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AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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THE

CANADIAN GEM

AND FAMILY VISITOR.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1849.

No. 1.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

CHAPTER I.

GENIUS, God-like, heaven-inspired genius, mankind will ever worship thee! It matters not where thou art found—whether in the more elevated spheres of society, bright-shining, commingled with wealth and grandeur, or beneath the rough exterior of poverty, where not even the light of education has penetrated, even there thou wilt be confessed! for thou art not like the unwrought diamond which waits for the hand of the lapidary to produce those dazzling rays of beauty; but, like the glorious sun, which of *itself* bursts through the darkness, and pours forth light and glory over the universe.

Let us glance for a moment at the early life of young Warren Gray, and mark, by strength of imagination, and fire of intellect, will triumph over all obstacles. Poverty and hardships were

his lot. Ere the stars paled in the lawning night he be seen commencing his daily tasks, and when the gentle twilight passed away, and the heavens were again resplendent with the countless gems of night, still the farmer-boy ceased not from his toil. It was to aid his honest but poor parents in the support of a large and helpless family that he thus laboured; ever bearing within him a spirit fluttering as the caged bird, to break away from its narrow confines and soar to that eminence to which the light of inborn genius marked the way.

I have said the parents of Warren Gray were poor—they were so—yet if on them poverty barred the door, they were rich in contentment, in domestic love and happiness, and, more than all, they enjoyed abundantly those riches *which the world can neither give nor take away.*ⁿ

From his earliest years, young War-

ren had evinced but little in common with other children. He was ever given to deep and serious thought, and rarely mingled with sports of boyhood, but chose nature for his friend and companion. He saw that all around him was beautiful and glorious, and his young heart delighted therein; but as yet her loveliness was to him as some beautiful pageant, for education had not taught him to read her charms aright.

The young children wanted bread—therefore no money had farmer Gray to bestow upon his son; and often would poor Warren pause at the little gate, or under the windows of the village school, and listen with yearning heart and tearful eye, to the busy hum of his more fortunate companions. At length, aided by a little instruction from his mother, through perseverance the poor farmer had learned to read and write; and from that moment a new existence seemed spread out before him. There was no hardship too great, no toil too severe, provided he could obtain thereby but one short hour of study. True, his books were limited to a few odd and tattered volumes; and from fragments of Shakspeare and Milton, from Bunyan and Doddridge, did the future poet imbibe deep and delicious draughts of inspiration.

Although the narrow book-shelf of Warren Gray might elicit a smile of contempt from the heir of wealth, who sits in slippered ease, surrounded by volumes in costly bindings, and in whose library the rich mahogany cases groan with the weight of rare and valuable books, yet to such, be it known, there was that in the bosom of Warren which

swelled each sentence of those tattered pages into volumes of delight—opened for him the charmed book of nature—decked his path in life with all the imagery of a bright and pure spirit, and wrought for him a name which even now adorns the page of literature! For, reader, this story is no fiction.

It is not, therefore, the possession of the greatest number of books—it is not by daily access to our large and valuable libraries, that the mind of the student most improves. Will it not be found that a few good volumes, judiciously selected and repeatedly perused, form the best discipline for the young and ardent mind.

And now, as the younger branches of farmer Gray's household were fast growing up into man and womanhood, and able to assist in the labours of the farm, did Warren entreat of his father that he might leave for a time this scene of homely joys, so insufficient for the happiness of his aspiring mind, and in the distant city seek some means by which his ever-craving thirst for knowledge should be realized.

Followed, therefore, with the tears and blessings of his parents, alone and on foot, did Warren Gray take his way from the home of his childhood. Save the coarse home-spun garments which he wore, no worldly effects had he to trouble him, neither money to buy him food—but the red ripe strawberries peeped up temptingly from their green covers, the sparkling brook came laughing and dancing in his path to allay his thirst, and, as evening came on, the earth offered her beautiful bosom for his repose, and night spread her glorious

canopy above him. The glow-worm and the firefly lit up his leafy bower—while the chirping cricket, and low soft notes of the whip-poor-will wooed him to forgetfulness. Went ever a prince to a more glorious couch!

At length he found himself in the suburbs of a large and populous city—sumptuous equipages rolled lazily past him—gay equestrians curveted their high mettled steeds,—and stages dashed reckless along, while the ceaseless din of a tumultuous city sounded in his ears. He entered the paved and crowded streets, and now for the first time a sensation of loneliness pervaded his bosom. He was alone—no eye met his with kindness—no voice greeted him—on, on, passed the countless multitude, unheeding, uncaring for the humble and modest stranger.

Thus entered Warren Gray into the city of P—. And here, on the threshold of his career, a heartless world before him, for a few years we will leave him, honesty and purity of heart his shield against the many temptations of poverty and oppression.

CHAPTER II.

Genius has triumphed! where now is the poor farmer-lad we saw so lately forlorn and destitute, contending with innumerable hardships and biting poverty, that he might cherish that mental fire which glowed so pure and bright within him! Lift the curtain which has concealed him from your view, and in that tall, elegant youth, who stands the centre of a circle of delighted and attentive auditors, fascinating by his manners, charming by his wit, behold Warren Gray!

Yes, Genius has triumphed! he is no longer the unknown, despised stripling—society now regards him as one of her most distinguished ornaments,—he is courted and admired by talent, by wealth, and beauty, and the poet has crowned his name with imperishable fame!

It was a cool and balmy afternoon in June. A slight shower was just passing away, the beautiful blue sky smiled again through the light, floating clouds, and grass, tree, and shrub rejoiced anew in the freshness of revived verdure. The lovely flowers still hugged to their bosoms the sparkling rain-drop, and the birds skimmed merrily the pure air, made vocal with their cheerful notes.—The poet sat alone. From his window, around which the sweet-briar scattered fragrance, he looked forth upon the beautiful picture which Nature had spread before him. His heart was in harmony with the charming scene, and deep and glowing thoughts came up from his pure bosom.

