

delights in the exercise of the benevolent affections. His school-room is a happy place, because it is the theatre of his good-will—the place where his kindest and best feelings are developed and exercised. He has emotions there into which "a stranger cannot enter." His relationship to it is distinct from that which belongs to any other locality. It is his own exclusive domain,—the territory within which his influence is paramount. There, every individual is his distinct charge; and as he seeks to stamp upon each the impress of his own mind and character, he finds his reward in that peculiar blessedness which, by the very constitution of human nature, invariably attends the humblest effort to benefit another.

A third condition of happiness, is UNFLINCHING FAITH IN THE EFFICACY OF EARLY INSTRUCTION AS A MEANS OF MORAL REGENERATION. On this point there should be no misgivings. Whatever others may think, the teacher must be satisfied, that any great moral change in the community will be mainly effected by the instrumentality of schools; that this is God's appointed way of spreading sacred and salutary influences throughout the whole community. I have known some teachers singularly deficient in this essential characteristic of a good instructor. Instead of rejoicing in the hopes and expectations which attach by eminence to their ministry, you see plainly enough they altogether distrust. The seed does not spring up immediately, and they at once conclude that it is all choked by the thorns. Because another and distinct agency is employed by God to gather in the harvest, from that which is employed to plough and to sow, they attach efficiency only to the latter, and forget the promise that "he who soweth and they who reap shall one day rejoice together." Now this temper of mind is as unphilosophical as it is unscriptural. Reflect, I pray you, on the peculiar facilities which are afforded by your particular position, not only for doing good, but for doing it most extensively! Is it no advantage to turn up the yet unbroken soil, and to sow the first seeds? Is it nothing, to hold in your hand a chain of communication, linking your mind, not merely with a hundred other minds, but with all the minds that through all time shall ever be influenced by those who received their earliest impressions from you? Is it no special honour to be the servant of the feeblest, the most inexperienced and the most helpless!—to stand at the portico, as it were, of the temple of God, keeping the house, and guarding it from pollution? And is all this arrangement of Providence subservient to no end? Is it productive of no good result? If you have brought yourself to believe this, depend upon it, my friend, the error has more to do with the heart than with the head. There is but one radical cure for this distemper of the mind, and that is, calm and prayerful meditation on the word, the ways, and the promises of God. Bring your weariness and distrust "to the light," and it cannot fail "to be reprov'd." So long as it is cherished and indulged, it is impossible that you can be happy in your work.

Subordinate, indeed, to these essential elements of happiness, yet still materially affecting the degree of comfort which a teacher will enjoy in his school, are two other qualifications, which may justly be hinted at. The first is, the ABILITY TO INTEREST CHILDREN; not only to make them happy, but happy in the performance of duty; a capability which mainly depends on the attention paid by a teacher to what the Germans call "didaktik," or the art of communicating instruction: but as this will form the subject of a distinct letter, it need not now be further adverted to. The second is, COMPETENT INFORMATION; by which I mean, not merely the possession of just sufficient knowledge to conduct the school, but such a complete and accurate acquaintance with the subjects which he has to teach, as shall give him the perfect mastery of all its parts, and unlimited confidence in the correctness of his instructions. Any branch of science which is not thus known, is not our own; it must be ranked among the lands that are yet to be possessed. No man can clearly and simply explain to a child any thing with which he is not himself perfectly acquainted. To illustrate successfully much more is necessary; a considerable share of information on many subjects is essential to success in this department. A good teacher knows and feels this, and since all knowledge is congruous, he is always on the look out for materials of instruction. It is thus he learns his own ignorance. The further he advances, the more he finds how necessary it is that he who undertakes to teach others should take time to prepare himself.

