wheeler & Wilson's elegant Sewing Machines, worth $75.

For the highest number of subscribers, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary, worth $20.

For the second highest, a beautifully bound Bible, worth $10.

For the third highest, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary' worth $6.50.

For the fourth highest, a fine large Gold Pen, with case, worth $5.

All the Premiums except the first, are given to the world.

This is a liberal offer, and we hope to hear it responded to at an early date, from all portions of the State.

Will our brethren of the press do us and the cause of Education the favor to make mention of this in their papers. In fact, we would as soon see the Dictionary awarded to some newspaper man, and the Sewing Machine to his wife, as any other way.

From our *Special Reporter* we have a statement of the proceedings of the *State Teachers' Association*. The Editor of the JOURNAL would have been present at the meeting of the Association, had he not been detained by important business in the District Court, which was at that time in session in this city.

See the interesting proceedings of the Polk County Teachers' Association, in another column. We learn with pleasure that the Directors of this district have secured the services of Prof. Cary, as Principal of our Public School.

A STARTLING FEATURE.—An original Poem by Daniel Webster, *never before published*, will appear in the next number of the SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Bonner is not alone, an admirer of good "hosses"—he has a rival in the Emperor of France. "A splendid spanking pair of night-black horses, lately owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Somerville, N. J., have just been sold to his Imperial Highness for $4,000, and left for the royal stables last week."

The price of Bonner's nags far exceeds that paid by the Emperor, and we presume that the difference in speed is equally as great. Of course the Emperor will not attempt to pass Bonner—that would be impossible, for, does not Lantern *show the way?*

The next Annual Exhibition of the State Agricultural Society of Iowa, will be held at Oskaloosa on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of the present month. From present indications this fair will be the largest ever held in the State. Our people should generally attend these exhibitions and give encouragement and support to the laboring interests of the country.

HUMBOLDT's life and writings are about to be issued by the press, RUDD & CARLTON of New York, with an introduction by Bayard Taylor. This will be a valuable and interesting work and should speedily find it's way into our public and private libraries.

PATENT ICE.—We are no longer to suffer in the Summer for want of ice-water to cool our parched tongues, nor is it necssary that we should freeze in winter in order that we may keep cool in summer. A machine for the manufacture of ice is now in operation in London, which turns out three tons of that commodity daily. The refrigeration is produced by evaporation of ether in a vacuum. We shall doubtless hear hawked about our streets, ere long, *patent ice*. Verily the world moves—*a little*.

We are placed under obligations to Hon. Henry C. Hickok, Superintendent of Common Schools in Pennsylvania, for a copy of his last annual report of the condition and standing of schools in that State. We shall take the liberty of quoting largely from this work.

Rev. George B. Jocelyn will accept our thanks for a copy of his late able and eloquent address, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Masons at Davenport. This address will add to the author's well deserved fame, of being one of the most eloquent and impressive speakers in the State. Mr. Jocelyn has closed his ministerial labors in our city and we part with him reluctantly.

The *Gardener's Monthly*, is one of the best conducted practical horticultural papers that is published, and we cannot do a better service to our readers than to advise them to subscribe at once for this valuable journal. It should be in the hands of every family in the country. Address Thomas Meehan, Philadelphia, Pa., enclosing one dollar, and you will get this able asssistant in your horticultural labors for one year.

IOWA COLLEGE, formerly located at Davenport, has been removed to Grinnell, Poweshiek County, where it has been permanently located by the Directors of the Institution. We congratulate the citizens of Grinnell upon their good fortune in securing the relocation of this prosperous Institution in their flourishing town. Grinnell is rapidly becoming one of the first interior towns in the State, and with her enterprising population she has before her a brilliant future.

Bayard Taylor sailed for California on the 5th of August under an engagement with the Mercantile Library Association to deliver four lectures, for that Society in San Francisco. Mr. Taylor will remain in California about three months, and will deliver several lectures in the interior towns before he returns.

Cyrus W. Field announces that the new Atlantic Cable will be laid within six months, when we may expect to be able to have an uninterrupted chat with Mother England and the States of Europe generally.

The *Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, has recently added an educational column to its many excellencies as a newspaper. This speaks well for the enterprise and success of the *Nonpareil* and the intelligence of its readers.

Hay is selling in our streets at $2,50 to $3,00 per ton, and oats at 12½ cents per bushel. Decidedly cheap.

CHARLES DICKENS of world-wide notoriety as a story writer, is about to visit the United States and give a series of public readings from his own works.

SIMPLICITY AND PLAINNESS IN WRITING AND SPEAKING.

Many persons think that a regular, thorough education is unfavorable in respect to plainness and clearness of language. Said an honest, amiable farmer one day to the present writer, "I wish Bob to learn to read, write and cipher, so that he may be able to attend to his own business, but I don't care about his using big words." "Big words," said I, "the perfection of education is to teach simplicity. The most thorough scholars know what it is to write good English. The best masters of of Greek and Latin, should be, and often are the best masters of their mother tongue. If you hear grand high-sounding words, you in general find them in the writings and speeches of some youth whose education has just begun. By and by he gets over it." Robert's father thought with many others; that schools and colleges were only designed to teach boys the use of what he called "hifalutin." He was never more mistaken. It is the school and college where the rank growth of excessive wordiness is pared off. The writings of the fine scholar are simple, clear, pure, and easily comprehended.

This subject is an important one. My farming friend had some reason on his side. He could not comprehend much that he read. The long sentences and great words wearied him. It is a great art to write plainly and clearly, so that "he who runs may read." Many politicians as well as divines, write and speak in a lofty, obscure way. The essays of some of our great statesmen have this defect. To use the words of an old church homily or sermon. "They can not be understanded by the people." What folly it is! If you have anything to say or write, say it, or write it; if you have nothing to say, say nothing.

The advocates of christianity are not clear of blame. Franklin was a model of clearness of style; so were the Free-thinkers, Paine and Cobbett. Alas! that we should have to speak of such men as Paine and Cobbett as models in any respect, but they certainly were clear, plain and lucid writers. So are the great scholars of Oxford, the authors of the Puseyite movement. They are great in Latin and Greek, but what clear, rippling Saxon English they use in their sermons and essays. Thence much of their power over the English mind. Then, again, I have before me on my shelves, rows of theological works, in which I can pick out sentences that not one clergyman in forty in Des Moines, or any where else, can make out the meaning of, to save his life. We don't want Latin and Greek terms, but good old Saxon English, like the Bible and Prayer-book. High-sounding words in a writer or speaker, are about as sickening as any thing can be. We excuse it sometimes in boys just beginning to write and speak, but it is inexcusable in a grown up preacher, or lawyer, or schoolmaster.

Nevertheless we must not always be too severe on those who use big words. Once in a while a self-educated man springs up, and seems as though he could not help it. Such a man was James Barbour, of Virginia. He and his brother Philip Barbour, were distinguished in their day. They were great men. Philip was one of the first lawyers in his State, and a judge in her highest courts. James was successively a member of Congress, Governor of Virginia, United States Senator, Secretary of War under President Adams, and Minister to England. James was celebrated all over Virginia, for the huge, immense words, that continually fell from his lips. In him it was perfectly natural and easy. One could not avoid being amused, but there was not a particle of affectation in it, and his society was much sought after. John Randolph describes the two brothers in his ill-natured way, thus: "Philip shoots at hairs and splits them, and James fires at barn doors and misses them." A hundred anecdotes are to this day told of James Barbour, in Virginia, and some of them are highly entertaining. The present writer has an original one that he must have leave to tell in his own way.

In 1828, I was living in what is called in Virginia the Northern Neck, a narrow strip of country lying between the two great rivers the Potomac and Rhappahannoc. Mr. Barbour's eldest daughter, Mrs. Taliaferro, resided with her husband and family, on a beautiful estate on the Rappahannoc, at that point, not more than six or seven miles distant from the Potomac. Mr. Barbour had just been appointed Minister to England, and came with Mrs. B. to spend a day or two with their daughter, and to take leave of her. I was invited to meet them, and being a mere youth, fresh from the Theological Seminary and College, I felt a little intimidated, and proposed to the lady at whose house I resided, to stay at home. "Poh!" she replied, "Mr. and Mrs. Barbour are both prodigious talkers, and if you will say nothing at all they will think you an excellent young man." "Well," said I, "I think I can do that, I can say nothing;" so we all went. The feast was ample, and wit and humor were abundant. I was placed on Mr. Barbour's right hand. At last there was a pause, and as Mr. and Mrs. B. had both kindly spoken to me during the dinner, I ventured on a question. Mr. Barbour was a man of great size, and had the largest eye-brows I ever beheld. I looked up to his broad, genial, massive face, and modestly asked; "If he did not think the Agriculture of Virginia was improving?" His answer was entirely characteristic. I remember it perfectly, as I wrote it down shortly after, under an oak tree in company with a friend. "Why, sir," said he, (not looking at me,) "we are now laboring under a sort of paralysis. After the late war our grains commanded the most enormous prices. Our planters consequently went into the most extravagant expenditures. The primary payments were met with comparative facility; but the consecutive payments followed so hard on the primary payments, as to occasion a complete dislocation of our corporeal symmetry!"

Such was the style of his constant conversation, but it was perfectly easy, unaffected and natural. He diffused cheerfulness all around him. It was Governor Barbour, and no one else. His wit was sparkling and incessant, and his information unbounded. He was withal a thorough and successful farmer. There was but one James Barbour. Woe to the luckless man that should try to imitate him. He could not be proposed as a model. Now, Mr. Barbour was mainly self-educated. He had few advantages in early life. He had no College discipline, or he would have learned to prune his enormous growth of words to greater simplicity.

RUTHERFURD.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of action aid and cheer them,
Aid and cheer them!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey.
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper—aid it type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY.

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong about to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquor,
CLEAR THE WAY!

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action
CLEAR THE WAY!

CHALES MACKAY.

PREPARE TO LIVE.

When we contemplate the selfishness and enmity, the misery and distress, that everywhere surround us; and behold the transient nature of all terrestrial things; and seeing men constantly passing off the stage of action, being transplanted to a world where existance is everlasting, and duration is without limit, how forcibly are these important words, "PREPARE TO LIVE," impressed upon our minds! Yes, "Prepare to Live," should be ever sounding in our ears, and constantly reminding us of the great work we have to accomplish, and the many duties we have to perform during our probation here; all of which we must accomplish, if we would enjoy that future to which we are hastening. Life is not a dream—it is no freak of the imagination; but a fearful reality. It is a time for persevering labor, and upon this labor eternal consequences depend. Each has his own peculiar work to perform—a work enjoined by the all-wise Creator, who made us in his image, and has given us immortal minds, the powers of which language would fail to descrbe. He has endowed us with Moral, Physical, and Intellectual natures; all of which, if we would fully enjoy life here or hereafter, must be cultivated and trained—not educating one (as is too often the case) with total disregard to the others, but in harmony and direct reference to our future destiny. They are as mutually dependent upon each other as are the parts of the body. Educate the physical only, and what is man more than a brute?—the physical and intellectual, and is he prepared to become a useful member of society, or to enjoy a blissful eternity? Or take the intellectual and moral, disregarding the physical, and the purposes of His creation are thwarted. But cultivate each one in its proper sphere, and the man comes forth prepared and willing to act an important part in the drama of life.

The mind, in its uncultivated state, is like a wilderness overgrown with thorns and weeds, producing naught but bad fruit. These bad habits must be eradicated, our immortal part disciplined and stored with useful knowledge, and then actively employed in benefitting our fellow beings, so many of whom are in the darkness and wretchedness of ignorance, into whose hearts the sun of true and rational happiness has never shone. Then, it becomes our duty to prepare ourselves to diffuse that knowledge, and exert that influence which will raise the degraded and unfortunate to usefulness, honor and happiness.

If we would be raised to honor and distinction in this world, and have a name worthily enrolled on the records of nations, we must labor and prepare while in youth; we must be energetic, persevering, and determined to conquer every difficulty, surmount every obstacle, and never despair or turn aside into the broad road which promises only present pleasure, but whose waters will ultimately embitter the soul; but press forward in the only sure and pleasant paths of rectitude—toiling onward and upward until we reach that desired haven, where we can stand like some proud conqueror, and look back with delight on the many difficulties we have overcome.

Yes, he who would thus win a name which will resound in ages to come, cherished also in the memory of his fellow men; or he who would confer a blessing, an everlasting benefit, on mankind, by assisting to free the world from the shroud of ignorance and vice which now envelop it, must first prepare to live himself, not merely for a few days, in a world like this, when life is but as a morning vapor that fleeth before the noonday sun; but prepare to live for a good purpose in eternity, and then only is he prepared to teach others how to live. * *

We are attending school—but what are the inducements to educate? What is the object of living? Has ambition been the sole cause to lure us on to make sacrifices and spend long months and years in labor and toil? Have we no higher object in view? True, this *is* the guiding star of some who labor only for the present, and who never think to prepare to live through the future. To them, life is indeed a floating shadow, and all preparations to live in a future state is solemn mockery. But this is not the case, for life is as immortal as the throne of God, and we are here to prepare to live through eternity.

O, vast eternity! who can think of thee for a moment, without becoming completely lost in the sublimity of thought! When year after year—when age after age, has passed as far along into futurity as man's imagination can extend; when century after century, and cycle after cycle shall have rolled away, beyond the power of mortal mind to compute, eternity shall be no nearer its end than when it first began!

