Farmers' Journal and Commercial Advertiser.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN." "HE MUST SPEAK WHOSE WORD LEAPS FORTH AT ONCE TO ITS EFFECT, WHO CALLS FOR THINGS THAT ARE NOT, AND THEY COME."

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HOW IT HAPPENED.

The snow lay on the widow-panes,
Winds howled along the leafless lanes;
Within, the fire shoneright and clear,
And Ben sat there and I sat here.

I watched the glow on his cheek,
Where summer left sunny streak;
Like the snow then could scarcely
That glistened through his tawny beard.

"I love you, Ben," murmured Ben;
"Ah! will you love me back again?"
His voice was sweeter than the tone
Of bugles playe beneath the moon!

I took two filberts from a bowl,
Two filberts smooth, and brown, and whole;
To each I gave a secret name,
And placed them nigh the clearest flame.

They hissed and burned upon the bars,
And shot a thousand fiery stars:
I trembled at a certain one
Should burn, and leave my hopes undone

My fears were vain—my heart was shamed:
The name thus with one accordance flamed,
"They burn together!" quick I cried,
And Ben kept closer to my side.

"They sing together, firm and true;
Each burns for each, as I for you.
Thus joined lives together glow—
Nay, fear! crush that jesting 'No.'"

The hand that stole around my waist,
The lips that dared my lips to taste,
The breast that hid my blushing cheek,
Translated what I did not speak.

And now the white snow, come again,
Once more peeps through our window-pane,
As Ben and I sit side by side,
Nor has the flame we burned with died.

THE DEATH-WARNING.

A LEGEND OF SACO ISLAND.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Of all the great centres to which strange characters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remarkable; and, much apparently, because it offers the encouragement given in it to original talent. Clever and enterprising Americans are often met there. One whom I lately encountered proved to be a pleasant and conversible man. We chanced to get upon the subject of superstition, or rather, to speak more fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been called the night-side of nature.

"I expect you love a yarn; I'll just give you one which is genuine, if it is not a superstitious man, but the contrary. But I'll give you an item of new-country fancies which will amuse you.'

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my American friend, as some of them would be difficult of comprehension in our part of the world; but I give the facts of his narrative exactly as they were told.

Saco is a small town at a very short distance from the sea, in the state of Maine, famous only within a circumference of a few miles, in connection with the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an industrious, hard-working set of shipright and fishermen. In the early history of the state of Maine mention is made of Saco island as the site of an Indian village; but local tradition gives more ample details relative to the ejection of the Red Skins from the place. But with this I have nothing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the course of my narrative.

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a working shipbuilder of Saco, a painstaking industrious man, who in times of driving business, and when a pressing job was on hand, would work eight days without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house just above the town, the front of which faced the island which parted the river, variously known as Cuth and Saco island. Abel was his youngest son—at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. About a dozen yards distant from their residence was an old tumble-down shanty, which had been abandoned for many years. A murder had been committed within its walls a long time ago, and people said that over since noises were heard at midnight around its ruins—a troubled cry of conscience from the criminal. No man was found bold enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home.

Widow Curtis was as superstitious and fearful as her neighbours, perhaps even more so, for she firmly believed in death-warnings. The once glad mother of nine children, she had lost eight, and before the final news reached her, she always had a warning. It is true that her signs and tokens came very much oftener even than bad news; but as bad news did sometimes follow her hints from the other world, she had sufficient reason for her belief. She found herself at last with only one child, a daughter of eighteen, who was at service on Cuth island, in the house of Squire Sheen; and she, more than the beloved child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunted shanty, which to her seared heart had now no terrors.

Mr. Jacks was kind to the poor widow, gave her some furniture, and assistance in various other forms; and she was grateful. A great part of her time was spent in the house of the shipright, whose son Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, who was indeed to be his wife that very fall. For some months the widow had been quiet and happy; the thought of her child's advantageous marriage had driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her cheerful state of mind the assiduous kindness of the jacks had rendered almost happy.

One afternoon a tremendous storm startled the good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm. Saco river lined with saw-mills, the owners of which floated their timber and planks down by its waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay across the stream, to check the rafts, and and to protect the bridges which connected Cuth island with the two shores. Once in the memory of man a freshet had arrived, swept the boom and given passage to the vast weight of timber, which coming with terrific violence against the bridges had utterly destroyed them. The storm on this occasion was followed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about four o'clock the boom gave way; the mountains of planks and logs brought down by the inundation rushed madly through, and all communication between the island and the town was cut off. The timber plunged with irresistible force over the falls below the island, carrying the bridges away with it.