How beautiful—how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Earth!

Thy seasons changing with the sun,

Thy beauty out of darkness won!

And yet, whose tongue (when all is done,)

Will tell thy worth?

The *Poet's!* he alone doth still

Uphold *all* worth!

Then love the poet—love his themes,

His thoughts *half hid in golden dreams*

Which make *thrice fair* the songs and streams

Of Air, and Earth."

Warren Gray was suddenly aroused from his reverie by the sound of wheels evidently approaching the cottage, and a carriage passed beneath the avenue of elms and stopped at the gate. A

note was placed in his hand, on which the following lines were delicately penciled.

"Two ladies, unknown to Mr. Gray, request an interview.

With courteous politeness he instantly advanced to meet his unexpected visitors, who were now slowly approaching up the gravelled walk. One of these ladies was evidently past the meridian of life, and her step feeble. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and a long black veil fell nearly to her feet.—But in the other light elegant figure at her side, whose foot scarce seemed to press the earth, Gray saw only grace and beauty. Her snowy dress, her veil of dazzling purity floating ably around her, she appeared to the imagination of the poet as one of those beautiful sylph-like beings, which his fancy and his pen had so oft portrayed, come now to gladden his senses with blest reality!

Politely declining to enter the cottage, the strangers for a few moments proceeded in silence down the walk. At length, turning to Warren, the elder said:

"Pardon this intrusion upon your privacy—our errand is short, but to us is fraught with much happiness."

Warren bowed—the lady continued:

"Be assured, you are no stranger—for who that has read those chaste and glowing effusions of your pen, emanating from a heart overflowing with benevolence and goodness but must feel they have read your inmost soul!—Your history is known to us, and it has long been our wish to behold one who so nobly surmounted those difficulties which beset his path in early life."

"To whom, my dear madam," interrupted Gray, "am I indebted for this kind interest?"

"My name, my young friend, is of no consequence. You see before you an afflicted mother—one into whose domestic paradise consumption hath entered, and plucked one by one those lovely flowers which constituted her earthly happiness. This dear girl alone is left me, but alas, even now I fear the thread of life hath gone forth, and that she too will soon be snatched from my embrace!" Tears choked further utterance.

"Mother, dear mother," cried the young girl, "weep not for me—for when I leave you, I go to a heavenly paradise."

Gray could not speak, but his manly bosom throbbed with pity, as the touching tones of that sweet voice fell on his ear. After a few moments silence the elder continued, placing at the same time in the hands of Gray a beautiful purse:

"Accept this small memento of my regard—persevere in your glorious career of fame, and remember there are hearts made happy, and hearts ever prayerful for your earthly and eternal happiness. Farewell."

Gray remained silent—emotion impeded all utterance, but he pressed the hand, which tendered the purse, to his lips. At this moment the young girl extended to him a choice and beautiful bunch of flowers, saying, in the same sweet voice:

"Less perishable than these frail blossoms is the friendship with which Mr. Gray has inspired me—farewell."

So saying, and before the agitated Gray could find words to express his gratitude, she sprang into the carriage, which drove rapidly away, leaving him entirely overcome by the conflicting emotions this scene had engendered.—Pressing the bouquet to his lips, he shrank not to bathe it with his tears. The voice, the fragile form of her whom he was told was soon to vanish from this earth touched each tender chord of his sympathising bosom. Unfolding the small paper which encircled the precious bouquet, what was his surprise to find the stems of the flowers passed through a rich diamond ring, on which his own cypher was engraved, while on the paper was traced :

“Wear this ring, for the sake of one whose last hours will be made happier for having known thee.”

The purse also contained bills to a large amount, but no name—no trace by which his generous friends could be discovered.

Weeks passed on. In vain did Gray strive to penetrate the mystery—all inquiries, all search proved fruitless—but the figure of that fair girl was ever before him—and the tones of her sweet, mournful voice, chimed in his ear like fairy dirge at midnight.

Months passed. Again Warren Gray received a note, written evidently by the same fair hand, but evincing a tremour and feebleness which pierced his heart with grief. Enclosed were bills to the same amount as he had before received.

“Money is not for the dying,” wrote the unknown, “and seldom is it strewn

in the path of Genius. Take, then, the enclosed.”

There was no post-mark, no clue which might lead to the discovery of his unknown benefactress—the mystery was impenetrable.

CHAPTER III.

November at length came on in dreariness and gloom—all nature wore a face of sadness and decay. The dry and yellow leaves whirled through the garden walks, and beat against the windows of Warren Gray's cottage, and the wind made mournful music through the now naked branches of the elms.—It was evening—the shutter of the cottage library were closed, and Gray had seated himself at his little table, to pour forth in imperishable verse the sad thoughts which oppressed him, and to which the dreary scene without accorded but too well, when his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing a note. Fearing he knew not what, Gray hurriedly broke the seal, and while every limb trembled with emotion, read as follows :

“The dreaded moment has arrived ! Will Mr. Gray accompany the bearer, that he may soothe the dying hour of my poor child.”

A carriage was in waiting, in which, with feelings it were vain to portray, Gray hastily took his seat, and was driven rapidly in the direction of the city.

After passing through many streets, murky with dampness and gloom, they at length turned into one much broader, and bearing evident tokens that there dwelt wealth. The driver now checked

his horses to a walk, and soon Gray perceived the wheels were passing over layers of straw. The carriage now stopped, the steps were noiselessly let down, while, at the same moment, the street-door was gently opened, and Gray found himself within the vestibule of what appeared a large and elegant mansion. He was now conducted into a spacious parlour, where in a few moments, with feeble step and faltering voice, he was received by the elder of his unknown visitors.

