

## Literature, &amp;c.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

## THE TEACHER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

EVERY village used to have its dame's school, where little boys and girls congregated to learn their lessons; now every village had its blue board boarding schools, separate establishments for girls and boys; 'the dame's' schools are become matters of history, and never seen, except when painted by Mr Webster. Many of these embryo establishments have no other teachers than the 'widow' or maiden lady who superintends them; while others are sufficiently flourishing to employ sundry masters and a 'teacher,' a faded, though young woman, drooping beneath the heaviness which the world has managed to crush upon her in eighteen or twenty summers—as a lily is battered by the storm—pale and drooping, yet not utterly destroyed.

'Teachers are by no means confined to any particular class of schools, they are to be found in all, and some are more comfortably off than others. Still being, as it were, 'wheels within wheels,' their exertions are never seen, and consequently, never appreciated; for we are not prone to think of the cause which produces the effect, unless it be forced upon us. If you ask a young lady by whom she has been educated, she will tell you by Mrs. or Miss So-and-so, in some fashionable square; and she will also tell you who taught her music, and dancing, and drawing; but you never hear of the poor, patient teacher, who heard over and over again the lesson which were at last approved; who 'crammed,' to use a collegiate phrase, for the examination, who washed and dressed, and 'curled,' and was up the earliest, and in bed the latest of the whole establishment. We become acquainted with injustice in our childhood, and we only part company with it—at the grave!

'The teacher' is less assured in manner than 'the governess,' she is a timid, crouching, trembling thing who expects disdain from every eye and reproof from every lip. The governess of a school is only accountable to the parents of the children under her care; but there is no end to the teacher's responsibility. If the child does wrong at home, the governess assures 'mamma' that it really is not her fault, but that the very best 'teachers' are so careless! Does the young lady, when asked to 'amuse' company by her proficiency at the piano forte, after wriggling herself on to the music stool, persist in keeping her red fingers stuck closely together, so that, instead of one, she strikes four notes at a time, the music master explains how difficult it is to do everything for the pupil in twenty minutes twice a week, and twice six weeks' vacation! adding, that the teacher never attends as she ought to 'the practice.' If a child persists in turning in her toes so inveterately that Madame Bourdain herself could not conquer the pigeonish propensity, the *maitre de dance* shakes his bow in her face, demanding 'Vat for she not keep up *les graces*, and make de young ladie handel dere feet *comme il faut*?' The laundress holds her responsible for all sray clothes, and everything that is torn in the wash,—the writing master for the blotted copy books,—the drawing master for the false perspective,—the children expect her to do everything for them, and nothing for herself,—the servants never dream of rendering her assistance. Whatever is wrong, 'the teacher' is blamed for,—whatever is right goes right of itself,—all offences are placed to her account,—and there is no one to take her part. In the vacation she disappears—vanishes altogether. Immediately after the breaking up she is no more seen. No one inquires where she goes, or whether she has a home to shelter her, or a parent to bless the poor, pale, patient face, that of late—so cold is her heart grown—so cold is her heart grown—so insensible from the hard rubs of torture to weal or woe—is seldom even refreshed by tears!

I remember a circumstance that occurred about eight years ago, which at the time made a noise—that is, it was talked of a great deal in the circle where it occurred. A little Indian girl, one of those dark-skinned, black-eyed children who teach us the reality of Oriental beauty, had been left at a semi-fashionable school for nearly two years, without the stipulated sum having been paid for her education. Another six months passed, and to the governess's inquiries no answer was returned,—but reports

arrived that the child's father had gone up the Indian country under unfortunate circumstances, and the school-mistress was not disposed to retain so unprofitable a pupil longer,—but what was to be done with her? She had no friends, consequently the world's wisdom suggested that the child should be turned upon the world,—but by such a step the governess's character might suffer, and that would have injured the school. Many were the private debates upon how the poor little 'berry brown' child could be disposed of without such a result as a charge of inhumanity. First one master and then another was discontinued, and the little Indian girl never appeared without receiving a hint as to the sin of ingratitude, and the benevolence of the English, both in public and private charities.

'Have I been naughty, Miss Graham?' she would inquire of the teacher, with her cheek flushed to the hue of a damask rose, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

'No, my dear.'

'Because they say to me, poor Ada! poor Ada! in such a tone. I thought 'poor Ada!' meant naughty Ada!'

