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Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

A RAY OF HOPE.

When the days of our childhood and youth are past
And with them the joy that pervaded us then;
When the cares and the troubles of life doth annoy us,
And nought seems to breathe to us comfort within,
We feel like a traveler weary and languid
Who longs to repose from his troubles at last,
But knows not a spot in the desert around him,
Where he can retreat from the storm's rude blast.
But a meteor appears far away in the horizon
Which cheers him once more his lone path to pursue;
So, hope cheers us on o'er the foam of life's ocean,
And whispers, that yet we'll find friends that are true;
Yes, so I have felt it and such I have found it
After years of dark sorrow, oppression and care,
Far off in the distance a light I saw beaming
Which rals'd me at once from the depth of despair.
And that ray that illum'd my dark path was a
Blissful one,
Who taught me that happiness I could yet find,
And forgetting past sorrow—resigned myself wholly
To her who has to me prov'd faithful and kind;
And now I care not how the world may treat me,
While responsive I know her pure heart beats to
mine,
And feel a delight that 'till then I ne'er tasted,
Yet hope to retain 'till this life I resign.
Chicopee, 1855. Y. K. W.

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, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in an opposite corner, engaged in ciphering on a problem which he had found in his arithmetic.
"Samuel," said the father to his youngest boy, "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 his head, and looked troubled.
"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.
"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned the boy.
"Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and arithmetic. He had ciphered farther than you long before he was as old as you are."
"Jerry was always very fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I can not fasten my mind upon them. They have no interest to me."
"That's because you do not try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"
"It is a work on natural 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 what I say?"
Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eye moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without a 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 did he become perplexed and bothered.
The truth was, his father did not understand him.
Samuel was a bright boy, and uncon-

ly 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 the opinion that, were Euclid living then, he would give the old geometrician a hard tussle. He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and that what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in 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, that he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.
There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel continually pondered upon such profitable matter as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.
The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the problem. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy 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 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 a lot of clothes 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 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 that you are making!" uttered Fanny as she gazed upon the result 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 this one done, I will make you 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 subject to Samuel's jack-knife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in curious combination.
The embryo philosopher set the 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

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 can not 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, but too late. The curious construction was utterly gone. The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then burst into tears.
"Ain't you ashamed?" 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 some corn."
The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his 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 on as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on 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 out 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 surveyor, and I have already 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 proposals, 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 supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, 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 his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.
One evening, after Samuel had been with his new master about six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were 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 their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day, Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith 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 fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy 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 son 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 those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they are ahead of anything that ever was got up before."

"You must ask your son about that," returned Mr. Young. "That's some of Samuel's business."
"Eh! What? My son? Some 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 manufacturers 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, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining states. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot 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 judgment 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 was 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 yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common place address.
MISERY OF STATESMEN.
Probably few great philosophic statesmen—few men, that is, who have acted intimately in public affairs, as well as contemplated them from the closet, ever quitted the stage without a feeling of profound discouragement. Whether successful or unsuccessful, as the world would deem them, a sense of sadness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment.—They have attained so few of their objects—they have fallen so short of their ideal—have seen so much more than ordinary men of the dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the vices and meanness of public men. Not many Englishmen governed so long or so successfully as Sir Robert Peel, or set in such heartfelt blessings and esteem; yet, shortly before his death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life, had left upon his mind a permanent impression of gloom and grief.—Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? Who ever enjoyed to such a degree, and to the end, the confidence and gratitude of his country? "Yet," says Guizot, "towards the close of his life, in the sweet and dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of lassitude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so serenely great—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men's concerns." Power is a hard taskmaster to him who struggles virtuously against their passions and errors. Success itself can not wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conflict; and the weariness contracted on the scene of action is prolonged even in the bosom.
The Worcester Palladium thinks, that in view of the destitute condition of the English people, the next son of Victoria should be created prince of starvation.

