

ringly cultivate their own mental and moral faculties, will be as highly esteemed by all who know them. For self-culture is like a precious stone, which each one may polish less or more as he will. Self-culture is self-education; and, with few exceptions, the great men of America, if not of the world, have been self-made men. And moreover if we do not educate ourselves aright, other persons, and other influences, will hardly fail to educate us wrong. For whether we attend to it or not, the educating process must go on. Let us all then, of all sexes and ages, retain in our own hands the high prerogative of self-culture, and make the highest possible improvement of the privilege—since it is a talent by which we may continually raise ourselves in the the scales of being, and for which we are responsible, whether we use or neglect it. To the young, this subject has especial interest. For they have, in a more peculiar manner, their destiny in their hands. Let them see to it, that the time never comes, in which they shall be made to feel that they had given to them the power and the privilege of self-culture, of elevating and ennobling themselves, and others; but that, by neglecting to employ it, they had criminally degraded both others and themselves.

STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

THE celebrated Bernard Palissey, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention once attracted to the art, his improvements in which, form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempt in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him, that if he could discover the secret of making those cups, his toils and

difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to that object; and in one of his works he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart, but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they called his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments, and when he had no more fuel he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose.

Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left, and with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; preserving, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanour, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish.—And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissey was in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception, by which his understanding was distinguished. At the time of the troubles in France he escaped the gen-