

not clear as to his future course, he lifted the bottle, and almost drained its maddening contents. Fortified now for death, and all its woe, he rushed upon deck, and dashed furiously into the devouring waves. But death's terrors seemed too great for him and he called loudly for help. He was powerful and strong with considerable energy, but just when the mariners had reached within a few yards, and one of them stood by to lift him into the boat, the wretched Captain gave a horrid shriek, and in a moment the water which surrounded him was suffused with blood. The voracious shark had done its work. He was gone for ever.

#### THE LAST STAGE.

Man, valiant, glorious, wise,  
When death once chills him, sinks in sleep profound,  
A long, unconscious, never ending sleep.—

Willingly would I draw a veil over the remaining portion of the narrative, but the picture of misery is still incomplete. The Laurel having been deprived as we have seen of both captain and mate; the second mate assumed command, while the carpenter, acted as mate. They reached their port in safety, being aided greatly by an experienced old man, who had been a long life at sea; but as soon as the ship was cleared, the unprincipled captain absconded with the freight and was not again heard of. Left once more without a captain the carpenter was installed by the brokers, and having got a considerable draught on bottom, to clear all necessary expenses, they started on their homeward course. But another misfortune awaited them. While driving down the Cattergat close reefed one dark stormy night the Laurel struck upon the Sea or Scager Aek, the northern point of the coast of Jutland, and all hands perished.

Thus was the poor Old Man in a few years deprived of his partner in life, three sons, his two fine vessels, and nearly all his hard-earned money. A small schooner, besides some indented property remained. But despair clouded his mind, and blanched and furrowed his weather-beaten cheek. He had been a sailor from his youth, and had all that restlessness characteristic of his class. He had no relish for reading, but had been always actively engaged planning voyages, and calculating the results of the combined labours of himself and his sons. But their labours were at an end, and his own voyage through life was drawing near its termination. The words of Micah were depicted on his countenance "ye have taken away my god which I have made, and what have I more." There was a vacancy in his mind which one thing alone could fill, but he looked not there. How few sailors, indeed, think of the ONLY REFUGE from the storm. How few are guided by the star of Bethlehem into the only haven of security. The only antidote Mr. Marshall, unhappily, sought for all his woe, was real Scotch Whiskey, and this proved a sorry antidote indeed.

But there is still one son—a young scape grace to advert to. Robert the youngest of the family was differently minded from his brothers, and betook himself to a mercantile profession. He subsequently commenced business as a manufacturer and involved himself deeply in some speculations, in which he was unfortunate. His bankruptcy deprived his poor father of all the property and money which the ravages of the previous years had spared, and ruined others of his friends who had assisted him.

It is impossible to account for the fatuity which attends some persons. Philosophize as we may, there is a depth—a hidden, incomprehensible principle of action, which stimulates some minds, when they have passed the rubicon to act so degradingly that at an earlier period they would have shuddered even to think of it. "Am I dig's head" said Abner "that I should do this thing." So this unhappy youth,—not content with ruining his father, now nearly heart broken by the vicissitudes of life,—had the ineffable ingratitude to break open his father's

desk, and take therefrom the various trinkets and ornaments, which were there carefully deposited, as relics of his departed mother. With these the youth decamped. It was rumoured that he intended to go to America, but he was never again heard of.

Two emigrant ships were lost that same year, with nearly all their passengers, and it has often been conjectured that under a false name he formed one of the unfortunate number.

Thus by rapid steps was Mr. Marshall reduced to the deplorable state in which he now wanders. He gets a scanty living among those who knew him in his palmy days, and eagerly seizes upon every opportunity to gratify his craving for ardent spirits.

