

his length upon the carpet, his face towards the wall, and there he reposed amidst piles of books which accumulated around him. The learned Amvler studied without the harpsichord beside him; and he only quitted the pen to play it.—Benjamin, also was extremely fond of the piano-forte, and had one in nearly every room in his house.

Richelieu amused himself in the intervals of his labour with a squadron of cats, of whom he was very fond. He used to go to bed at eleven at night, and after sleeping three hours, rise and write, dictate, and work till from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when his daily leave was held. This worthy student displayed an extravagance equalling that of Woolsey. His annual expenditure was some four millions of francs, or about £170,000 sterling.

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton. He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. In his youth, he studied during the greatest part of the night; but in his more advanced years he went early to bed—by nine o'clock—rising to his studies at four in the summer and five in the winter. He studied till mid-day; then he took an hour's exercise, and, after dinner, he sang and played the organ, or listened to other's music. He studied again till six, and from that hour till night he engaged in conversation with friends who came to see him. Then he supped, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of wine, and went to bed. Glorious visions came to him in the night, for it was then, while lying on his couch that he composed in thought the greatest part of his sublime poem. Sometimes, when the fit of composition came strong upon him, he would call his daughter to his side, to commit to paper that which he had composed.

Milton was of opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, and he was never satisfied with the verses he had written at any other season. Alfrien on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him. Like the nightingale, he could only sing in summer. It was his favorite season.

Pierre Corneille, in his loftiest flights of imagination, was often brought to a stand still for want of words and rhyme.—Thoughts were seething in his brain, which he vainly tried to reduce to order, and he would often run to his Thomas "for a word." Thomas rarely failed him. Sometimes, in his fits of inspiration, he would bandage his eyes, throw himself upon the sofa, and dictate to his wife, who almost worshipped his genius. Thus he would pass whole days, dictating to her his great tragedies; his wife scarcely ventured to speak, almost afraid to breathe. Afterwards, when a tragedy was finished, he would call in his sister Martha, and submit it to her judgement; as Moliere used to consult his old housekeeper about the comedies he had newly written.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of "Mithridates," in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out he would exclaim—'My tragedy is done,' considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books, and lived on books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off and, the other three and half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he

slept in a chair; and rarely went to bed before midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg which prevented his walking out even if he had wished to do so.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

[ ORIGINAL ]  
ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE WADSWORTH, ESQUIRE.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,  
Tho' rooted in the earth's deep soil: the slow  
And gradual culture of kind intercourse,  
Must bring it to perfection.

UNKNOWN.

Friendship! 'mid the misty haze,  
Of life, a beacon given;  
The glancing star that wins our gaze,  
From troublous earth to Heaven!

The soother of corroding care!  
The sun-burst 'mid the storm!  
The wing 'neath which our nestling hopes,  
Lie cosily and warm!

Sweet tincture dropped by heavenly hand,  
Into the cup of life;  
Like oil upon the storm-rid waves,  
To calm their swelling strife!

The haven of our earthly rest,  
Where travell'd hearts repose—  
The garden of our fond desire,  
Where life's carnation grows!

The Linden tree beneath whose shade,  
Our sparkling hopes recline—  
The green-sward pasture of the heart!  
Where joy's sweet flowrets shine.

The eagle's rock of towering height,  
Above the world's rude din;  
The "trysting spot" where feelings meet!  
Sweet love divorced from sin!

A bower of beauty! ever filled,  
With music passing sweet;  
A woodland walk by violets graced,  
That woos our pilgrim feet.

A gushing fountain in the vale,  
Life's many colored bow;  
Its summer sun! its autumn moon!  
Its golden crown art Thou!

The hallow'd altar of our hearts,  
A fair, and holy shrine;  
On which approving Heaven can smile,  
All these! all these! are thine!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West, 1852.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WHITTIER.

Jeremiah Paul was a short, round personage, with a quick, I almost said spiteful grey eye, a bald head in front, and a short cue behind. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less than his person. At one time he was the village schoolmaster, a rare pedagogue and learned; it is said, not only familiar with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the abridgement of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not long be permitted to remain in his obscurity. His talents were not of an order to blush unseen, and accordingly in his fortieth year, he was honored with the office, and enriched with the emoluments appertaining to no less a dignitary than a Justice of the Peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story, and with the reader's permission, we will go back and introduce the wife of Mr. Paul. She, too, was an un-

common character, a good-natured, great, handsome romp, who used to attend school on purpose, to use her own phrase, 'to plague Master Jerry.' And verily she was a plague. She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased. She inked the faces of the girls, pinched the boys, and finally to such a pitch did she arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely adjusted cue of the dominie himself.

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a musing attitude, engaged in profound mathematical calculation, respecting the probable value of the tenant of his landlord's pig-sty, when this outrage took place. He had placed the subject in half a dozen different attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just on the point of putting his lucubration on the fragments of a slate, upon which his left elbow was resting, when a vigorous jerk at the hairy appendage of his pericranium, started him bolt upright in a minute, and drew from him a cry not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear, for he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue, but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish, as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him; and the ill-suppressed laughter of his disciples added not a little to his chagrin.

"Who? who? who? I say? He could articulate no more. He was nearly choked with passion.

"That great ugly girl there who pinches me so," said a little ragged urchin with a dirty face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent, but it was plain, from his manner, that he would rather have undertaken the correction of the whole school beside, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impertinence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the dominie; but his voice trembled, his situation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want of your cue?" and a queer smile played around her mouth, for a pretty one she had, and what is worse the dominie himself thought so. Jeremiah, seeing he was about to lose his authority, hemmed twice, shook his head at the urchins who were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reaching his hand to his ferule, said, "Give me your hand Miss." His heart misgave him as he spoke. The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too, as that of a modern belle at a cotillion party. Jeremiah took it; it was a very pretty hand; and then her face, there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the dominie's anger. He looked first at her hands, then her face, expressive of a vagueish confidence, then at his ferule a heavy instrument of torture, entirely unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand held in durance before him. Never in all the history of his birchen authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted up his right hand two or three times, and as often withdrew it.

"You will not strike me?" said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered that went to the heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Antony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volsci before his own Virginia, the dominie relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future?"

"I hope I shall," said the prudent young lady, and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil, by pressing the hand he had imprisoned, and the fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension, by returning the pressure.

They were married just six months afterwards. So much for lenity in school discipline.