"I thank you, my dear friend," said she, extending her hand, "this is indeed, kind. Nerve yourself for a scene of sorrow—for my sweet Cora, my last earthly treasure, is fast sinking from my sight. Come with me—she expects you."

Gray could make no reply, but his face was pale as marble, and his step trembled, as he followed up the long, winding-stairs. The silence of the tomb seemed already settled over that house of death, for not a sound save the light fall of his own footsteps broke the solemn stillness.

"Wait here a moment," whispered his companion, and softly opening the door of a large, darkened apartment, she vanished from his sight. In a few moments the door again opened, and beckoning to Warren to approach, she advanced to meet him, and, taking his hand, conducted him to the bedside of the dying. Drawing aside the white silken curtains, a fair young face met the tearful eye of Gray—so fair, so lovely, that it would seem Death had stolen the guise of Health with which to welcome his victim, while his icy fingers

even now pressed the marble brow, and played with those long dark ringlets.

Upon seeing Gray, a smile of ineffable sweetness lit up the features of the dying girl, and, feebly extending her hand, she said, in a voice whose mellow clearness contrasted strangely with her sinking frame:

"Forgive me for imposing this melancholy scene upon you—but I wished to see you once more before I closed my eyes upon this beautiful world. I have a strange request to make, and—"

Here the hue of death suddenly stole over her countenance—her eyes closed, and for a few moments she scarcely seemed to breathe—but the faintness passed off, again opening her eye she continued:

"Will you comfort my poor, widowed, childless mother, when I am gone—will you yield to the request of a dying girl, and give her a legal right to call you her son!"

Warren answered in a low, faltering voice, while he pressed that pale, emaciated little hand to his lips, and the tears he in vain essayed to check, fell from his eyes.

A venerable clergyman at that moment approached the bed—Warren sank on his knees, with the hand of the dying Cora clasped in his, and the ceremony which was to link the living to death by so strong a bond commenced. It was over. Warren arose, and imprinted a kiss upon the cold brow of his bride. A radiant smile overspread her angelic countenance—she stretched forth her arms—life fluttered for a moment on her beautiful lips, and the spirit had passed away!

A few short months closed the life of the bereaved mother—but Warren Gray had the happiness of knowing that her last hours were soothed by his kindness. She left him sole heir to a large and valuable property—but the nature of the noble Gray revolted from using wealth to which he felt he had no claim, save in the generosity of his departed friend. He renounced it therefore immediately in favour of the relatives of his benefactress.

Years have passed away since these events—but not so the fame and usefulness of Warren Gray—the poet—the philanthropist. His name still connects itself with goodness and virtue, and the charms of his poetic genius still fascinate and enchant the senses. He is yet unmarried—nor ceases he to lament the untimely death of the young and lovely Cora—his spirit bride. C.H.B.

Original.

A COMPARISON—THE HARVEST.

BY A. S. M.

As I the fields of the summer surveyed,
My mind in reflection was drawn;
For in beauty, and splendor arrayed,
Were the grounds that the farmer had
sown.

While the fields of the harvest I viewed,
My mind to the Scriptures returned,
For the path of the reaper was strew'd
With the tares which are gather and
burned.

Thus we view man in the summer of life,
While the season of health yet remains,
Mid the scenes of contention and strife,
He, the glory of his posture retains.

But yet observation hath told,
There's a period to contention and strife,
We have learned from the sages of old,
That man has no lease of his life.

Oh! man in thyself fear to trust,
Or in nature's protection rely,
For thou art as feeble as dust;
At the word of the Lord you must die.

For the Lord of the harvest will come,
All nations together will call;
He has prepared for his children a home:
By his hand the wicked shall fall.

In time let us learn to be wise,
And flee from the wrath of God;
Whose vengeance shall darken the skies,
And convert the seas into blood.

But God did in mercy provide,
A final redemption for man,
On Calvary, his Son Jesus died;
Oh! praise him for that blessed plan.

Brooklin, Dec., 1848.

FRANKLIN AND GOV. BURNET.

BEN had just returned from assisting poor Colins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand. Ben opened it not without considerable agitation, and read as follows:—

“G. Burnet's compliments await young Mr. Franklin, and should be glad of half an hours' chat over a glass of wine.”

“G. Burnet,” said Ben, “who can that be?”

“Why, 'tis the governor,” replied the captain, with a smile—“I have just

been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look at the door of poor Colins' bed-room, to think what an honor that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three gulps of filthy grog.

The governor's looks at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat a disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a last hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him—

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, that you have a fine collection too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," said Ben.

"A trunk full, sir!" replied the governor, "why what use can you have for so many books? Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah.

"I can boast," replied Ben, "of having read a great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full to read every six months."

At this, the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise, said:

"You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages."

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no language but my own."

"What, not Latin or Greek?"

"No sir, not a word of either."

"Why, don't you think them necessary?"

"I don't set myself up as a judge—but I should not suppose them necessary."

"Aye! well, I should like to hear your reasons."

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning; but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on language, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire; were it not wiser in me to improve my time in *sense* through that one language, than waste in getting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many."

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having a few moments before put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea he took another start.

"Well, but my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favor of the languages."

"I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world," said Ben, "especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought my duty, and especially, since I studied Locke."

"Locke!" cried the governor with surprise, "you studied Locke?"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding, three years ago, when I was thirteen!"

"You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the understanding at thirteen."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, and pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college in old England where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen."

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college or even a grammar school, except nine months when I was a child."

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out—

"Never at a college! well, and where—where did you get your education, pray?"

"At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop."

"In a tallow-chandler's shop!" screamed the governor.