In reviewing this rapid sketch of an unhappy family, it may be necessary, only to say that their misery arose, not from the want of either the necessaries or the comforts of life. They might in that view have been happy, but fate decreed otherwise. The sons enjoyed not the sweet consolation resulting from a life of piety. Their minds were not expanded by the balmy showers of divine grace, and were consequently more easily vitiated and destroyed. But, for the unfortunate love affair Charles might have done well. He was constituted to enjoy society and had a sprightliness and suavity, that made him a pleasing and agreeable companion. But he loved too fondly, too confidingly, and his sensitiveness was too exquisite to withstand the withering blast. They all attended the little parish Church when at home; but how few of our sailors carry their religion with them—how few of them make it an every day companion, at home, abroad, and upon the ocean.

Many a time, indeed, have my eyes glistened with joy to see the "Bethel flag," hoisted on board some of our ships while lying in a foreign port, and I have rejoiced to hear the weather-beaten mariner, roughly, yet characteristically, expound a portion of Scripture, to his no less rough looking and motley audience. It were well for British sailors that these meetings were more frequent, and that their influence operated more to prevent the warm-hearted, but, unthinking mariner, from frequenting those dens of vice and pollution which are so thickly strewed in every direction to which he turns his steps—for, where the grace of God is, it infuses a life-giving power to withstand temptation.

Thus did Mr. McPherson conclude his sketch, and I was so impressed with the horrid recital, that he had started to his feet, ere I had time to enquire about Jane.

"Jane—poor Jane," resumed my friend—"I had omitted to say that Jane still lives in a little town some miles distant. Several years ago, she married a widower, who had a large family by his former wife. Into this family, the young, sad-hearted, once joyous Jane, entered, and as a stepmother, has an irksome life. Her husband was deeply involved by the failure of her brother, and perhaps, poor Jane suffers also for his misfortune. Her husband's evenings are not spent at home, and in silence she mourns over the many sad reverses of her family, and the ills in life to which she is subjected on that account."

We rose from the settle on the bank of the river, and the sun, silently sinking between the peaks of the lofty Donyat, was gilding with softest lustre the tall conical steeple of the parish church, as we walked back to the village. My eye was attracted for a moment by a hawk in pursuit of a bulfinch, which a moment before was hopping among the shrubbery that surrounded the churchyard wall, when a tall careworn female, in a black gown surmounted by a faded, brown, deep bordered Paisley shawl, and a curious looking cap, crossed our path. I stopped abruptly, and my eye followed her for sometime.

"That," said my friend, pointing to the woman towards whom my eyes were still turned,— "that is the widow of an unfortunate mariner, and the

mother of two unfortunate children. Their history is one of woe, and may form not an uninteresting narrative when we meet again.—Meantime farewell."

PALFMON.

To our Readers—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 51, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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### PERSEVERANCE.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

There are a variety of ways of teaching the young idea how to shoot, but that mode which draws out the mental faculties by practical illustration, is more likely to leave a lasting impression upon the young mind, than mere preceptive teaching, however forcibly conveyed. This may easily be exemplified, in teaching grammar or a rhythmic, or any other branch where the black board may be brought into operation. The eye is thus the medium of communication with the mind, and by its power the object illustrated, and all its associations, become daguerotypied on the memory. If this process is advantageous when the elements of knowledge are wished to be conveyed, it is much more so when the heart is to be warmed and influenced, and its sympathies enlisted in favour of some ennobling pursuit. Example has always proved a more powerful teacher than precept, perhaps from the fact that curiosity and imitation are faculties largely developed in youth. This idea, Mr. Abbott has very happily elucidated in the introduction to his *Franconia Stories*. He says, "If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his mind, a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power similar to what in physical philosophy is called induction. On the other hand, if the father instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire." In the prosecution of this idea we present our readers with a brief biographical sketch of Johnson Jex, son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and one of the most striking examples of ardent and successful perseverance. He was born at Billingsford, in the county of Norfolk, England, about the year 1778, and although put to school at an early age, neither learned to read nor write, both which attainments he taught himself afterwards. When about 12 or 13 years of age, he gave several proofs of great mechanical skill. In early life Jex was by no means robust, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout hammer at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's 'General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk.' We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical powers. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith at Billingsford, at sixteen years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one, the whole was his own invention. It was done, as might be expected in a round-about way,