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THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish;
Years brought me back—yet thro' her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished; I returned,
And stood beside her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth—and thus we part,
To meet—O, never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

HOW THE ANCIENTS LIVED.

The following extract is taken from "The Art of Prolonging Life," a work published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields:—

It is commonly believed that, during the early periods of the world, the lives of its inhabitants were more youthful and perfect; that these primitive men had a gigantic size, incredible strength, and a most astonishing duration of life. A variety of such notions were long prevalent among mankind; and to these we are indebted for the origin of many romantic tales. Some have not hesitated seriously to ascribe to our forefather, Adam, the height of nine hundred yards, and the age of a thousand years. But the accurate and rational investigation of modern philosophy has converted the supposed bones of giants found in different parts of the earth, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and acute theologians have shown the chronology of the early age was not the same as that used at present.

Some, particularly Hender, have proved, with the lightest probability, that the year, till the time of Abraham, consisted only of three months; and that it was afterwards extended to eight; and that it was not till the time of Joseph it was made to consist of twelve. These assertions are, in a certain degree, confirmed by some of the Eastern nations, who still reckon three months to the year, and besides, it would be altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened one-half immediately after the flood. It would be equally inexplicable why the patriarchs did not marry till their sixtieth, seventieth, and even hundredth year; but this difficulty vanishes when we reckon these ages according to the before-mentioned standard, which will give the same period at which people marry at present.

The whole, therefore, according to this explanation, assumes a different appearance. The sixteen hundred years before the flood will become four hundred and fourteen; and the nine hundred years (the highest recorded,) which Methuselah lived, will be reduced to two hundred—an age which is

not impossible, and to which some of our best men have nearly approached.

In profane history we have an account of many heroes and Arabian kings of those periods, who attained the age of several hundred years; but these pretended instances of longevity can be explained in the same manner.

With the period of Abraham, a period when history seems first to be established on more certain grounds, we find mention of a duration of life which can be still attained, and which no longer appears extraordinary, especially when we consider the rate of man, or in which the patriarchs lived; and that, as they were nomads, or a wandering people, they were much exposed to the free open air.

GETTING INTO PRACTICE.

The following extract from an address to the students of the New York Medical College, by Dr. Frank Tutin, is a description any of our M.D.'s are welcome to, if they like it:

The wits and the wags, said the Doctor, have laid down a great many rules for getting into practice, and generally at the expense of the doctors.

"There are two ways, my boy," said Radcliffe to Mead, his successor, "for a physician to treat his patients—either to bully or cajole them. I have taken the former course and have done well, as you see. You may, perhaps, take the latter, and perhaps do equally as well." Be careful, say the advising wits, to learn the form of prescribing, since form is the main chance. Make your name ring in the town; it little matters how, so only that this point be secured, that when your name is proposed in consultation, there shall be none so ignorant but will confess they have heard it.—Buy a mountain of books and be sure that none of them be left in secluded parts of your house. Or, if you have not the money to buy a mountain, let the few do good service, even as our famous Yankee General Putnam made his lean score of soldiers march over the verge of the hill so often, that the terrified enemy reported a force of many hundred strong; and never omit mere mention, where it will tell, of "the library" from which these are brought out for immediate use; it being altogether too large to be kept in so small an office. You will get into an hospital, of course, if you can, and a course of lectures during the season can do no harm. For business purposes, it is not of much importance what your religion or what your politics be, only be decided either way, and when friends of your creed are around, make considerable noise about it. Or, if, like some newspapers, you are "neutral in politics and religion," make a fuss about your neutrality, except when the religious and politicians happen to be the majority of those about you. It is hardly necessary to speak of what a good wife can do. In the country, at least, the nice jellies she makes for the sick, her incomparable nursing, and her skillful tongue can do half, at least. Some, they say, have done very well by writing a book; it answers in the beginning, at least, to keep one in his office, and contented while the public are learning to appreciate him. Invent a theory or rehearsal a new one; it will answer a purpose, and can be dropped when it becomes unpleasant. Some have done nobly as poets. What lady distressed with a mild neuralgia, would not rejoice at the amiable and witty Dr. Pegasus, whose poem in Putnam's last No. is on every one's tongue. If the po-

etry, by the bye, be a little more satisfactory, in particular of his life, his pleasures, his pains, his questions, and all the better. It is very desirable to be an idle traveller who has nothing better to do. He is especially adapted to the service of the general public, who was quite young, gave him a single shilling, the run of sick rooms, and though not often enough to be suspected of lacking employ-ment, yet sufficient to secure the friendship of the apothecary he should be at the frugest. Let his valley. The First Consul sometimes questioned the merit of a number of the services of young the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monk gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure to deliver to the quarter-master of the army who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard.

