

Albany Register.

A Teacher's Ideas of Common Schools.

Having been for some years engaged in teaching, I wish to call attention to what I consider wrongs, mistakes and derelictions in regard to our common schools.

Superior incentives may be given to education. While she steps forward with buoyant tread and modest independence claiming her prerogatives among the sovereign States of our glorious Union, it behooves us to cast around the popular mind the ornaments of learning—to make the stamp, the impress of pure intelligence upon the forming mind. If pure moral sentiment, if grand natural scenery, free intellect in untrammelled opportunity and in just equilibrium, can create a superior race of intellects, that enviable boon may be ours. Not by educating a few—by a learned aristocracy—but by flinging open the portals of learning to all, may this be attained. Then you can send forth men and women, fully prepared to do honor to any position to which the choice and franchise of the people may call them. And to this end it is necessary that all our energies should be enlisted, and that only competent teachers of elevated christian sentiment be employed.

Teaching should be a profession. Molding the intellect, creating emotions that never cease, aspirations that never die, is a mighty responsibility, a specialty, a sacred duty. But at present it is degraded. "Only a school teacher," grates harshly on the ear of one who considers the office sacred. Teaching should not be as now, a *denier resort* for poorly qualified and lazy persons. As a preventive, the wages should be greater, and the standard of examination raised.

It is said: "Any one can teach little children." My experience is opposed to this. It takes untiring patience, earnest zeal and studious experience to aid small children.

Our system of school may be good in theory, yet the regulations are not enforced, and to-day our country is flooded with vicious, immoral young men, and semi-illiterate persons of both sexes, not capable of properly teaching the first principles of our common text-books. One cause of this must be dereliction in duty on the part of school officers. The result: Good teachers are thrown out of employment, as they will not, of course, labor for half wages. The occupation becomes lifeless. The Teacher's Institute is dead, and school interests are in the background. These things should not be so. The directors having carefully selected a teacher, should co-operate with the patrons in assisting, aiding and defending the teacher. Make manifest your own interest, and the teacher will be encouraged. You would not hire a man to build your fences or barn, without anxiously overseeing the work; and is not the mind of your precious boy of more value than these? The schools demand our best attention, and there should be nothing to hinder the free dissemination of knowledge. TEACHER.

Albany, June, 1873.

Henry Ward Beecher has published the following card:

To the Editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*—Dear Sir: I have maintained silence respecting slanders which have for some time past followed me. I should not speak now but for the sake of relieving another of unjust imputations. The document which was recently published bearing my name, with those of others, was published without consultation either with me or with Mr. Tilton, and without any authorization from us. If that document should lead the public to regard Mr. Tilton as the author of the calumnies to which it alludes it will do him great injustice. I am unwilling he should even seem responsible for the injurious statements, whose force was derived wholly from others. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The question as to what shall be done with Captain Jack and his followers, is being discussed in military circles at Washington. It is thought the entire subject of their disposal will be turned over to the President and Indian Department; and as Big Tree and Santanta were turned over by the Department to the Texas authorities, so a similar course may be pursued with the principal Modocs, viz., turn them over to this State for trial and punishment.

The Farmers' Club at Springfield instructed their delegate to the State Convention, which will meet on the 10th of the present month, to introduce this: "Resolved, That we, the farmers of Oregon, do pledge ourselves to vote for no man as a member of our next Legislature who will not pledge himself, if elected, to vote for the enactment of a law regulating fares and freights on the rivers and railroads of Oregon."

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

NEVER burn green wood in a cook stove, as it requires twice as much wood, and three times as much patience, as dry wood does.

