

with us, in not having been charitable, for it is said, in the day of thy prosperity, forget not the poor, and needy, for by giving charity to the poor, thou shalt avert calamity. When the beggar asks charity from thee, give it with good will, otherwise the tyrant may come, and deprive you of it by force. R.

Lucian the fabulist and philosopher was asked, from whom he had learned manners? From whom replied he, from the unmanly, for I was always careful to avoid, whatever part of their behaviour appeared to me to be bad, they will not say a word in jest, from which the wise cannot derive instruction, and let one read a hundred chapters of wisdom to a fool, they will all seem to be but a joke to him. R.

Miscellaneous.

HENRY VINCENT AS AN ORATOR.

In mighty power as an orator, Henry Vincent is peerless in his native land. His oratory would probably be laughed at in Parliament, but give to him an audience of a few thousands of the honest whole-souled people, and he will make them frantic with his eloquence. No other man in Britain can mould them as he can. We heard him for the first time when all Europe was affrightened at the Revolution in France. He rose before an audience of thousands—a small, red-faced man of thirty-five years of age. We saw instantly one great secret of his success, and it was his consummate acting. He seemed to act his thoughts with his face; and often foreigners not understanding a word of English but simply from gazing at his speaking face, have cheered him enthusiastically. His pantomime is indeed thrilling, and in vain we essay to describe it. The night on which we first heard him, he commenced his speech with great moderation, occasionally indulging in flashes of wit and humor. Whenever he said anything humorous his face assumed an expression which of itself would have convulsed an audience with laughter. But we could see that the audience seemed to be expecting some grand pith of excitement, some fascinating crisis. By degrees he grew more fervid; his face began to twitch with nervous agitation, and it grew ruddy. He traced the power of the aristocracies of the world and of the destruction which is everywhere their accompaniment. He travelled over France, Spain, Germany, America, and Italy, then came back to England. The picture was full of gloom—darkness and misfortune seemed to beset the nations; the very hall grew dim: the faces of his audience were sorrowful, while his own was the picture of stern melancholy. Suddenly his face grew radiant with smiles; he pictured young Liberty in France, in Italy, and America! As he went on, he grew more and more intense in his fervid eloquence. He showed us Europe as she would be in the glorious time soon coming when her people shall embrace Liberty!—The audience poured out torrents of cheers; but now he executed his final and grand stroke of eloquence.—He painted in glowing colors the future of England.—Each heart beat fast, and burned hotly, as he spoke with intense enthusiasm of England in that golden age which is coming. He stopped for a moment, and with an enthusiastic smile, uttered softly the name, "England!"—The look, the manner—they were magical! Not a cheer burst forth, but tears were streaming from all eyes. Every moment added to the now painful intensity of the scene. Smiles and tears struggled for the mastery upon the orator's face. As he went on the

great masses of people clustered as if insane around him.—We saw one man going up to him and try to stop him, fearing that sudden death would be the consequence of such excitement.

He stopped;—looked round about him;—no cheers interrupted the strange silence. All eyes hung upon his lips; he exercised a spell upon every heart. Soon he looked up to heaven in a supplicating manner, and whispered, "England!" Then louder, "England!" And louder still, "England!"

He fell back. He was done. A noise like wind among the forest trees swayed over the audience—it was not noise, but sobs and tears. They stood entirely entranced. It seemed as if they never would stir. At length Vincent jumped again before them, and with his handkerchief waving about his head, shouted "Liberty forever!"—Then the very roof trembled with the shrieks of applause. Fine ladies swung their handkerchiefs to and fro, and staid old merchants growled forth their cheers!—*Hartlett's London as I saw it.*

JUVENILE ENERGY.

