

YOUTH'S CORNER.

EITHER LATIN OR DITCHING.

Behind the house of John Adams, lies a meadow of some extent, with which was connected an anecdote he was wont to relate, to the last days of his life.

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied grammar till I could bear with it no longer, and going to my father I told him I did not like to study and asked him for some other employment.

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I eat the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on.

THE TWO WALKS.

A village teacher in Germany was once instructing his scholars concerning the difference between a good and a bad conscience, and the nature of the still small voice of the heart.

When he had done speaking, he said to the children, "Which of you can tell me a story to illustrate the truths I have been teaching?"

One of the boys rose up and said, "I could tell a story which seems to me to show how a good conscience and a bad one differ; but I do not think I could tell it well."

"Tell it simply and truly," said the teacher, "and it will be well told. When we have heard it, I shall be able to judge whether it is to the purpose."

"My story," said the boy, "is about two walks which I took at different times. When the enemy's troops passed through our village two years ago, they forced my father to take his horse and go with them. They wanted him as a guide. It grew late, and my father did not return. The next town was not far off, and my mother sent me in search of our dear parent.—She wept when she bid me go, and my sisters wept around her, for they thought I too might be kept. Yet it was necessary that we should learn what had become of him, and there was none else to go but I.

"I went with a heavy heart; but it was worse when I came back, for I had not found my father. It was a dark night in the fall season. The wind roared and howled in the oaks, and in the fir trees, and between the rocks; and between the blasts I could hear the screech-owl and the raven making cries more dismal than the wind. My mind was full of the thought that we had lost my poor father, and with that of my mother's grief, at seeing me come back alone. I was never before afraid of the darkness, but then it seemed terrible to me: I used to love to be alone, but then I longed for company, and would have been glad to have even a dog at my side to speak to. The rattling of the branches, and the rustling of the leaves startled me, and I often thought I heard voices in the howling of the wind. I did not think of it then, but it seems to me now that the troubled mind of the wicked must be like my feelings when I walked back from J—, in the dark without my father."

"Children," said the teacher, "would you like to walk in a night so dark and stormy, without hope to find your father, and fearful even of the wind?"

"Oh no!" said they, and shuddered. "Then remember," said the teacher, "that one is your Father in heaven: and that the wicked are without God in the world; groping like blind, and afraid where no fear is."

The boy then began again, and told the rest of his story:—"My other walk was on the same road, but it was long after my father had come back to us, and we were living together in peace and happiness. My sister was with me, and we were bringing from the town some little presents with which we meant to surprise our mother the next morning on her birthday. It was late this time too when we reached home; but it was a fine warm evening in May, and every thing was quiet and still, except the brook by the pathside, and the nightingales singing in the thickets.

We walked on hand in hand, listening to their sweet music, and the soft murmur of the water, and were too full of delight to be able to tell all we felt. Our father came to meet us, and we clung around him, and I told him of my former dreary walk. Then he blessed us, and we called him our own dear father, and felt that it was pleasanter to have him with us, than to enjoy the beauty of the evening. Such, I suppose, is the joy of a good conscience."

The teacher looked at his children, and they at him, "Blessed is the man," said he, "whose delight is in the law of the Lord! Blessed is the man whose sin is forgiven, his unrighteousness covered! God is with him, to be merciful to him, and to bless him."—Altered from Krummacher, in the Children's Magazine.