Still, in order to be successful as a teacher, it is not necessary to be proficient in everything, nor is it either wise or honest to make any such pretensions. A man brings a great deal of unnecessary anxiety, irritation, and consequent misery upon himself, when he is afraid to confess his ignorance. "I remember well" (says Professor Jardine) the striking effect produced on the minds of the students, by an instance of great simplicity and candour, on the part of the late venerable Dr. Reid, when he was professor of moral philosophy in this university (Glasgow). During the hour of examination they were reading to him a portion of Cicero de Finibus; when at one of those mutilated and involved passages which occasionally occur in that work, the student who was reading stopped, and was unable to proceed. The doctor attempted to explain the difficulty; but the meaning of the sentence did not immediately present itself. Instead, however, of slurring it over, as many would have done, "Gentlemen," said he, "I thought I had the meaning of this passage, but it has escaped me; I shall, therefore, be obliged to any one of you who will translate it." A student thereupon instantly stood up in his place, and translated it to the doctor's satisfaction. He politely thanked him for it, and farther commended the young man for his spirited attempt. This incident had a powerful effect upon the minds of the other students, while all admired the candour of that eminent professor; nor was there a single difficult passage, which was not afterwards studied with more than usual care, that the next precious opportunity for distinction might be seized. Act in this spirit, and you will lose nothing by renouncing all claim to infallibility.

One other observation will conclude this letter. No man can be happy as a teacher who is not prepared to devote all his powers to the performance of its duties. Fellenberg does not ask too much, in demanding for this office "a vigilance that never sleeps, a perseverance that never tires." Nothing short of this will suffice. How strange then is the delusion of those who rush towards it, as the elysium of indolence! That such should be unhappy in the employment, is a source of gratification rather than of regret. Let them flee to some other occupation, for here they will find no resting place for the soles of their feet. The motto of Luther, "Work on earth, and rest in heaven," must be the motto of every faithful schoolmaster; and he who is not prepared to live and act in this spirit, had better leave

the service to warmer hearts and nobler minds. Such a man will never know anything of the elevated delights which associate themselves with the employment; he may have the drudgery, but he will not find the pleasures of the exercise; he belongs to that class of whom Fenelon beautifully says, in relation to another (and yet not another) service, "They perceive what it deprives them of, but they do not see what it bestows; they exaggerate its sacrifices, without looking at its consolations." How can such as these know anything of the pleasantness of teaching?

A PARSEE'S IMPRESSION OF THE THAMES AND LONDON.

Here we were greatly surprised to see the amazing number of ships going out and pouring into the Thames, and steamers every now and then running backwards and forwards; we cannot convey to our countrymen any idea of this immense number of vessels, and the beauty of the sight. You will see colliers, timber-ships, merchantmen, steamers, and many other crafts, from all parts of the world, hastening as it were to seek a refuge in a river which is but a stream to the Ganges or Indus, or the still larger rivers of America. We thought it a great wonder that such a small and insignificant speck as England appears on the map of the world, can thus attract so many nations of the world towards her; and we asked ourselves, why should not these mighty rivers and countries which have naturally much better accommodations for commerce than England, be not frequented as much? But a moment's reflection satisfied me on this point: the answer presented itself; and we will tell our countrymen, that it is the persevering habits of the English, it is the labour and skill of that people, that is the cause of attraction. They are never satisfied with any one thing unless it is brought to perfection, it does not matter at what sacrifice. They are ever ready to receive improvements; and thus they have attained the celebrity in their manufactures, that countries which grow materials bring them here to be converted into useful things, which are distributed all over the world; and while other countries were satisfied with what they had, England was eager to augment her resources. And how has she effected this? Why, the knowledge of science put in practice, because knowledge is power; and it is by the power of knowledge alone, and not by the power of arms, that she has so many means of attracting the world to her, and extending the spread of her manufactures.

When we came within about five miles of London, we were surprised at the amazing number of vessels, from the humble barge to the beautiful ships and steamers of all descriptions. The colliers were the most numerous; and vessels were anchored close to each other, and the river seemed to be almost covered with vessels; and the masts and yards give it the appearance of a forest at a distance. Indeed, there were to be found ships from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and a great number of steamers ply about in all directions, filled with passengers.