The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs the plunging of masses of wood over the two cataracts, the running to and fro of the people, all roused in poor Widow Curtis feelings of terror and alarm and about sunset she came into the house to old Jacks, and told him that she had received a death-warning relative to her last child. Tears streamed down her pallid cheeks, and her whole mien was that of a broken-hearted woman. Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her by every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried reason; but all in vain: the widow still declared she had heard the never-failing warning.

"And what was it that so suddenly cried old Jacks.

"A low screech, like the cry of one in pain,' replied the widow.

"Tush woman, you heard the squaw of Cuth island. She never fails to howl with the tempest.'

"And who, pray, was the squaw of Cuth island.

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lit his pipe, poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous ben, began his story. Before the settlement of white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians. An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flour-mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the purchase-money, decamped in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astonishment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that in the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a share of the purchase money of the man himself. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eagerly tasted, then leaping into her canoe, hurried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum had affected her head, or whether age had rendered her limbs too feeble to contend with the current, could not be known, but she was drawn into the rapids, and over the falls, where of course she was drowned. From that day the island point was believed to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in Saco but would declare having heard the moaning of the old crone before and during storms.

"Maybe,' said Widow Curtis when old Jacks had concluded, 'maybe 'tis the squaw has given me every warning?'

"Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and flummery. And yet I am bound to believe in ghosts too. I aint a superstitious man nohow, but I've been tried too. One night I was at work till late at the lower Ferry, and after work I joined a merry-making. It was past twelve when I started house. Everything was square and straight until I got to the river side, and to judge from that, distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress close beside me! "Come out of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me!" I got no answer; and away I dashed in the bushes with a big hickory stick; all to no good. The rustling of silk was still close to me as ever I was in a precious rage with myself I do own; but I heard it plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and you know the ends of the planks stick out beyond the rail to save swing? Well, do I see but an old fellow walking along these ends beside me in an old silk morning gown. "Good-night to you Sam Sheen," said he. I returned his politeness; and then he began to ask news of Saco. He said he was dead and gone these twenty years He seemed surprised when I told him they were all departed; and at the end of the history he seemed vexed. Now Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and yet old Sam Jacks knows precisely well there was nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, and so was the cry you heard. Cheer up, my girl, Martha! all right!'

But the widow could not be satisfied. The old man's stories rather excited her imagination, and she declared that every instance she felt more sure that death was gone. About midnight she started towards home and Abel went along the waterside with her, to say a few words of comfort.

"Did you hear that' suddenly said the poor mother. "If that was not Martha's voice it was her spirit'.

Abel had heard the cry; it was a shriek of despair, so clear, so distinct, so unmistakable, that no doubt the night was now calm and still, and the moon shone brightly over the whole scene. A boat lay moored within an endentation of the river at the young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just above the point of the island he saw a small canoe and a person standing upright in it—a woman with her hands clasped, as if in prayer. The canoe was hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the rapids. A lover's glance is not easily deceived; it was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out towards the canoe, and to begin rowing with the energy of mingled love and despair, was the work of an instant. The widow sank down on her knees on the bank.

The river was wide, and the current strong, while just below the rapids. Abel was almost within their influence, and soon found it necessary to pull up-stream to avoid being sucked in. When again he turned the bow of his boat across, the canoe was not more than fifty yards above the spot where he lay, and was coming with extreme velocity.

"Stop, stop, dear Martha,' cried the young man; 'Abel is at hand.'

"I dropped my paddles, Abel, while getting away from a snag.'

"Check the canoe with your hands, dear girl. Put them in the water. Every inch gained is valuable.'

"I am going too quickly, Abel. You can never save me. I have seen my mother on the bank!'

"It is Martha,' replied Abel solemnly, at the same time pulling vigorously. 'But silence now.'