PREPARE TO LIVE! S.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Among the various studies pursued in our schools, English Grammar occupies a prominent place. It is frequently taken up by the student before he is able to comprehend the explanation of its terms and definitions, and is one of the last things laid aside in our common schools and academies; even the advanced student considers the programme of study scarcely complete, unless "parsing" is included. A science which is thus pursued, term after term, year after year, must be considered of great importance. Now, wherein does this importance consist? Why do we study English Grammar? Every young grammarian, all over the State, and throughout the Nation, is ready with the reply, based upon the reply of Bullion, Brown, and a host of other authors—"English Grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly," or with Plinneo they will say "the art of speaking and writing the English language in accordance with established usage." It is to acquire this art, then, that we devote so much attention to this branch of study. If our object be attained, surely we have no occasion to regret any amount of time and labor judiciously expended in its pursuit; for what greater accomplishment can we possess than to be able to speak and write our own language with beauty and accuracy? But do those who go forth from our schools, with the rules of grammar upon their lips, apply them to their daily practice? Is it not too true that a great majority of them have been but little benefitted by them? Incidently, they have perpahs reaped some advantage, by having the range of their knowledge increased; perchance some latent mental power has been excited to action, but as far as regards the primary object for which grammar is pursued, has it been obtained to the extent which we have a right to expect? Our scholars have learned that "a verb mnst agree with its nominative case in number and person;" and yet they will use such expressions as "*Was* they there?" They have learned that "transitive verbs in the active voice govern the objective case," and yet they will inquire, "*Who* did you see?" They know that "pronouns must agree with their antecedents in person, number and gender," still they will not hesitate to employ a plural pronoun with a singular antecedent. Thus they daily violate many of the most important rules of syntax.

Grammar seems to be much more effective in teaching us to *write*, than to *speak* correctly. There are many who, in their writings are never guilty of a grammatical error, who have a keen eye to discover the shadow of false syntax in the writings of another; yet who will, when they open their lips to converse use the most uncouth, barbarisms, and shamelessly set at defiance the most common rules of grammar. True, a mistake in *speaking* is much more excusable than one in *writing*, since the former may soon be forgotten, while the latter remains a permanent witness against us. But why shall we not aim to be correct in both? We may say that in our haste we have not always time to square our conversation by the rules of grammar, but is this a good excuse? May we not so accustom ourselves to the use of appropriate language, that it will flow from our lips as readily as any other?

Some may say, "I don't like to see people so precise; I would as soon make a little mistake now and then, as not," But these same persons, who fear to be too precise, will admit that there are some forms of expression too erroneous to be tolerated, some so palpably absurd that they cannot endure them. Now, it may be that some of the errors which they consider venial, grate as harshly upon a *cultivated* ear, as those which they think so gross, do upon *theirs*. The phrases which we have used from childhood, however disagreeable they may affect a stranger, are not unpleasant to us, while *his* new form of error, just as good as *ours*, strikes us as ridiculous.

If, as students of grammar, we are not to apply its rules to our ordinary conversation, then we may omit part of the definition of the science, and simply say, "it teaches us to *write* correctly." Although it still remains a useful study, it is shorn of much of its strength, for but a small proportion of mankind find much occasion to write, while all save the physically dumb, go talking through the world. Let us, then, seek to acquit ourselves honorably in an employment so constant, so inevitable. All acknowledge a charm in the conversation of him, who avoiding everything which savors of pedantry or affectation, expresses his thoughts in simple, but accurate and well-chosen language, with a pure accent and in pure, harmonious tones.

In almost every section of the United States we find some provincialism which will not stand the test of criticism; in some places they are so numerous, and so peculiar, that to an unpracticed ear much of the dialect of the inhabitants is unintelligible. In our own State we find representatives from almost every part of the Union. Each comes, bringing with him his own excellencies and defects, and the peculiarities of the region where he was "raised," "brought up," "educated," as the case may be. Now here is a fine opportunity for us who are thus promiscuously collected, either to correct ourselves, or to adopt with our own errors, all that is undesirable from the North, South, East and West. By having our attention called to modes of speaking which are strange to us, we may be led to examine and amend our own words, or if not on our guard, we may listen to new solecisms in language, "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Let us, as teachers, spare no pains, first in purifying our own language, that it may be to our pupils a model of "English, pure and undefiled," and then in correcting the vicious habits of speaking, which they have acquired; that the sons and daughters of Iowa may grow up an honor to our beautiful and flourishing State. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when the summons to school, if not given by the bell, shall be clothed in more graceful language than that related to us in the first number of the SCHOOL JOURNAL. "Boys! come in yer, every one of yer, Master ses so—school's goin' ter took up," that the traveler, in passing through our rural districts, may not fancy that our luxuriant harvests have been obtained at the expense of education and refinement, but that he may see that beside the rich gifts which Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon us, Iowa has also intelligent and accomplished men and women, worthy of their lovely dwelling place.

D.

THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PHYSICAL.

It has been often said and with great truth, that, as a nation, the American people give too little attention to the developement of the physical. The universal Yankee Nation; with its ships and steamers, its commerce and railroads, and telegraphs and goaheadativeness, its passion for extending the area of its domain, its eternal, never resting activity of thought and labor gives too much attention to business proper to make a business of preserving health and developing strenth. For which reason as a nation we are especially known among the nations of the earth as a sharp featured, lean bodied, bilious, nervous, restless people, beating the world in thinking practically and acting successfully, but lacking in the bodily and animal expansion. If we could unite the two—retaining the practical business and intellectual strenth, while we paid proportionate attention to the *physical*, we would be so much nearer, as a nation, to the proper standard.

Movements of this kind and for this end are already on foot in many places and in successful operation. The practice of rowing, as introduced within the last five years into most of the Colleges of the East, the base ball, cricket and wicket clubs of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other places, and the gymnasiums which have been and are being established very nearly all over the whole land, are indications that the necessity noticed above is being rapidly more known and felt than heretofore.

There is nothing which has contributed more to his most desirable end than the example and influence of the Germans—and especially the Turners. They have brought among us their games, their love for out-door amusements, their dances and songs; their social re-unions, their gymnastic exercises—none of which are carried to excess, but all of which they practice more or less daily, thus giving a development to the body and a consequent tone to the mind which is of great benefit.

We may well learn from our German brethren in this regard, and the more we apply ourselves to this kind of pleasure and duty in our leisure hours, the more we shall have reason to be thankful that it has been undertaken.

We are of those who strongly advocate the founding in our midst of gymnastical societies. The experiment has been faithfully and successfully tried in Piladelphia and Cincinnati, and the effect among ourselves could not fail to be good.

We trust that this matter will be considered, and whether this suggestion is followed out or not, that at least societies for ball-playing and gymnastics, or for any other out-door exercise and amusement having a tendency to develop the muscle and relax the mind, may be formed among us.—*Leavenworth Times.*

The *Prairie Farmer*, a weekly paper of sixteen pages—devoted to Agriculture, Education, Home Interests, &c., is published at two dollars per year by Emery & Co., Chicago, Ill. This is a wide-awake, practical, ably conducted paper and no farmer should consider himself *deserving* of good crops unless he is a paying subscriber, and careful reader of the *Prairie Farmer.*

Jack Downing's Letters.—A new edition of the letters of the famous Maj. Jack Downing, whose happy political hits amused us so much in the days of Jackson, and the administration of Van Buren, has been issued by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

An English missionary, in Summatra lately wrote home that he "had the melancholy reflection of seeing the oven in which his predecessor was roasted." What must have been his idea of the science of cookery as practiced in Summatra?

When is "the last tone of departing time" heard? When the clock strikes the hour and stops.

What is the most biting wind that blows? A gnaw-gnaw-easter, (nor'-nor'-easter.)

The way to make a tall man *short* is to ask him to lend you a few dollars.

Empty-Headed people are generally happy; cork always floats.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Elementary Algebra, designed for the use of Common, Private, and High Schools, by John F. Stoddard, A. M., and W. D. Henkle, Professor of Mathematics, South-Western State Normal School, Lebanon, Ohio. This is a new work just issued from the press of Sheldon & Co., N. Y., and is a continuation of the series of excellent Mathematical works which this house is publishing under the head of Stoddard's Mathematics.

This book is characterised by clearness, correctness and logical mathematical correctness of sentiment, which makes it a valuable acquisition to our list of Mathematical works, and we commend it to our schools as one of the best elementary works on Algebra, that we have examined.

Forest Home Seminary, under the charge of Rev. J. A. Nash, commences its next session, on Monday, September 5th. This excellent Institution merits the patronage that it is receiving.

New Exchanges.—Since the issue of our last number, we have been favored with the following exchanges from other States. *Journal of Education*, Madison, Wis.; *Indiana School Journal*, Indianapolis, Ind.; *The Republic*, Washington, D. C.; *Life Illustrated*, Fowler & Wells, N. Y.; *Galesburg Nonpareil*, Galesburg, Ill.; *Free Democrat*, St. Joseph, Mo.; *Kansas Chief*, White Cloud, K. T.; *Leavenworth Times*, Leavenworth, K. T.; *Commercial Times*, N. Y.; *Journal of Education*, Greenboro, N. C.; *Water Cure Journal*, Fowler & Wells, N. Y.; *Omaha Nebraskian*, Omaha, N. T.; *Gardener's Monthly*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *United States Gazette*, Emerson & Co., N. Y.; *Connecticut School Journal*, Hartford, Connecticut.

Housewifery.

To Preserve Cucumbers.—Take firm ripe cucumbers as soon as they turn yellow, pare them, take out the seeds, cut them in slices three inches in length by two in width. Let them lie in weak salt-water eight hours, then prepare a syrup of one gal. vinegar, five lbs. sugar, one oz. mixed spices (not ground) boil twenty minutes, then strain. After drying the cucumbers with a soft cloth, put it in the syrup and boil until soft and transparent, skim the pieces out carefully and lay in a culender to drain, then boil syrup to the consistency of molasses, pour it on the cucumbers and keep in a cool place.

To Preserve Plums for Winter use.—After picking over carefully, put them in a jar and pour boiling water over them, let them stand until cold, when fasten by putting a heavy weight on the cover. They will keep the year round as fresh as when first put up.

To Preserve Blackberries,—To four qts. berries, take one lb. sugar and one pt. vinegar; lay the berries in alternate layers with the sugar in a stone or glass jar, and pour the vinegar over them; if vinegar from the plant is used, it will be necessary to scald it, and allow it to cool before pouring it over the fruit.

To Keep Preserves.—Apply the white of an egg, with a suitable brush, to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two.—When dry, the whole will become as tight as a drum.

Divers Paragraphs.

Humboldt is said to have left a manuscript treatise on Geography, more complete than any yet known.

An old sea captain said he never knew of but one man who had a good excuse for going to sea; and that was Noah, for if he had remained on shore he would have been drowned.

Persons who are always cheerful and good humored, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her arms, the pale of his safety; the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counselors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

Clerical Anecdotes.—The San Jose *Tribune* (California) tells this anecdote of a recent occurrence over that way:

"Rev. Moses Clampit, an eccentric preacher, was holding forth in Santa Clara Valley; a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and then saying, respectfully, 'Well, *I believe I would*,' went on."

This has point, says the *Picayune* but we think another forwarded to us lately by a friend from Minnesota, rather caps it.

A minister, noted for combining the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher and money-lender, was proffering a prayer, in which was the following petition: "Grant that we may have more interest in Heaven!" "Don't do it!" exclaimed one of the congregation; "don,t do it! The old sinner gets five per cent. a month now; and that's enough, the Lord knows!"

Old Mr. Russel was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russel, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a shake of the hand—

"How do you do, old Ben Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it. You are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all friend Busby; and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon—just tell me what is the first thing you recollect?"

"Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say, '*There goes old Ben Russell*!'"

Barnums American Eagle.—P. T. Barnum of Jenny Lind notoriety, delivered an address to his old friends and neighbors of Bridgeport, Conn., on the 4th of July last, and while speaking of the Bird of Liberty used the following descriptive and graphic language:

"The American Eagle is considerable of a bird—may she fly forever—but if every vagabond who can stuff ballot boxes and swindle his way into office is allowed to pluck a feather; if the bird of liberty is to be despoiled by unprincipled politicians if she is to extend her wings over the slave trade and piracy; if she is to protect repudiation, and be made responsible for all the crimes which Congressional, legislative, and municipal bodies can commit, she will soon be naked as a well dressed turkey."

Follow the Right.—No matter who you are, what your lot or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself, is to *do the right thing*. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always *aim at it*, for with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always and in all cases, *do the right thing*. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones, but they will grow easier and easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an impossibility.

An Interesting Incident.—A Milan letter of the 9th says: "An interesting incident occured here when the French troops entered this capital the day before yesterday. The first large body that arrived had Marshall de McMahon at their head, and the municipality went out to receive them. The whole population, wild with joy precipitated themselves under the horses' feet. A little girl of five years of age, dressed in white, forced by some means a passage, no doubt aided by the crowd, and presented to the Marshall a boquet nearly as big as herself. He raised her up, and placed her before him on the saddle. The child threw her arm round the sunburnt head of the conqueror of Magenta, and kissed him repeatedly amid the loudest cheers I ever heard. The Marshall seemed delighted with the child, and fondled her most tenderly looking frequently at her pretty features. And so they both entered Milan amid a shower of boquets and applause. I saw many persons affected even to tears."

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*.