None of our countrymen can form any idea of this noble river and the shipping on it. The English may well be proud of it, though a small stream compared to some of the largest rivers of the world.

It was nearly dusk when we arrived at London Bridge: notwithstanding which an immense number of persons flocked round us to view our costume; for, in addition to our two selves, we were accompanied by a friend, and also by two of our domestics, and five individuals in the Parsee costume collected quite a mob, and through which it was difficult to pass to our carriage; we think quite a thousand persons were congregated together. We proceeded through the City of London to the Portico, where arrangements for our reception had been previously made. And from the immense number of people and vehicles that we saw hurrying along, apparently in great haste, and from the increasing noise, we were apprehensive that some public commotion had taken place, or that there was some grand spectacle to be witnessed, towards which they were thus hastening. But yet it appeared so odd that there was as much haste and desire to get forward in those who moved eastward as well as in those who were progressing westward. Every street down which we looked appeared to be pouring out countless multitudes to swell the throng. And we were lost in conjecture as to what this bustle could possibly mean. But when we were afterwards informed that this constant tide of human beings was to be witnessed every day for twelve or fourteen hours, we were indeed lost in amazement at the myriads that must exist in London to furnish out of doors such an exhibition of people.

AN INFIDEL'S ADVICE.—A writer in the Western Observer, Bishop McIlvaine, we presume, relates the following remarkable anecdote:—"I have recently been in conversation with a gentleman who personally knew the noted Tom Paine, from whom I have learned some particulars which it may be useful to repeat. This gentleman states, that when a young man, he was driving his father's wagon from Sing Sing to a place in Westchester County, N. Y., when Paine, travelling the same way, requested to be taken in. The young man consenting, they rode about twenty miles together. The fame and talk about Paine's Age of Reason had made a sceptical impression on the mind of the youth, and finding himself in the presence of its author, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to learn more of that sort of reason. In the conversation, Paine positively asserted that he believed the Scriptures to be the word of God, and most seriously charged his auditor not to read his book, or, if he did, not to suffer it to have any influence on his mind. He said it did not contain the truth; that he wrote it at first without the intention of publishing, merely to see what he could do; that he deeply regretted its publication, and would give anything had he never written it. Such was the serious earnestness of Paine in these remarks, and so conclusively did he reason against the principles of his Age of Reason, that he entirely removed all sceptical impressions from the mind of the young man, (the present informant,) so that the latter has ever since retained a grateful recollection of the conversation, and now says, that such was Paine's earnestness to prevent his being injured by his writings, and to eradicate all such evil impressions as they had already made, that he can never lose the remembrance of it. The same gentleman says, that he has heard of several persons who could relate the same observations from Paine to them.—American paper.

DUMB ELOQUENCE OF A DYING BABOON.—I remember a touching incident which happened at the Cape of Good Hope, when I was there. A party had gone out to shoot baboons. The gentleman who related the anecdote, wounded one rather severely. Great was his surprise, on seeing the animal thus wounded leave the rest of the troop, approach him, and lie down at his feet. Looking him full in the face, the fainting, dying creature

pointed at its bleeding side, as much as to say—"This is your cruel work, and how have I deserved it!" No language could surpass this in truth of appeal, or the moral lesson which it taught.—Rev. Dr. Jones's Lecture on Oratory.

DEATH OF SIR THOMAS EDLYNE TOMLINS.—Sir Thomas Tomlins, the well known compiler of the Statutes at Large and Law Dictionary, died on the 1st August, in the 80th year of his age. The deceased knight was called to the bar in 1783, and was admitted a bencher of the inner temple in 1823, and filled the office of Treasurer to that society in 1827. His first appointment of note was in May, 1801, as counsel to the chief secretary of Ireland, and at the close of the said year he was appointed Parliamentary counsel to the chancellor of the exchequer of Ireland, which he filled until the consolidation of the Treasuries in 1817. In 1823 he was assistant counsel to the treasury. It is generally known that for some years after he was called to the bar he was editor of the St. James' Chronicle newspaper. For his talents in his profession the learned gentleman received the merited honour of Knighthood in 1814, from George IV., then Prince Regent.

