

F. GLEASON, CORNER BROMFIELD

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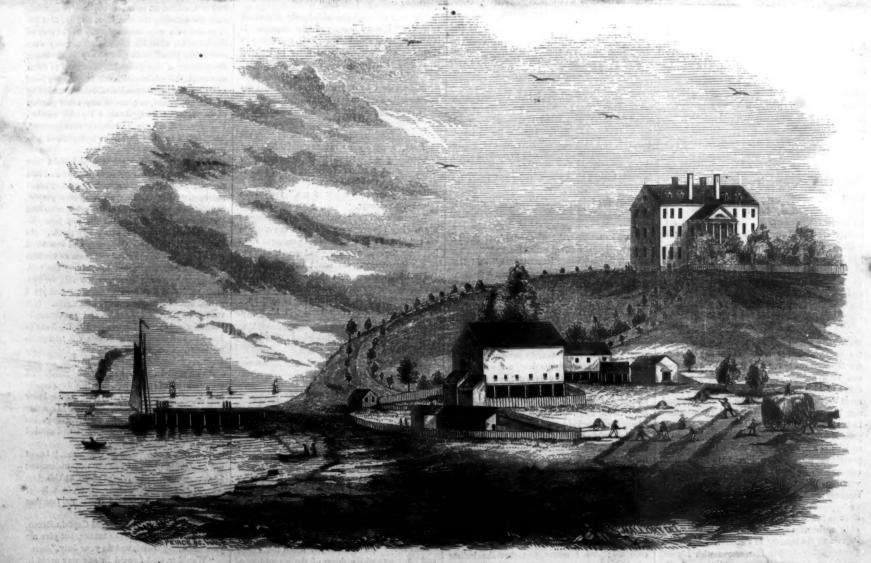
THE BOSTON FARM SCHOOL.

THE BOSTON PARM SCHOOL. This week we gave a very fine picture of the Bind Asylum, at South Boston Point, just on the sedge of our harbor; below we give a seen of the farm School. This is and accurate view of the Farm School. This miles from the city, and about a mile from Dor-ing the perposes of the institution. It com-plishing the perposes of the institution is the perpose of which are under cellivating in the perposed of the perpise. The soil consists a rich loam, with a light sub-soil, and is well and the raising of all the grains and veget

tables usually cultivated in New England. The establishment is situated on the highest part of the island, and commands an extensive view of the city, its harbor and surrounding country. It is a substantial brick edifice, with a projecting centre and two wings. The first floor contains a wash-room, kitchens, dining-hall and office ; the second, a very spacious school-room, and several apartments for the superintendent, fami-ty and teachers. The boys' sleeping-room is in the third story, and is fitted up with beds in such a manner as to separate cach boy from his neigh-bor, and permit the teacher, who sleeps with them, to overlook their conduct. The establish-ment at the island is under the immediate direc-tion of a superintendent, a matron, and an in-structor. A school is kept, both morning and

afternoon, for about six hours daily, in which are tanght the elements of useful knowledge: read-ing, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar. During the evening, especially in the winter months, instruction is also given in the first prin-ciples of agriculture, horticulture, botany, etc. The moral and religious culture of the pupils is an object of pre-eminent importance in an insti-tution like this; and, of course, it is the aim of the managers, as far as practicable, to make the whole discipline and instruction of the pupil, whilst upon the island, bear upon his moral and religious nature. There is a good collection of juvenile books, selected with due regard to the character and capacities of the pupils, to which the boys have access. That the pupils may be trained to habits of order and industry, and en-

abled, when they leave the institution, to pursue some occupation by which they may gain a live-lihood, they are required to perform as much of the manual labor done on the farm, and in the the manual labor done on the farm, and in the house, as their various ages and capacities will permit. During the season of farming opera-tions, all the boys in the institution, of sufficient age and strength, are regularly employed in la-bor on the farm, under the care of the superin-tendent, who is a practical farmers. The object is to make them skilful, practical farmers. At the age of twenty-one, each boy is entitled to a suit of clothes ; and, if apprenticed to a farmer, to one hundred dollars in money in addition. The present number of boys in the institution is ninety-four; and there are accommodations for one hundred.



THE BOSTON FARM SCHOOL, AT THOMPSON'S ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR,

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING ROOM COMPANION.

(Written for Glesson's Pictorial.) COVENANTERS' HYMN.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

We praise thee, O God, in the spirit of truth. For mercies conferred from thy bountiful store ; Thy guardian grace, from the morning of youth, Hath guided our footsteps, and will evermore. We praise thee for bleasings which yielded relief, When storms of adversity ravaged the breast; When arrows of sorrow, and poisonous grief, Probed deep in the heart, and distracted ou

We praise thee, and worship thee, Father of love, We praise these, and worship times, rather of no For pleasures enjoyed in a season of wail; Which shed their effalgence around and above, As beams of the sumst illumine a vale. We praise thee, 0 God, for the faith of the scal

And yearnings for part in the mansions of peace ; . Where centres our all of an infinite whole, Mid homes of the angels, where sufferings coast

We praise thee, O God, for the issues of life, And promise of dwelling in worlds of true bliss; Where all the rule conflicts of passion Are closed to the weeping and warring of this Where, sheltered forever, the blackness of night No more will o'terbladow the fature with gloom; Where day-beams of glory reveal to our sight. The roses of hope in perennial bloom.

