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"Knowledge is Power."

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## Poet's Corner.

### WHO ARE OUR FRIENDS.

Who are our friends? Ambition cries:  
They are my friends who help me rise;  
Who clear my path to worldly fame,  
And shout in trumpet tones my name;  
Who bow my way to power, renown,  
And place upon my brow a crown!

Who are our friends? Pride faintly sighs,  
Those who my matchless beauty prize;  
Who bow the heart and bend the knee  
To wealth, and pomp, and power—to see  
Who gratify my every thought—  
Nor deem a smile thus dearly bought.

Who are our friends? Grief murmurs, those  
Who feel my misery: kindly share  
With me each crushing worldly care;  
Who bid me hope for joy to-morrow,  
A blast release from all my sorrow.

Who is my friend? Hope whispers: He  
Who bids me not to grieve for me;  
Who aids me in that holy strife,  
Where victors wear a crown of life;  
Who point the way that saints have trod,  
And bid me see to Heaven—to God!

For the Educationalist.

### LITERARY ACQUISITIONS.

#### THEIR PLEASURES AND PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES.

BY J. F.

(Continued.)

We must now hasten to the more dry, but not less important part of our subject—*The Practical Advantages of Literary Acquisitions.*

What the magnetic needle is to a ship, learning is to man; it determines his point of compass and if it is coupled with the log withouts of common sense, he can, at any time ascertain his latitude and longitude, and thus shun many dangerous shoals. Instead of sailing at random, he can steer at once to the desired coast—for though not all "fishers of men," we are all angling for something. Our sails are spread for the Newfoundland of life, were we "going to fish for cod," or, with enlarged views, *skating* it us of things, we are steering to the south seas, with glistening harpoons poised in hand. In either case, as before hinted, these of the greatest literary acquisitions will soonest fall into the wake of the gale.

Knowledge assists its possessor in judging of the nature and quality of things. In this way he can rightly direct his efforts, and expend his capital to the best advantage. In a state of ignorance he cannot always do this. We have known men to subject themselves to considerable expense in attempting to extract silver from a dark colored, heavy stone, composed, in a great part, of carbonate of iron. We have seen so common and un-

peculiar a mineral as *sphalerite* taken at some cost and trouble, to a distasteful chemist, as tin ore.

There is a happy illustration of the point we are trying to establish, in the early settlement of this country. A whole ship load of the sulphuret of iron, usually called shining sand, was carried from the southern coast to England, as a cargo of gold! What a sublimely ridiculous attempt at speculation! What a laughable stride of ignorance in a fruitless effort to climb the crazy stairway of opulence! There is more in this simple historical fact than its recorders seem to have discovered. It contains a lesson which the young, in particular, should ponder well. Let us look at the picture and then see the weakness of man when trusting to that blind guide, ignorance. See those illiterate adventurers toiling day after day, with their coats off, their sleeves rolled up and their heads down, digging the shining sand and loading the ship till she groans beneath her burden! How impatient they are to receive the avails of their labor, that the little colony may at once fill the highest seats in the synagogue of wealth. See them now, with their ship's anchor weighed, and her sails unfurled, wending their way across the Atlantic, with big hopes in their hearts, and bigger heaps, piled by fancy, in their pockets. After long weeks of "hope" and wealth "deferred," see them sail up the coast of old England beside the treasures of Ind, perhaps, and with shining eyes offer their shining sand from the Eldorado of the West to the traffickers of the land of Lyell. And now, as they learn the true character and worth of their cargo, see them, with disappointment and pungent mortification depicted on their countenances, turn their whole freight into the sea, and their empty ship westward again, and with a cargo of chagrine in their hearts, hurry back to their wives, their daughters, and their sweethearts, who are impatiently awaiting to assume the purple and finery of the rest of their days.

Truly "all is not gold that glitters," and knowledge tells us at a glance which is, and which is not the pure ore. It saves us many a voyage on the stormy deep, from the ridicule of friends, and from self-mortification.

The advantage of knowledge is most lucidly exemplified in the case of electricity. Till the time of the immortal Franklin, but little, comparatively, was known of this wonderful and still mysterious fluid. He brought it under human scrutiny by analyzing a thunder cloud. Before this experiment it was like a frantic steed. Its mettle was unknown, and it was supposed to be unmanageable. But the philosopher, as if aided by some superhuman agency, allured it from its home in the storm-cloud, and tamed it. Strange as it

may seem, this darting, fiery monster of the heavens, that sometimes rends the sturdiest monarch of the forest, and takes the life of man in the twinkling of an eye, is now harnessed and managed with as much ease as conscience leads its wayward victim to the shrine of repentance. To change the figure; through the aid of science it becomes the carrier pigeon of art; and, outstripping the beams of morning, it speeds with its message half round the globe. The slightest changes in the pulsations of the body politic is now conveyed in an instant to its remotest members, though hundreds of miles apart. Doubtless, each ebb and flow in the broad tide of human affairs will, ere long, be communicated, the moment it transpires, to either tropic; and our antipodes will be apprised of our elections, ere the crackle of the bonfire is heard, or even the torch is applied. Should we, in future years have occasion to war with neighboring powers, the result of our battles will, doubtless, be communicated along the walls of the "celestial empire" before the roar of the cannon has ceased to reverberate along the sordid fields of the dead.

Without the aid of science, none of the wonders of the age would be unfolded. Steam presses would not be in existence—the mariner's compass could be used to but little advantage, so the dominions of Neptune would not be traversed; steamboats, these "floating palaces of the deep," if invented, would be inert monsters, unable to "walk the waters like a thing of life," and the rail-car being unknown, each one of us would be obliged to continue "staging it" along the dull and hubbly road of life.

Once more; the advantages of knowledge may be seen in the improvements wrought in certain kinds of soil, by an acquaintance with agricultural chemistry. Of the family of natural sciences chemistry is ranked as a younger member. It has mainly grown up within a century. Among its later and most beautiful features, is its development of the qualities of different soils. It begins to reveal the wealth of the earth. She is found to contain an immense amount of specie before unknown, and though her "deposits"—particularly of man, are fast being "removed," there need be no fear of her failing. With all seriousness let us say, she is owned by the great Capitalist. Her wealth may be illustrated by a single example. Marl has been found to be a great fertilizer. It renders land very productive, which before its application, was considered almost worthless. Usually from forty to sixty loads are used to the acre. Such a dressing will last from twelve to twenty years. What is remarkable, and like almost everything in nature, strikingly exhibits the wisdom and goodness of God, marl is found where it is most wanted. It is deposited near