Here some rowdy to black your eye and tell the story to some reporter. In setting it up of course the printer may be trusted to make some blunder, and next day send in your card to the editor with a brief statement of the affair as it occurred, giving your residence, of course, and a protest against being dragged before the public—a thing always so annoying to the modest practitioner. Puffing, when it is to be had, answers a very good turn; but as in the respectable papers it is difficult to obtain it, do the next best thing—get some friend connected with a daily to patch into you. Said a renowned physician of his City: "I date my success from the time that the New York Daily called me a scoundrel."

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TREE IN OREGON.—Mr. Brooks a respectable farmer of Olympia, Oregon, writes to a friend a very interesting account of a strange and beautiful tree lately discovered in that country:

"A strange and beautiful tree has been discovered in Washington Territory, which is not known to exist in any other part of the habitable globe. The tree is destined, I think, to make some noise in the world. It is remarkable, because its like is not found elsewhere, and on account of its great beauty and fragrance. The tree varies in height from 1 to 7 feet. The leaf resembles that of the pear, while the trunk and branches look like those of an orange tree. The upper side of the leaf is covered with gum, having the appearance of oil, and of the consistence of honey. Handling them causes the gum to adhere slightly to the fingers. The gum as well as the leaf and bark is highly odorous. The fragrance, which is quite strong, resembles that of Bergamot, or ripe fruit; and a few leaves are sufficient to perfume a room. A leaf carefully wrapped up in paper, so as to be entirely concealed, was handed to several, with a request that they would tell by the smell what it was. All expressed themselves highly delighted with the fragrance, but gave different answers as to its character. Some said it smelled like ripe pears—some that it was Bergamot; while others thought it smelled like ripe apples. The flower resembles that of the white Jasmintine."

How BONAPARTE CROSSED THE ALPS.—Napoleon set out to cross the Alps before daylight, on the 20th of May, 1800. He was accompanied by Duroc, his aid-de-camp, and De Boarriene, his secretary. Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St Bernard, in a gray surcoat which he usually wore, upon a mule led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing, even in the different passages, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere conversing with the officer seated on the road, and then at intervals questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate;

particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, his questions, and all the better. It is very desirable to be an idle traveller who has nothing better to do. He is especially adapted to the service of the general public, who was quite young, gave him a single shilling, the run of sick rooms, and though not often enough to be suspected of lacking employ-ment, yet sufficient to secure the friendship of the apothecary he should be at the frugest. Let his valley. The First Consul sometimes questioned the merit of a number of the services of young the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monk gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure to deliver to the quarter-master of the army who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard.

In the evening, the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he guided in the morning, and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountain did not long lie in his own country, the owner of the land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular beneficence, at a moment when his mind was engaged by such mighty interests, is worthy of attention. If there was nothing in it, but a mere conqueror's caprice, dispensing at random good or evil, alternately overthrowing empires or rearing a cottage, it may be useful to record such caprices, if only to tempt the masters of the earth to imitation; but such an act reveals something more. The human soul, in those moments when it is filled with ardent desires, is disposed to kindness; it does by way of meriting that which it is soliciting of Providence. The First Consul halted for a short time with the monks, thanked them for attention to his army, and made them a magnificent present for the relief of the poor and of travellers. He descended rapidly, suffering himself, according to the custom of the country to glide down upon the snow, and arrived the same evening at Etroubleux.

LAURENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND. Newton was one day asked why he stopped forward when he was inclined; and from what cause his arm and his hand obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing of the matter. "But at least," said they to him, "you are well acquainted with the gravitation of the planets; tell why they turn one way sooner than another?" Newton still avowed his ignorance. Those who taught that the ocean was salted for fear it would corrupt, and that the tides were created to conduct our ships into port, were a little ashamed when told that the Mediterranean had ports but no tides. Who has ever been able to determine precisely how a billet of wood is changed into red-hot charcoal and by what mechanism lime is heated by cold water? The first motion of the heart is animal—is that accounted for? Has any one divined the cause of sensation, ideas, and memory? Who knows more about the essence of matter than the children who touch its superficies? Who will instruct us in the mechanism by which a grain of corn, which we cast into the earth, disposes itself to produce a stalk surmounted with an ear? or why the sun produces an apple on one tree, and a chestnut on the one next to it? Many doctors have said, "What know I?" Men-inger said, "What know I?"