Another vacation approached, and as the flourishing establishment of Mrs. L— was to meet after midsummer in a larger house, the lady declared that Ada had grown so much, and become so troublesome, that she could not have her about while she was removing.

Many of the young ladies would have taken the little deserted child to their own homes; for though an indolent, solitary thing, she was gentle and affectionate; but they had not the power to do so, yet more than once pressed her to their kind hearts, and expressed to their governess the hope that Ada would be there when they returned. Mrs. L— was, in the educational and worldly matters, a strictly just woman. She gave, to the best of her knowledge, value for what she received; but she was ungenerous, both in act and feeling. She began it with different feelings, but the deep ingratitude she met with at the commencement of her career, both from parents and children, in several instances, had hardened her heart, and it had, long before Ada was sent from the 'land of sun' to the 'land of shade,' conquered all yearnings after kindness.

'And what will you do with her?' inquired the teacher of the lady of the house, while her hand rested on Ada's head.

'Do! I really do not know, you have made her, oh permit her to remain, so perfectly useless, that I cannot tell; I suppose, after all, she must go to the work—'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed the teacher, in a voice of such sudden animation that the lady started back; for, except when calling the class, she had never been heard to speak above her breath. 'Oh, no! do not say it, let her go home with me during the vacation.'

The poor child shrieked with delight; the lady, looking very cold and stately, said,

'Home with you! oh! certainly, if you like.'

And for the first time it occurred to such of the young ladies as were present that, after all, 'the teacher' had a home.

She had rented a small cottage for her mother, who had forty pounds a year as an officer's widow; and each of her six children contributed their ten or fifteen pounds annually to make her more comfortable in the evening of the days she had devoted to their service. And though the room is so small that the rich would call it impossible to live therein, at Midsummer and Christmas the sound of pleasant voices hung around its walls; and it would do the heart good to hear 'the teacher's' voice then raised to its natural pitch, and turned by love to sweet melody; for there during a few brief weeks, she meets her mother, her sisters, and it may be a brother or two, and the bonds of affection increase in strength; and though the parting is very fearful, they put off thinking of it as long as they can; and they do not call the bread delicious as the food shared in that small dwelling room; and when 'the teacher' introduced the little colored child to the circle, the old lady pressed it to her bosom, and said it reminded her of when she went to the East, a soldier's bride; and, by degrees, one said to another how much they grieved, their mother was so lonely when they were all away from her in their several situations,—and they found out how necessary it was that some one should be with her. She was really more feeble than usual,—and after making these and

various other discoveries, all tending to the same end, it was determined that Ada had found a home among those whose humble virtues remained unknown and what is more extraordinary, were satisfied to let it be so. In a little time the old lady and the Indian child were alone together, and it was beautiful to see her large docile eyes fixed on her benefactor, who poured from out the rich storehouse of her holy mind an abundance of the best knowledge. While at school they only thought of poor Ada came burdened with the inquiry of what notice could Miss Graham, a poor teacher, have burdening herself with 'a brown child'—'a half cast?' Away went Old Time with his hacking scythe and his burden of hopes, and fears, and blessings, and disappointments, heeding neither the one nor the other, triumphing over and love and death. The old lady was still alive—Ada no longer a mere child—'the teacher' still a teacher—although in a comparatively short space of time a change was manifested in the public mind toward schools. Parents were beginning to wonder why they sent their daughters away when it was possible to cultivate the affections and the intellect together,—in short, schools were going out of fashion, and domestic education coming in, and Miss Graham was seriously thinking of looking for a situation in a private family, if it were possible to find one who did not, in their turn, expect to find a woman of twenty seven, with all the information and accomplishments of an admirable Crichton—when home came Ada's father. Certainly Mrs. L— looked confused when he accounted for the non-payment of his child's education by proving the infamy of his agent; and bitterly did she mourn over 'the fine Indian connexion,' which now must pass into another channel—perhaps establish Miss Graham in a school.

It was from Ada, however, that he learned how deep his debt of gratitude was to 'the teacher,' nor was he ungrateful. 'The nabob is a widower, and there have been rumors abroad during the past month that Miss Graham is not to be established in a school, but as mistress of his house, Ada being too young as yet to act in that capacity. She is not, however, to assume the equivocal position of Ada's 'governess,' or 'companion,' or 'friend,' the wedding dresses are ordered, and for once a 'teacher' will be rewarded as she deserves.

From the Age of Gold, and other poems.