The following is an interesting piece of important intelligence relative to the progress of Capt. Broadfoot's party through the Punjab, and may be depended on as the most accurate information that has yet reached Bombay on the subject:—

PESHAWAR, May 27, 1841.—We have met with a great deal of danger in our journey through the Punjab—the Sheik forces were in a state of mutiny, and B—and I, for protection, were obliged to join a convoy of the King Schah Shoojah's women, 1200 poor things. The Sheik army heard that we had treasure to the amount of 25 lacs. They stopped our passage, and sent a deputation to Capt. Broadfoot, commanding the convoy, requesting him to deliver up the women and the treasure, and that they would spare the Europeans' lives. On his decidedly objecting to this unreasonable offer, they swore by all that was holy, that they would have the women, the treasure and all our lives. We accordingly took up a strong position on this side of the Attock, at a pass between a range of mountains, and made a beautiful battery with above 3000 camel saddles, and set the Sappers and Miners to work at a high precipice above the pass to loosen the rocks and blow them up, so as to block up the roads for the guns of the enemy. Our strength altogether was about 1000 men; the greater part was disciplined. There was about 8000, disciplined by French officers, and very effective. We would have made a great resistance, and I have no doubt would have beaten them. We remained four strong hold for three days. In the meantime Colonel Shelton's brigade was advancing by forced marches. The cowardly Sheik soon made themselves scarce, and proceeded on our march without molestation. The mountains near the Attock are famous for a race of a wild military kind of robbers, which the Sheik government cannot put down. Capt. Black has taken about 150 into pay, to act as skirmishers with their matchlock and as videttes and pickets. They are a fierce and warlike race than the rest, and what is very strange they use the Highland bagpipe, exactly in sound and style like ours, but play no Scotch airs. Many of them wear shirts of mail, and they look very well. This is a beautiful and fertile country, and kept in pretty good order by General Avitabile. I breakfasted with him yesterday morning. He has the power of life and death in his hands. He asked if we would like to see his method of distributing justice—a prisoner was brought in, and it was proved that he had stolen a child's ornament. Without the general giving himself any more trouble than giving the order, the poor devil was taken away and hanged outside the walls, and from the door of the court I can see that the birds of the air are already paying their compliments to him; this is the only method he takes to keep the province in order. He is a Frehman. The outside of the town is studded with galluses, on which are hanging numbers of human beings. This is a miserable looking town, and the only goodhouse is the General's and the company's doctor's an political agent's.—United Service Gazette.

The King of Prussia has conferred the rank of officer in the body guards on the Prince Sulowski, one of the richest Catholic Nobles in his dominions. Hitherto, no Catholics were ever admitted into the corps, even as privates.

UNITED STATES.

IN A late number we mentioned the loss of the steamboat Erie. The information furnished was brief, and as the subject is one of the deepest interest, we take advantage of a graphically written letter by one of the survivors, to lay some incidents of the occurrence before our readers. The writer, addressing a lady New York, thus describes the horrid scene:—

"When I wrote you, I said I thought of going to Mackinaw, and perhaps to Chicago. I intended to have taken the Illinois, but getting Captain Titus, a few days since, I needed but the persuasion to wait for the Erie, for we were old friends. Some of my acquaintances were going, and we proposed to make it partly a pleasure excursion; and to take a band of music. Monday came, the day for starting, but the weather had been squally during the night, and in the morning the blue, white capped waves were dashed against the pier, as we have so often seen them in age.

I went on board at the usual time, and found her well filled with passengers, and among the rest about one hundred German emigrants, bound for the West, who were on the forward deck, busily engaged in arranging their baggage, to make their voyage as comfortable as possible.