"Yes, sir, my father was a poor old tallow-chandler with sixteen children, and I the youngest of all; at eighty years of age he put me to school, but finding

he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me home in the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve, my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked there all day at case and press, and again read by myself at night."

Here the governor spanked his hands together, and put up a loud whistle, while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out.

"Impossible, young man!" he exclaimed, "impossible, you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe the one-half of this." Then turning to the captain he said—"Captain, you are an intelligent man, and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at anything but to quiz me?"

"No, indeed, please your excellency," replied the captain, "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family."

The governor then turning to Ben said more moderately—"Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word; and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages."

"Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years.—Plutarch, indeed, only puts it thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this full

ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar.— This brings the forty down to thirty.— Now, of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially, when all the best books in those languages are translated into ours, and besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very preposterous.”

“ Well, what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek into our poor homespun English, would you ?”

“ Why not, sir ?”

“ Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine-apple from Jamaica to Boston.”

“ Well, sir, a skilful gardener, with his hot-house would give us nearly as fine a pine-apple as any in Jamaica.— And so, Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years study of the Greek. And besides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language.”

“ You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us his beauties are inimitable.”

“ Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable too.”

“ The basilisk, sir ! Homer compared with the basilisk ! I really don't understand you, sir.”

“ Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so is Homer; for the bright colorings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now as I don't think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part so important to human happiness, I must confess, I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, you would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these.”

“ I agree he has too much revenge in his compositions.”

“ Yes, sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer's glowing fancy lend, what youth but must run the most eminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws upon his pictures.”

“ Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is, I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin: but, surely 'tis over-strained.”

“ Not at all, sir; we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the Great, to become a hero; and after him of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known; but still, probably not a tythe of what have perished in duels between individuals from pride and revenge, nursed from reading Homer.”

“ Well, sir,” replied the governor, “ I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certain-

ly be singular in your charges against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don't boast myself as a Christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and divines too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out *divine beauties* and *sublimities* which the poet gives to his hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans; and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot-livered young men, thus educated, should despise meekness and forgiveness as a coward's virtues, and nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains."

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamester at his last trump. But perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a *fine* opportunity to turn the conversation. So stepping up he placed his hand on his shoulder, and in a very familiar manner, said:

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you will not quarrel with; an author that I think you will pronounce *faultless*."

"Why, sir," replied Ben, "I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, I think he is not without his faults."

"It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well, sir," said Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Pope's:

'Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.'

"I see no fault there."

"No—indeed!" replied Ben, "why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for any thing he does wrong than his *want of sense*."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great poet, I would do it in this way:

'Immodest words admit of *this* defence,
That want of decency is want of sense.'

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain.

"How greatly I am obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming youth! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us to converse with such sprightly youth, as him. But the worst of it is, most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck-worms for money; or hopping about like jay-birds in fine feathers. Hence, their conversation is no better than froth or nonsense."

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressed a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time, that he would forever con-

sider him as one of his fastest friends, and also never to come to New York, without coming to see him.

From the Young People's Mirror.

GEOLOGY.

THE surface of the earth is 196,862,256 square miles; and its solidity is 259,762,736,416 cubic miles.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 160 to 40, or as four to one.

The earth is, according to different measurements, 7912, 7916, and 7924 miles in diameter; and about 24,860 or 24,880 miles round.

Those of the ancients who did not believe in the sphericity of the earth, thought it a cylinder, or an extended plane. Homer made it circular, and the outside water, and this was the idea of the Jews. The later Greeks from Pythagoras and Thales taught the sphericity. But the popes believed it a plain, giving all to the west to the kings of Spain.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150 millions of square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197 millions, and its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to that of the highest mountains, or four miles; but La Place thinks that the tides demand an average depth of three miles, therefore, the sea would contain 450 millions of cubic miles.

The remains of animals and vegetables in the rocks and earthy strata of the earth, are the true and only means of ascertaining its history and natural changes before the records of man. The

discoveries made on this subject within the last century, form an era in science in which the name of Cuvier will always be distinguished. In all countries, on digging to certain depths, and in mining, the remains of fishes, vegetables, quadrupeds, and birds, are found in the soil or embedded in the rocks, except in those of primitive antiquity. The general regularity with which those that are marine are laid at one level, and those which are products of land are laid at another, and the alternations of these marine and land products, lead to the conclusion that the sea has repeatedly covered the land for long periods of time, and that the land has, at intermediate periods, been dry; and what is very remarkable, the remains found consist, and always at certain depths, of species of animals, vegetables, &c., not now in existence, and often, of genera not natural to the present climate. Cuvier has enumerated several hundred genera of animals, fishes, and vegetables so found, of which there are none of the living genera or species. The lowest rocks, it is therefore inferred, were at one time the surface of the earth, and the seat of organic life. These appear to have been destroyed by some great revolutions which brought new tribes of organized beings, while their kinds prove that the surface was covered with water. The subsequent appearance of amphibia, &c., prove the development of dry land; these appear to have been swept away, and among later solid rocks, the monstrous race of herbivorous quadrupeds and gigantic lacerta came into existence when the earth seems to have acquired herbage for their subsistence. How

long this race kept possession cannot be guessed, but their length of life is well known. The gypsum, &c., which now contains their remains is covered with newer deposits, abounding in sea shells; and above the stratum is found a new race of herbivorous animals of the genera of the elephant, rhinoceros, &c., and above them is the first loose soil, intermixed with marine substances, proving second or third immersions of the sea; and above this lies the soil which the present race of animals enjoy. What may yet follow, and when, and how, is a curious question:

In the newest solid rock formations, whales, seals and birds, appear; above these lands animals of enormous size, birds, and fresh-water shells, all in concrete rocks.

HEALTH OF YOUNG LADIES.