We'll sing of thy greatness, O Infinite One, Till our term of existence is brought to a close; And trast, when the work of our striving is done. To rest from our labore, in righteous repose O holy; indeed, is the calm which extends

O'er yonder broad kingdom of sorrowless sighs ; Where ill we 'we encountered triumphantly ends, In that priceless perfection pervading the skies

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER. A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

" BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. SOLOMON WINTHROP was a plain old " farmer-an anstere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and who could see no reason why people should ever grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great great grandfathers. He had three children-two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirfeen.

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 out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the farmer 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," attered 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, sir," 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 are.' "Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir; but I can't fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me.

"That's because you don't try to feel any 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 you let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me ?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate, and sat down' again in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moister ned. for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without just CBB86.

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

"No, Jerry," retarned the younger brother, but yet with a grateful look ; " that would be deceiving our father. I will try and do the sum myself, though I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked and studied, 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 studied 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 had never yet come across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his children should be like him, for he conceived that the very acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed the opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could " give the old geometrician a hard tussle." He never seemed to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and that what one mind could grasp with ease, another, of equal power, would fail to comprehend. Hence, ecause Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that, because Samuel made no progress at all in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and he treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, and thus enable himself to open a proper field for the scope of that mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all mind, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel was continually studying and pondering upon such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle, nor did the 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 really obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not yet 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 hands 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 he was not very cold; and getting up from his seat 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 mere pastime that he thus 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 some dozen 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 his 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 up 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 cakes, and thanked her.

"O, what a pretty thing that is you are making," uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Wont you give it to me after it's dane ?"

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

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards she left the room, and the boysresumed his work.

At the end of a week the various materials that had been subjected to Samuel's jack-knife 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 something like a machine-upon the floor, and then he stood off and gazed upon it. His bright eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While yet he stood and gazed upon the child of his labor, the door of his chamber was opened and his father entered.

A it

"What-are you not studying ?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed his boy standing idle in the middle of the floor.

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

"Ha, what is this ?" continued Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction upon the floor. " "This, then, 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 les-There !" sons or not.

As the father uttered that simple interjection, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang eagerly forward, but he was too late. The curious 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

"Aint you ashamed ?" said Mr. Winthrop, "agreat 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 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 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 of you; and if you had a farm, you wouldn't know how to measure it and lay it out. Jerry, now, will soon be able to take my place as a surveyor, and I have alread made arrangements for having him sworn, and obtaining his commission. But your trade will be a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will 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 ecstacies. 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 that he could wish, and he 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 one night after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces laying upon the bench by his side, some of which were curiously rivetted 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. The next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the muchine shop. Samuel often visited his parents, and 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 he had.

Time flew by fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy sur veyors in the country. Mr. Winthrop looked apon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed the wish that the other son could have been like him. Samuel had come to visit his native home, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, " that is a fine large 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 ma-

chine 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 Semuel 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 anything that has been got up before.'

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

"Eh ? What ? My son ? Some of Sam-The old man stopped short and gazed at his boy. 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 simply means, father, that that loom is mine," returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. "I invented it, and have taken out a patent right, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the right of patent in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap that 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 about when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so said Mrs. Winthrop. much,'

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

"And that is why you couldn't study 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, foolishly so, and I now see how I misunderstood you. While I thought you were idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem that I never could have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel-I meant well enough, but I lacked in 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 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. The same soil that will give life and vigor to the beautiful, the useful and stately pine, will not bear the sturdy oak. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a commonplace address !

> [Written for Gleason's Pictorial.] THE LASS OF SACHEM'S READ.

BT F. W. RUSSELL.

In memory clings her image yet, Though merry months have fied Since first, midst pleasure's throng, I met The lass of Sachem's Head.

Her's was an eye that quick the heart A willing captive led ; Such heavenly glances did impart The lass of Sachem's Head.

Her's was a form divinely fair, And o'er her queenly head, n tresses strayed her jetty hair, The lass of Sacham's Head.

Her's was a laugh so full of glos, So merry all she said ; A most bewitching fair was she, The lass of Sachem's Head.

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None ever knew her but they loved, None over saw, but said 'T was vain to gase upon, unn The l B O 8

I saw her charms, her gaze I met, And o'er my soul was abed A spell that binds in memory yet The lass of Sachem's Heed.

And till the sun of life shall set, Till soul and sense are sped; vow I never can forget The lass of Sachem's Head.

- Manager - a series

A dull boy may be likened to a lamp, which comes all the brighter for a little trimming.