

THE KINDERGARTEN.

There is scarcely a person in Red Hook of sixteen years or over, who has not heard or read something about Kindergartens, and many, we doubt not, have visited the very interesting one in our village, established by Mr. Edward Martin some five years ago or more. To those who have not we can only say that they have missed an opportunity once enjoyed that would often be repeated: and it would excite in them a kind of thought, feeling and pleasure never before experienced. They would be astonished at the aptness, quickness and ability displayed by the little ones under this method of teaching and how readily they comprehend what they are doing. The Kindergarten in our village has flourished from the very beginning. Mr. Martin its founder, has been untiring in his efforts; has furnished the building and teachers, and pays all further expenses necessary to carry it on and invites all who cannot pay to send their children. The teachers respectively, Miss Harned, Miss Austin and Miss McCragen have been unexceptionable, and the same can be said of Miss Martin, who has held the position of assistant from its organization; hence it has been a great success and accomplished much.

It has been our pleasure to attend all the public exercises of the school, and each time we have been gratified and delighted. All who attended the last closing exercises—and the chapel was crowded—were unanimous in expression of praise, and one could clearly discern that "from the buds a crown of beauty burst."

We have been mindful of the school from its inception to the present, pass it every day and know that Mr. Martin has been the means of accomplishing great good by starting the little ones in the right way, and feel sure that he is reaping his reward.

We understand the little ones are to have a fair this (Friday) night and hope and trust our people will patronize it heartily and bountifully; that not only the "little" but the "big" ones may have a good time and be happy. We bespeak for them and all who attend "a pleasant recollection."

MARRIED.

At the M. E. Parsonage, November 29th, by Rev. D. Phillips, Mr. Ellsworth Jackson and Mrs. Lena Montgomery, both of Red Hook.

At the home of the bride, November 30, by Rev. D. Phillips, Mr. Harry J. Magee, of Lynn, Mass., and Miss May O. Fraleigh, daughter of Mr. Froeborn G. Fraleigh, of Red Hook.

At St. Paul's Lutheran Church, November 30 by Rev. Philip H. Cole, Philip H. Henion and Miss Ida E. Schryver, both of Red Hook.

At the Holy Innocents Church, November 29, by Rev. Dr. Hopson, Wm Osterhoudt and Miss Martha Buckley, both of Annandale.

At the Presbyterian parsonage, Pine Plains, November 29, by Rev. J. Wyckoff, Peter Plester to Jake Knickerbocker, both of Gallatin.

DIED.

In Philmont, November 30th, J. Louis Gale, aged 49 years.

In Red Hook, December 3d, Edward Martin, in the 83d year of his age.

Red Hook, Dec. 7th, 1892.

The Kindergarten will be opened and continued as usual, and all scholars are requested to be promptly in attendance on the morning of December 8th, 1892.

MARY K. MATTISON, Teachers.
SARAH S. MARTIN.

THE STORY OF THE KINDERGARTEN, BY THE MACHINE.

Not long since, while we were confined to the house by illness, we were called upon by some who are interested in the children, told us they were going to have a fair and wanted us to get well so we could be there, and also inquired about the "Rhyming Machine," whether it was in order, &c., &c., if we could not "take it down turn the crank and bring out something about the school and fair." But being afflicted with rheumatism, we told them it would be with difficulty we could "turn the crank" nevertheless if they would send us one of their "gardeners" who could tell us the story we would let him or her talk in the "hopper" and we would fix the crank with a treadle that the little ones might turn it, but they must not expect that the machine spelled the words just as the child spoke them, as it was automatic and could only give forth the correct spelling. Hence for "dat" it will come out "that"—"tory" will be "story" &c. They sent us a bright little girl and here is what she spoke in "the machine":

I, seventeen hundred and eighty-two,
As was told to me, so I tell to you,
A child was, that was good and was well,
And his name, so they say, was William Froebel;
His mother, I'm told, died when he was young,
So he never remembered the lullaby's sung.
His father they tell me, was some time a preacher,
But ne'er to his son became he his teacher,
A kind uncle was good and took pity on him
And gave him a home in the town of Stadt Ilm.
There for some months the boy went to school
Like many lads, 'thoughtful' some call'd him a fool,
But the boy did not care if "a dunce" he was called,
He studied and thought till his mind was installed
With knowledge of God, His works and His laws,
Regardless of "sayings" or any applause,
He "thought" and "studied" till man he became,
Loving his God and His works just the same;
Thinking what good he could do for the races,
Loved little children and studied their faces;
Declared he thought the best mode of reaching
Was not by books but by object teaching,
For it seemed to him that things we behold
Are quicker learned than things we are told,
And so I'm told that he started his plan,
Greatly opposed by almost every man,
Yet he labored and toiled with studious aim
Convincing many of right in his claim,
He told them he thought "a child at the start
Should be taught of things concerning the heart;"
Not all to the head, do you understand,
But taking with it the heart and the hand.
If you'll come to our school most any day
We'll show you how we model the clay
And other things in various occupations
By means of which we'll benefit the nations,
Houses we build and nice picture we draw,
Flowers as pretty as ever you saw,
What we all do when we form in a ring
Some of the bright merry songs that we sing;
What we can do with our sticks and our blocks,
And run to the door when anyone knocks;
In games that we play we get form and size,
Combination, proportion, that makes us wise,
We gain information from stories they tell,
And love our dear friend good William Froebel
Who first had thoughts for the Kindergarten,
For ours we thank dear Edward Martin.

THE FAIR.

We're going to have a fair
So they say,
No doubt 'Twill be somewhere
This very day.
If you come don't you know,
We'll show you how we sew,
And make the things to grow
With little hands.
For all the girls and boys,
We've such a lot of toys,
That wink and make a noise
On little stands,
Then We've lots of candy,
Sweet for little dandy,
In the house so handy
When baby cries
We have nice sweet wafers,
Ice cream, books and papers,
That tell of such capers
That make you wise.
Too numerous to tell,
Of things we have to sell,
Don't wait to ring the bell,
But come right in.
Go right to every spot,
Find out just what we've got,
Then buy a "good big lot,"
Put down the tin.

1892 + 1893