FIRE ENGINES SUPERSEDED.—The firemen will learn with pleasure that Mr. Phillips of London has lately invented a "fire annihilator for instantaneously extinguishing fires by aerated vapor." The principles, says a foreign journal, are chemical, and they proceed on facts deduced from considerations of the source of all power—chemical action. Fire, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is a phenomenon which results from the union of oxygen, the supporter of combustion, hydrogen, the element of flame, and carbon, the element of light. If the oxygen be withdrawn, the fire ceases. This the fire annihilator accomplishes. A jet of peculiar gaseous vapor, which possesses a greater affinity for the oxygen of the air than the oxygen has for the hydrogen and the carbon with which it is combined, is instantaneously generated by the machine, and thrown with extraordinary rapidity on the fire, which being instantaneously deprived of the supporter of combustion, at once ceases. The extinction is so sudden that in the case of a strong fire, which Mr. Phillips put out on board a vessel in the Thames, the operation did not occupy one second, and it was compared by the spectators to a flash of lightning.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was the son of a Clergyman who kept a school at Plympton in Devonshire; he was born in the year 1723. His father intended to make a Doctor of him, but the boy showed a partiality for drawing and painting at an early age, and so his father allowed him to follow the bent of his mind by placing him, when seventeen years old, with Mr. Hudson, an eminent portrait painter in London. Here he had been three years, when some person praised his work so much that the master himself became jealous of him, and a disagreement broke out which caused their separation. Young Reynolds now exercised his art at Plymouth, where he acquired the patronage of Captain Keppell (afterwards Admiral Lord Keppell) who gave him a passage on board his ship on her voyage to the Mediterranean in 1749, with a promise that he would land him in Italy, when opportunity should offer. The promise was fulfilled, and Reynolds spent three years in Italy, studying the works of art with which that country abounds; he returned to England as a portrait-painter of such merit as raised him soon into the high reputation of being the head of his profession. He acquired wealth, and lived in easy intercourse with some of the most intellectual men of the age, such as Burke, Garrick, Percey, and Goldsmith. The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of the circle in which Reynolds moved, and the bearish lexicographer seems to have treated him with more regard than he was in the habit of showing to any one else of his literary friends.

In 1768, the ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS was instituted; Reynolds became its first President; and the King made him a Knight—so that from that time he was called SIR Joshua Reynolds. He made several journeys to the continent, in order to see works of art, and make purchases. In 1789 he lost the sight of one of his eyes; two years after that, he was afflicted with total blindness, and in the year following he died. The whole of his writings have been collected and form two volumes; they include fifteen discourses on Painting delivered by him as President of the Royal Academy, which are much esteemed.

JOHN FLAXMAN, member of the Royal Academy of Arts, and Professor of Sculpture in that institution, was born in the year 1754, and became interested, in early life, in the writings of the Greek philosophers and poets, though he had not then received a classical education. The marks of genius which he exhibited, acquired for him the patronage of the Dowager Countess Spencer, by which he was enabled to cultivate the art in which he has obtained just celebrity. He drew many sketches, taking the subjects chiefly from the works of Homer and other Greek writers, and from the poetry of the Italian, Dante. Several of his works of sculpture are the statues of distinguished characters, raised as monuments in cathedrals. He professed to be a member of the Church of England, and bore the character of warm benevolence and strict integrity; but he had strongly imbibed the visionary sentiments of Baron Swedenborg: His death took place in 1826, and in the seventy second year of his age.—HAS.

JOHN HOWARD.—The eminent philanthropist whose name stands at the head of this sketch was the son of a respectable

tradesman in St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and was born about the year 1726. At the death of his father, he came into possession of a handsome fortune, but suffered very much from illness and a delicate constitution. At this time he lodged with a widow lady who nursed him with so much tenderness and kindness during a fit of sickness that, out of gratitude, he married her. She did not, however, long survive the connection, but died three years after. In the year 1756 Mr. Howard, while on a voyage to Lisbon, was taken prisoner by a French privateer (there being war at that time between England and France) and carried to Brest. During the voyage, the prisoners suffered great hardships, having been forty hours without a drop of water; and in the French prison, where they were placed upon reaching shore, they were exposed to many privations and sufferings. The knowledge which Mr. Howard gained, by his own experience upon this occasion, of the sufferings of prisoners, perhaps caused him to feel more deeply on behalf of these unhappy persons at a later period of his life.