In December, 1807, W. H. Maynard, Esq., was teaching a school for a quarter in the town of Plainfield, Massachusetts. One cold blustering morning, on entering his schoolroom, he observed a lad he had not seen before, sitting on one of the benches. The lad soon made known his errand to Mr. Maynard. He was fifteen years old; his parents lived seven miles distant; he wanted an education, and had come from home on foot that morning to see if Mr. Maynard could help him to contrive how to obtain it. Mr. Maynard asked him if he was acquainted with any one in the place. "No." "Do your parents know any one here?" "No." "Can your parents help you towards obtaining an education?" "No." "Have you any friends that can give you assistance?" "No." "Well, how do you expect to obtain an education?" "I don't know, but I thought I would come and see you." Mr. Maynard told him to stay that day, and he would see what could be done. He discovered that the boy was possessed of good sense, but no uncommon brilliancy, and he was particularly struck with the cool and resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties which would have intimidated common minds. In the course of the day, Mr. Maynard made provision for having him boarded through the winter in the family with himself, the lad paying for his board by his services out of school. He gave himself diligently to study, in which he made good but not rapid proficiency, improving every opportunity of reading and conversation for acquiring knowledge; and thus spent the winter. When Mr. Maynard left the place in the spring, he engaged a minister who had resided about four miles from the boy's father to hear his recitations and the boy accordingly boarded at home and pursued his studies. It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative farther. Mr. Maynard never saw the lad afterwards. But this was the early history of Rev. Jonas King, D. D. whose exertions in the cause of Oriental learning and in alleviating the miseries of Greece, have endeared him alike to the scholar and the philanthropist, and shed a bright ray of glory on his native country.

PLANT A TREE.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

There has been such a change in the views of our people with regard to the beautiful, as well as the profitable, that all who can control the merest patch of land, proceed at once to do something which shall both please the eye and gratify the taste. How much better this than to see the back yard cluttered with brick bats, old shoes, and the cast off rubbish of years. A man loves his wife and children better for a pleasant prospect, especially if within the limits of that prospect they may run and gather delicious and wholesome fruits for the dessert, or to offer to

their friends; and they certainly will love him better for surrounding them with cooling shades and gratifying their tastes.—Here then is a moral effect not taken into account when the old tools and shoes are untraced—the heart is sustained and made better as well as the corporeal frame.

It is a real pleasure to the child to say, 'My father set and cultivated this tree; my mother planted this rose bush and trained it about this old window frame, where the Pewee had built its tiny nest and baby hands have scattered the fragrant blossoms. And does not the parent reap another joy in such expressions? Think then of the moral influence of planting a shrub or a tree and thus in that pleasant way add something to the moral progress of the race. Trees promote health. They break the winter wind, and shield us from the summer sun, and breathe the air which we have expelled and is poisonous for us to breathe again.—and then the heart that is oppressed by care or softened by affection finds sympathy and peace in their gentle whisperings.

Dollars and cents, in this connection we say nothing about—we desire to touch another chord.—Picture to yourself what charms you may cause to cluster about your dwelling, and what true enjoyment you may realize in their creation; what bond of affection you may implant in the hearts of your children, so that the seductions of wealth or the blandishments of courts or elegant life shall never annihilate their love from the old rural flower embosomed home and then you will be thankful to him who first induced you to plant a tree.—*N. Eng. Farmer.*

FRUIT TREES BY THE ROAD SIDE.

The practice of setting out fruit trees by the roadside cannot be too highly recommended. In many parts of Europe this practice is general, and the fatigued traveller acknowledges the well-timed hospitality thus afforded him. The excuse is often made that the fruit will be stolen; but if the practice were general, the amount of fruit taken by wayfarers, would only be what common hospitality would freely grant, in Germany every third tree, by custom, may be tabooed, the owner of the adjoining farm ties a piece of rag to one of the lower limbs of the tree, and no traveller will touch it. Travellers inform us that no reward will tempt a German stage driver to regale his passengers with fruit from a market tree—two out of three being left to his use if desired, renders the selected tree free from the chance of being used. The amount of fertilizing material continually wasted upon roads would be available by such a practice, and nothing but extreme selfishness will prevent the use of those materials for public benefit. Many of the larger sort of fruit trees are highly ornamental and afford fine shade, while the use of other trees alone, for shade, like the display of costly mansions only excited the poor to envy, without adding materially to their comfort or health.—*Working Farmer.*

SHOWY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

There are few greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition among people in middling life to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments. "The notions," it has been justly observed, "which girls thus educated acquire of their own importance, is in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing, that I know of, but to be kept like wax figures in a glass case. Woe to the man that is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on the music, the dancing, the embroidery, were employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, and managing household affairs, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased four-fold."