On seeing the gun put out, notwithstanding the gale, many of our passengers were anxious to follow. The Germans were getting impatient to be on their voyage, and the workmen on board the poor painters, who were the unfortunate cause of the disaster, wishing to lose no time, and being accustomed to the lake in all weathers, were especially clamorous.

Yielding to the wishes of his passengers, knowing there was no real danger from the gale, which also seemed to lull, and not liking to be beaten by the Clinton, the last bell was rung, the last farewell—to how many the last!—the lines cast off, and the ill-fated Erie, for the last time, rounded the light-house. It was about half-past five on Monday afternoon. The gun was just seen in the distance.

The waves were running high, but the boat pitched easily, and the whole company was in high spirits, and those who expressed any fears were laughed at for their timidity. We sat down to tea, and selected our berths, expecting a pleasant morrow.

At about 8 o'clock, I was sitting in the saloon, when, all at once, we heard a slight explosion, a hissing sound, and a cry of fire. So many accidents have occurred, and I had so schooled myself to be thought of such an accident, that I was comparatively cool and self-possessed. I sprang to the door, followed by Elmerlee, and we were met by a mass of scorching flap. I rushed forward. He followed, but no more. Of the dozen or fifteen in the saloon at the moment, not another survives. In a second all that part of

the boat nearest to where the flames burst out, the boiler deck, was in flames, and they must have perished in the sea, from which there was no escape.

On going forward, I saw in a moment the whole terror of the scene. The flames burst out in immense masses, and were driven back by the wind, enveloping in one minute the whole body of the ship. Titus sprang to the wheel, and headed her to the shore, and the wind now drove the flames into every part of her, and she rolled over the seas a mass of fire—for she had been lately painted, and her painted work varnished, so that she caught as if dipped in spirits of turpentine.

Then the air was filled with shrieks of agony and despair. The boldest turned pale at that awful moment. I shall never forget the wail of terror that went up from the poor German emigrants, who were huddled together on the forward deck. Wives clung to their husbands, mothers frantically pressed their babes to their bosoms, lovers clung madly to each other. One venerable old man, his grey hairs streaming in the wind, stood on the bows, and stretching out his bony hands, prayed to God in the language of his fatherland.

But if the scene forward was terrible, that aft was appalling, for there the flames were raging in the greatest fury. Some madly rushed into the fire. Others, with a yell, maddened with the flames, which were all around them, sprang head-long into the waves. The officers of the boat, and crew were generally cool, and sprang to lower the boats, but these were every one successively swamped, by those who threw themselves into them, regardless of everything but their own safety.

I tried to act coolly—I kept near the captain, who seemed to take courage from despair, and whose bearing was above all praise. The boat was drawing towards the shore, but the maddened flames now enveloped the wheel house, and in a moment the machinery stopped. The last hope had left us—and a wilder shriek rose up the air; at this moment the second engineer, the one at the time on duty, who had stood by his machinery as long as it would work, was seen climbing up, a black mass with the flames curling all around him. On either side he could not go, for it was now one mass of fire. He sprang upward, came to the top, one moment felt madly around him, and then fell into the flames. There was no more remaining on board, for the boat now branched round and rolled upon the swelling waves a mass of fire.

I seized upon a settee near me, and gave one spring, just as the flames were bursting through the deck where I stood—one moment more, and I should have been in the flames. One moment, and I found myself tossed on a wave, grasping my frail support with desperate energy. At one moment I saw nothing but the yawning deep and the blackening sky—at the next the flaming mass was before me, as the wave pitched me up, and around were my fellow passengers struggling with the waves, some supported by nothing but their strong arms—every moment growing weaker, while the wild, agonizing shrieks of those who were every moment taking their last look at the upper world, and those who were still clinging to the bulwarks, but every moment dropping with every pitch of the vessel, made such a scene, as nightly haunts my dreams, and can never be obliterated while memory remains.