Upon his return to England, Mr. Howard passed many years near Bedford in retirement, but always striving for the improvement of his neighbours in every way, and much beloved for his humanity and Christian charity. As a means for promoting knowledge and morality, he erected and supported schools for poor children, which he superintended himself. In 1773, having been appointed Sheriff of Bedfordshire, his public duty brought him in contact with the prison and the unfortunate beings confined there, where the scenes of misery and distress which presented themselves could not fail of attracting his kind and feeling heart. Great abuses at this time prevailed in the different jails: prisoners of both sexes and all ages were crowded together in such a manner that, instead of providing for the correction and prevention of crime, the jails were places where crime and wickedness of all kinds were abundant; and prisoners who went into confinement, comparatively innocent, were sure to come out experienced rogues. In addition to these serious evils, a distemper called the jail-fever, produced by the unwholesome and bad atmosphere of the cells, raged in such a manner as to render the prisoners highly dangerous: not only the prisoners themselves died in numbers, but the disease had been sometimes communicated to the Judges and Magistrates in Court, and to the families of discharged prisoners. These as well as other abuses, which it would be tedious to enumerate, caused such a concern in the mind of this good and truly great man, that he conceived it his duty to endeavour to check and to reform them.

With a view of ascertaining the practice in other places of confinement, Mr. Howard visited the prisons in several neighbouring counties, where he found the same evil system prevailing. He determined to visit the principal jails of England; and the scenes which then came before him made him resolve to devote himself to the humane and Christian enterprise of improving the condition of prisons and introducing a new system for the management of those confined in them. After having examined the jails in England, he extended his circuit to those of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; and, in several works which he published, he gave a description of the evil system then prevailing, and suggested many improvements. He had the pleasure to find his efforts successful to a certain degree, particularly as regarded the healthiness of prisons and the means to be used for the moral improvement of prisoners who were, at his suggestion, supplied with Bibles and other improving books, and received the regular attendance of Clergymen. In 1774 he was examined upon the subject before the House of Commons, and received their thanks. Space does not permit a full account of all the benevolent exertions of Mr. Howard. It will be sufficient to mention that, in pursuing the same kind and disinterested object, he visited the principal prisons in France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Turkey: He went to Smyrna while the plague was raging, to endeavour as well as to communicate something which might be useful; and at last, while on a journey in the Russian dominions, he caught a malignant fever in visiting a hospital at Cherson on the river Dnieper, which terminated his useful and laborious life on the 20th January, 1790, after an illness of twelve days.

This imperfect record will give but a poor idea of the extent of Mr. Howard's labours for the benevolent object of improving the condition of a generally degraded portion of his fellow-creatures. It may serve, however, as a testimony to the justice of creating a public memorial in behalf of one who, to use the language of the eloquent statesman Edmund Burke, "visited all Europe and the East, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; nor, to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infections of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and

despair; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of men in all countries."—GS.

CATTLE FROM THE CAPE.—We have occasion to notice many remarkable importations now-a-days from various and distant parts of the world, occasioned by new tariffs and the improved and increased privileges which they afford, or other strange and unexpected causes; but that which we are about to mention certainly contains a degree of novelty and importance at once curious and remarkable. A vessel called the Sir Edward Ryan, which arrived in the St. Katharine's Docks a few days since, reporting from the port of Canton in China, and also the Cape of Good Hope, at which latter place she had called on her homeward voyage, had on board, in addition to an extensive cargo, comprising every article usually imported from China and the Cape respectively, 60 bags of flour, 60 bags of barley, sundry packages of onions, apples, seeds, and flowers, and 80 sheep, the produce of the latter place. Not having seen them at the time of landing from the importing vessel we cannot speak with any degree of correctness as to their quality and appearance; but as the Cape is invariably described by persons acquainted with the place as being most fruitful, with a most delightful climate, it is most probable that they were of excellent kind and quality. The importation of cattle from the south of Africa is certainly a novelty, and it remains to be seen to how great an extent such importations from that distant quarter of the globe may profitably or actually be carried.

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