The two boats were drawing near, while both were setting down with great velocity on the rapids. Martha was in a light bark canoe, which lay almost on the surface of the water. A few minutes more, and Martha and Abel were parallel to each other, at a distance of a dozen yards. Abel kept to his feet and looked around. They were within thirty feet of the rapids, and two hundred of the falls, in the very middle of the stream. All hope of Abel's catching the canoe was now gone. She, it seemed, could not be saved. They could only be lost together. The young man gazed at the moonlit isle, the shore, his father's home, the aged mother kneeling on the shore. While old Jacks and his mother stood motionless near the threshold of their own house.

"Martha,' cried Abel in voice calm and collected, though husky, 'act with courage and spirit. One minute, and we part perhaps for ever. Rouse up your courage, think of your mother and of your future husband and let the thought give you the energy of a man to do down quickly in the canoe; is still, and move not. The fall is swelled by the rain, and the water rock in hidden. That is a dear girl! Move not for your life! Adieu!'

No more words were spoken. Martha, as she was bid, lay at full length in the bottom of the slight bark canoe, and the next instant was sucked into the rapids. Round and round went the frail boat, and then entering the very centre of the quick-flowing stream, it darted each side of the rapids, and over the falls. Abel pulled like a madman for the shore, guiding his boat slightly up stream.

"My child my child!' cried the agonized mother as he leaped out on the bank.

"Boy,' said the father severely, 'what have you done with Martha!'

"Father, stay me not! Martha is in the hands of Providence. Follow me, and a few minutes will decide her fate!'

The mother and Abel's whole family ran down with the young man along the shore, following the portage of the falls. They soon reached the nook in which lay the canoe used by the Jacks for fishing under the cataract. As Abel expected, the high tide and the great volume of waters considerably lessened the height of the fall, which was also wider than usual.

"Where is my child!' cried Widow Curtis once more.

Abel made no reply, but leaping into the boat, pulled across the stream. The canoe had darted each side of Cuth island, made of course a very strong current in this part of the river, but where the two currents met, this one counteracted the other, and the volume of water being very great, three backwaters ensued, one going back to the island point, the other two along shore. Abel pulled for the still water in the centre, and in a few minutes had the intense satisfaction of seeing the frail bark canoe lying motionless on the very edge of the eddy.

"Martha!' he cried in a low agonized voice.

No answer was given, and in a few minutes more he was alongside. There she lay in the pale moonlight, as calm as an infant on its mother's bosom, but to all appearance lifeless. Abel lifted her hurriedly into his boat, and sprinkled her marble face with water. A deep sigh, a low wailing sound of pain, and then a burst of tears and laughter, proclaimed the victory of youth and nature over death.

"Oh, Abel, how have I been saved!' said the trembling and agitated girl, clasping her lover's two hands.

"By thy courageand trust in Providence, dear Martha,' replied Abel in a low tone; and these two simple unsophisticated children of nature knelt, and with the roaring cataract on each side, and the placid sky above, prayed to the God of their hearts.

"Let us go to my mother,' said Martha after an instant's pause; and Abel, without another word, struck out for the shore. The meeting formed a most exciting scene. Tears and questions, and laughter and laughter, were strangely mingled with each other, and then the whole party returned to old Jacks' house.

It appeared that Martha, knowing her mother's character, and aware of the influence of a storm upon her mind, had determined, as soon as the moon rose, to cross over and reassure the widow as to her own safety. She took her master's bark canoe, and starting a good way above the side of the bridge, began pulling across. When well in the stream, a beam of wood checked her progress. Eager to push it from her path, she let go her paddles, and leaning out from the canoe, began to push it away, they fell into the stream. She caught desparately at the snag, but in vain; and then she gave the wailing cry which mother and lover had both heard.

Old Jacks commanded Abel to go in presence of mind in giving the advice he did, but far more the calm courage of Martha in following it, while all felt that, under any circumstances, the escape was next to miraculous. Old Jacks insisted on Martha returning no more to service, and taking upon himself the duties of a patriarch, decided that the marriage should be celebrated two months sooner than was originally intended A week later, Abel and Martha were made man and wife; and to judge from their present solid affection and genuine happiness, they have never forgotten their one terrible trial Abel loves to tell his story, but says that now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of Mr. Pestle's being made in print;' a prophecy which I hereby prove to be correct Old Jacks and the widow are now dead, and Saco is a large place; but though our worthy couple have been now fourteen years married they remember, as if it were yesterday, their own legend of Saco island.

(From Dickens's Household Words.)

HEALTH AND EDUCATION.

