

LAND POOR.

I've had another offer, wife—a twenty acres more,
Of high and dry prairie land, as level as a floor.
I thought I'd wait and see you first, as Lawyer Brady said.
To tell how things will turn out best a woman is ahead.

And when this lot is paid for, and we have got the deed,
I'll say that I am satisfied—it's all the land we need;
And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some,
And manage in the course of time to have a better home.

WIFE.

There is no use of talking, Charles—you buy that twenty more,
And we'll go scripping all our lives, and always be Land Poor.
For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs,
While all we have to show for it is tax receipts and deeds.

I'd sell the land, if it were mine, and have a better home,
With broad light rooms to front the street, and take life as it come.
If we could live as others live, and have what others do,
We'd live enough slight pleasure, and have a plenty, too.

While others have amusements, and luxury and books,
Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks!
That other farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years
Of clearing up and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

Yes, Charles, I've thought of it, a hundred times or more,
And wondered if it really paid to always be Land Poor;
That had we built a cozy house, took pleasure as it come,
Our children, once so dear to us, had never left our home.

I grieve to think of wasted weeks and years, and months and days,
While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise.
Men call us rich, but we are poor—would we not freely give
The land with all its fixtures, for a better way to live?

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles—you're not a whit to blame;
I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame,
It's just the way we started out,—to plan too far ahead,
We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

—American Rural Home.

A WELSH VICTORY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Wales has won a great victory, and established the value of her much reviled eisteddfodau. The South Wales Choral Union on Thursday carried off the challenge cup, of the value of £1000, which was offered as a prize to the best choral society not exceeding 500 voices, at the national music meetings at the Crystal Palace, London. True they had no opponents, but, as Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M. P., said, "all the more glorious the victory," as the fame of the Cymry as musicians is so far spread that it had only to be known that they were going to compete, to prevent other choirs entering the lists against them. That, however, may not be the exact reason why the choir from South Wales were the only competitors, for there are famous choirs both in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and also in other parts of England; but, whatever was the reason, the fact was they only appeared, and their performance was so good that the judges deemed it to be an act of justice to award to them the coveted prize by a "walk over."

Since the Crystal Palace was built it had never, perhaps, so many Welshmen and Welshwomen within its glass walls as it had on Thursday. The choir numbered about 400, and they took with them their wives and sons and daughters, and friends too, and the Welsh residents of the great metropolis also mustered in large numbers to welcome their countrymen and countrywomen on their visit to London. The Welsh choir, as we have said, numbered about 400. It was composed chiefly of working men from Swansea, Merthyr Tydvil, Dowlais, and the small towns and villages of that district. A look at them was sufficient to convince any one that they were not only Welshmen, but hard-working Welshmen—miners, iron smelters, blacksmiths; in fact, represen-