"They Don't Think Anything of me at Home."—So I overheard a dear child say to her companion, as they conversed together. My heart sank. Was it so? or, if not literally true, was there any cause for a feeling to prompt such a remark?

I witnessed the little one's family intercourse, and found that there was cause. I have passed sad days in thinking of her sorrow and have wondered how many other children had the same.

Parents, relatives, all who have to do with children, who of you, in your treatment of them, give any one reason to feel "they don't think anything of me."—*Mother's Magazine*.

It is all very well to be "a worthy fellow," "a blunt, honest man," but we like a little polish with the jewel. As Locke says, "Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give lustre."

To Clean Looking-glasses.—Remove the fly-stains and other soil with a damp rag; then polish with woolen cloth and powder blue, taking care to handle them gently.

Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear within us.

Beecher says there are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity, but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make decays of it invisible.

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VOLUME I. DES MOINES, OCTOBER, 1859. NUMBER 4.

THE

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[WRITTEN FOR THE SCHOOL JOURNAL.]

THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A SOULE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I must see to this; at once too; yes, this very afternoon, I'll see to it. I wonder I have not thought of it before, but I've had so much to do with moving and getting settled that I've never once thought of the school. I don't wonder at it, either, for I've always had such good school-houses in Glenville. But I'll see to it, and *by George,*" (this was Merton's only by-word and he never used even it, unless highly excited,) "if the school committee don't fix it up or build a new one, I'll make their office so hot they can't hold it; I will, by George", and he brought his hand on to the table with a stroke that set the dishes all to jingling.

"You be ready in half an hour, wife, and just lay out a white shirt and my Sunday clothes, and we'll take the buggy and go round and see this concern of a school house, and if it's half as bad as Hannah and William tell of there'll be a row in this town before night.

* * * * * "Mercy on me, and is that the place where I've sent my boy to school," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, as after turning off the stage road and proceeding half a mile over a low, sandy, treeless lane, they came to an open spot of about half an acre, in the center of which stood the district school-house. "O, dear, dear: It's outrageous, isn't it husband?"

Without answering, he reined in his horse, and helped her out. It was bad enough at a distance; inconceivably worse close by. Not a vestage of an out-house, but the whole spot reeking with filth, and swarming with flies. Not a tree or a bush or a spear of grass—no green thing but the wings of the buzzard flies—no shade, but the occasional cloud that hid the sunlight. Clapboards were dangling in the wind, shingles hanging every way, the outside door leaning "half-seas over" for want of a hinge, the chimney tottering like a wrecked canoe, while the windows with their broken sash and shattered panes looked like those we see in the drunkard's hovel.

They passed in, Mrs. Merton holding her handkerchief to her nose as she picked her way across the open space. Willie had only faintly daguerrotyped it. Such a scene the two newcomers had never before witnessed.

"How can you stand it?" asked Mrs. Merton of the teacher, a young, inexperienced looking girl of seventeen.

"Stand what, ma'am!"

"Why the dirt, and the heat and everything about the whole concern," answered Mrs. Merton.

"O, it ain't my business to clean the school-house; I'm hired to teach the children."

"Let's go," and the wife took her husband's arm.

"I'm ready to cry, yes and I would if I weren't so mad. To think my boy has been sent to such a hole as that, and to such a teacher. Dear me, if she had the spunk of a kitten she wouldn't stay a day there or else she'd clean it up, alter matters someways. Mercy, but I shan't be able to eat for a week."

"Keep cool, wife; I'll have things different or, by George, I'll move. Poor boy—he's been served worse than I ever treated a pig. I wonder he hasn't a fever before now—such an atmosphere! It's enough to give them the cholera," and whipping up his horse he drove at once to the house of the chairman of the school commttee.

"Well, Mr. Merton," said the old man, "I know it's a pretty hard looking place, that 'er school-house, but—it's—a—very busy time with us farmers just now, and I 'spect it 'd be as well to let it go till arter crops is in, and on the hull I guess we'd better let it go till Fall. The children are used to it you see."

"My boy isn't used to it," responded Mrs. Merton with spirit, "and he never shall step his foot into that school-house again; never. I'd rather he'd be as ignorant as a savage than as nasty as he'll learn to be, if he goes there all Summer. Let's go husband."

"I shan't stir a step wife, till I've got Mr. Brown's leave to call a meeting of the committee. I'll name the school-house as the place too, and I guess by the time they've spent one afternoon there, they'll be ready to give in and build another."

He was resolute and persevering, and the weak old fogy had to yield to him. Mrs. Merton proposed that the wives of the committee should go too, and she called on them and prevailed on them to do so. The effect may be anticipated. It was a hot day, very hot for the early season, and they all felt that if it was so uncomfortable then, it must indeed be purgatorial by dog-days.

As Hannah said, there was money enough in the treasury, plenty of it, for it had been accumulating for years, and once made to see the matter in its true light the people of the district roused themselves to earnest and energetic action. Mr. Merton moved among the men, a very master-spirit, while his wife was continually counseling with the mothers and daughters.

* * * * Time passed on; summer ripened into autumn, and that paled into winter. William Merton learned his lessons every day in his mother's sitting room, and she, with all the cares and duties, through the harvesting, and preserving and pickling season, and even in fall cleaning, and with fall sewing, never failed to go in at the appointed hours and hear his recitations. Daily the boy grew wiser and better, and every day his love for the gentle mother grew deeper and fonder.

Meanwhile the district were at work, and hard at work too. A pretty spot, of about an acre in extent, had been purchased early in summer, a gently sloping lawn, with a south-west trend. Mr. Merton had chosen it before all others, because there were five grand old elms standing upon it, and thus the shade, so welcome to the little children in the recess and noonings, of the burning days of the summer months, could be enjoyed at once. A substantial brick school-house was contracted for immediately. Mr. Merton took the contract himself, so as to be sure every

thing would be properly done. He had designed building himself a new house that season, but he put it off till the next. "We can better do with this," he said to his wife, "than they with a poor half built thing for a school," and she, noble, true hearted woman as she was, assented at once, although a villa-home had always been her hope.

With the winter school term, all was finished. And such a school-house! You should see it to realize how beautiful and convenient a one it is; warm in the winter and cool in the summer, with its thick brick walls that keep out alike heat and cold. Plenty of large, crystal paned windows, neat hard-finished, snow white ceiling and walls, comfortable settees and chairs and desks, maps and black-boards and globes; a closet for the boys and one for the girls, with wash-stands, ewers, basins and rollers, neat mirro.s, hooks for the bonnets and hats, and shelves for the dinner pails; while opening from the school room, is a small apartment with two neat cases, one for a district school library and the other for volunteer contributions of books and pamphlets, and along either side, shelves for such specimens of stones and minerals, shells, woods and other curiosities as the children may gather from time to time. The whole building is well warmed too, no little creature in the corner shivering with chills or aching with cold toes and fingers.

On the north side of the school-house there is a deep cool well, with a low handle to the pump so that the little ones can help themselves, and hanging beside the spout are two bright tin cups. In the rear is a large, nice woodshed, with a couple of axes and a grind-stone properly hung, and while the wood must be brought ready seasoned and cut, the big boys at noonings may exercise and strengthen their muscles by splitting up kindling and grinding the axes. There are neat out-buildings too, each one by itself, with a sheltered walk and a screened window and door. And surrounding the whole is a paling fence, with self-shutting gates.

It is a picture indeed that fathers and mothers, and little sons and daughters may well love to look at, and one that we wish too could be framed on many and many a one of the broad prairies of Iowa. And with the next season it was even prettier than ever, for the teacher was Willie's old and dearly loved one from the home of his birth, dear, sweet Miss Eveleen Somers, the very personification of neatness herself, she taught the children to keep the school-house as clean as the thriftiest housekeeper does her best parlor. The girls took turns under her eye at sweeping and dusting, while the boys kept the walks and grounds in the most perfect order. Believing that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," she made the surroundings of the school-house full of loveliness. The committee, of whom Mr. Merton was chairman now, had in the early spring-time set out the most beautiful of our forest trees about the white fence, and had laid out all the grounds like a landscape garden, being careful to leave a good grassy plot for the boys to play ball on, and another for the little girls to jump their ropes on and play "puss in the corner." When Miss Eveleen came, she set off the beds, giving every child a yard or so to itself, and she furnished them seeds too, bright, beautiful flower seeds, golden and purple eyed pansies, crimson, scarlet, orange and white, portulacas, white, pink and delicate striped petunias, sweet-williams, pinks, poppies and asters, morning-glories, balsam-apples, balloon-vines and sweet peas, and dozens of others, some from the woodland, some from the prairies, and some from the far off gardens of other climes.

A happy set of school children were hers all the days of that summer term. No crying or teasing to stay with mother at home, or go with aunty a visiting, or with father to town; no playing truant along the sides of the river to fish, or in the meadows and forests to hunt berries or plums; no making-believe sick to get rid of studying, no coaxing the teacher to be let out before four o'clock. No, none of these things. Loving their teacher, who was competent every way to instruct them, neat in her person, ladylike in her manners, and patient and gentle in all her ways, loving their school-house, because it was pleasant, and pretty and suited to all their requirements, loving their play ground because it was cool and shady and beautiful too, loving all these, they learned to love school and love study and books, not only those that gave them their lessons, but all the library books and that greater and broader and beloved book too, which nature had opened all around them in forests, and prairies, glade, river and dell.

Some sorrows those children will each one have, for tears must be shed by all earthly beings, but not one of those forty-five scholars, but will have some beautiful memories to carry with them through life, and none I will venture to say will be brighter, fresher and fairer than those of the days they spent in that *new district school-house*.

Boonsboro, Iowa.

MONSTER STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following description of the Great Eastern, which is the best we have seen. It will be noticed that, according to this account, it is not yet decided what port will be honored with her presence on her first trip to this country:

"The rooms and cabins between decks look like town halls; the passages like streets, and the whole like a large town or city.—There is no single saloon or cabin as large in proportion to the size of the vessel as you see on an ordinary ocean steamer. It would be bad policy, and a waste of space and money to make them so. The principal saloon is finished and furnished in a style of great elegance, the decorations being both rich and chaste; the colors, principally white and gold, enlivened with red, pink and salmon. The height is fifteen feet, giving one the idea of a lofty room in a palace or public hall. I believe it is not over eighty feet in length by forty in width, and in reply to a question I put Mr. Scott Russell, the builder, he said it would accommodate about one hundred and fifty persons at dinner; but bear in mind that there are several other cabins and saloons nearly as large. When we come to consider that a vessel must be built with great strength, and that choice, convenience or accident often renders the occupation of some particular room or part of a ship inconvenient or impossible, we shall at once see the policy of dividing and sub-dividing the room and resources of a vessel like this into numerous compartments. Put as large a proportion of this ship into one long saloon, as you see in other vessels, and it would not be so agreeable; it would be more noisy, not easily kept at a good temperature, and in case of accident to this one apartment, passengers would be without adequate protection or comfort.

The Great Eastern is about fifteen feet between decks, a loftiness of ceiling that many would consider useless. It, however, serves this purpose: the distance is, in many places, divided into two "stories" by an intermediate floor, giving two tiers of staterooms between the two decks. But to comprehend the immense size of the ship, one must go on the main deck, and here is one vast area that can be compared to nothing but itself. There is no poop, no "house on deck," and nothing to break the grand promenade, save the six or seven masts, the smoke stacks, the stair cases to the cabins, and the sky lights. Mr. Russell says—standing on one of the paddle boxes—"Here I command the entire ship." From that stand point every foot of deck is seen except the very shadow of the masts and chimneys; and the wave of the hand can be seen by steersman or any officer on watch, on any part of the deck.—Go on to the bridge between the paddle boxes, and look towards the bow, and you see a space and extent equal to that of the entire length of a very large steamer—nearly 250 feet—and then turn your eye towards the stern and you have double the distance in that direction, the entire length of the deck being little short of 700 feet, the width being, if I remember rightly, over 80 feet. Your country readers will appreciate the expanse of deck as about an acre of surface—or 160 square rods—stretched out into a long oval, half a quarter of a mile, or 40 rods, in length. A steamer was passing down the Thames, bound on a foreign voyage, and some one sung out: "Mr. Russell, that steamer would just make a long boat for your ship." And sure enough it looked as if it could be hung in the davits over the side, and not be out of proportion to the size of the monster craft.

It is only in connection with vast masses of human beings that the enormous magnitude of this ship can be seen. There were on the day of the festival—day before yesterday—some 2,500 persons on board. When nearly a thousand had gathered together for a dance on the after part of the deck, it was not one-third covered, and there was plenty of room to move around and through the immense assembly. Over head was an awning literally covering about a half an acre of space, and you may picture to yourself the large band of the Royal Artillery in their glittering uniforms, the gay and expensive dresses of the ladies, with several hundred moving figures in the enlivening dance, and tell me, if you can, if there ever was another such scene since man first became an architect, and emerged from caves, woody tents and mud huts. I have crossed the ocean many times in the largest steamers now running. I have visited all of Paxton's glass houses, stood on the highest minarets of the Milan cathedral, crawled up to the tiny ball that overtops the proud dome of St. Peters at Rome, scaled the lofty spire of Strasbourg, and, I believe, seen the grandest monuments of man's architectural skill in modern times; but no work of human hands that I have looked at comes up to this. I can conceive that money and skill and labor could build up those iron walls; but when I go down to the engine rooms and see the ponderous machinery that obeys the slightest touch, and makes the whole mass like a living creature—

Walking the waters like a thing of life,

my mind fails to comprehend the achievement. It looks either like a miracle or like the creation of an omnipotent power.