The Mi-ses Thompson, whose select establishment for young ladies occupies a trim suburban villa, its garden separated by lance-headed railings from the turmoil of the world, and its windows screened by green jalousie from the glances of eyes inquisitive,—whose system is supported by numerous testimonials from parents and guardians, whose "terms" are "low" for "boarding" and by a divine affiatus on all educational matters inspired, whose study it is to combine the discipline of a school with the comforts and affections of a home,—the Misses Thompson will exclaim to one another, Health and Education!—What unconnected subjects!

Taken separately, however, the words are familiar to these ladies as the ABC of their profession, which have been, and still is, the business of their lives; and they know that health is a blessing of which they have long despaired. Miss Thompson especially, is a sad dyspeptic; and it is well for her pupils if hitherto the redness of nose, or increased sallowness of skin, gives timely warning of unusual gastric irritation. Dear Mr. Pestle often assures her that the heavy responsibilities of her anxious and laborious position, are the cause of her frequent ailments, causes beyond even his skill to remove; and that she must resign herself to a palliative treatment guided by his perfect knowledge of her constitution—to an occasional blue pill, and to a subsequent course of stomachic draughts. Dear Mr. Pestle also keeps his eye upon the dear girls, supplying steel mixtures to Miss Fanny, fishing in pond water for Miss Louisa, and ordering cod-liver oil for Miss Jane. Little Annette, the East Indian, is well known to be a delicate plant; and for her Mr. Pestle recommends mutton-chop dinners, and a lunchtime at eleven, consisting of three-fourths of a glass of an egg beaten up with two-thirds of a small wine-glassful of sherry, and accompanied by three strips of stale bread, toasted upon one side. Mr. Pestle does not say that the dear girls sleep, work, and play in crowded and ill-ventilated rooms; that their exercise is bad in kind and insufficient in amount; or that the mental work exacted from them, although seldom conducive to real intellectual growth, is often more than a growing brain can perform with safety. He knows perfectly that on all these subjects his clients will follow their own devices; he knows that any uncalled-for and hyper-conscientious interference might transfer the school to the visiting list of some less scrupulous neighbour; and he perhaps reflects, being human, that too much health in the world will not conduce to the prosperity of doctors. If his best patients choose to act that they require his services, why should he, who is not consulted until after the mischief is done, stand obstinately in his own light?

Mr. Pestle is a shrewd and capable man; and a conception springing from his earliest professional experience has grown and strengthened with his grey hairs. He has found that patients consider truth to be of all pills the most palatable, and the one that requires the thickest gilding. He has therefore formed a habit of obtaining obedience from the sick, and from those around them, by coaching his presence in a form that shall harmonize with their prejudices. A little tact, a little management, a ready assent to some monstrous proposition, has often saved him a world of trouble, and has enabled him to enjoy the affectionate regard of a confiding clientèle. But, if we can separate his medical from his worldly knowledge, and render him temporarily forgetful of the necessity of pleasing Miss Thompson—if we can persuade him to profess for our benefit the results of his observations, we shall find him possessing a profound conviction that that lady's establishment needs reformation in many important particulars. He will say that—not to mention the sanction of the Legislature—the school is wanting in freshness—Miss Thompson and her assistants do not discriminate between teaching and education; or, if they discriminate, elect the former as their idol, and pay homage to the calf they have set up. Unfortunately, not only of the philosophy, but of the very mechanism of the mind, they neither know how to guide its growth or to control its operations. The ardent religious emotions of the young are regulated and directed by precedents upon the generation of Abraham, or the longevity of the patriarchs; the intellect is set to thrive upon French and German words; and the memory is assiduously cultivated to secure present remembrance, without regard to the method or the permanence of recollection. The feelings that most adorn and beautify the female character—that sanctify, in all hearts not brutal, the social relations of woman, are left to struggle to maturity as they may; and the girl's probable future is ignored, until the arrival of a child's valentine, or the second chance meeting with a bobbardddoxy, is invested with the romance of an adventure and with the gravity of a crime. An explanation of all this, Mr. Pestle thinks, is to be found in the fact that parents trust to the presumed skill of teachers, and accept superficial acquirements as a criterion of success. To obtain them in the easiest and cheapest way becomes the object of competing schools, with reference only to the fallacious test adopted by the public. Before the true test is applied by the events of life, time and circumstances have obscured the links between the child and the adult. The religion that produces no humility and affords no support, the uncontrolled impulses and feelings that work so much mischief in society, the intellectual that are inadequate to simple duties—all these are familiar to those who look for them. How far they depend upon the inherent weakness of human nature—how far upon defective early training, is a question that does not admit of precise determination. As long, however, as early training is visibly defective, such results may be expected from its short-comings, and may, in some measure at least, be ascribed to them. As long as schools can be improved, the time for calling upon Hercules has not yet come.

