

Poetry.

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow;
Where from the burning iron's breast,
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough;
Who bend beneath the summer sun
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth,
From olden time till now;
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,
Who ride the restless wave—
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave.
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor—all who strive—
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do,
Is man's most noble dower;
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

Select Tales.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah seventeen years old, Samuel fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, so interested that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in the opposite corner engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

'Sam,' said the father to his youngest son 'have you worked out that sum yet?'

'No sir,' returned the boy, in a hesitating manner.

'Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?' uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

'Why haven't you done it?' continued the father.

'I can't do it?' tremblingly returned the boy.

'Can't do it! And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slats and arithmetic. He had ciphered further than you have long before he was as old as you.'

Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them.—They have no interest to me.'

'That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?'

'It's a work on philosophy, sir.'

'A work on fiddle-sticks! Go put it away this instant, and then get your slate and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me?'

Samuel made no reply, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without cause.

'Sam,' said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, 'I will do that sum for you.'

'No, Jerry, returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, 'that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed.'

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him.—The roots and squares, the bases, hypotenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple

in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things and the more he tried the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could 'give him a hard tussle.' He seemed not to comprehend that different capacities, and that what one mind grasped with ease, and another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence because Jeremiah progressed rapidly with his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his youngest son, with the view to ascertain the bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he particularly adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle nor did his father see, either, that if he wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavouring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him he was a lazy idle child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the grief marks left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold; and getting up he went to a small closet, and from beneath some old clothing he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood.—He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away when his sister entered the chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot, where her brother sat.

'Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry.'

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cake, and thanked her.

'Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!' uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the results of her brother's labors. 'Won't you give it to me after it is done?'

'Not this one, sister,' returned the boy, with a smile; 'but as soon as I get time I will make one equally as pretty.'

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week, the various materials that had been subjected to Samuel's jackknife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness and they were joined and grooved together in combination.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he yet stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

'What—are you not studying?' exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

'Ha, what is this?' said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. 'This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies.—You spend your time in making play-houses and fly pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There.'

As the father uttered that common injunction he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward but too late, the construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was utterly gone. The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then, covering his face with his hands he burst into tears.

'Ain't you ashamed?' said said Mr. Winthrop 'a great boy like you to spend your time on such clap-traps, and then cry about it because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn.'

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanations, and without a word he left the chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and down hearted.

'Samuel,' said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, 'I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice.—Jerry and I can get along with the farm and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or to lay it out. Jerry will soon be able to take my place as a surveyor and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn, and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it.'

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and moreover he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good suit of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sisters, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into business with an assiduity which surprised his master. One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged filing a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides while others appeared not yet ready for its destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood and watched him at his work for half an hour. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew past. Samuel was twenty one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trust-worthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

'Mr. Young,' said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, 'that is a fine factory they have erected in your town.'

'Yes,' returned Mr. Young, 'there are three of them, and they are doing a heavy business.'

'I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there.'

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

'By the way,' continued the old farmer 'what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about these patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of any that was ever got up before.'

'You must ask your son about that,' returned Mr. Young. 'That's some of Samuel's business.'

'Eh! What? My son? So of Sam—'

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufactories by surprise.

'What do you mean?' he at length asked.

'It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine, returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. 'I have invented it, and have taken a patent right and have lately been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember the clap trap you crushed with your feet six years ago?'

'Yes,' answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

'Well,' continued Samuel, 'that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for improvement yet.'

'And that was what you were studying when you used to fumble about my loom so much?' said Mrs. Winthrop.

'You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out.'

'And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems,' uttered Mr. Winthrop as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.

'Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you, I have been blind, and now see how I misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless you were solving a philosophical problem that I could never have comprehended. Forgive me Samuel,—I meant well enough, but lacked judgement and discrimination.'

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It is simply this.

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourselves accordingly. George Combe, the great moral philosopher of the day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn the mathematician, could not write out a common place address.

THE SUSPICIOUS TRAVELERS.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River an old hunter by the name of John Slator. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some half dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slator had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age. The other children had gone South.—His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effect of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the winter's store which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slator went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slator was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They sat their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travelers bound farther West intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slator took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and the quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings.

The hunters wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slator entered into conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after awhile the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances round the room, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had large sums of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather, the night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon, two-thirds full, shining down upon the forest.