The ship is to be finished and ready for her trial trip on the 23d of this month. The next question is, where is she to make her first commercial voyage? America is to have the honor of of her first voyage. One person offered ten thousand pounds for the first trip; and while there were various debates and calculations as to the chances of success or failure, the "man for Galway," John Orrell Lever, Esq., M. P., sent a written offer through his brokers, Bake, Adams & Co., of twenty thousand pounds ($100,000) for the ship to take the first voyage, and sail from Galway to America, in October next. He is to have an answer next Monday, and if he gets the marine giant, he will, no doubt, carry home from one to two thousand Yankees now sojourning in Europe. Whether the great ship goes to Portland or New York remains to be decided. If Mr. Lever gets her to run from Galway, and has a couple of months to advertise her, he will probably take out eight or ten thousand steerage passengers from Ireland, and at least one half of all the cabin passengers that leave Europe for America during the month she sails. The trial trip is to be into the German Ocean, round through the Channel, past the Sicilly Ilses, and a cruse of four or five days in the broad Atlantic—some say to Cherbourg, and others that Gibralter is her destination. The calculation is that the Great Eastern can go from London to Calcutta and back in seventy days, without stopping on the rout to coal, and carrying out fuel for the voyage home. If there is a demand for her services, and if she can make such speed in proportion to her consumption of fuel as will make her an economical vessel, there is some anticipation that the traffic both India and Australia will demand a fleet of monsters, and that smaller vessels will, to a great extent, be swept from the trade between England and those distant regions. The great power and value of the Great Eastern will be on long voyages, where she can carry coal for both the out and home trips. As for her first voyage, I am glad she is going to America, and if it is carried out under the direction of the enterprising Manchester man, who has already set on foot one successful line of mail steamers to America, it will unquestionably be a success. All I have heard speak of it say they think Mr. Lever's offer a most liberal one, and it will certainly bring some profit to the shareholders, and I hope they will look on it in a commercial light, and close with him. He knows the American trade, and can get many more passengers than a company that has not yet commenced operations.

The Great Eastern is the eighth wonder of the world, and as a marvellous achievement deserves to rank before the pyramids of Egypt or the hanging garderns of Babylon; and by means of it Mr. John Scott Russell, the builders, will hand down his name to the latest posterity, along with the Ptolemies and Nebuchadnezzars; but a yet greater man than either of them, for they were kings by chance, and he made himself a name by a work that will take its place by the side of the proudest monument of human achievement.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention; you are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little." Cheer him on in this conflict of mind; in after years, his ripe, rich thoughts shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry; and aim to direct and aid, rather than answer this inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy thou, if in giving thy child the molecule of truth he asks for, thou canst whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of these little ones. They are but the untutored pleading of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength, and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born; but, corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

The Rev. Daniel Waldo, late Chaplain to Congress, says: 'I am an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this, you must always be communicative; repeat what you read; talk about it. Dr Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best and at the same time be honest.

A Sublime Object.—A mother teaching her child to pray is at once an object the most sublime and tender the imagination can well conceive of. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companion of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are inclined to turn from evil and do good.

A barrister was once witnessing the representation of Macbeth; and on the witch's announcing that they "were doing a deed without a name;" catching the sound of the words he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience: "A deed without a name! why, its void; its not worth a six-pence."

INDUSTRY.

Behold!
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perchance his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought,
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure!)
Is calculating what a thriving wife
The maid will make. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE LITTLE JEALOUSIES OF LIFE.

"The very virtue of his dearest friends
Were doubted or assailed."

There is scarcely a social circle that is not occasionally annoyed by miserable little jealousies. The general harmony is thus disturbed, bitterness of feeling is engendered, estrangements take place, and enmities are fomented. The grounds, too, in many cases, are trifling, insignificant, and utterly unworthy of serious consideration. Some slight offence is given, unintentionally, perhaps, in the first place; this is attributed to an assumption of superiority, and a misunderstanding ensues, and thus the breach, so innocently caused, is gradually widened, until old friends and early associates look upon each other with indifference and dislike. A gentleman informs us, a short time since, that he had committed an unpardonable offence, by accidentally neglecting to invite three or four friends, who are greatly esteemed by him, to a small social party. He meant nothing unkind or discourteous, and, in fact, never gave the matter a moment's serious consideration. But he soon discovered a change in their manner, and, on learning the cause, endeavored to apologize and explain. But all to no purpose.—The slight was regarded as an insult, and it was resented accordingly. Nay, so deeply did it rankle, that soon after one of the offended individuals gave a large and brilliant dinner-party, to which he invited all his friends and intimate acquaintances with the exception of the individal above referred to, who was overlooked, as we may infer, in retaliation, retribution, and revenge. On another occasion, a citizen of some distinction deemed it expedient to celebrate an event connected with his business, and in so doing he confined his invitations to such persons as were immediately associated in kindred avocations. But this was not understood by many others, and the effect for a time was to give him infinite pain, for he saw that he had inadvertently offended some of his best friends. He endeavored to correct the error, by giving another festival and making the invitations as general as possible. But even this expedient failed to satisfy some. They denounced him as an upstart and an adventurer, and treated him accordingly. It must be confessed that the policy which is adopted by some persons of assuming two characters, one cordial and friendly at certain times, and another cold and repulsive at others, is by no means creditable. We are not surprised, therefore, that indignation should be felt at such pretensions and assumptions in social life, especially when the parties who are slighted are equally reputable. True, the proper plan is to treat all such manifestations with contempt, for they indicate either a narrow spirit or a little mind. The airs which inflated and supercilious people assume, are indeed ridiculous.

And yet there are weak-minded individuals in the world, who do not hesitate to make many sacrifices—sacrifices of old friends, tried companions, and kindly feelings, with the object of creeping into some fashionable circle. Others bow down to wealth, without regard to consistency of character. Not long since a lady was complaining to her daughter, because she did not call more frequently upon a certain acquaintance. The daughter, who was innocent and guileless, explained by observing that they had never been very intimate. The mother rejoined, that circumstances had altered, for "Mr. D. had not only moved into a splendid mansion at the west end, but he *had bought a carriage and horses!*" The same principle, so hollow and hypocritical, is inculcated in a thousand forms. Too many live, not for themselves, for truth, for integrity, for sincerity, and the sweet amenities of life, but for the mockeries of fashion, and the petty vanities and rivalries that characterize particular circles of society. The little jealousies of life are manifiested in various ways. They produce slander, falsehood, malignity, and bitterness of heart. With some the prosperity of another is a source of great annoyance and pain. And thus character is attacked and virtue is underrated. Not satisfied with the blessings of Providence, with health, vigorous faculties, and buoyant fortune, a diposition is constantly manifested to deteriorate and vilify, and every opportunity is seized with the object of giving utterance to some harsh sentiment, some mean prejudice, or some vile slander. Alas! for these narrow envies! They embitter feelings, injure character, inflame passions, and are productive in every sense, of misery and evil.—MORRIS.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

All have their hours of joy, and their hours of sadness, hours of shadow as well as sunshine, hours of despondency, hope and enjoyment. But in the lives of all there are moments when the dark waves of despondency roll over the soul threatening to engulph it in the deep, turbid waters of despair. Hope folds her soft pinions, and for a time leaves the soul in utter helplessness. No silver lining, from the darkening cloud sheds its hallowed light upon the heart; even faith with her beacon light of love and trust, whispers no assurance of a brighter morrow.

Withered and strewn are the flowers of joy we gathered but yesterday, and the sunlight of bliss which beamed from the eye, giving it its beauty and brightness as the glowing heart bounded with happiuess. Oh how changed—all sorrowful and dimmed with tears.

Clouds, dark and lowering, hang brooding in moody silence over the spirit recently so joyous and happy.

And why this change? The earth is still as beautiful, the sun beams as golden, and the flowers as fair as yesterday. Ah! a different chord of the heart has been touched; this mysterious mechanism, this "harp of a thousand strings," perhaps has been touched by rude and unpracticed hands, or even the thought of absent loved ones, amid mirth and gladness, will cause its delicate chords to vibrate and quiver in notes of sadness—sneering look or an unkind word will wring from the delicately strung instrument the plaintive tones of sorrow and woe.

How many hours of bitter sadness is suffered from the treachery, or selfishness of friends who have been loved and trusted, filling the heart at once so honest and confiding with misanthropy and distrust. But life is full of changes, a moving panorama of lights and shadows. To-day we are a household band gathered with father and mother around the home hearth; to-morrow, as it were, we are scattered far, far from each other, each one battling alone the waves and storms of life—sisters and brothers separated far from each other, but amid all the changes—these lights and shadows, there is a light than can illume the darkest hour of parting, or sorrow; can raise the bowed soul when adversity prostrates, or friends prove recreant to all the sweet and holy ties of friendship which are so strongly twined about the heart. When the joys of earth fail to raise the heart cast down by care and disappointment, then it is that the comforting, consoling influences of Divine Grace purifies the soul, weaning its earth-bound, earth-fettered affections from its unstable, unsatisfying joys, to the enduring joy and bliss of Heaven.—*Mrs. M. J. Newton.*

A WORD TO BOYS.—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father and to obey him, whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day, in busy or active life, in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself to diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others; and if he is not respected and loved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, boys, and you will be respected by others, and grow up to become useful men.

A JUVENILE JEU D'ESPRIT.

By Daniel Webster.

Come Ripley,* throw your volumes by,
You love to chat, and so do I.
Now let us put our heads together
And talk of women, war and weather,
All hackneyed subjects, it is true,
But just reverse them and they're new.
So when our topics are run out,
We've nought to do, but turn about,
Then gravely make a new beginning
And talk of weather, war and women.
What signify your dull reports,
Your rules of Bar and rules of Court?
Are they not tedious to the brain
Like worn out stories told again?
Then quit them all and for a time
We'll do *sic ut quandam*-talk in rhyme.
With all due deference to the muse
The last arrangement I shall choose,
Since in each phalanx, it is clear
That women should bring up the rear.
For, if we credit revelation,
They are the hind end of creation.
The weather's rough—'tis cold and snows,
And freezes every lover's vows
Ere from his trembling lips they part,
Though they come red-hot from his heart.
Such weather you will call severe,
Heaven grant it may not last the year;
For not one bargain will be made
If vows are needful to the blade.
Besides, if such chill weather hold
With no abatement of the cold,
The red breast will forget to sing,
Nor can you chatter to the "Spring."
Oh, Wheelock! now I've touched a part
Which shoots vibrations thro' your heart.
Winter has nought for you—nor all
The ripened beauties of the Fall,
Nor Summer's sweets a joy can bring,
Your sighs are for perennial Spring.
True, Spring is gentle, mild and placid,
Its air serene, nor sour, nor acid,
Its breath ambrosial, as you tell,
(None else, forsooth, can know as well,)
But Autumn too, should notes prolong,
And e'en chill Winter have his song.

Enough of weather—now of war,
Say where the Demon drives his car?
What city now or village bleeds?
What lands are piled with men and steeds?
What aged sire now heaves a sigh
With tears down streaming from his eye,
And mourns the son in slaughter slain,
Whose bones lie whitening on the plain?
Alas! had I a hundred tongues,
An iron voice and brazen lungs,
And "woes of war" should round me throng,
The woes of war would crush my song!
Woman—well, that's another matter,
On that more merry we can chatter.
But women—they're dangerous creatures,
Tho' blessed with handsome skin and features;
They oft will jilt, you know, and then,
'Tis woful times for us poor men!
Once I've been gristed at their will
And run quite through their jilting mill,
And now am nothing, zounds, but bran;
Let them re-grind me, if they can.
When just a boy, ere I could speak
A Latin word, or murder Greek,
With heart as tender as a chicken,
That every girl a hole might pick in,
I, unawares, was caught in gears,
And soused in love o'er head and ears.
All tiptoe, quick I left my book,
And room mate, too, with scornful look
To seek my object, much in fear,—
She smiled and bid me not despair.
With full detail, I shall not *tease* ye,
You know that girls will sometimes *squeeze* ye.
But this pert Miss, soon as it hap'ed
That I was decently entrapped,
Forbid me e'er to touch or handle her
And let me know her choice was Ch———r.
He loves, said she, with soul most fervent—
And swears he'll be my humble servant.
I shall not tell you all the prayers,
That flowed from me, nor all the tears;
Know, that from hope to fear I tilted
Till I was most completely jilted!
So all ye pretty ones, adieu!
Ye're tired of me, and I of you.
I've been to Concord; and for what,
Say, can you guess, as well as not?
Else, walk some fifteen rods and there
They'll tell, and what they tell, will swear,
They'll say that I'm full of deceit
As any egg is full of meat,
That my thick skull black mischief 's brewin',
And that I plot Miss ———'s ruin.
Ripley, go, tell them there for me,
That they are fraught with calumny,
That, at a lie they will not falter
And are just worthy of the halter,
My paper 's out—now I can write,
But just this line, so friend, Good night.

Good Ripley write me by next mail
E'en if you've nothing to detail,
I know you'r kind and if you can, will
Scratch one line to your friend

Daniel.

Salisbury, February 13, 1801.

*When in College Webster contracted a warm personal friendship for Eleaser Wheelock Ripley, grandson of President Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College. Webster became eminent as a jurist and statesman, and his early friend distinguished himself in the war of 1812, on the northern frontier—especially at the battle of Niagara.