CURE FOR BOTS OR COLIC IN HORSES.—From one to three tablespoonfuls of chloroform with from one-half to one pint of castor oil, and the combination will act like magic. The chloroform not only destroys or kills the bot, but relaxes the system, rendering the castor oil more powerful in their expulsion. I have never known a horse or mule to die with colic or bots, with this remedy, even if colic exist independent of their presence, which I much doubt.—*Ex.*

A HOME-MADE SHAWL.—If you have an old broche shawl, buy a piece of merino a little larger than the center of the shawl and baste it on the wrong side. Then, with a pair of scissors, cut carefully around each of the figures that extend into the center, leaving a seam's width of the cloth on the figures. Turn this in and fell neatly to the merino; then, with fine silk, run the merino around the edges, and you have a shawl far handsomer than the real article, the yellow-hued, fashionable Paisley shawl.

TO STOP THE RAVAGES OF MOTHS.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets, after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way to conquer them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or the color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent further depredations of the miller.

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF TREES.—Where a tree stands so that the length of its shade can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright, (let it be perpendicular by the plumb line). Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shade of the tree to its height. For instance, if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet; (6:4::90:60.) In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

WHEN horses become worn out and run down by hard work, sometimes liberal feeding alone will not bring them up again to their proper state of health. A writer in the *Agriculturist* says his animals were in that condition of lassitude and weakness, and he sawed a barrel in two, and placed the ends upon the platform of the pump, to be used for watering the horses. Into one of them he put a pailful of corn-meal, and mixed it with the water. The horses at first did not like it, and would only drink a little when very thirsty. After they had drunk what they would, they were allowed pure water. In a few days, however, they drank this corn-meal soup with a relish, and in less than a week there was a decided change for the better in the appearance of all the horses. He did not let them eat the meal, but merely let them drink the milky water. There is no doubt but it is as good for them as a plate of good soup is for a tired and hungry man before dinner. It seems to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion.

"MIDDY MORGAN" gives an excellent receipt for accelerating the growth of hair on the manes and tails of horses. She says: Take corrosive sublimate (hyd. bichloride), oxymercurate of mercury, each four grains, in one ounce of distilled water. Wash the parts where the hair is thin, with warm water and soap, then rub with a linen cloth, and immediately after rub in some of the above liniment. If the hair has been rubbed off by the animals' own endeavors to allay cutaneous irritation, then dress with the following ointment: One ounce of fine flour sulphur, one ounce of pulverized saltpeter, made into a soft ointment with fresh butter or fresh rendered hog's lard; rub in at night and wash out in the morning with warm water and soap; repeat three or four times. If the hair is scant from natural debility of the capillary organs, then simply use cold water applied with a soft sponge; avoid all combing or brushing, and clean the mane and tail as the Arabs do, with a coarse flannel rubber.

Within two weeks ten murders have been committed in Virginia. A negro at Brunswick was the last.

The late Presbyterian General Assembly resolved to take part in the Celebration of the Centennial anniversary of American Independence at Philadelphia, and appointed a Committee of arrangements for the purpose.

Initiatory steps have been taken for the reunion of the Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches.

Jonathan Edwards.

Edwards was pre-eminently a student. Tall in person and having even a womanly look, he was of delicate constitution. He was, however, so temperate and methodical in his living that he was usually in good health, and able to give more time to study than most men. Twelve or thirteen hours every day were commonly allotted to this. So devoted was he to his work as a student, that he was most unwilling to allow anything to disturb it. Though he was careful to eat regular and at certain fixed hours, but he would postpone his meals for a time if he was so engaged in study that the interruption of eating would interfere with the success of his thinking. He was so miserly also in his craving for time that he would leave the table before the rest of the family and retire to his room, they waiting for him to return again when they had finished their meal, and dismiss them from the table with the customary grace.

Edwards was almost a thinking machine. Wherever he was, wherever he went, his pen was with him as the means of preserving his thoughts, and if by chance he failed to have it with him in his walks or rides, he would fasten pieces of paper to various parts of his clothing by means of pins, and associate with each some train of thought or some important conclusion, to be thus preserved until he could get to his ink and paper. So, also, at night he would fasten pins into his bed curtains as the mementoes of his thoughts during his wakeful hours.