## THE SKATER.

The earth is white with gleaming snow,  
The lake one sheet of silver lies,  
Beneath the morning's ruddy glow  
The frosty vapors round us rise;  
Sweet is the cool and springing air,  
That waves the pine trees on the hill,  
But voiceless as a whispered prayer  
Breathless down the valley clear and still.

Come, 'tis an hour to stir the blood  
To glowing life in every vein!  
Up, for the sport is keen and good  
Across the brow and icy plain.  
On each impatient foot to day  
The ringing steel again we'll bind,  
And o'er the crystal sea, away—  
We'll leave the world and care behind.

And oh, what joy is ours to play  
In rapid round and swift career,  
And snatch, beneath the wintry day,  
Our moment's rest and hasty cheer!  
Then when the brief day is done,  
And stars above begin to blink,  
Down the Broad lake that bears us on  
We meet our sweethearts on the brink.

We heard their cheerful laughter ring,  
Our bounding hearts gave quick reply—  
With rapid sweep around we spring,  
Like headlong winds away we fly;  
We greet them well! How brightly glow  
Their cheeks that kiss the frosty air!  
And homeward, o'er the moon-clad snow,  
Each proud boy leads his willing fair.

Then gathered round the cheerful blaze,  
While gusts without are blowing shrill,  
While laugh and jest and merry lays  
We pass the jocund evening still:  
Around the board our seats are told,  
Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,  
And slumbers never bought with gold  
Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,  
No startling dreams our couch annoy,  
But health and peace in quiet deep  
Smile hovering round the country boy.  
Then, when the morning, sharp and clear,  
Springs gaily o'er the glistening hill,  
Why hardy sports we hail it near,  
Or hardy labors bless it still.

GEORGE LANT.

## MOTHERLY LOVE.

Last among the characteristics of women is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her,—it is a

most independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of its life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience: The negro's is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savages. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charms and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow? The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.

From Kohl's Russia and the Russians.  
THE MARKETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Not only is everything brought in sledges to market, but the sledges serve at the same times for shops and counters. The mats which cover the goods are thrown back a little, and the pieces of geese, fowls and calves, are ranged on the edge, and hung up at the corners and on the tops of the posts. The geese are cut up into a hundred pieces; the necks are sold separately, the legs separately, the heads and rumps separately each in dozens and half dozens strung together. Whoever is too poor to think of the rump buys a string of frozen heads,—and he who finds the heads too dear, gives six copecks for a lot of necks,—while he who cannot afford these makes shift with a couple of dozen feet, which he stews down into a soup for his family on Sunday. The sledges with oxen, calves, and goats, have a most extraordinary appearance. These animals are brought to market perfectly frozen. Of course they are suffered to freeze in an extended posture, because in this state they are most manageable. There stand the tall figures of the oxen, like blood stained ghosts, lifting up their long horns around the sides of the sledge,—while the goats, looking exactly as if they were alive, only with faint, glazed, and frozen eyes, stand threateningly opposite to one another. Every part is as hard as stone. The carcasses are cut up, like trunks of trees, with axe and saw. The Russians are particularly fond of sucking pigs, and whole trains of sledges laden with infant swine come to the market. The little starvelings, strung together like thrushes, are sold by the dozen, and the long-legged mothers keep watch over them around the sledge. The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science. For, as every part, flesh or bone, is alike hard, they have no occasion to pay regard to the natural divisions of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks, an inch or two inches thick, as we do a rump of beef. The flesh splits and shivers during the operation like animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak a chop, a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter of meat. The same is the case with fish; they too are as if cut of marble and wood. Those of the diminutive species, like the suitki, are brought in sacks, and they are put into the scales with shovels. The large pike, salmon, and sturgeon, every inch of which was once so lithe and supple, are now stiffened as if by magic. To protect them from the warmth, in case of sudden thaw—for thawing would essentially deteriorate their flavor—they are covered with snow and lumps of ice, in which they lie cool enough. It is not uncommon for the whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that crowbar and pincers are required to get an individual fish. So long as the cold in winter keeps every fluid congealed, and the snow covers every impurity with a white carpet, this Haymarket is tolerably clean and you cannot pick up much dirt that may not easily be removed. All offal that is thrown away is instantly froze to the ground. Hence there is formed in the course of the winter such an accumulation of sheep's eyes, fish tails, crab's shells, goats' hair, hay, dung, fat, blood, &c., that when spring strips off the covering kindly lent by winter, the place is like a real Augean stable.