THE TEACHER.

What should the Teacher be? It is no light
And easy task to say, and say aright.
One apt to teach, as one of old has said,
One apt to learn, as well, and clear of head,
One pure in heart, and pure in person, too,
Whose life his pupils may with safety view,
And safely imitate, for that they'll do;
One skilled to rule with firmness, yet betray
Scarcely the power that bears the gentle sway;
One much above his books in all they teach,
Who well can use, or yet dispense with each;
One who regards the laws by God ordained,
Whereby the life He gave us is sustained,
And who will see those wholesome laws observed
Where life and health too seldom are conserved;
When studies tire, one skillful to devise
Those pleasures that amuse, yet make more wise;
Who loves, and kindly greets, each smiling child;
Who patient is, yet earnest, unassuming, mild,
Cheerful of heart, yet dignified of mien—
No boasting pedant, garrulous and vain—
These are the noble qualities that grace
The Teacher's life, and fit him for his place.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Some hard, square building, blazing in the sun,
Where seldom trees do wave, or streamlets run,
Low, dingy, hateful, comfortless and old,
Its narrow site forbidding, barren, bold,
With neither bush, fence, decency or shade;
Its walls and floors with smoke and dirt o'erlaid,
For ventilators broken window-panes,
Carved work of obscene hands, and inky stains,
On desks and doors, augmenting year by year;
Its benches high, where children hang in fear,
With dangling legs, of tumbling to the floor;
Its great, red stove, whose fervid glances pour
Headache and vertigo alike on all
Near by, and shivering leave those at the wall;
Say, if with such asylums, it were strange
Children should truants prove, and choose to range
In Summer, thro' the inviting fields,
Where every breeze both health and vigor yields;
Should roam the teeming woods, where birds and flowers,
In full companionship, beguile the hours;
Should seek, with rod and line, the grass-bound streams,
And there, the school forget, in childish dreams;
Or, if in Winter, leave its dreaded courts,
And dreaded tasks, for glorious Winter sports—
The glassy pond, inviting him to skate,
The snow-crowned hill, where boon companions wait—
Say, if a child—as every child should be—
Mercurial, active, full of childish glee,
Say if 'twere strange, impatient of its rule,
The suffering child loved not the public school?
And say, ye teachers, parents, friends of youth,
If neatness, order, chastity and truth,
That modesty which childhood best adorns,
That noble bearing which all meanness scorns,
Will here be learned, where vice is learned with ease,
Where sharp discomforts tempt each one to sieze
More than his share of any chance relief?
It may be so—not so is my belief!

THE NEW-FASHIONED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Thanks to a generous age, we gladly praise!
These ancient houses, types of former days,
Too long revered as other things of yore,
Now yield,—that should have yielded long before—
At last, to wise Reform's all potent sway,
And one by one are being swept away!
If there be one site lovlier than the rest,
In all the town, by nature's charms more blest,
There should the school-house stand, and what the eye
Desires of beauty more, let art and taste supply.
Pleasing in style, and ample in its size,
With all those comforts skillful hands devise,
Well warmed, well ventilated, well arranged,
The smoky walls for maps and charts exchanged,
Seats, desks, and black-boards, neatly made and well,
A bell, a clock the priceless hours to tell,
A library of books for public use,
A set of globes,—whatever will diffuse
The influence benign increasing knowledge yields,
What e'er will win the truants from the fields,
Such is the School-house of the modern day,
And such the attractions may they all display.

C. C. DAWSON

MAN, AND THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATION.

"Foremost of created things,
Head of all Thy works he stood,
Nearest the great King of Kings,
And little less than God."

Man was originally created in the image of his God; free from moral impurity, and within reach of immortality. Exalted above all evil, Angels were his companions, and Paradise his home. In a moment of temptation, he fell from innocence, from heavenly association, and from Paradise. His soul was marred by sin, and stained by crime. The dark history of the past, reveals his efforts to rise again to his primitive position. The present marks some advance in the celestial journey. Yet as is the sage exalted above the savage; the Anglo Saxon above the South African, or the Christian above the Cannibal of the South Sea Islands: so far and yet farther, must the Christian be exalted above his present level before he regains his original position. And how wide is that difference! In all the fields of nature, from the cultivated vineyards, or flower gardens of Europe, to the deserts of Sahara; from the star-studded sky, to the dark gloom of the lone dungeon; or the brilliant sunlight of mid day, to the deep darkness of the storm bound night, there exists not more difference than in the world of mind.—Vast as is the physical diversity, the mental is greater. The African's mind is darker than his skin; and his intellect is still

lower than his social position. This difference is not constituted by nature, complexion. or climate, but by cultivation. Every position which our race has occupied in its upward rise is still occupied by loiterers on the way.

Nations yet remain where they fell; who have never looked up to their native home, while others continue to advance in religion and science, marking as distinctly the difference, between the sage and savage, christian and barbarian, at home as abroad; in every country, village, and family. When we contemplate the future, and think of the advanced state of human society, the higher cultivation of the human mind and heart, yet to be attained before we fill the beatitudes of the first gospel sermon, who would not wish to be a pioneer in the heavenly way, and aid in guiding back to their native exaltation, those at first created ☞"*A little lower than the Angels.*"☜ Here is a field all white and ready for the harvest. The ground invites the husbandman, and the harvest would repay an Angel's toil. This is to be accomplished in a great measure by the education of the young. It is cultivation which makes the distinction. Blot out from the Caucassian's mind, letters, science, and religion, and he will sink immediately to a level with the savage. Illuminate the mind of the heathen, and cultivate the heart of the savage, and they will rise to the level of the sage and philosopher. As below, and far behind is the dark path which we have trodden; so above, and far beyond is the celestial path inviting to renewed efforts. The mind of future generations is yet a blank. It may be left thus, and they will be equals to the rude nations of the present time; it may be cultivated with the same indifference of the past, and the result will be a future resembling the present. With more care, and devotion, it may be far in advance, Now it is a blank, and to be filled up well requires devotion in parents, faithfulness in teachers, and determined perseverance in students. No work is so important as this. For none are there such great facilities and none offer so great and sure reward. Only remember that the mind is more than mammon; that cultivation is the best public improvement; and that money spent in education yields the best and surest interest, and the work will be done.

N. Summerbell.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

"Time was, when settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake the to the root; and time has been
When *tempests* could not"

If to guide a ship across the ocean be a work of great responsibility, requiring prudence and judgment, as well as knowledge and experience—much more is it sneh a work to guide an immortal spirit through the tumultuous sea of youthful passion and childish impetuosity, and to secure for it a safe passage through the dangers and perils of manhood and old age. A ship on the ocean may founder and go to the bottom, and no one, perhaps, suffer a single pain, or breathe a sigh: but an immortal soul, wrecked upon the shores of time, may spend an eternity in sighs and groans, but they cannot undo the past, or rectify a single mistake.

What a pilot is to the ship, the parent is to the child. The one conducts the frail bark far out to sea, beyond the reach of special dangers, and then surrenders his charge into other hands. The other guides a deatnless spirit through the perils and quicksands of childhood and youth, and then leaves it to the mercy of a treacherous world, to drift upon the tide of circumstances, or to follow the bent of its inclinations, given to it by parental training and discipline.

Though the parents cannot insure a successful issue yet he is in a great degree responsible for the future career and the fate of his child; for it is expressly commanded "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when is old, he will not depart from it." If, then, the words of the wise man are true. and if children do depart from the way they should go, or rather are never taught to walk in it. and go down to destruction and eternal death, whose fault is it, if it is not the parents'?

Parents cannot be too deeply impressed with the weight of responsibility which presses upon them, or the importance of the early religious training of the immortal spirits intrusted to their care. Next to their own salvation, there is no subject of so great importance, or that should command so much of their attention, their time and their labor, as the spiritual and intellectual education of their children. It is the duty to train them up for heaven to fit them for usefulness in this world, and for the enjoyment of the rest and felicity of the redeemed. This obligation is laid upon them; and it is in their power, in a measure. so to do, else the injunction of the apostle had never been given them to bring up their children in the nurture and admoniition of the Lord. Yet how many there are in every community, children of professing Christians, who, through the negligence of their parents, or the force of their evil example, or the want of timely or judicious instruction, have grown up in ignorance; to become vicious, profligate, and wicked men; a cause of grief to their parents, and a source of moral contagion to the wide circle of acquaintance in which they move. Many parents there are who see these evils, and charge them to their proper source, who at the same time are little conscious that the course which they are pursuing with their children is tending to the same results—to profligacy and ruin.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

A Literary Taste.—To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn, in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless, city and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of lonliness and desolation, which comes down on the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless.

A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit. who will soothe you when fretted. refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathise with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exercised and driven away by bell, book and candle; you want but two of these ageuts, the book and candle.—George S. Hillard.

Mothers, Mind Your Sons.—Little pitchers have ears. The mother whose pronunciation is good, settles that of her children forever. The ear, which is struck with none but fine sounds and neat inflections, lays hold of them correctly, and transmits them to the tongue with the utmost fidelity. It is an echo. It is every whit the language of the mother. Much of the child's soul-culture, in true beauty and honor—which consists in sincerity, uprightness and a generous, bountiful disposition—is obtained from the mother, by the sweet persuasion of example, and the lasting ply of habit.—*Cin. Daily Press.*

When Sir Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked what part of speech *with* was. "A noun sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead!" cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott: "You know there's a verse in the Bible which says—"they bound Sampson with *withs*."

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL.

ANDREW J. STEVENS, EDITOR.

Saturday, October 1st, 1859.

OUR DUTIES TO THE STATE.

Everything that adds to our happiness and prosperity as a people, and tends to elevate our State to the position which she must soon occupy, of being the first of western States, should receive the encouragement and support of every one who has chosen Iowa as his future home, and who feels a just pride in seeing the State of his adoption, ranking high among the sisterhood which forms the American Republic. Iowa has a future before her of unexampled prosperity, *provided* that her interests are intrusted to careful and practical hands, and but few *experiments* by unskillful practitioners in statesmanship, are allowed.

The interests of a State, like those of an individual, must be watched over with care, and by those, too, who feel that upon them, *individually* depends, in a great measure, her future success and prosperity. Every man should feel this individual responsibility—should feel that upon him depends the developing of the resources of the State—giving direction to her society—effectiveness to her laws—stability and permanency to her institutions of learning and laying deep and strong the foundation upon which which a great and free people may domiciliate, and around their own firesides, enjoy the blessings resulting from a home in the free and prosperous West.

Reader, did it ever occur to you that you owe a great duty to the State, that a responsibility is resting upon you, which you cannot evade, and which, as a good citizen you are required to discharge in a manner that will inure not only to your own benefit, but prove a blessing to all who shall come within the influence of your actions ?

When you crossed the majestic river that flows so quietly along our eastern border, and took up your residence upon the soil of Iowa, your responsibilities to the State commenced.

When you settled in the village or neighborhood in which you now reside, many things were wanted to secure your prosperity and happiness. Good school houses and schools were needed in which your children could be educated that they might be prepared for future usefulness. A village church, whose bell of a sabbath morning should invite you to the worship of Him, who has strewn mercies so plentifully along your pathway, required aid and support from you before it could be completed. The cause of Temperance pointed to you as one who should stand firmly by its principles and do noble combat against the destroyer that desolates wherever he gains admission. Society sought your co-operation in establishing in your midst a proper code of morals for its government, and to aid in planting in its fresh soil the principles of virtue and piety. These are some of the duties that devolved upon you the moment you fixed your habitation in its present location and became a citizen of Iowa. Have you faithfully performed them ?

There are other and important duties resting upon you—your responsibilities to the State of your adoption are varied and numerous. Public improvements are demanded by the State in order that her resources may be properly developed, and you are expected to step forward as the earnest, zealous and untiring advocate of these beneficial measures.

Roads and bridges must be constructed, and you are not to be the last one to lift a shovel-full of dirt or lay a plank to aid in their completion. Railroads, those hand-maids of thought and enterprise, are demanding a passageway across the virgin soil of our lovely Iowa—you must, with your voice, your purse and your pen, bid them, speed on in their march to the waters of the Pacific. Your undivided influence is demanded in favor of the adoption of proper and wholesome laws for our government. To do this you must first thoroughly and intelligently understand the principles and measures of the laws which ought to be adopted, and then you are, conscientiously to vote for such men as you know will, in their seats in the Legislature, support these measures and secure their passage. This last duty, no man can escape—remaining away from the polls will not enable you to avoid the responsibility. It is your duty *irrespective of party or its influences*, to vote for the men whom you prayerfully believe will best represent your interests and the general welfare of the State. Upon each and every one of us as citizens of the State rest these great responsibilities. However humble and secluded our position, they still crowd upon us and demand that we shall faithfully discharge them. Office, station and position may increase these responsibilities, which we owe to the State, but because it has not fallen to our lot to fill any of these places of trust, does not release us from the claims which we have enumerated. They still remain as duties to be performed, and let it not be said that we have not proven ourselves worthy of the responsibilities which our rights to citizenship have entailed upon us.

"What constitutes a State ?
MEN, HIGH-MINDED MEN,
With powers as far above dull brutes, endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
These constitute a State "

PREPARE FOR THE WINTER SCHOOL.