tatives of nearly all the industrial occupations of the busy districts of South Wales. The leader of the choir was a broad-shouldered blacksmith named Griffith Jones, from the Rhondda Valley, who in addition to being a good conductor, is an accomplished master of the violin, and is said to be second only to the great Paganini. The choir was called upon to sing three pieces, namely: "In tears of grief" (Bach); "The night is departing" (Mendelssohn); and "Then round about the starry throne" (Handel). The judges were Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr. J. Hullah, and Mr. Brinley Richards, and the performance was thought sufficiently good to entitle the choir to the prize cup. It does not, however, become their property at once, but has to be won twice before it is finally theirs, so that they may look forward to at least one more excursion to London. The choir also took part in a grand vocal concert, and gave great satisfaction. Afterwards there was a grand reception of the choir in the large terrace dining hall, where between two and three thousand persons were present, including Mr. Henry Richard, M. P., Mr. Osborne Morgan, M. P., Mr. J. Hullah, Mr. H. Leslie, Mr. Brinley Richards, and other gentlemen. Miss Edith Wynne, the accomplished Welsh vocalist, also graced the proceedings with her presence, and charmed her countrymen and countrywomen with her sweet voice. The gathering had all the enthusiasm instilled into it which is characteristic of the Welsh people. They cheered Mr. Richard, they cheered Mr. Morgan, they cheered everybody of prominence who entered the room; and having done that, they set to work to refresh themselves with some of the good things of this life. The feast over, the next thing was to hear a few speeches and a few songs. The first sentiment which the chairman (Mr. Richard, M. P.) put before his assembled countrymen and countrywomen was "The health of her Majesty. God bless her, and long may she reign over us!"—a sentiment in which all concurred by singing the national anthem with a vigor that did credit to the loyalty of the principality. Afterwards Mr. Richards made a speech, and humorously remarked that he had lived to see something like a Welsh eisteddfod in the Crystal Palace. A writer in the *Times*, he said, a few days ago, had acknowledged that the idea of a musical competition in the Crystal Palace was borrowed from the Welsh eisteddfodau, and for the first time in his (Mr. Richard's) life did he see the plural of the word "eisteddfod" properly spelt in an English newspaper. Their Saxon friends were accustomed to pluralize the word "eisteddfod" according to the analogy of the English language, by adding an "s" to it. They did not know how much that offended the eye and the ear of the Welshman. Eisteddfodau had given a great impulse to music in Wales. The love of music had always been a passion with the Welsh people, and one of the pleasantest features in the rural life of Wales was the way in which the peasantry were accustomed to mingle singing with their labour in the fields. Between 1750 and 1790 there was a period of decay as respected music in Wales. Some of the most celebrated of the old harpists and minstrels, such as Edward Jones and Will Hopkins, disappeared from the stage, leaving no immediate successors, and the old national music fell into disuse; but in the last 40 years the taste for music had revived, and spread with such wonderful rapidity that "All Wales is one sea of song." Amongst the quarrymen of North Wales, in the slate districts in the neighborhood of Aberystwith, and amongst the ironworkers of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, choral music had reached a point of excellence hardly to be credited by those acquainted with Wales 25 or 30 years ago. The choir who had taken the cup was a choir of *bona fide* working men and their wives and sisters, and what they must do now was to take care and keep the prize in their own hands. Mr. Richard was greatly cheered during his speech. Miss Wynne sang some very pretty Welsh melodies arranged by Mr. John Thomas; after which Mr. Osborne Morgan, M. P., whose reception was as enthusiastic as that of Mr. Richard, addressed a short speech to the assemblage. He could not help thinking, he said, of the days when their eisteddfodau were never mentioned by an Englishman except to be snubbed. He had been told that in this country every movement had to pass through three stages—first it was laughed at, then it was abused, and thirdly it was adopted. He thought their eisteddfodau seemed to be approaching the third of these stages; for what was this great national musical festival, in which they

had so nobly distinguished themselves, but an eisteddfod upon a grand scale? Did it not show that when Englishmen wanted something really good they were obliged to go back and take a leaf out of the Welsh eisteddfodau? The Welsh choir had not had any competitors, but that, far from being against them, was in favor of their excellence, and showed that no one dared to compete with them; and therefore they had obtained an easy but glorious victory. Mr. Hullah, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. John Thomas, the Rev. Hicks Owen, and other gentlemen, also addressed the meeting. Mr. Hullah spoke in high terms of the singing of the choir, but said he would not tell them that it was perfection, as something more than a good voice—an ear for music, and musical and poetical feeling—was required. Out of compliment to Mr. Brinley Richards, the author, the meeting was brought to a close by the united assembly joining in "God bless the Prince of Wales."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

A THESIS PREPARED FOR AND DELIVERED AT THE GRADUATION EXERCISES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AT AMHERST, JULY 17TH, 1872.

BY EDWARD N. DYER.

The untiring industry of a man is not capable of directly satisfying all his wants and desires.