I had been in the water but a short time, though each moment seemed an age, when I heard the voice of Captain Titus, who, the last to leave the vessel, was now in the water, calling out with a firm voice, "Courage—hold on—help is coming!" Oh words of hope, how it cheered us in that hour of gloom. A moment after I saw the lights of a steamboat, and, in a short time, the hull of the Clinton, which, upon seeing the fire, had hastened to our assistance. Her boats were ready lowered, and, guided by the light of the vessel, and the prayers for help, twenty-seven of us were saved from a watery grave. Some were terribly burned and some in the last stage of exhaustion, but all thankful for their preservation.

Of the German emigrants, I do not know that one was saved. Parents and children seem to have found one common grave, and lay at the bottom of the lake, all locked together. There was but one female of the whole number saved, and among the passengers were some of superior elegance and rare beauty. Oh! never on earth may I witness such a scene of horror. It seems like a frightful dream—only too real. That pale old man, haunts me. The agony of some of those beautiful girls will be impressed upon my mind for ever, and I would that I could forget the horrible sight of that poor fellow catching in the air for some escape from the flames which were raging all around him. It was terrible! dreadful! horrible! I can find no language which will portray my feelings.

LYNCH LAW.—Between the 5th and 10th August, Phillips County, in Arkansas, about forty miles below Helena, and the County of Coahoma, in Mississippi, on the opposite side of the river, appear to have become the scene of Mob and Lynch Law, to a greater extent than has lately been recorded by the public press.

A numerous gang of counterfeiters had their places of rendezvous and the abodes of their families in the above named counties, to the great and continued annoyance of the citizens and the trading flat boat men on the river. Besides their encroachments on the peace and property of the public in that way, they of late turned their criminal industry to horse stealing to such an extent as to rouse the citizens of the whole neighbourhood. The latter, headed by Capt. Barney Bradford, formed into a volunteer company of about 100 well armed men, commanded and led by said Capt. Bradford, Mr. J. Lunsford and Spear, from Arkansas, and James Howarten, from Mississippi, and after an active search of several days, succeeded in capturing twenty-seven men.

The volunteers used the following stratagem to seize the scoundrels. They engaged a trading boat at Helena and hid about fifty men in the store room; they then descended the river, landing at every place where they expected to fall in with the counterfeiters. These depraved men came on board to purchase produce, with the intention of paying for it in counterfeit money.—They were thus taken and secured in the boat. When the number had increased to twenty seven men, nine of them were tied hand and feet, and as the report says, drowned in the Mississippi, near Island No. 69, in the presence of two men, Harrod and Burgess, who, it appears, officiated, or at least took an active part in the execution of the sentence. We learn that in all twenty three persons have been drowned.

We understand that the company is increasing in number, and intends to proceed to the mouth of White river. What our informant met a division of them they were in pursuit of a certain Merian Wright.—When he arrived at Napoleon, at the mouth of Arkansas river, he learned that some six or seven dead bodies had been seen floating on the river opposite that place, and also that some of the counterfeiters who escaped had been seen passing down the river with uncommon speed, in order to evade their pursuers.—N. O. Picayune.

DREADFUL CALAMITY AT SYRACUSE.—On Friday evening 21st August, a fire broke out at Syracuse, in New York, in a carpenter's shop near the Oswego canal. It spread with great rapidity and the building was soon enveloped in flames.—Crowds of citizens flocked to the scene, and soon after a great number had collected, a quantity of gunpowder which had been placed in the shop, exploded, and sent death and destruction all around. By this terrible calamity, 26 persons it is known have been killed, and 34 wounded, many of whom, the Onondago Standard says, will die. The powder which exploded and caused this dreadful destruction was placed on the ground floor of the burning building, and consisted of ten or fifteen kegs. The fire was believed to be the work of an incendiary. The whole village has been thrown into mourning and distress by this afflicting event. Funeral services were held at the several churches on Sunday. During the progress of the fire the alarm was given that the building contained powder—hundreds of those who heard the cry sought safety in flight, and found it—others who did not hear, or considered the danger less than it was, remained. The explosion of the powder, awful and terrific as an earthquake, followed, and in an instant numbers were sent into eternity.