We wish to say a few words to parents, School directors and others respecting the necessity of their making preparations at once, in their several districts, for the opening of their winter schools. Some one will say, "we are all ready in our district, let the teacher come on." Wait a moment Mr. Confident, and let us see if you are correct. The next time you pass by your school house, look and see if some repairs are not wanted in the school room, before it can be said that it is in proper condition for the reception of your new teacher, Mr. Tasteful.

You will, on examination find that many repairs are absolutely necessary to render your school house decent and comfortable. Let us examine it thoroughly. In the first place, a pane of glass is wanted in that space in the sash, through which we are now taking our observations; the plastering has fallen off in several places, through which the winds of winter will find easy access, and they will not be slow to take advantage of it. Two or three of the desks need repairing, and I notice that one of the planks in the floor has been removed. The desk on the teacher's stand, poor thing, has for months been hobbling around the school room on three legs; the door to the entry has lost a

hinge; a new black-board is wanted in place of the old one, which one of the near neighbors to the school house, has been using for a door to his *calf pen*. Bless me, Mr. Confident, here is a week's work that must be done upon your school house, and we are not through with our examination yet.

Let us *push* open the door, for I see that the lock is broken, and go into the school room and make a closer examination as to its wants and necessities. Gracious, Mr. Confident, what a sight. Did you ever in your life see such a dirty floor? "Oh, of course the floor is a little dirty—we have been having meetings here every Sunday afternoon during the summer, and some of our folks have spit tobacco juice upon the floor and a little dust has settled upon it—that will *wear* off in a short time." But, Mr. Confident, you just take a look here behind the door, and under the desks and in the corners of the room and tell me if you see anything of those great *wads* that lie there so contentedly and happy, which your tobacco chewing friends have ejected from their capacious mouths under the cognomen of "tobacco quids," and have taken so much pains to give them a resting place in their present "out of the way" positions. Look at the MONSTERS, and see what a self-confident, self-satisfied, complaisant air they have assumed. These fellows must be removed, for they have no rights here, either in law or equity, and their presence will most certainly add nothing to the character, or standing of your school.

I find too, Mr. Confident that you require some new stove pipe, and that the stove itself is anxiously looking forward to the time when it shall be favored with a coat of blacking. The water pail, since Charles Winthrop used it on his fishing excusion, is unfit for use, and a new one must be supplied.

We have now found that many repairs are needed in order that your school house may be in a proper condition for the reception of Mr. Tasteful, the excellent teacher who is to take charge of your winter school. Let there be no delay in putting it in proper order, and also do not fail to have a good supply of wood, well seasoned, and cut the proper length for the stove and nicely packed away in the wood-house to await the demands of the school. And don't forget Mr. Confident, to have the school house well *banked* before cold weather sets in, so as to prevent the wind from blowing up through the floor and nearly freezing the children's feet. Let these matters all receive your personal attention, that you may know that the work has been properly performed.

Are there not other school houses in equally as a bad a condition as this one which we have been examining in company with our friend Mr. Confident? Will not the school directors see to it, that they are overhauled and fitted up, in a manner suitable for the winter school?

BE PUNCTUAL.

No habit formed in youth, will be found so serviceable to the possessor in after years, as that of *punctuality;* it is the best letter of recommendation that a young man can take, as he leaves the parental roof, and goes forth into the business world to commence for himself, the great battle of life. Many a young man can trace his failure to succeed, to this one fact—*that he was not punctual in his engagements and appointments.*

You make an appointment with a business man to meet him at his office at a certain hour. The time for the meeting arrives and your are not there until a good half hour has passed. What must be the impression left upon his mind respecting your habits and qualifications for business? Would he not consider you unworthy of his confidence, and would he be likely to use his influence in securing you a situation? Most certainly not. Your failure to keep punctually the engagement which you had made with him, has convinced him that you have not yet learned one of the first lessons of life, namely, to be punctual in all of your appointments and engagements.

How vexing it is to wait at a public meeting, or place of business for some tardy man, who has agreed to meet you at an appointed time, and yet, not having learned how valuable *time* is to those who are anxiously looking for his arrival, keeps fifty men waiting an hour, because he was not punctual.

Let this lesson of punctuality in all the relations of life, be more effectually taught and more generally practiced.

Teachers in our schools, parents at the gatherings of the home circle, Clergymen in discharging the duties of declaring the truths of the Gospel, men of business in their engagements with each other, lawyers in meeting with their clients, doctors in visiting their patients, ladies in their prompt attendance at the sewing circle, charity meetings and social gatherings, should cultivate the invaluable habit of punctuality. It should grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until it becomes a habit so fixed and permanent that we shall be found keeping our engagements, and discharging all of our duties with promptness and alacrity.

Learn well the lesson of punctuality and practice it faithfully, and innumerable blessings during a long life of usefulness will be the result.

REGULAR ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

The difficulties, discouragements and vexations which the teacher, who takes upon himself the responsibilities of conducting a district School, must encounter, are numerous and perplexing; but among them all there are none that are so embarrassing as that of the *irregular attendance* of his pupils. To this subject we invite the attention of parents and guardians, with the hope that so great an evil as this, may, in most of our schools be remedied.

No school can be conducted successfully unless the pupils are placed in their proper classes, and this, at once demands regular attendance, for if a pupil is absent one, two, or three days in a week, when he returns he will find that the class is in advance of him and he must content himself with entering the class in the next grade below, or omit that portion of his studies which has been examined, during his absence. For this reason, then, parents should avoid keeping their children from school.

Sometimes parents have been known to allow their children to remain from school because they wanted to spend a day or two in the country with their last quarter's class mates; or perhaps John desired to devote the day to fishing, and Mary has an excuse for remaining from school equally as frivolous, all of which the indulgent parents grant to the great injury of John and Mary, and the annoyance of their teacher. Let nothing but sickness prevent the regular attendance of your children at school. By such a course, one winter's schooling will be found of more service than a whole year of irregular attendance.

Teachers, lend us your influence in bringing about this much desired reformation—parents join with us in the good work which we all desire to accomplish, and we assure you that prompt attendance each day at school will be the good result.

Editorial Notes.

A CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

With our accustomed punctuality, we greet you to-day, on our fourth promised visit; and we feel proud of the store of treasures which we are able to lay before you. Our efforts have been devoted towards securing you a mental feast of good things, both in prose and verse, that should satisfy your highest expectations, and we think that you will agree with us, that our efforts have not been in vain.

When we consented to assume the responsible position of editor of this journal, we determined to devote our labors towards awakening among our people a greater interest in behalf of popular education–to arouse to action, hidden talents–to stimulate thought—to aid in developing the resources of our State, and assist as far as we were able in securing to ourselves a literature that should stand as a monument of our progress and advancement, and that should be worthy of a place at the firesides and in the homes of the people. How well we are performing that task, we leave you to judge.

Every day gives us new hope to persevere with our labors, and each troop of new friends that joins with us, cheers us on to greater exertions. The lowering clouds that overspread the horizon at the outset of our enterprise have vanished, and in the clear, unobscured sunlight of success, we are progressing in the fulfillment of our purpose. We invite every one to lend a helping hand and contribute a cheering word towards furthering on the "onward march" of the noble cause in which we are laboring.

We are happy to know that our JOURNAL is read and appreciated by the residents of other States, as well as our own. A correspondent who forwarded us a club of subscribers from Dayton, Ohio, uses the following language with reference to our enterprise. "I received a copy of the SCHOOL JOURNAL some time since, and am much pleased with it. I regard it equal, if not superior to any paper of the kind that I have ever seen. I have determined to take the JOURNAL myself and also send you the inclosed list of subscribers, to whom you will please furnish the back numbers." We assure our Dayton friends that their kind wishes in behalf of the JOURNAL are fully appreciated, and we shall labor to render it worthy of their patronage.

Our readers and patrons will not forget the magnificent list of PREMIUMS which the Publishers of the JOURNAL offer to canvassers. Our lady friends we know will make an effort to secure the Sewing Machine. This machine is being manufactured *expressly* for the Publishers by Messrs. Wheeler, Wilson & Co., and will be perfect in every respect. We are anxious to know upon whom it will be our pleasure to bestow this splendid premium.

The *Premium Dictionary*, which is offered by the Publishers of the JOURNAL, for the largest list of subscribers, is being bound in the finest style of the art, by the publishers Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield Massachusetts, and will soon be on exhibition at the office of Messrs. Mills Brothers, at Des Moines, where all are invited to call and examine it.

The Marion County Teachers' Institute, convened at the Court House in Knoxville, Monday, August 29th, 1859. The Institute was well attended, and from the proceedings which we find in the *Knoxville Journal*, we judge that the meeting was an *intellectual feast*, highly creditable to the Teachers of Marion County.

The officers of the Institute were C. Hall, President; E. S. Walker, Vice President; H. G. Curtis, Secretary; and Wm. Blain, Assistant Secretary.

A second meeting of the Institute will be held at Pella, Dec. 25th, 1859, under the charge of Miss Jenkins and Messrs. Horner and Ely, as committee of arrangements.

The following resolution in behalf of the SCHOOL JOURNAL, shows how our labors are appreciated by the enterprising and intelligent Teachers of Marion County:

Resolved, That we recommend the *Iowa School Journal* to the favorable consideration of the teachers of Marion County, as a paper well calculated to spread useful knowledge and greatly assist teachers in the performance of their duties.

We desire as soon as possible, to get a *complete* list of all the Teachers and School Officers in the State, with their Post Office address. Will County Superintendents, Teachers and others, aid us in this matter? Please forward the list to Messrs. Mills Brothers, at an early day.

REV. E. H. WARING, recently from the Baltimore Conference, succeeds, Rev. George B. Jocelyn, as pastor of the M. E. Church in this city. Mr. Jocelyn goes to Burlington. Rev. S. Haines, is the Presiding Elder of this District, and we are pleased to learn that he is to become a resident of our city. Mr. Haines served as pastor of our M. E. Church, several years since, and in that capacity won for himself hosts of friends, who will gladly welcome him back to the scene of his former labors.

We have received several invitations to attend Teachers' Institutes, in the surrounding counties, all of which invitations for the present we have been compelled, reluctantly to decline. Gladly would we avail ourselves of the choice opportunities to join with the friends of education in these *reunions* of the Teachers, but other engagements, long since made, are pressing upon us, demanding our entire time, and to them we must yield.—The SCHOOL JOURNAL, however shall be with you, Teachers, in your good work, representing us as far as possible and pleading our excuse for non-attendance upon these social gatherings of yours, which are doing very much towards keeping alive in the breasts of our teachers, the nobleness of their profession.

Under the heads of "THE TEACHER," "THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL HOUSE," and the "NEW-FASHIONED SCHOOL HOUSE," we present our readers with some extracts from the excellent address delivered before the Polk County Teachers' Associatio n at its late session, by C. C. Dawson, Esq., of this city. The address of Mr. Dawson, prepared during the few hours which are allotted to a business man in this country, with only two or three days notice, evinces poetical talent of a high order, and we shall hope to be able to favor our readers with further contributions from his pen.

The late *Voice of Iowa*, is to be succeeded by the *Iowa Instructor*. We cordially welcome the *Instructor* as a co-laborer in the cause of elevating the standard of popular education in Iowa.

The ORIGINAL POEM in the present number, of the SCHOOL JOURNAL, from the pen of DANIEL WEBSTER, *which has never before been published*, was addressed to E. W. Ripley, a classmate, since known as General Ripley, who distinguished himself in the war of 1812. The manuscript was furnished to us by Hon. Nicholas Bayless, a near relation of General Ripley.—We have other novelties in store for our readers, equally as startling. and we are determined not to be outdone by any journal in the State.

HOW WE HAVE PROGRESSED, is demonstrated by the fact that we now receive nearly *five tons* of mail matter per week at our Post Office, as we are informed by Col. Redhead, our worthy Post Master, over *two thirds* of which is delivered here. When we came here ten years ago, the Post Master carried the mail about in his hat, and delivered it to his customers as he chanced to meet them on the street.

We will mention another instance of progress, among the thousands that we might enumerate, which is as striking as the above. Mr. James Smith, who is one of the most extensive, scientific and practical Nurserymen in the West, and who now has adjoining our city, *acres* of apple trees, and grape vines ready for market, could, at the time above mentioned, have carried his whole nursery in his over-coat pocket. Perseverance has accomplished the work for Mr. Smith; and his articles upon the FRUITS OF THE WEST, show that he thoroughly understands the business of fruit growing. Similar indications are manifested in every portion of our prosperous State, and we should all be proud of our Hawk-Eye homes.

DUBUQUE AND PACIFIC R. R.—We learn with pleasure that this important line of Rail Road is in a fair way to be pushed on to a speedy completion. Permanent arrangements have been made with eastern capitalists to furnish ample means to complete the work. The citizens of Dubuque have labored unceasingly, through great discouragements for several years past to accomplish this happy result, and we congratulate them upon their success. This Rail Road is designed to connect with the Missouri River at Sioux City, passing through the flourishing counties of Dubuque, Delaware, Buchanan, Black Hawk, &c.,—one of the most prosperous and fertile sections of the State. Again we say *success to our Rail Roads*.

Ottumwa is now connected by Rail Road with Chicago and the East. The Burlington and Missouri River R. R. which has been pushed ahead with commendable zeal and industry is now open to the Des Moines River, at the above place. We congratulate our neighbors upon their good fortune in securing a Rai Road connection with the East, and gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to speak of the enterprise and magnanimity manifested by the friends of this enterprise in their efforts to accomplish this great work.