That a man thus thoughtful should yet be indifferent to many things of practical importance would not be strange. Accordingly we are told that the care of his domestic and secular affairs was devolved entirely on his wife, who, happily, while of kindred spirit with him in many respects, and fitted to be his companion, was also capable of assuming the cares which were thus laid upon her. It is said that Edwards did not know his own cows, nor even how many belonged to him. About all the connection he had with them seems to have been involved in the act of driving them to and from pasture occasionally, which he was willing to do for the sake of needful exercise. A story is told, in this connection, which illustrates his obliviousness of small matters. As he was going for the cows once, a boy opened the gate for him with a respectful bow. Edwards acknowledged the kindness and asked the boy whose son he was. "Noah Clark's boy," was the reply. A short time afterward, on his return, the same boy was at hand, and opened the gate for him again. Edwards again asked, "Whose boy are you?" "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."—*Harper's Magazine.*

APPLES FOR SICK HORSES.—All my horses have been attacked with the prevailing disease, and my main object has been to keep them warm, clean and comfortable, and to give them succulent food and such as will operate as an expectorant. There was enough green clover left of the second growth, which I had mowed as the principal food, and gave them several quarts of fresh apples three times daily. The consequence was my horses had the disease exceedingly light—the first attacked began to mend decidedly within a week. I found that I had a large quantity of windfalls in my orchard, which in this abundant season had not been regarded as worth gathering, and these furnished about twenty bushels of feed for my horses. Apples are well known as an expectorant, and they relieve the cough materially. These suggestions may reach some of our readers in time for them to avail themselves of the same remedy.

Five female composers are employed in Oskaloosa. *Herald* says they are a success.

"A good square meal, \$1; a perfect gorgo, \$1.50." [Sign in Michigan.]

JACKSON AND THE BRAVO.—It was while he was Judge that he arrested the notorious desperado, Bean, whom nobody else could arrest. Many of Bean's descendants are still living, and the place where old Hickory's eyes brought him down is still pointed out.

As the story runs, Bean went away and left his family for two years. When he returned, his wife presented him with a new born babe. This was a new departure in domestic economy, and Bean did not accept the situation with very good grace. He demanded an explanation, and in the absence of a satisfactory one, he sharpened his knife and deliberately cut off both ears of the poor little baby, playfully remarking, as he did so, that he wanted to distinguish it from his own. Some thought this was an innocent proceeding, a practical joke on the baby, in fact, while others considered it an outrage, and should be punished. The Grand Jury took that view of the case and indicted Bean; Bean, as usual, brushed up his horse pistols, and said that they might indict but they couldn't arrest him. The Sheriff tried it and was vanquished. Court came on, the criminal docket was called, and the clerk reported Bean "not taken."

"What's the matter?" asked Judge Jackson of the Sheriff.

"Nothing's the matter, only I can't arrest him," replied the official.

"Then, by the Eternal! summons the county to help you, and bring him in here," thundered the Judge. The Sheriff gathered some citizens, and advanced on Bean. The latter backed himself up against a house to prevent a rear attack. drew his pistols and told them to come on. He was a center shot, and to have advanced would have been certain death to some. No one cared to sacrifice his life in giving the others a chance to make a start. The Sheriff reported to Jackson that Bean could not be taken without a sacrifice of lives.

"By the Eternal! summons the Court," thundered the irate Judge, and "the Court" was summoned. Jackson refused arms, and advanced empty-handed upon Bean. His friends tried to restrain him as he valued his life; he heeded them not. He kept his cold eyes fixed upon the desperado, walked right up to him, jerked his pistols away, took him by the collar, and marched him off to jail.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—An ancient Roman of celebrity. He advertised to the effect that he would rather be first at Rome than second in a small village. He was a man of great muscular strength. Upon one occasion he threw an entire army across the Rubicon. A General named Pompey met him, in what was called the 'tented field,' but Pompey couldn't hold a Roman candle to Julius. We are assured upon the authority of Patrick Henry that 'Cæsar had his Brutus.' The unbiased reader of history, however, will conclude that, on the contrary, Brutus rather had Cæsar. This Brutus never struck me as an unpleasant man to meet, but he did Cæsar. After addressing a few oral remarks to Brutus in the Latin language, Cæsar expired. His subsequent career ceases to be interesting.

