

## NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Socrates at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.—Many of our young men, at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Many of our young lawyers not thirty years of age think that *nisi prius faciat*, &c., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Beccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Beccaccio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, and commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age.—How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian Republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucusses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek, till he was past fifty.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but he should; therefore, master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases, enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study*.

## TALENT ALWAYS WORTH A PRICE.

No men are more justly entitled to their prices, than truly qualified and competent teachers. And this, not barely because of the value they give in return, but because of the great outlay of time and money necessary to prepare for their profession. Some teachers have spent a dozen years in their preparation, and have laid out many thousand dollars, a capital of time and money sufficient to have made them rich in merchandize, or at any mechanical art. Few persons can estimate the value of things, where results are produced with ease, and in a moment. They must see the labour performed.—Most can readily believe that a railroad, a canal, or a ship, is worth all the money asked for it, but they cannot understand why a painting or a statue, should be held at many thousand dollars. Nor can they in any way but be amazed that Paganini should expect twenty guineas for a tune on the violin. A plain, but frank-hearted and sensible farmer, once called at the office of a celebrated lawyer in the south, and asked him a very important question, that could be answered in an instant, categorically—yes or no. "No," was promptly returned. The farmer was well satisfied. The decision was worth to him many thousand dollars.—And now the client, about to retire, asked the lawyer the charge for the information. "Ten dollars," replied he. "Ten dollars!" ejaculated the astonished farmer, "ten dollars for saying no!" "Do you see these rows of books, my friend?" rejoined the lawyer, "I have spent many years in reading them, and studying their contents to answer "no." "Right! Right!" responded the honest farmer, "right! I cheerfully pay the ten dollars."—*Conn. School Manual.*

## WELL GOVERNED CHILDREN.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the *profrice*, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately re-

fused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard, unympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit will be broken.

## EDGAR POE'S RESIDENCE.

An American writer who visited the cottage during the summer of the same year described it as half buried in fruit trees, and as having a thick grove of pines in its immediate neighborhood. The proximity of the railroad, and the increasing population of the little village, have since wrought great changes in the place. Round an old cherry-tree, near the door, was a broad bank of the greenest turf. The neighboring beds of *uzonette* and *heliotrope*, and the pleasant shade above, made this a favourite seat. Rising at four o'clock in the morning, for a walk to the magnificent Aqueduct bridge over Harlem river, our informant found the poet, with his mother, standing on the turf beneath the cherry-tree, eagerly watching the movements of two beautiful birds that seemed contemplating a settlement in its branches. He had some rare tropical birds in cages, which he cherished and petted with assiduous care. Our English friend describes him as giving to his birds and his flowers a delighted attention that seemed quite inconsistent with the gloomy and grotesque character of his writings. A favourite cat, too, enjoyed his friendly patronage, and often when he was engaged in composition it seated itself on his shoulder, purring as in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision.

## A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

Professor Rogers has solved the problem of seeing through a millstone. In a paper read before the Scientific Association at Newport, he says:—Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper; roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take it in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and fore finger; place the large end to the right eye and look through it, with both eyes open to the light. You will see a hole through your hand. If you take it in your left hand the effect will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand. The illusion is most complete. From this and other experiments, he concludes that an impression made upon the retina of either eye cannot of itself enable us to determine on which retina it is received, and that the visual perception belongs to that part of the optical apparatus near or within the brain, which belongs in common to both eyes.