We regret that it was not in our power to attend the Editorial Convention, at Oskaloosa, during the session of the State Fair. It would have been a pleasure to us to have met with the gallant corps of Editors who, in a great measure control the destinies of our State, and joined with them in this their glorious *reunion*. Brothers of the Press, in spirit we were with you, and enjoyed the *mental* feast which your "coming together" produced.

The present number of the JOURNAL was printed upon the new Adams Power-Press, of Messrs. Mills Brothers. This press is the largest of its kind in the State, and the neat appearance of the JOURNAL is an evidence of its capability of doing good work.

The London holders of the stock of the Illinois Central Rail Road, have organized a company with a a capital of $2,500,000 under the title of the "Prairie Land and Emigration Company," the object of which will be to send out settlers to occupy the lands which these London capitalists and others have purchased along the line of this road. The scheme is a good one, and will be the means of sending thousands of hardy and enterprising settlers to the prairie wilderness through which this road runs.

Could not Iowa Rail Roads Lands be benefitted in the same way. Will not some of the capitalists interested in these roads, make a move in the same direction, and profit by the example set them by their shrewd English Cousins? The subject is worthy of attention.

HORACE GREELY, arrived in California about the middle of August, and is now on his return to New York via: the Southern overland Stage route, through Arizona and Texas. Mr. Greely was received by the citizens of California, with great enthusiasm. He made a Pacific Rail Road speech in San Francisco, which was greatly applauded. Mr. Greeley's knowledge of the overland route to the Pacific coast will be extensive, and his letters to the *New York Tribune*, contain a mass of *accurate* information respecting the Rocky Mountain country that cannot be obtained from any other source.

THE *Pioneer Farmer*, published in this city, is among the best agricultural journals in the country, and is deserving of and should receive the united patronage and support of the friends of *good farming* throughout the State. Let every one who reads this notice consider it as a hint, for him to inclose one dollar to Messrs. Simmons & Co., in payment for the *Pioneer Farmer* one year.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, for September and October has failed to reach us. The publishers of this valuable monthly will please bear in mind that we think it quite impossible to get along without the *Atlantic*, and we trust that we shall not miss its pleasant and profitable visits hereafter.

The *Great Republic Monthly*, comes to us regularly freighted down to the guards, with a cargo of rich thoughts, from the pens of the best living authors. By the way, we noticed in the "Omnibus" of last month a passenger from Des Moines—the face looked familiar—shouldn't wonder if it was Mr. ———. Success to the Republic and Messrs. Oaksmith & Co.

Godey's Lady's Book, for October, has been received and a decidedly brilliant number it is, too—filled with matters of interest to the ladies, and which they know so well how to appreciate. Godey's Lady Book, should be considered a necessary accompaniment to every well regulated household and the "statutes in such cases made and provided," should be so enacted as to require each delinquent BENEDICT to furnish *Godey* each month with the same promptness that he does the beefsteaks for his breakfast.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

I will here give the routine of a day in the village school.—'Twas near the hour of nine; the teacher and myself, talking agreeably, wended our way toward the pleasant spot selected for the school-house. It was a fine, grassy knoll of about two acres in extent, inclosed within a fence, and finely shaded by well formed trees. The house was neatly built and painted: the whole presenting a lovely spot, well adapted to infuse, in the young mind, a taste and aspiration for the noble and refined.

Within the school-room every thing was in keeping with the exterior, and well fitted to accommodate both teacher and pupil in the acquisition of knowledge. The neatly arranged seats and desks; the black-board and recitation seats; the abundance of school apparatus; all combined, almost made me "wish I were a school boy again" and on my way to school. I looked with pleasure upon the cheerful greetings of the children and their teacher; the presenting of many nice little bunches of flowers from the rosy-cheeked girls; and as I took my seat, I almost wished that I was a teacher of such a village school.

After a few minutes chat the teacher gave permission to one of the many solicitations of the children to "ring the bell."—The scholars came flocking in, and busying round, getting their books and seats; soon the teacher rang a small beautiful toned bell, and without a word the school came quietly to order; the teacher, meanwhile, gazing over the room, seemed to sway to silence the many joyous spirits under his charge.

After some usual exercises, I again heard the bell, and a dozen scholars rose and came forward to the recitation seat to read.—A book was placed in hand; a scholar at the head of the class arose, and, standing erect in an easy attitude, holding the book in his left hand, with the right at his side, pronounced the page, the lesson, the name of the piece, and, in a clear, full tone of voice, commenced reading.

As the successive classes read, I was pleased with the interest the scholars took in their reading, and the precision and accuracy shown; all of which gave signs of thorough drilling. An important feature was the strife for the head of the class. As each scholar read, the teacher, with book and pencil in hand, noted all mistakes in pronouncing words. In some of the classes he called the words out, and required the scholar to pronounce them again. In other classes he dotted the words, and called attention to them at the close of each paragraph. Again in the more advanced classes, he extended this criticism to the pauses and inflections. At the close of "reading round" the scholars took their places in the class according to the number of mistakes each had made. I was pleased to see that on coming to a difficult passage, it was read by the teacher, and then by a part, or the whole class, each striving to see who could read the best.—In some of the classes the teacher would read a piece of poetry, one line at a time, and the whole class would read, alternately, after him in concert.

At the close, the scholars, at a motion of the teachers hand, would rise and take their respective seats.

One great thing which interested me was the method of asking permission. No loud speaking, except at recitation, was permitted. All questions were asked by signs. The raising of one finger asked permission to whisper; two fingers, to go out; three fingers, to leave seat; and the raising of the whole hand asked to be shown in their studies. It was emphatically a school where the whole working was done on that plan which would make the least noise and confusion.

The classes succeeded each other every day the same, so that the scholars knew the time for each class, and, at the ringing of the bell, would take their places to recite.

Of the many attractions, to make the weary hours of school less tiresome to the small scholars, was one, permitting them to go to the black-board, and make rows of figures: and I noticed that the smallest scholars could write the ten characters readily. Also, the exercise of the scholars of the first and second readers upon the black-board, was a source of great pleasure to them, and instructive. They could add and read numbers as high as millions, which, the teacher told me, they had learned by practicing with them, ten minutes each day.

The exercises of the scholars in mental arithmetic with the book, tended to give them ability at demonstration, precision, and that great element in an education, ability to tell what one knows.

The question was asked by the teacher, and the scholars rose, and repeated the question, and solved it. We will give questions and the method of solution:

There are six scholars in one class, and four in another; how many in both? As many as six added to four, which make ten; therefore, there are ten in both.

Sarah had eight quills, and gave four to her sister; how many had she left? As many as four subtracted from eight, which leaves four; therefore, she had four left.

If there are four weeks in one month, how many weeks are there in four months? As many as four multiplied by four, which makes sixteen; therefore, there are sixteen weeks in four months.

Charles earned thirty-two cents in four days, how many cents did he earn in one day? As many as four is contained in thirty-two, which is eight; therefore, he earned eight cents in one day.

In the advanced arithmetic, there were classes that recited at the place they were studying; and also, there was a review class where all recited and reviewed thoroughly from the beginning.

The methods of reciting were various. In some cases the teacher explained the principle and operation of a rule, and then questioned the class to see if they understood the work; or, each scholar would work an example on his slate, and then rise and give the solution; again the scholar went to the board and worked a problem and explained it, or they would read problems from the arithmetic, and give their solution.

In geography the teacher's method of proceedure was this:—He required the scholars to first go through with the maps, committing the various divisions; commencing at the north-west corner of the map, and taking the principal parts in succession, pronouncing the names in a natural and proper manner in concert. And then commencing at the head repeat "round the

class'' and also repeating singly. Thus he would take the countries, and then add their capitals, then the mountains, peninsulas, capes, islands, and then add oceans, seas, bays, and straits, lakes and rivers.

Thus, he would proceed until the scholars were familiar with the maps. Then he had them take the questions and description as written in the books.

In grammar his method was to take but one or two points, at a time, and practice on those until they were learned. For instance, he would teach them to distinguish nouns in a sentence; then explain the kinds of nouns, and join the two, continuing the exercise in distinguishing nouns and naming their kind.—Then join the person, number, gender and case. In connection with the case he joined the naming the part of a sentence; as the nominative, the verbs, and the object. Thus joining analysis with parsing in a general manner, or as much as was required to make it understood. Then examine, minutely, the verbs, adjectives, adverbs, &c., in succession.

When the scholars were familiar with parsing, or the examination of words, he confined them almost entirely, to analysis, or the construction of the sentence, naming the three parts, and their respective modifying words and phrases; also the connection of the sentence, punctuation, &c.

To illustrate the construction, he used a form of diagrams, (formed into a system in Clark's Grammar,) which, he said, gave a visible appearance of the operation to the eye, which was of great benefit to the beginner.

The small scholars spelled orally, but once a day, the large scholars wrote, on their slates, words as pronounced from the spelling book, or sentences read by the teacher.

At the close of school in the evening, with the roll, "leaving off head," &c., he placed in his book the number of problems each scholar had performed, and the number of lines each had written, by which, he could judge of the progress of the scholars; and it was a valuable incentive to study.

I left the school that evening with the belief, that teachers could very greatly improve themselves in teaching by visiting one another's schools. E. C.

CARLISLE, IOWA, AUGUST 1859.

A rare and impressive scene took place at the late commencement exercises at Union College, the facts of which are narrated by a correspondent of the Albany Journal. The venerable Dr. Nott, being confined to his bed by illness, received his friends sitting in an arm chair. At one time a group of ten gentlemen of distinction, from various parts, bearing in most cases, the weight of three-score and ten years, presented themselves as the "Doctor's Boys," from the class that graduated just fifty years ago, and, after a mutual greeting, delivered a most touching address to their veteran instructor, referring to their former connection with the institution, and attributing to him the great measure of thier prosperity, and invoking his recovery. Dr. Nott replied. With a fatherly feeling he consoled them as "his boys" to look well to the great object of life, the securing a double inheritance beyond the grave, to which they were all hastening. He then commended them in prayer to the throne of all grace. There was not a dry eye among all those present.

WE incline, by a natural emotion, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seats of useful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes all these things, in indelible colors, on the heart of man; so that, in the dread extremities of death, he reverts, in fondness, to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well.—CHARLES SUMNER.

For the Iowa School Journal.

TO A STUDENT.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Yours is the choicest sphere,
To delve with genial souls in Learning's mine,
And hoard its diamonds, bright and clear,
Like Truths that shine.

Cease not your noble toils!
Your youthful strength to deepest veins apply,
And richer ores, more precious spoils,
Shall meet your eye.

Upon the Andes' crest
But stinted flowers and useless shrubs are found,
While buried deep within their breast,
Bright gems abound.

My youthful friend, toil on!
And hoards of wealth are yours, more brilliant far,
More fadeless than the golden sun,
Or eve's bright star.

The earth with fervent heat
May be dissolved, the heavens may pass away,
But MIND, with Learning's stores replete,
Knows no decay.

Let all your pearls of thought,
So pure and lustrous, be by grace refined,
And with a clearer polish fraught,
For Heaven enshrined.

Among the leading educationists of the State, none rank higher that Col. H. A. Wiltse of Dubuque. The following commendatory resolutions, passed at a meeting of the district board upon receiving the resignation of Col. Wiltse, as its President, shows how well his labors in behelf of education are appreciated, by the people among whom he resides.

Resolved, That this board learns with regret that the removal of Col. Wiltse from the school district necessitates a vacancy in the office of President, which office Col. Wiltse has held for several years, with honor to himself and with great benefit to his fellow-citizens of Dubuque; and

Resolved, That in his retirement from office, President Wiltse not only has the proud consciousness of having devoted his time and talents in fostering the public schools of this district, and of having felt the deepest solicitude for the success of his exertions, which indeed is the highest and surest reward of the good; but he has herewith the assurance of his coadjutors, the members of the present Board, that they appreciate his untiring and unremitting labors in the cause of public education through a period of seven years; that they acknowledge with pleasure the services he has rendered to this district; that it is the profound conviction of the Board that to consumate a system of public instruction, whereby all the youth of the city of Dubuque might receive a good common school education, has been the sincerest desire of his heart, the object of his highest ambition; that to accomplish this high and benevolent end he has devoted every hour he could spare from his professional pursuits—has sought information from every source, and has not spared pecuniary sacrifice. He carries with him to his retirement the respect of his colaborers, and their hearty wishes for his health and happiness.

GOOD MEN.—Good men are the stars—the planets—of the age wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting in the world! as Able for an example of innocency! Enoch of purity; Noah of trust in God's mercies! Abraham of faith, and so of the rest.—*Ben Johnson.*

The Farm.

THE WINTER'S FUEL.

We are often too negligent in securing early in the season our winter's fuel; frequently have we known some of our friends to wait until the snow was several inches deep, before they made any move towards replenishing the wood-house with fuel. Our farmers, who mostly use wood, should have it all prepared and ready for use before the fall rains, and not be obliged every time they make a fire, to go out and *fish* up a few stray sticks, from the bank of snow that has covered them, and then be compelled to wait an hour for them to "thaw out" before the good housewife can cook the dinner.

Our short experience in life has taught us, that one of the surest means of perpetuating that domestic felicity which we all so much prize, "peace in the family," next to a new bonnet, is to keep the "wood-pile" well supplied; and we advise all of our readers who have fears of being prematurely bald, and therefore have no hair to spare, to give due attention to this matter of preparing, and in sufficient quantities, their winter fuel.