That girls' schools are susceptible of improvement, we imagine few grown-up women, who have had experience of them, will be found to deny. The scholastic profession, like "the others, needs a stimulus from without. Necessarily guided by empiricism in bygone times, its methods are unwilling to abandon a secure and firm foundation for their art. Grinding on, year after year, in the same weary circle of monotonous routine, they are blinded by the light which science would throw upon their track. For, indeed, through examination of the principles which have been found to govern the development of the human body, and the gradual unfolding of the faculties of the mind, a true education of which they may be laid down,—a law adapted alike to masses and to individuals, providing for the exceptional cases to which it points, limited to no system, working by no mere rule, but requiring intelligent and thinking minds who would utilize its vast simplicity. From it springs the necessity for coupling health with education. It repudiates that tripartite division of the human creature in which so many seem disposed to believe, and which assigns the soul to the minister, the mind to the teacher, and leaves only the body to the physician. It teaches that these portions of the whole are too intimately blended in their workings to be separated by human fem, and that none of them can be disregarded in dealing with the others. It teaches that the visible evidences of mind, and the means of influencing them through outward agencies, are entirely dependent upon the integrity of the brain—the organ which materialists deem to be the source, and spiritualists the instrument, of the higher faculties. The integrity of the brain is equally dependent upon the welfare of the body, on its nutrition, upon its health; and whatever deranges or destroys health, will disturb or pervert the intellectual operations. Moreover, the brain, like any other member of the system, requires food, rest, and regular employment of all its powers, in order to its symmetrical and healthy growth. Through failure in the last respect—an event lamentably common—we may recognize a sort of mental distortion, or one-sided growth, which must always curtail usefulness, and which often predisposes to insanity. To overload the memory, for instance, while the power of reflection remains dormant and unexercised, is to copy the fakir, who stands upon one leg until the other is useless and inert.

Our present knowledge of the laws of health and growth has enabled many of our ablest physicians, during over many years—inquiries of which the earlier results are pretty generally known, while those last attained are, of course, more or less confined to the medical profession—to devise a system, which, if adopted, would be found upon the good old plan tried and some practices that everybody knows to be wrong, and some—perhaps equally hurtful—that many persons would defend. The school-class have, generally speaking, direct reference to the bodily welfare of the pupils, and include matters of diet, and exercise, and dressing, and sleeping, and other regulations. Abuses in these things are often traceable, as we have already hinted, to a desire for improper cheapness—that modern Moloch whose worship causes our sons and our daughters to pass through the fires indeed. Teachers practise, and parents tacitly sanction, what they well know to be wrong—each individual expecting to escape a penalty of which the payment is not quite certain. The evil is felt to be proved by the general conviction that all tampering with health is bad economy, and will cost money in the end. Even then the present would often outweigh the future, on the principle laid down by sailing reformers People, they say, will only take proper care for the preservation of their bodies when they extend the same foresight to their souls. A conviction of the general hopelessness of the case induces us to be content with a single illustration of these malpractices, and to select the one that is perhaps easiest of remedy. Where girls sleep eight or ten in a small room, a change would require a new house or a reduction in the number of pupils—sweeping alterations which might not prove easy and which we are pretty sure, Miss Thompson will not, at present, carry into effect.