It positively pains me to see a party of girls, a bonneted and tippeted double file of humanity,

"That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along,"

under the keen surveillance of a governess, whose nerves would never be able to endure the shock of seeing them bound over a stream, or scramble through a fence, or even toss their head and throw out their limbs, as all young animals, except that oppressed class called young ladies, are privileged to do. Having ventured, in a fit of my country daring, to break the ice of this very rigid and frigid subject, I will recount another instance of the paternal good sense to which I owe, under God, the physical powers, without which my

little talents might have laid by in a napkin all my days.

One morning, when his daughter was about eight years old, my father came in and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles: while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

"Pray what are you going to do to the child?"

"Going to fit her with a pair of stays."

"For what purpose?"

"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them."

"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies."

"O, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend upon it this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of his making, not ours."

All remonstrance was vain; stays, and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule; a ribbon drawn tight round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl of the anxious friend, whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages from which I was preserved. She grew up a wan-like figure; graceful and inter-

esting, and died of decline at nineteen; while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's moulding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

There can be no doubt that the hand which first encloses the waist of a girl in these cruel contrivances—supplying her with a fictitious support, where the hand of God has placed bones and muscles that ought to be brought into vigorous action—that hand lays the foundation of bitter sufferings; at the price of which, and probably a premature death, the advantage must be purchased, of rendering her figure as unlike as possible to all the models of female beauty, universally admitted to be such, because they are chisled after nature itself.—*Personal Recollections by Charlotte Elizabeth.*

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

PERHAPS the most interesting matter of consideration connected with the recent Presidential election in France, springs from the fact, that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the grand-son of the unfortunate and ill-used Josephine, whose cruel and unjust divorce ever links itself with our memory of Napoleon, as the one dark cloud that suffices to dim the lustre of his greatest achievements, and tarnish the splendour of his more than regal glory. This brilliant

and interesting woman, prior to her marriage with Bonaparte, was the widow of the Viscount Alexander de Beauharnois, of Brittany, who distinguished himself in the war of the American Revolution, and who for some years resided with his wife at Martinico; from this husband, on account of continued misconduct, Josephine was at length compelled to separate, and return with her two children to France. Thither Beauharnois followed her, and subsequently became a prominent actor in the terrible scenes of the French Revolution, the result of which was, his premature death by the guillotine—whilst Josephine herself narrowly escaped a similar fate.

It was while residing at Paris with her children—Eugene, afterwards victor of Italy, and Hortense, the future Queen of Holland—that the Viscountess de Beauharnois attracted the admiration of Napoleon, who wooed and won her, receiving as his meed an amount of affection which gilded this portion of his wedded life with a brightness which made him ever love to look back upon it.

The remainder of Josephine's history is too generally familiar to need a recital here—her daughter Hortense became the wife Napoleon's brother—Louis the late King of Holland—and the mother of Louis Napoleon, the lately elected President of the French Republic.

Thus the utter futility of human scheming to accomplish a desired end, has, by the progress of these events, been most forcibly illustrated—Josephine, all-innocent and beloved, was cruelly removed from her happy and rightful station, in order that the one

darling and ambitious hope of an unjust man might be realized, and the day was not long delayed which seemed to crown his injustice with success; for the selfish and imperious Austrian Princess, who succeeded to the station from which Josephine had been deposed, gave birth to a son, who, to all human expectation, was destined to maintain future dominion over that fair empire in which his father had obtained for him a blood-bought authority.

But how have matters resulted?—Marie Louisa lived to see the total discomfiture of all her hopes:—her husband exiled—and her bright boy of promise cut off in his youth, probably by the instrumentality of poison—whilst she herself, dragged out a miserable and abandoned existence, in a petty Italian State, an object of opprobrium and scorn, and dying envolved, unregretted, and desolate, neither she nor hers having any farther interest forever in France or its destinies.

But by a singular fortuity we behold the direct descendent of Josephine, her own grand-son—and the veritable nephew of Napoleon, his true heir—elected to fill the chief office in the gift of the French People. Thus the present President of France, by lineal descent, is alike the heir of Napoleon, of Josephine. May not just Heaven design, by this elevation of Louis Bonaparte, to render righteous retribution to the names of her, who was made the victim of scheming and selfish ambition, at the expense of her life's happiness and Napoleon's honour!—*Rochester Democrat.*

WHAT EDUCATION IS.

REAL, effective Education does not mean merely reading and writing; nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seed of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breasts, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of his infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens; but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances; cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and by, the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent in building up the human being; or rather in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of the physical, intellectual, and moral nature goes on, the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breathes; the kind, and the sufficiency of his food and clothing; the degree in

which his physical powers are exerted; the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects; the extent to which faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home, the moral example of parents; the discipline of schools; the nature and degree of studies, rewards, and punishments; the personal qualities of his companions; the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves; and the character of the public institutions under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.—*Edgeworth.*

Original.

**PERSEVERANCE IN THE PURSUIT
OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER
DIFFICULTIES.**

BY J. H.

NOTHING inspires the youthful student with so determined a spirit of perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties as the example of those who, situated like himself, have surmounted every obstacle in the attainment of an education. Indeed it has ever been a subject of remark by men of experience that those are the most efficient men, who have risen to

eminence as the result of their own exertions. An energy, a force of character, a practical knowledge, are ever conspicuous in those who have made themselves. Their difficulties have proved their greatest blessings by teaching them to rely on the inexhaustible resources of personal exertions, instead of the broken reed of the proffered assistance of others. What man has done, can again be done by man. The assistance of others may fail; professed friendship is often nothing more than the passing breath; but if we rely on ourselves, we cannot be deceived, or if we are, the very exertion will give us renewed energy to cope with new difficulties.