PREPARE SHELTER FOR YOUR CATTLE.

Every farmer will, we know, agree with us that cattle, especially in this country, require to be well *housed* in the winter. We have so many sudden changes from *fiercely* cold to moderately warm, with sunshine, rain and snow, all during the same day, that cattle require excellent shelter, and at this season of the year, this matter of preparing *sheds* should be attended to. They need not be expensive, but they should be comfortable and convenient.

Many farmers erect shelters by putting down firmly in the ground six or eight posts, at a proper distance apart, and then fasten upon the tops ot these posts, reaching from one to the other, scantlings of sufficient size, and upon this scaffolding, place the hay for the winter's use. By planking up the sides of this rude structure, very comfortable quarters for stock can be made, and with but little expense. Until we are able to construct barns, this plan of making shelter must be adopted, and we trust that our friends will not delay this matter until the weather gets cold and the ground is frozen.

Let it be attended to during the present month. Don't allow your poor dumb brutes to stand out in the pelting storms as you did last winter, shivering with the cold, while you were toasting your shins by the stove in the village grocery.

And while you are about it, don't forget that your chickens want a warm, nice and *quiet* place to roost. Last winter you left them to seek a lodging place as best they could, sometimes on the wood-pile, then on the fence, and lastly in the *wash-house*, causing by their last remove, numerous *family jars*. Now don't do so the coming winter, but provide them with a suitable house to protect them from the snow and rain, and they, as well as your cows, horses and sheep, will be greatly obliged to us for having written this article, and will return thanks to you daily for having been so sensible as to put in practice the hints which it contains.

GRAPE CULTURE.

We have before spoken of the importance of grape culture in this country, and have urged upon our leading agriculturalists to engage in this business, as a remunerative branch of industry.

As to the adaptation of our soil and climate, to the culture of the grape, Dr. John C. Bennett, of Polk City has fully demonstrated the fact that as large, fine flavored and sweet grapes can be raised here as in any part of the United States. The specimens which Dr. Bennett has favored us with from his grapery, were of as excellent a quality as we have ever seen. They were of the Concord variety, and we are confident that they will prove perfectly hardy in this climate.

Persons wishing to commence the culture of the grape will be able to secure cuttings of Dr. Bennett, by making early application.

"It was my Brother's."—While passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb-stone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well-patched apron, and whole appearance indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of the little ones, we stopped. and, putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tiny toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another;" and we dropped a four-pence into his hand. "That will buy one, will it not?" "O! yes." replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief; "but that was little brother Tommy's, and he is dead."

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead.

During five years in Indiana there have been erected 2,700 school houses, at an expense of $1,100,000. In the last year 650 school houses were built at a cost of $300,000. This sum is obtained by a special school tax that was paid by the people with cheerfulness.

A beggar importuned a lady for alms. She gave him a shilling. "God bless your ladyship!" said he, "this will prevent me from executing my resolution." The lady alarmed, and thinking he meditated suicide, asked what he meant. "Alas, madam!" said he, "but for this shilling I should be obliged to go to work."

Hon. Robert Dale Owen, has, after a long absence in Europe, returned to his old home in Posey County, Indiana. He once represented one of the Indiana Congressional districts in the National Legislature, with marked ability.

A telegraph to Salt Lake from San Francisco, California, will probably be in operation by the 4th of July 1860. This line is being constructed by the California Telegraph Company, under whose energetic management the line is now in operation to Genoe, Carson Valley.

G. H. Jerome, the able editor of the *Republican* of Iowa City, delivered the annual address before the Editors' Convention, which convened at Oskaloosa on the 29th ult.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, ETC.

A Natural Philosophy, embracing the most recent discoveries in the various branches of Physics and exhibiting the application of scientific principles in every-day-life. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Principal of "The Collegiate School," N. Y. City, New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1859.

Among the numerous publications upon the subject of Natural Philosophy which have emanated from the prolific *sch ool book* press of the country for the last few years, we have seen none that more clearly and plainly illustrate the subject than this work of Prof. Quackenbos. Its plan of illustration is in many respects quite original, and there is a familiarity about the manner of treating the various subjects discussed in it that must commend it at once to the favorable notice of students and teachers. We can safely recommend this work, as one worthy of being introduced into our public schools.

Cornell's System of Geography, is a new work upon this important branch of education that possesses many excellencies. For clearness, and distinctness and at the same time *simplicity* of illustration, it has but few equals, and we think that it has but to be thoroughly examined, to become a general favorite in our schools. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Mills Brothers, Des Moines.

Sargent's Series of Standard School Readers, by Epes Sargent. Published by Phillips, Samson & Co., Boston. This is a series of School Readers, consisting of five numbers, and we consider it no disparagement of any other school readers, when we say that this is the most excellent series that we have ever examined. Mr. Sargent has displayed superior literary taste is his selections, and great judgment in the entire arrangement of the work. We feel confident that this series of readers possesses so many excellencies that it will find its way into our public schools, and that it will be adopted by the Board of Education.

Worcester's great Dictionary, upon which immense labor has been expended, will be issued about the ffrst of January 1860, as we learn from Rev. Thompson Bird of this city. This Dictionary will doubtless be equal, if not in some respects superior to the splendid *pictorial* edition of Webster's masterly work. We shall look with interest for the appearance of this work, which lawyers would sum up as "Cambridge *vs.* Yale."

The *Wisconsin Journal of Education* comes to us in an entirely new dress, and presents a very neat appearance. This is one of the best educational papers that finds its way to our sanctum. We always look forward to its monthly visits with interest.

We have received the *Missouri Educator*, published at Jefferson City, Missouri, and gladly place it upon our exchange list. This is an able, well conducted monthly journal, devoted to the educational interests of our sister State, and should be well sustained.

Books.—It will be seen from the advertisement of Messrs. Mills Brothers, that they have connected the Book Trade with their extensive Publishing, Stationery and Binding business. They are prepared to furnish School, Miscellaneous, Law and Medical works upon the most reasonable terms. Give them a call.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Crab-Apple Preserve.—Make a syrup, allowing the same weight of sugar as apples. Let it get cool, then put in the apples a few at a time, Boil until they begin to break, then take them out carefully. At the end of four days boil the syrups and turn while hot upon the apples. This continue to do at intervals of two or three days, till the apples appear to be preserved. If you wish to make a marmalade of the apples, boil them in just water enough to keep them from burning, strain them when soft, and put to them an equal quantity of brown sugar. Stew them over a slow fire, stirring them constantly.—When of a thick consistency, take a little of it out, and set it where it will cool. If it then cuts smooth and clear, take the whole from the fire, and turn it into deep dishes.

To preserve green beans for winter use, pick good tender string beans, cut them into pieces about three quarters of an inch in length, throw them into boiling water, let them stand five minutes; when, having the oven heated just hot enough to avoid burning the beans, spread on tin or earthen dishes, set them in the oven, and let them remain there till perfectly dry; when they should be put up in small bags and hung in a cool dry place. When you wish to use them, put them to soak over night in warm water, and cook them as usual.

To make Honey.—Take ten lbs. Havana sugar, five lbs. water, forty grains cream-tartar, ten drops ess-peppermint, three lbs. honey. Dissolve the sugar in warm water, over a slow fire, and remove the scum. Dissolve the cream-tartar in warm water and add to the sugar, mix with care. Add the honey heated to a boiling pitch; then add the peppermint, stir for a few moments. When cold it will be fit for use.

Pickled Green Tomatoes.—Puncture the tomatoes with a fork, place them on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for two or three days, then rinse off the salt in clear water; put them in a preserving kettle, cover them with water, which keep scalding hot for one hour; then take them out, let them drain, and put them in jars. Boil the vinegar, with some cloves, allspice, and stick cinnamon. When cold, pour over sufficient to cover them.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

Grape Wine.—Bruise perfectly ripe grapes, and add to a gal. grapes the same quantity of water, letting the whole remain a week without being stirred. At the end of that time, draw off the liquor carefully, and put to each gal. three lbs. sugar. Let it ferment in a temperate situation when it may be stopped tight. Will be fit for use in the course of six months.

How to keep Corn for Winter Use.– Cut your corn off—be careful not to have it too young, or too old—pack it away in stone jars, putting a layer of corn and a layer of salt alternately; tie the jar down, and keep in a cool place. It must be soaked in cold water twelve hours before using it.

A Sweet Pickle.—Fill a jar with the small pear-shaped tomatoes interspersed with spices of various kinds, the greater the variety the better—four or five spoonsfull of sugar, then fill the jar to the top with vinegar, let it stand a fort-night, when it it fit for use.

To prevent jams, preserves, &c., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam or preserves.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Filial love may be shown by patience and forbearance with parents, when they are decending the vale of years. It is one of the beautiful orders of Divine Providence, that we may pass through successive stages of growth and decline, before we are suffered to complete our pilgrimage of life, and thus the parents who tended us in infancy become dependent on us for the same tenderness when they are feeble by sickness or old age. Sometimes God calls parents out of the world while their children are yet in youth. But he does bless and honor that house in which he spares the aged sire and the venerable mother, to be the glory of their children; to council them, to pray with and for them, and to receive their gentle ministries of filial love.

It is a privilege for which we should be unspeakably thankful, to be permitted to smooth the passage to the grave of those who led us by the hand along the path of life in the morning of our days! To shield them from the storms of a pitiless world, by giving them a pleasant resting place by our fire side in the midst of our children, in whom they may live over again the scenes of their former days, when we were sporting on their knees! We owe them this retreat—we owe them more than this, and more than all we can ever give. To make them a return in kind or in degree, is beyond our power. If we make it a matter of debt and credit with our parents, we shall be bankrupt always. You may load them with riches, the fruit of your own life's long toil; you may carry them in your arms to their nightly couch, and watch them till the morn returns; you may whisper words of kindness in their ears, and smile lovingly on them as their eyes grow dim with age; you may hold their dying head upon your breast, and wipe the death sweat from their brows, and kiss away their expiring breath, and lay them softly in the grave—all this is what a parent most desires, when he knows that he is about to die; but all this, and a thousand fold more, will never pay the debt of gratitude you owe for paternal love and care when you were an unconscious infant, wailing in a mother's arms.

While you were in the cradle, you had a fit of sickness. You knew not that one whose heart was almost breaking with anxious fear was hanging over you, watching with intense solicitude your breathing through the long, long night, kissing you to sleep when in feverish dreams you started from your slumbers and screamed in fright, singing through her tears, and soothing you with such tender pressures as only a mother's arms can give, when folding a sick babe to her own sick heart. Had you *died* in her arms, she would have been paid when she found you again an angel among the angels.

> "Oh! when a mother meets on high
> The babe she lost in infancy,
> Hath she not then; for pains and fears,
> The day of woe, the watchful night,
> For all her sorrows, all her tears—
> An over-payment of delight?"

But you lived; and now the debt is upon you, increased by years of such days and nights, through which your parents have followed you with anxious hearts and watchful eyes, to keep you from falling, to help you in trouble, to lead you in the ways of usefulness, and point you to the gates of eternal life.

The strength of a parent's love has been tested in a thousand cases, and it has never failed. The story of Jacob and Joseph is on the great chart of Old Testament history, to be studied, age after age, as one of the most touching and beautiful passages in the annals of human love. Yet every *parent* whose heart has not been hardened by vice, is a *Jacob* in affection for the children that God has given him.

The tie is tender but strong, and often it seems to fasten itself on objects that have no loveliness save in the eyes of paternal regard. How frequently do we observe with delight that the least favored child in the group is the favorite in the paternal heart. Perhaps it is deformed, or helpless; perhaps deficient in intellect; yet its very infirmities, that make it less attractive to others, secure for it such a place in a fond father and mother's love, that its loss of beauty, or of limbs, or of intellect, is a gain of love to the child. When death has come into the family circle, and taken away this child, the neighbors and friends have said that it was a mercy to have it removed, for they thought it no comfort to its parents; but those parents have grieved more over its death than they would over any other one of their little flock. Its helplessness won upon their sympathies. Because others cared less for it, they cared more for it. And I have heard such parents, say that their blind daughter was more comfort to them than all the rest of their children. This is no strange thing, that the parents should so cling to their children. The wonder is that in all the world there can be found one son or daughter so ungrateful and cruel as to make a parent feel

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

N. Y. Observer.

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a ship-yard; twenty young men about a village—all want to get on in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch.—But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it—the thing is just as sure as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, and who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money in the saving-bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortuue, good name, and serene old age, all go this road.

RATHER COMPLIMENTARY.—We have a blind phrenologist in town, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of our distinguished judges, who thinks a good deal of himself, and has a very bald head which he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day and have his head examined. Wags and Judge arrived.

"Mr. B." says one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science."

"Very well," said the phrenologist; place the head under my hands."

"He wears a wig," says one.

"Can't examine with that on," replied Professor.

Wig was accordingly taken off, and bald head of highly expectant Judge was placed under manipulations of examiner.

"What's this! what's this?" said phrenologist: and pressing his hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with an affliction. I have lost my eyesight, but I am not a fool: *you can't pass this off on me for a head!*"

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—'Beautiful exceedingly,' is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession of gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but 'going home.' The Mexican mother, who has a household treasure laid away in the campo santa; God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer, 'Five; two here, and three yonder.' So despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever lives in the thought.

"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat, if they go the *right way* they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way* they give a great deal of trouble.

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