Experience teaches us that by combining our labor to the production of our object, and afterward exchanging the result of such labor for the equivalent value of other employments, we can not only produce more, but more readily and effectually satisfy our desires, than if we endeavored by varied effort to produce everything necessary for our comfort or happiness. Experience also teaches men even in the rudest forms of society, that the productive effects of labor are greatly increased by a union of separate forces, and a classification of occupations. Thus ten men will construct a hut more perfectly and economically in one day, than one man can possibly effect the same in ten days. The beneficial results of combined effort and skill are especially seen where the process admits of division, and each laborer performs that part for which his knowledge and ability render him best adapted. Where there is no skill there is no division of employment, and where there is no division of employment there is no skill. Skill and division of labor are inseparable. "No man of learning has ever greatly added to the stock of human knowledge, without devoting himself, if not exclusively, with something like an especial dedication of his time and talents to one branch of science or literature. In the study of nature we have the mathematician, the astronomer, the chemist, the botanist, the zoologist, and the physician, each engaged in his different department. In the exposition of moral and political truths, we have the metaphysician, the theologian, the statesman, the lawyer, occupied each in his peculiar study or profession. A mental laborer to excel in any one of these branches, must know something of every other branch. He must direct indeed the powers of his mind to one department of human knowledge, but he can not conquer that department, without a general and, in many respects, accurate knowledge of other departments. In like manner division of labor must be regulated by general intelligence. Look at some of the advantages of a wise concentration of thought and effort. It gives increased dexterity. It allows the workman a better knowledge of his business. It saves time in passing from one work to another. It facilitates the invention of tools and machines. It secures the better adaptation of physical and mental abilities. The professions known as the learned, and others which have an important though indirect agency in production, naturally divide themselves into branches, more or less numerous and special as occasion offers. The recognition of professions and industrial classes is itself a tribute to the great principle of division of labor; but it proceeds still further to assign special functions without those professions and classes to individuals. That science and skill are promoted by such subdivision, and that immediate efficiency of professional labor is greatly increased thereby, cannot be intelligently questioned.

As any community advances to a higher state of civilization specialties are more and more resorted to.

Individuals finding themselves peculiarly adapted by their talents and tastes for a particular calling, or having unus-

ual advantages for the pursuit of it, give themselves up to that object. They concentrate upon it their time and their resources, they excel, they know more and can do better in their chosen line than those about them. This gives them position and power, they are sought for, are looked to because they have something that is wanted. No matter how humble his calling, or how minute his field of investigation, if a man understands something perfectly, his world, whether a village, an empire or the race, will resort to him. He becomes a benefactor of society, he receives its honors and rewards.

Some are "Jack at all trades, and masters of none," but it is better to do one thing well than many by halves. The same is true in philanthropy and charity. A thousand dollars devoted to one object does vastly more good than if distributed to a thousand beggars. So, I say an individual may accomplish vastly more by devoting his time and talents to one object, than by allowing his attention to be engrossed by a dozen things at once, and his purpose changed by every wind that blows.

But a special sphere does not necessarily mean a narrow one; that depends, as I have said, on the acquisition of general knowledge. Success does not so much depend upon what a man does, as how he does it; not so much on the kind of employment, as his particular adaptation for it. One should not be a minister or a lawyer because his father is, nor choose this or that occupation because others have made money in it, or because it is popular and elevating. Young men who choose their vocations for reasons like these will utterly fail. There is no such thing as an occupation being elevating. It is not the occupation that makes the man great, but the man that makes the occupation noble. A man can be, and should be, and is just as much honored and respected, whether he engage in one occupation or another. If the young men who are graduated from our colleges year by year, would throw aside prejudice, and the foolish, popular notions about the kind of employment, and finding the sphere of labor for which they are peculiarly adapted would enter into it with energy and perseverance, we should have fewer failures in every department, and more real benefactors of society. But if, on the other hand, swayed by prejudice and public opinion, they are continually changing their sphere of employment without finding the proper one, and have no definite object in view, they will never make their mark in the world, and passing the prime of life without an end in view, its close will find them without an end achieved.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

COULD NOT TRUST HIMSELF.—A native of Fribourg presented himself a few days ago at the window of the post-office at Lausanne, and asked for an order for 100 francs. The clerk asked:

"Who is your sender?"
"Jacques Mathieu."
"What is the name of the payee?"
"Jacques Mathieu, poste-restante at Estavayer."
"Is he your brother?"
"No, it is myself."
"Do you mean to say that you are sending a postoffice order to yourself at Estavayer?"
"Yes, I am going there."
"But why can't you take it yourself?"

"Ah! there it is," said the simple fellow. "You see I know myself; and if I were to take the money with me, the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while, by sending it through the post office, I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall require it."

There are many like him in that they are not true to self-trust, but few are honest enough to admit it.

Greediness is its own reward. Some workmen at Pine Bluff, Ark., lately found an old pocket book containing \$100,000 in antiquated bills, which was probably secreted by some miserly wretch years ago, and in a general scramble for the plunder tore the pocket book and contents all to pieces.

The Registrar-General of England reports that the cold weather which set in the 30th of July continued throughout the week, and that the mean temperature of the week at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was 59.2 degrees, or three degrees below the average for the corresponding period during the last fifty years. More than an inch and a quarter of rain fell in London, half of which was measured on one day.