

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

JOY.
There's joy in the music of morning bells,
That float like a spirit, through wild wood dells,
And echo away o'er the green old hills,
Joy in the lullaby of rills,
Joy in the beauty of grand old trees,
And joy in the humming of honey-bees,
Joy in the clear ringing laugh of a child,
And joy in the rattle of wood-land wild,
Joy in the cloud ships that sail o'er the sky,
Joy in a laughing babe's beautiful eye,
Joy in the stars, on the bosom of night,
Joy in rich lips when you put out the light,
Joy in those comely strawberry strolls,
Through the green meadows, o'er the bright knolls,
Joy in the harvest of hay, fruit and grain,
Joy in the parter of soft summer rain,
Joy in a troop of wild, frolicsome boys,
Cutting wild capers with bolshover noise,
Joy in the tinkle of feet in a dance,
Joy in improving an opportune chance,
Joy in a "quitting," and joy in a glee,
Of old fashioned "hauling" or "apple bee,"
Joy in a "spelling-school," joy in the sports
Of "wading down hill"—of building "snow forts,"
"School exhibitions," and "sugar camp" fun;
Joy in most every thing, under the sun!
Joy in my spirit, when this I begin:
Doubled in quantity, now that I've done,
[Musical World] LAURA LEE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.
BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
From Gleason's Pictorial.
Case like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless!
Many years ago, when I was but a small boy, I attended school in the town of M— Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor, drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners; he had been brought up, he had never had opportunity for education.
Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars,—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was occluded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off of the way.
The teachers passed the poor boy coldly by in the street while other boys, in better garb, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was equally coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead" because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was not of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more he was whipped the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on in his dark, thankless way.
Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out short words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever. The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was giving away to a shade of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that the great turn point of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast.
At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unswerving. The first day

he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance. But he evidently made little of him during the first day, but on the second he did more. It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling darning upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.
"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.
"No, sir," drawled George.
"How long have you attended school?"
"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."
"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away! Do you know how much you have lost! What sort of a man do you think of making in this way! One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you any parents?"
"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a hoarse, subdued tone.
"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"
The boy hung down his head, and was silent; but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher said that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand upon the boy's head, and in a kind tone, he said:
"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."
George looked up wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tones of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him; and he thought, too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.
After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.
"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know how it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"
"Because nobody ever helps me, sir," replied the boy. "Nobody cares for me, for I am poor."
By degrees the kind hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:
"You have been very wrongly treated George—very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"
"Yes,—O, yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes,—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unmounted animation.
Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to need them, and when George Henry left the school room, his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, but his own heart was too full for utterance.
On the next day George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radical and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy. As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that we found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.
Time passed on, and the boy's mind expanded with the approach of budding manhood. He learned rapidly and easily, and he fairly outstripped many of those who had long years the start of him in the intellectual race. He grew eloquent as he grew older, and with his calm, kind eloquence he saved his father from the slough of intemperance, and raised him up to be once more a man.
Long years have passed since those school boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle-age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he. And all this is the result of one teacher's having done his duty. You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In the country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavors to lift him up and aid him.

Let the sickle do its havoc among the grain—let the fruit be gathered—let fair fingers pluck the bursting bunches of the grape. Thus shall good provision be made for the wants which wait before us, and the sad reflections of the season shall be modified by wine and assuaged by fatness.
And still there will be mourners. For all are not alike—and the life of the one may be the destruction of the other.—*Buffalo Express.*
Aye, there will be mourners for the dead Summer, gone. The dead leaves that shiver while on the aspen trees, then rustle down to their graves on the ground, are not more than the beautiful hopes, now dead, but which had birth in the swelling fullness of the early Summer. Young maidens built castles in their glowing dreams, which they deemed would be realities when the harvest time of fruits had come—where is the realization now! Their slow step and pallid face tell a sad tale, and the mourned prayers to Heaven, to bear them on is but the voice of the dead Summer, gone. Young men started with the

Spring to count the hours to the harvest time, when their harvest of honors should come in the plenitude of riches; but how many are weary and worn with the struggle, and with the Autumn are ready to sink into the darkness of an unemploying Winter! Ah! the tale is not half told—Rachel yet mourns for her children, and each year must add to the sorrow which is in every earthly cup.
Yet there is a beautiful lesson in this passing season. Not forever hath the sap gone from the trees, and the color from the leaves and flowers. There is a spring time in the storehouse of God's bounty, and His open hand shall show the seeds of new hopes and new affections in the days yet to come. Then shall the bitterness of the waters be turned to a soothing sweet, and the chalice of our dreams be again welled up with bursting beauty of the young life swelling into being around. And if, perchance the heart hath drooped and died, and the dead leaves have fallen upon the grave of the mourner, yet is there a still more glorious spring-time in store, when the dead shall arise in the glorious beauty of the Supernal.
Shall we, then, mourn for the dead summer, gone!—*Saturday Register.*

FARMERS READ!
The following eloquent remarks we find in an address of Mr. CURTIS delivered at a meeting of the U. S. Agricultural Society at Washington, D. C. on the 2d of February last. Such remarks have a tendency to make agriculturists regard their profession with a deeper reverence, and pursue it with greater zeal. Read it by all means.
Ye generous Americans, "venerate the plough," the trust emblem of every nation's greatness! Reward with your honors the brow of the conqueror who has vanquished ignorance and prejudice and brought the clouds of error, to let in the sunlight of improvement, prosperity, and the national aggrandizement! The blameless trophies of the victor in peace are industry, economy, individual and social happiness. On the vicarious fields of agriculture are strewn none of the wrecks of humanity; flowers spring up there, shedding a sweet perfume and wafting a grateful incense to heaven. Then "speed the plough, and onward be the march of improvement till every rood of earth will maintain its man!"
Agriculture, the primitive employment of man, has been honored in all ages of the world. We learn from ancient history that in the purest and palmiest days of Roman virtue, when a Dictator was required to save the Commonwealth, a Cincinnatus was chosen from between the handles of the plough.
The great men of America, when their terms of public service have been accomplished, have all returned to the rank of private citizens; and has the lustre attending their public actions been dimmed when, resigning high official stations, they have retired to private life to spend the evening of their days amid the calm yet endearing delights of agriculture and rural affairs! And he, the most beloved, when his glorious career of public service was ended, and stricken in years and laden with honors he too became a private citizen, was the veneration of his country and mankind in any wise lessened toward the Pater Patriae, when the Chief Magistrate of a mighty empire became merged with the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon! [Cheers.] Then "speed the plough," and respect the citizen of physical manhood. Bonaparte, the farmer, is not a bird of passage, but is riveted to the soil he tills; his life all centres in his peaceful and happy home; and when war's alarms shall threaten his country, 'tis then the husbandman "will show his generous nature." 'Tis he who looks around him and beholds the smoke as it curls up from his comfortable homestead, who cries out from his peaceful and happy home; and when war's alarms shall threaten his country, 'tis then the husbandman "will show his generous nature." 'Tis he who looks around him and beholds the smoke as it curls up from his comfortable homestead, who cries out from his peaceful and happy home; and when war's alarms shall threaten his country, 'tis then the husbandman "will show his generous nature." 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