THE AIRY YOUTH.—The airy youth—the adolescent young gentleman wearing the pin-feathers of incipient man-hood—is a great nuisance in his way. He is too apt to mistake impudence for manliness, and knows about as much about decency and politeness as a brass monkey. The airy youth can nearly always be recognized on his first entrance into an office or store—he is sure to enter with a slam of the door and a profane remark, and before you can get rid of him he will execute a double shuffle and bore everybody within his reach. If the airy youth could only see himself as others see him he would be vastly disgusted.

LOVERS are cautioned to be careful, as the object of their affection may dye:

FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION.

—As the subject of the weather has become almost monopolized by conversation clubs, a friend suggests a substitute to be used in conversation. Why should not arithmetical observations be used in place of those of meteorological nature, so as to render unnecessary such time-worn and utterly useless remarks as:

'It is very hot this evening, Miss'

'Yes, sir. I think it is hotter than it was this morning.'

'I really believe it is; but it's not as hot as it was last night!'

'If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do.'

'But I don't think it is possible for it to be hotter than it was yesterday.'

We have here something both novel and instructive to the mind. For instance, people of ordinary culture might thus converse:

'Good morning, Miss. Nine and eight make seventeen.'

'Yes, sir, they do; and three from seventeen leave fourteen.'

'And one more will make fifteen.'

'Yes, sir; but seven into fifty-three is very difficult.'

THE PLEASURE OF DROWNING.

—Dr. Hoffman of Dixon, Ill., who was one of the victims of the recent bridge disaster in that town, and was very nearly drowned, thus describes his sensation while in the water:

"I could feel the water running down my throat and in my ears, and all at once experienced the most delightful sensation. I seemed to be at peace with everything and perfectly happy. My whole life passed before me like a flash of lightning, the events appearing sequence, the most prominent appearing to be indelibly impressed upon my mind. Circumstances I had forgotten appeared vividly, and I did not want to be disturbed. I should have preferred to remain where I was. Whilst in the midst of a beatific reverie, thinking what my wife would do if she were saved and I drowned, I felt a hand on my shoulder, I was pulled out and placed on a rock. I was almost insensible, but gradually came to myself. Oh, how sick and wretched I felt. I was greatly astonished at the number of events that passed through my mind while under the water. Nothing that occurred during childhood was evident, but everything since I was about nineteen years old appeared before me as if photographed. The sensation I experienced while the water was going down my throat was not unpleasant. It seemed as if I was going on a journey, and was surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things."

THE DEACON'S SWILL-BARREL.

—Just outside of the house stood father, the deacon, tugging away at a big lump of ice in the swill-barrel. "Bad business, that," said I, resting my hands on my knees.

"Not half so bad as it might 'a' been," was the reply, as he lifted the cake of ice out by a stout stick that had frozen up in the swill. "Many an' many a bar'l has busted for me that wouldn't if this knowledge had only come to me sooner," said he. "You see, when this cold snap came on suddenly, I thought of the swill-bar'l away in the night and I said, 'Well, it can't be helped now.' It happened, however, that the stick I stir with was left poked down in the swill, and that was all that saved it. A bar'l or a tub, or a pail, may freeze up solid, and if a stick has been put down in the water the vessel can't bust. But it took me a good while to find it out—never knew it till last winter—lived seventy years before I knew it," and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Why, that's on the plan," said I, "of putting a spoon in a glass jar when you are canning fruit; if you do that the jar won't break."

"Same philosophy exactly," said he, as he gave the ball of ice a kick, and sent it rolling off down the hill. —*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A man in Norwich goes round selling thimbles warranted to enable a deaf, and dumb and blind person to thread a needle.