

[From Charles Kingsley's New Volume of "Poems."]

### Makers of Game Laws.

The merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,  
Till under their bite and their tread  
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,  
Lay cankered, and trampled and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where under the gloomy fir-woods  
One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,  
Where rabbit or hare never ran;  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God.

'I am long past wailing and whining—  
I have wept too much in my life:  
I've had twenty years of pining,  
As an English laborer's wife.

A laborer in Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Savior's name,  
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's  
For a few more brace of game.

There's blood in your new foreign shrubs,  
squire,  
There's blood on your pointer's feet;  
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
And there's blood on the game you eat.

You have sold the laboring-man, squire,  
Body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
When you'd give neither work nor meat,  
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
At our starving children's feet.

When packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother and little ones lay;  
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-  
bed,  
And the walls let in the day;

When we lay in the burning fever  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months; squire,  
At the cursed work-house door.

We quarreled like brutes; and who wonder?  
What self-respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

Our daughters with base-born babies  
Have wandered away in their shame;  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they  
did,  
Your misses might do the same.

Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking  
With handfuls of coal and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price?

You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you've run up a debt that will never  
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and the dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout and madness,  
Are eating your race away;

When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughters' bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

When your youngest the mealy-mouthed rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.'

She looked at the tuft of clover,  
And wept till her heart grew light;  
And at last when her passion was over,  
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the uplands still,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
On the side of the white chalk hill.

[From Am. Phren. Journal.]

### Mistakes of Parents; or Nature stronger than Authority.

A good start is half the race, and a proper occupation the guarantee of success and happiness. There are few persons who have not talent enough of some sort to earn a respectable living, if it were properly directed. Many a boy is set apart for a profession who has

'Neither wit nor worth,  
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
To stir men's blood.'

and the consequence is, he is an infliction on the public, until he is cast off to starve and be forgotten. Still the unfortunate boy could have shod horses, attended machinery, or built houses successfully, if he could not make acceptable sermons or speeches; or he could have herded sheep and cattle, however ill qualified he might have been to feed the flock of God. Another is compelled to pursue a mechanical trade whose tastes are wholly literary and scientific. Phrenology gives parents the advantage of knowing to what business their children are best adapted before they have wasted

the entire seed-time, or apprenticeship season of life, in finding out that they have mistaken their vocations and must begin again with perhaps no better success, or blunder on to the grave. The following, which we copy from an exchange, will illustrate this subject:

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rule, 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 was he 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 slate 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 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, hypothenuses 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 uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across the 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 the old geometrician a hard tussle.' He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, that what one mind grasped with ease, 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 angle, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch 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 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 even 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 sum. 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 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 a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for a mere pastime that 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 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 time 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 a week, the various materials that had been subjected to Samuel's jackknife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious 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 playhouses 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 curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was 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 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 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 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 hope of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now 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 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 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 in 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 for half an hour and watched him at his work. 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 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 county.

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 those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go 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 right, and have lately been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States.—Don't you remember that claptrap you crushed with your feet six years ago?'

'Yes,' answered the old man, whose eyes were bent on 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 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; man's mind can never 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 arithmetician, could not write out a commonplace address. Mozart was a genius in music, and perhaps could have become a good weaver; but the music of the loom would have been more pleasant to the ear of Cartwright than to his, and more profitable to the world.

**SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD BREAD.**—Wash and pare half a peck of potatoes, taking great care to remove all dark specks as you pare them; throw them into a pan of clean, cold water, which prevents them from becoming brown or dark colored, which destroys the delicate whiteness of the bread. Boil the potatoes with a large handful of salt till reduced to a fine gruel, bruising any lump with a wooden potato pounder; pass it through a colander or coarse hair sieve. When cool enough to bear your hand in it, work in as much flour as will make the mixture into a thick batter; to this sponge add a large cupful and a half, or three parts of a pint, of good hop-rising balm.—

A deep earthen pot or covered pail, or a trough, is the best vessel to mix the sponge in. In winter, it is better made over night—but as it rises very light, and is apt to run over the pot or pail, it is as well to set the vessel in a large shallow pan. Work it up early in the morning. This quantity of potato sponge will make a large batch of bread; upwards of twenty pounds of flour may be worked into it. Knead the dough well and thoroughly after you have added the flour, core it on the top, cover it with a cloth, and set it to rise. In about two or three hours, or sooner, your bread will have swelled, and you will find it out like a honey-comb. Knead into loaves, let it stand about five minutes in the pans, and then bake in a well-heated oven. When the loaves are done, wet them over with a little skimmed milk, (or water will do) and wrap in a clean cloth, setting them up on one side. Wrapping the bread up in the steam till cold, prevents it from becoming hard and dry.

Bread made in this manner will be equal in appearance to the baker's bread, and in point of sweetness and economy superior to any household bread I ever tasted; and as such I can confidently recommend it to the attention of the public. Brown bread can be made the same manner by the addition of a handful or two of bran.

The quantity of potatoes named might be too much for a baking for a small family; it can of course be reduced to one half; but the larger quantity of potatoes you have the finer will be your bread. At a time when flour is so high priced, bread so made is a great saving; but its excellence is a still greater recommendation than its cheapness.—[Cor. of Genesee Farmer.

### BARGAINS In Trade—Listen!

I WISH to obtain lumber, wood, lath, adobles; tithing or store orders, wheat, flour, corn and other produce, in exchange for furniture. Send in your orders.

H. W. NATSBITT, On the bench, east of President Young's Mansion.

27-4

### Save your Tailor's Bills.

**JOHN EVANS, Tailor and Scourer,** respectfully offers his services to the citizens of G. S. L. City and vicinity. From long experience in the above branches he hopes to give entire satisfaction.

Ladies' cashmere or woollen shawls, ladies and gentlemen's cloaks, coats, &c., cleaned in the most approved style.

Tailoring and cutting on reasonable terms. Come and see—one door north of Whitehouse's Tin store.

27-2m

### Tailor and Habit Maker.

**E. SUTHERLAND, WISHES TO** respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced business in the above line, 2 doors west of the Surveyor General's office. And from his connection with some of the first establishments in London, and his knowledge in cutting, combining ease and elegance of fit, he hopes to obtain their patronage. Ladies' riding habits in the newest style. Cutting done to order.