PRINTERS.
Printers, it is said, die at an early age. This is doubtless caused by the noxious effluvia rising from the types, the want of exercise, constant employment, and the late hours to which their work is prolonged. There is no other class of human beings whose privileges are so few, whose labor is so continuous, whose wages are so inadequate, as printers. If a 'typo' be a man of family, he is debarred of the privileges of enjoying their society at all times, because his hours of labor are almost endless, and his moments of leisure so few that they must be spent to recruit his exhausted energies, and prepare him for the renewal of his toils. Poor fellow! he knows nothing of sociability, and is shut out from the world as a convict in a prison cell. Truly he is in the world, yet knows not of it.—Toil, toil, by night and by day, is his fate, until premature old age ends his existence. For the advancement of science, morality and virtue, the chords of his heart are sandered one by one, and when his race is run, and time to him is no more, he goes down to the grave uncared for and unknown, though his existence has been sacrificed for the benefit of his race.
When we hear mechanics crying out against oppression, and demanding certain hours for labor and for rest, we can not but reflect upon this situation of our own craft; how every moment of their lives is forced into service to earn a bare subsistence, and how uncomplaining they devote themselves to the good of that same public, who wear them as a loose garment, to be doctored when convenient, and doctored when no longer needed.
Printers are universally poor men, and for two reasons. The first is—they rarely ever receive a fair compensation for their services. And the second is—that inured to continual suffering, privation, and toil, their purse-strings are never united at the bidding of charity, and the hard-earned 'dimes' are freely distributed for the relief of their fellow men. Thus it is that they live poor and die poor, and if a suitable reward does not await them after death, sad indeed must be the beginning, the existence, and the end of poor "typos."
Petersburg Express.
Curious Dying Scenes.
According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's cork-screw and thumb-bottle in his hat.
Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, was given place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to imitate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his garb of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees.
Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliked the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day, but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement.
Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very hour foretold.
When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was; Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining and his last moments approach. He then said, "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility.—If he is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over."
When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the king, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will fetch from you the credit of my conversion."

The following fables for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1817:
1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us much hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happened!
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.
A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price.
"Why," said the doctor, "I can not think of charging you less than seven and sixpence."
"Well, I'll tell you what," replied the sailor, "take off the odds, and I'll pay you the even."
"Well," returned the doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles."
The sailor laid down a sixpence, and was in the act of walking off, when the doctor reminded him of the mistake.
"No mistake at all sir," said the sailor; "six is even and seven is odd, all the world over; so I wish you a good day."
"Get you gone," said the doctor; "I've made fourpence out of you yet."
AN AWKWARD SHOT.—The facetious editor of the "Flushing (L. I.) Journal," gets off the following "local."
"The eagle is considered to be one of the wildest of our native birds. One day of the present week, a bird of this description was seen seated upon a grape arbor in this village. In a moment after the discovery, quite a number of persons were on the qui vive, and one more alert than others shot the imperial bird. It was an unfortunate occurrence, for it has raised the question: 'Which is the wildest, the eagle, or those that shot at and killed him?'—The eagle is unanimously considered to be 'the bird of Jove,' but this one happened to be the bird of Mr. Valentine, the railroad conductor, to whom it had been made a present, and who had become quite attached to it. The cord which was secured to the leg of the eagle we are happy to say was not injured."
BACHELOR ODDITIES.—The Methodist Christian Advocate tells the following story:
Some years ago, a rich old bachelor died in this city leaving behind him two dogs. In his will he bequeathed the dogs to a particular friend and left \$2000 to be appropriated to their maintenance and burial. One of the dogs is dead and buried. The other is still living, though far advanced in age. Half of the money has been drawn, the other half will be paid over as soon as the living dog becomes a dead one, and is decently buried. The dogs were to be, and will be according to the will, buried one at his head, and the other at his feet.
CONCRETE WALLS.—The new mode of building, by concrete walls, is getting into extensive practice, and by the best aid of chemistry and philosophy, has now been brought to its utmost perfection. This kind of wall is built of large and small stones; some are quite large, and each stone is embedded in lime and cement mortar, with other chemicals, which in a short time makes the whole mass one hard and solid rock. The wall, when built, leaves on the outside a beautiful surface, which may be finished with mastic or stucco.—Buildings of this kind are dryer, more substantial, and more economical.
HEAVY CATTLE.—David R. White sold at Cambridge, last week, two pair of cattle fattened by Moses Stebbins of South Deerfield, one pair of which weighed 4900 and the other 4500 pounds, dressed.—They sold for \$10 per hundred.
There is considerable humbuggery in this world.