I request the attention of your youthful readers to the examples which follow, of distinguished men, who have successfully struggled through apparently unsurmountable difficulties and become the benefactors and instructors of mankind. The student should, however, be influenced by the love of knowledge or he will faint by the way. Every thing which we know has been discovered by some one, and that which was discovered without assistance, can most assuredly, be understood by us, aided by their explanations.—Let this be borne in mind by all who are trying to educate themselves. Books, apparatus, living instructors, as under the worst circumstances, the vast volume of nature, are at the command of the diligent student. He who can read, may, without any assistance, except a suitable treatise, make himself master of any subject. Many with nothing more than this, have placed themselves as the scholars of their day

amongst the first of their race. Let the student, who, burning with an ardent desire to explore the domains of science, may shrink from the undertaking, on account of the supposed difficulties, call to mind the numerous instances of those who have triumphed over impediments much more formidable, than any which lie in his path.

The great Erasmus, the most accomplished scholar of his age, had no means, while at Paris in the pursuit of his studies, to purchase either books or clothes, of both of which he was much in need. "As soon as I get money" says he, "I will buy first, Greek books, and then clothes." Erasmus did not do as many a fop of the present day, buying first clothes, then books. The books were uppermost in his mind.

Schaeffer, the German naturalist, was so poor when he entered the University of Halle, that he could only afford himself a little bread and a few vegetables for his daily food; and during a long cold German winter, no fire ever warmed his room.

Professor Heyne, of Gottengen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own, or of any age, yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life not only in obscurity, but in the most incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He was born amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the "Memoirs of his own life," Heyne says, "Want was the earliest companion of my childhood." After passing through almost innumerable

difficulties in preparing for the University, he went to Leipsic, with only two florins (less than one dollar) in his pocket. He was sometimes reduced to almost starvation, being relieved by the compassion of the maid servant of the house wherein he lodged. He was finally elected professor of eloquence in the University of Gottengen, which chair he filled for fifty years.

Epictetus, the celebrated stoic philosopher, was born a slave, and spent many years in servitude. Having obtained his freedom, he devoted himself to the study of philosophy, when barely able to procure the necessaries of life. A treatise of Epictetus was one of the works edited by Heyne, while at Dresden. He lived at Rome, in a house without a door, and with no furniture except a table, bedstead, and a wretched coverlet, even while he was on the most intimate terms with the Emperor Adrian.

Cleanthes, another of the stoics, was brought up to the profession of a pugilist, and used to exhibit himself in that character at the public shows; till longing to study philosophy, he went to Athens for that purpose, where he arrived with only three drachms (about two shillings and a penny). He used to draw water and carry burdens at night, to earn his fee to pay his master Zeno. On the death of Zeno, Cleanthes succeeded him in his school.

The celebrated Winckelman, one of the most distinguished writers on classic antiquities and the fine arts, that modern times have produced, was the son of a poor shoemaker.

Hayden, the great musical composer,

was the son of a wheelwright, his mother being a servant.

The parents of Dr. John Prideux, Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking to Oxford and getting employed as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College.

Linnæus, the founder of the science of Botany, was, for some time, apprenticed to a shoemaker. The celebrated Ben Johnson worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason.

John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education until he was twenty years old, and was at first apprenticed as a cabinet-maker in Glasgow. Long before his death, he was acknowledged to be at the head of living anatomists, and to have done more in illustrating surgery and physiology than any other writer, ancient or modern.

In another field of enterprise, we may mention Oliver Cromwell, who never fought a battle which he did not win, & who was forty-two years old before he entered the army; his contemporary, the celebrated Admiral Blake, was fifty when he first went to sea.

Sir William Jones was the most wonderful linguist of his age, having made himself acquainted with twenty-eight languages, and was studying the Grammars of several oriental tongues to within a few days of his death.

No circumstances could appear more embarrassing and hopeless for a man to commence a literary career, than

those of the Mathematician Simpson, who, in addition to his poverty, was encumbered with a large family. Napoleon says that "there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous," but we may go one step farther, than Napoleon, and say, "the sublime and ridiculous are sometimes united." Simpson's marriage was most extraordinary, his wife, a tailor's widow, being about three times his own age. His profession, that of a weaver, necessarily excluded him from associating with the learned, and afforded but a scanty subsistence. He was also a fortune-teller, and an astrologer. But through unwearyed exertions he became one of the ablest mathematicians of his age, although he had scarcely commenced his education till after his marriage; and died at the age of fifty. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed professor of mathematics at Woolwich; at thirty-four he was admitted Fellow of the Royal Society, on a recommendation signed by four of the most eminent mathematicians of England. He published thirteen able treatises on mathematics, besides his contributions to the Philosophical Transactions, and his labors as editor of the "Ladies' Diary," and as professor of mathematics.

Edmund Stone was another distinguished example of a self educated mathematician. Nothing is known of the place or time of his birth. He was supposed to be a native of Argyleshire in England, and from his advanced age at his death in 1768 must have been born near the close of the 17th century. His father was gardner to the Duk of Argyle. The

Duke one day walking in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's "Principia," lying on the grass, and supposing it to have been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back. Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book. "Yours," exclaimed the Duke, "Do you understand Geometry, Latin and Newton?" "I know a little of them," replied the young man. The Duke being greatly surprised, and having a taste himself for such studies, proposed many questions to young Stone, to all of which he returned prompt and appropriate answers. "How," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of these things?" "A servant taught me two years ago to read," Stone replied. "Does one need to know more than the twenty four letters in order to learn every thing one wishes?" Through the influence of the Duke of Argyle, young Stone made his appearance in London. His first publication was a "Treatise on Mathematical Instruments" in 1723. In 1725 he was chosen "Fellow of the Royal Society." Little is known of his last days, but it is probable he spent them in poverty and neglect.