The illustration will be found in the very common, perhaps universal custom, of furnishing a school with stools and forms in lieu of ordinary chairs. This is a direct sacrifice of health to parsimony. The stools cost little, and are conveniently moved from one place to another. All mistresses know, however, that the spine of a growing girl is unable to support constantly the weight of her head and shoulders. Nature teaches learners to lean against the back of a chair, to relieve the spine and the free action of the chest not impeded. But a girl who sits on a stool cannot lean, and her spine bends. The resulting deformity may be permanent or temporary; the existing curvature to one or other side, or a mere rounding of the back removable at will. But all such distortions, while they last, if only for five minutes, have a direct effect on the constitution. Forgetting the chest and hinder respiration, limiting the quantity of air admitted into the lungs, and producing effects similar to those of a vitiated atmosphere. This is no light thing, and mind, if it be not forgotten, should remember that that her chest cannot expand with freedom, is to subject her to a kind of slow poisoning. Those who have narrow chests become, under such treatment, pallid and listless, their hearts beat violently on exertion, and they are rendered dangerously prone to long diseases. The majority show little amiss, and Miss Thompson speaks of the general health of the girls under her care. But to all of them a little mischief is done—their health, the standard of health is lowered, and their power to resist hurtful influences is diminished. Schoolmistresses cannot be expected to do wrong in using these stools, but they seldom know how wrong; they believe, they trust, that the evil cannot be great, as the public appear neither to perceive it, nor to apply any pressure for its removal. Nature will not be forgotten. Or the Reverend Jonas Smith is permanently crooked, not reflecting that the last straw is required to break even the camel's back. Young ladies will forgive us the implied analogy, when they remember that all backs are the handiwork of one Great Architect.

School-keeping is regarded somewhat in the same light as needlework; or as an art which all women are competent to practise. Captain Brown, of the service of the Honorable Company, is called upon to quit the salubrity of the Indian climate; and his widow thinks that a school would be of material assistance in providing for her family. Or the Reverend Jonas Smith is removed from the weary labors of an ill-paid proprietorship, his death leaves a delicately nurtured lady to struggle alone with the hard and bitter world. Or the Misses Thompson themselves, after years of patient drudgery as hired teachers, think to end their days in comfort by hiring others. So, through the fine Indian connection, or through the sympathizing parishioners, or through the grateful efforts of former pupils, the lease and good-will of Prospect Villa are obtained, the last proprietress retires to spend the evening of her life in peace, and the new school is commenced, with all usual assistance from skilful resident and visiting teachers. Let us hope that it will be crowned with success. Who does not honour the brave women who enter upon its duties? Who does not know the ever-widening circle of charity and kindness that will result from their prosperous labors? Who does they will support; the feebler friends that they will assist with timely hand; the good deeds that they will do in secret, hereafter to be proclaimed and rewarded in the sight of men and of God? We would not say one word to diminish their hard-earned gains, or to curtail their noble usefulness; but we would advise them, then, to seek, and we would advise their clients strictly to require from them, some knowledge of the laws which govern the well-being of the human body, and the operations of the human mind. Physiology and psychology, in spite of their hard-sounding names, have long ceased to be abstruse mysteries; and may be understood, sufficiently for the mangement of a school on enlightened principles, by a course of accessible and not lengthy reading. They would teach how to strengthen their weak points of character, which are, in some degree, inevitable as results of the female constitution; but which are often morbidly and unnaturally defenceless. We complain with reason that the teachers of girls' schools are seldom guided by any definite principles in educating the feelings and the intellect of their pupils; but expect what is good and right to come of itself as a result of teaching: much as if a watch could beat in accurate movement by labor spent upon the polishing and decoration of its dial plate. The power of self-control is seldom diligently exercised; the power of reflection, of looking inwards and gaining self knowledge in its true sense, is left to be the growth of chance; and the purely intellectual faculty, the power of comprehension, instead of being constantly employed upon objects within its compass, is neglected, in order to overload the memory. Often joined to all this is a forcing system which encourages over-exertion of the growing brain, with all its concomitant and attendant evils; and which, among the older girls, or among pupil teachers, who are excited by emulation or necessity to neglect the friendly warnings of fatigue, is often a source of lamentable bodily and mental failure The young lady who springs upon the nearest chair at the sight of a mouse or a spider, is perhaps a greater curiosity now than formerly; although, even now, not seldom met with She is more common who expresses any slight mental agitation by energetic gesticulations and exclamations. Nervous excitability is greater frequency of such actions among girls than boys does not need to be described. It is well known to arise from one of the characteristics of the female organism; and this, when unduly developed, becomes the excitability which renders girls liable to hysteric fits from fright or other emotions; and prepares them for mesmeric and such like influences. The way to combat it, and to keep it within proper and healthful bounds, is by means of exercise: exercise of a kind which strengthens the habitual authority of the will over the limbs, which employs body and mind together and in unison, and cannot be performed without their co-operation. Such is afforded by all active games of skill. Boys have fencing, cricket, and a score of other pursuits, with this tendency. School-girls commonly do nothing but walk languidly in a row, along the same familiar and tiresome road; often reading or learning tasks by the way, as if to shut out the possibility of any observation of nature. Sometimes they practise dreary exercises, a caricature of drilling, invented by a famous schoolmistress, who upon the decline of an aristocratic connection, secured an evangelical one; and became suddenly convinced of the sinfulness of dancing. They involve only attitudinizing and imitation, while girls want games in which their judgments shall teach them what they ought to do, and their hands shall teach their hands to execute what their heads have planned. Battledore and shuttlecock, jus de grès, and such like, are the games requisite for girls, and are in all respects well adapted for girls. But then, Prospect Villa must have a suitable playground, and the mistress must understand its uses, and the way in which it will conduce to the improvement of her pupils.