James Ferguson the son of a day-laborer, was born in 1710 a few miles from Keith in Banffshire. Young Ferguson was literally his own educator in the very elements of knowledge. Acquisitious which have probably never been made by one so young under any circumstances without the assistance either of books or a living teacher, were the discoveries of his solitary and almost illiterate boyhood. It was his father's

practice to teach his children to read and write, as they reached what he deemed a proper age; but James was too impatient to wait till his regular time. While his father was teaching his elder brothers, James would listen to his instructions, and when he was left alone would get the book and work hard to master the lesson; being ashamed, as he says, to let his father know what he was doing; he sometimes applied to an old woman in the neighbourhood to solve his difficulties. He thus learned to read before his father was aware he knew his letters.

When he was about seven years of age, a simple incident occurred which seems to have given to his mind its first bias to what became his favourite pursuit. The roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father in order to raise it again, applied a beam to it in the form of a lever. The circumstance attracted the son's attention; and after examining it, he perceived that his father applied his strength to the longer end of the lever; this he concluded was an important circumstance. He proceeded to verify his opinion by experiment. "I thought" says he "that it was a great pity that by means of this lever a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this, I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel the weight might be raised to any height by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope around the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick." The child of seven years had thus, it will be observed, discovered two of the most important elementary

truths in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle. He afterwards discovered others without either books or teachers, and with no instruments except a turning lathe and a knife. After having made his discoveries he proceeded to write a description of them, thinking his to be the first treatise ever composed on the subject.

He spent some years in the employment of a shepherd; and while his flock was feeding around him, used to busy himself in making models of mills, spinning wheels etc., during the day, and in the study of the stars at night. When a little older, he went into the service of another farmer. After the labors of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle, and then lying on his back, pursued for long hours, his observations on the heavenly bodies. "I used to stretch," says he, "a thread, with small beads on it at arm's length between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."—The limits of this article will not allow me to follow Ferguson through all the changes of his life; suffice it to say that he became in 1748 a popular lecturer on

astronomy and mechanics; was elected a member of the Royal Society in 1763, and published several works on his favourite subjects. Many of these works were translated into foreign languages, and admired throughout Europe. He died in 1776, having for many years enjoyed a distinguished reputation at home and abroad.

Here are inspiring examples of success under the most unfavourable circumstances. Such victories are not reserved alone for persons of extraordinary intellectual powers. It is not what is usually called *genius* that is wanting; it is resolution, perseverance. Ardent love of knowledge is conspicuous in all the examples we have selected. Untiring perseverance in the pursuit of their objects, secured their success. These examples also show how independent we really are of those external circumstances, which, in the commencement of our career, make such a vast difference between man and man. Our industry and perseverance will make and control circumstances. The great Majority of those distinguished characters who have influenced the destinies of the world, have been self-made men. There is a determination, an energy, a force in their character which could only have been *acquired* by personal action; these qualities could never be *imparted* nor *induced* nor *infused*; they must, if possessed, be acquired.

TO BE CONTINUED.

God tolerates censorious spirits, that we may be taught to correct faults which good men would never notice.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

THIS number commences the second volume of this Magazine. It will be perceived that we have greatly improved the work in its mechanical department. It is printed on a better article of paper, and there is a different arrangement in the type, which, with other things, improves the external and internal appearance of the work. And with these improvements in the mechanical execution of our numbers, we are resolved to have a corresponding improvement in the editorial department. Mr. Printer shall not monopolize all the praise; he is entitled to much, it is true, but those who furnish matter for our pages must come in for their share of the credit.

We have made arrangements to have several ladies and gentlemen added to our list of contributors, whose productions will greatly increase the mental pleasure and profit of our readers. And we may as well name it here, as any where, we solicit well written articles for our pages, from persons friendly to a sound, moral and elevated literature in our country. Ours is not the work of a party, nor of a sect; true, we have our political and religious principles and opinions, and we are well established in them; we are no "weather cock;" but at the same time, we are not conducting this monthly for the purpose of disseminating our particular political and religious views. The Bible is our basis. Its truth, its religion, we would advance; and its politics, or in other

words, all political economy, and human government, agreeing with its principles, shall receive our concurrence. Persons then wishing well to man, and those especially, desiring the improvement of Canada, its education, morality, and religion, may safely give us their support.

We will make the work as valuable as it possibly can be made for the price. Was our price two or three dollars per annum, we could, of course, make the publication much better, but the circulation would be much smaller, and the work would do less good. The price puts the *Gen* within the reach of every youth, and every family in the province. Wishing to increase the number of our readers as far as possible, we choose to continue the price with which we commenced, and shall add improvements to the work as fast as our list of *Paying subscribers* shall warrant it.

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS.

Now is the time for you to exert yourselves in behalf of our enterprise. Let every subscriber obtain one more, and the number on our list is at once *doubled*, and so on; *Some* of our patrons, (thank's to them,) are doing nobly; can we not prevail upon *all* to enter into the work, and at once do their handsomest, and let us forthwith witness with pleasure and gratitude the result. One dollar is a small sum, and hundreds would subscribe if some one would ask them. Every person procuring four *new* subscribers, and sending us \$4 is entitled to the fifth

copy. This is offered to induce persons to interest themselves in behalf of the circulation of the work. The present is the best time in the year to procure subscribers in most parts of the country, and it being at the commencement of the volume, also makes it seasonable. The *Gem* is liberal, just and independent, and shall be made to recommend itself in every circle where it shall be read. We say again to our friends give us your aid; and give it *now*.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

If our patrons would all pay for this work in *advance* it would be a saving to themselves, and an advantage to us. We would much sooner receive from each, one dollar *now*, than one dollar and a half six months, or a year hence. Why this is so, is a matter that concerns us; we name it at the commencement of the volume in order to be honest and just with our subscribers. If you pay now, or before the issue of the third number, one dollar will pay for the work for one year; but if you prefer paying one dollar and a quarter, or one dollar and a half for the work, we will have to submit to it; but in *every* case payment must be made according to our *terms*. Nearly five hundred of our subscribers have *not yet* paid for the first volume; now this is really too bad.—Our expences are heavy; we pay a large amount every month for extras for the work; such as pictures, covers, and binding, not to name the cost of paper and the wages of printers; and then to send out the work in good style and get

no return from hundreds, is poor pay for our labor and pains, and if continued, must prove ruinous to our business.—One dollar, or one dollar and a half, is but a trifle to each delinquent subscriber, but when half a thousand of these are put together they form a large amount, *to us*; the want of which presses us very hard just now. We hope this is sufficient, and that *all* subscribers in arrears will pay to our agents, or send the amount of their several subscriptions to us, *post paid*, without delay. And we will make one more offer; every subscriber in arrears now, owes us one dollar and a half; but, every one of these that will send us, immediately, or before the issue of our next number, two dollars, free of postage, shall receive a receipt for the first and second volumes of the work.

NOTICES.

We have received the first number of the "Unfettered Canadian," a monthly magazine just started at Brockville, Edited and published by Mr Robert Dick. It is to be devoted principally to the subject of Medicine, and its motto is "Medical Reformer." Judging from the No. before us, we conclude this monthly will be efficiently conducted. The old school Physicians may now look out. The Reformers in the science and practice of medicine have at length got up a journal for the support and defence of their rights, and they seem determined that the people of Canada shall be "unfettered," so far as the privilege of employing doctors and nurses, and drinking herb tea, are concerned.

The efforts being made by certain medical men in the province to get an act of Parliament to "protect" as they term it, their profession and practice, will meet with a strong opposition from this periodical. And it will be employed to support the Botanic system of medical practice. We are glad to receive this work among our exchanges. We doubt not it will be productive of much good; for there is great room for reform among our M. D.'s both in practice and prices. Each No. contains 24 pages Octavo, and the price of the work is one dollar per annum.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MIRROR.—This is the title of a monthly magazine published at New York by Mr. C. Walker, and Edited by Mr. B. J. Lossing. It is one of the best works for the juvenile reader that we have seen. It is strictly moral in its character, its articles are of a nature to inspire in the minds of youth a thirst for learning and knowledge, and it contains many beautiful and useful illustrations. The price is but half a dollar per annum. We can cordially recommend this paper to our readers and friends throughout the province; and were it not for the obstacle thrown in the way by the Postal arrangement between the two governments, it would be well supported in this country.

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Virtue is a safeguard and good recommend in every sphere of life.

—•—
He who can convince, will never dictate.

PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)



Our embellishment for this number is a picture of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, erected last year, in this city. Want of space prevents us from giving a description of this building here, but we will do so in a future issue of this work. This edifice is built of brick in the most-substantial manner that it is possible to erect a pile of that material. It is immensely large, and exceedingly beautiful in appearance. It is, perhaps, the most expensive and superb building in Western Canada, and does credit alike to the province and to the architect. It was built by a parliamentary grant, and the Institution is under the supervision of the Government.

The Asylum stands at the west end of Toronto, on Queen Street, fronting the lake. We have two beautiful views of the building, one a south view presenting it as seen from the lake; and the other a north view showing it as viewed from Queen street. One of these views we give in this number.

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We have given the account of Franklin's interview with Gov. Burnet, for the purpose of inspiring as far as possible, our youthful readers with the determination to improve their minds, be their circumstances what they may.—The story is an old one, but it is none the worse for that, and will we believe be read with interest and profit by both young and old.

PROSPECTUS OF OUR SECOND
VOLUME.

THIS *Magazine* is published Monthly, in the City of Toronto, C. W.; each number contains Twenty-four Octavo pages. The work is embellished throughout the year with Plates from Steel and Wood engravings; and occasionally a Colored Flower in addition. The second volume will be neatly printed on good paper, and sent out in printed covers. At the end of the year a Title-page and Index are given.

TERMS:

1. Where payment is made in advance, Five Shillings, per annum; if not paid before the end of Three Months, Six Shillings and Three Pence; and where payment is delayed Six Months, Seven Shillings and Six Pence.

2. Any person furnishing four subscribers, with pay in advance; shall receive a fifth copy gratis.

3. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year. It is desirable that all subscriptions should commence with the first number of each volume. By this method, subscribers will have complete volumes of the work.

4. All Communications on business, or connected with the Editorial department, should be *Post Paid*, unless containing cash to the amount of \$4, or an article for the *Gem*, from a regular contributor to its pages.

5. These Terms, as stated, will hereafter be strictly adhered to.

Ministers of the Gospel of every denomination, Post Masters, Teachers, and other responsible persons, are cordially invited to act as Agents for this work. By so doing, they will assist in the diffusion of truth, and in placing a work within the reach of every family in Canada, which will in no way endanger the morals, nor the religious principles of either young or old.

This work is not devoted to the interest of any particular denomination; nor to the support of any party in politics; but aims at the present and eternal happiness of the whole human family. We aim at cultivating a relish for sound, elevating and useful literature; and at furnishing for our readers, from month to month, well stored pages of reading matter, which shall prove alike pleasing and profitable to their minds. Our readers have now travelled with us through one year. How far we have succeeded in providing for them rich, and wholesome, mental bread, they of course, can best judge. It has been our aim to make the journey as pleasant as possible, where we have failed, we crave their indulgence, and promise improvement in future. We invite all our old companions and as many new ones as possible, to journey with us through another year. We venture to promise them many a pleasing hour, while taking a survey of places, men, and things, as we proceed. The expense will be but trifling, while the amount of information that shall be given, and the numerous opportunities for improvement which will be presented, will be of great importance and value to all.