Turning, now, to mental education, is there here no room for improvement! We well remember an evening visit to a schoolmistress, during which a gentle tap at the door was answered by "come in;" and a child with a book made her appearance. She was hastily retreating at the sight of a stranger; but was ordered to remain, and was asked, with terrible emphasis upon the word, whether she now knew her lesson! The child replying in the affirmative, she handed a thickish octavo volume to the mistress, who apologized for the interruption, and then gave her attention to the task. The pupil was a pretty little girl of ten years; with bright, intelligent, loving, black eyes, and great black curls bobbing upon her neck. The book seemed to be a chaotic assemblage of questions about nothing particular; and two of these, up to subjects diverse as the poles, the child answered correctly. Then came a momentous inquiry: "In what county of England are cranberries most abundant!" A puzzled and anxious look crept over the little face, the wistful eyes turned up to those of the teacher, but found no clue in their calm repose; and, after a pause, "Africa," was the reply. In another instant the door closed upon the retreating damsel, once more dismissed in disgrace; and our hostess, with a pet at the poor child's stupidity, returned to the subject which her entrance had broken off. We could not help thinking of the way in which the geographical mistress at that school must have discharged her duties; and of the total non-apprehension of all her teaching displayed in that one answer. The mistress who heard the lesson was not aware, we are sure, that there are two kinds of knowledge of a thing; that is taught, the sensation as distinguished from its meaning, the sound as distinguished from the idea. She did not know that, in the case of many children, lessons only produce the first, memory and diligence, if applied carefully, unceasingly, until the crust of mere sense perceptions is broken through, the almost dormant intellect awakened, and mind brought into communion with mind. Without such a process (which some children receive at home from earliest infancy), tasks may be perfectly learned and repeated as sounds alone. The Muchir Achmet Menikbey Effendi, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army, was once, in a conversation, asked how he had been trapped into a talk upon European politics. By-and-by, Italy was mentioned; and the Pasha, after assenting to much that was said about it, took advantage of a pause to inquire: "What is Italy?" Italy was Italy; but what! Is it a person or thing animal or vegetable, fish or fowl? Many young ladies at school, who could repeat, with perfect glibness, a list of the kingdoms of Europe, are not, we suspect, very much wiser than the Egyptian general; and have learned little more than a certain order and succession of sounds, which might as well be Greek or Hebrew. A dogged or perverse child, they say, is as not to remember the wrong one; and to say Africa in place of ——shire (the blank modestly expressing our ignorance of the berry-bearing district). An admirable illustration of this evil of learning is furnished by the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, in his last published report to the Committee of Council on Education. He copies verbatim the following answers in the Church Catechism, from the slates of two children of eleven years old, and of fair intelligence, who had received instruction at school for five years.

The first answer is:

> My doty tords God is to bleed in him to fering and to leaf wihold your ars witnold my mine wihold my sold and with my sernth to whirchp and to give thinks to put my old truts in him to call upon him to onner his old name and his world and to save him truly all the days of my life end.

The second answer is:

> My doety tords my nabers to love him as thyself and to all men as I wed thos shulc do and to me to kep them and make my father and mother honour and all my betters and all that are put in a great station over me. To obey myself to all my governors, teachers and to all my betters to hat nobody by would nor deed to no man to hurt in all my dealins to beer no malice nor wrath to no man but to live in love in all my ands from pesterous and foul language and to learn from evil speak and lawing and slanders not to civet nor