

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08230284 9

Forrester

NAS

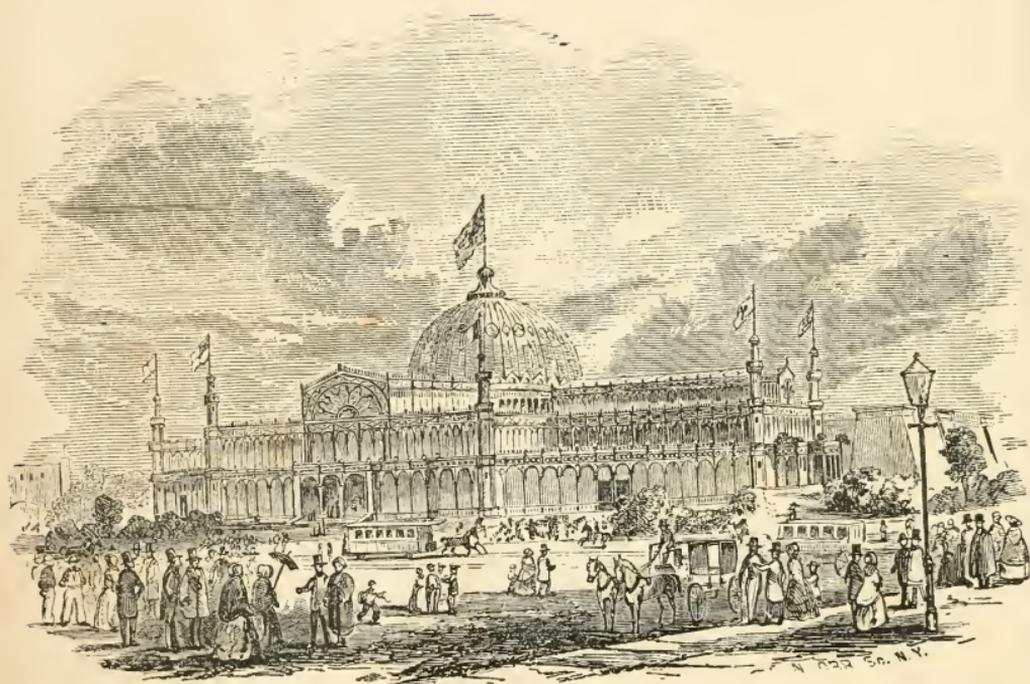




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Farrington's
NAS



New York Crystal Palace.

FORRESTER'S

PICTORIAL MISCELLANY,

FOR THE

FAMILY CIRCLE.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
EDITED BY MARK FORRESTER.

100 ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOSTON:
F. & G. C. RAND, 7 CORNHILL.
1855.

cl. 4

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
737226
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1916 L

NOV 21 1916

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A CHINESE JUSTICE,	18
A CHAPTER ABOUT NEEDLES,	73
ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT,	49
A GOLD WATCH,	120
ABOUT ANGLING,	138
ADOLPHUS AND JAMES,	142
ANECDOTE OF AN EGYPTIAN GOVERNOR,	180
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,	211
A CHILD'S PRAYER,	221
AUTUMN,	227
ANEMONES AND VIOLETS,	243
ABOUT RAILROADS,	280
AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE,	298
A RESIDENCE AMONG THE INDIANS,	309
BANKS OF THE RIVER NILE,	156
BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION,	273
BILLY EGG,	290
COLONEL THORNDIKE,	55
COCK ROBIN AND THE SPARROW,	215
DIGNITY ON TRIAL,	19
DIALOGUE,—OLD MAN, FATHER, AND CHILDREN.	21
DO YOU ATTEND SCHOOL?	56
DO NOT BLAME OTHERS FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE,	155
DIALOGUE BETWEEN LILY AND MARY ABOUT THE ANGELS,	158

	PAGE
DIAMOND MINES,	177
DISCOVERY OF GLASS,	225
DOVES,	236
DECEPTIONS,	274
ELLA GRAY,	52
FORRESTER'S EVENINGS AT HOME.—ATMOSPHERE,	68
MOUNTAINS,	112
WATER,	207
RIVERS,	247
FILIAL DEVOTION,	159
FLORIE,	222
FLATTERY,	252
GOLD MINES,	244
HOW THE GREEKS TALKED,	54
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY,	98
HENRY CLAY,	241
HEAR BOTH SIDES,	258
INGENIOUS PUZZLE,	97
ICELAND AND NORWAY,	190
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,	235
INTELLIGENCE IN A FISH,	256
IRON MINES,	267
JOHNNY LEONARD AND HIS MOTHER,	303
"KA-HELU," SANDWICH ISLANDS,	271
"LOGIC,"	140
LITTLE FRANK AND THE BOAT,	165
LAURA LEE AND HER DOG POMPEY,	174
LIFE INSURANCE,	216
LOUIS PHILIPPE,	231
LINES BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,	238
LITTLE HARRY LEE,	254
LITTLE ITEMS ON IMPORTANT MATTERS,	286
LITTLE EDMUND,	308
MAGNETISM,	22
MY GRANDMOTHER,	59

	PAGE
MY MOTHER,	72
MY GRANDFATHER,	82
MALAY VILLAGE,	95
MY FATHER,	141
MISCHIEVOUS THEODORE,	218
MY VISIT TO THE COUNTRY,	260
MONEY AT INTEREST,	239
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,	133
NEATNESS AND ORDER,	257
NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON,	276
OLD PONTO,	182
OUR TOMMY, THE ERRAND BOY,	284
QUICKSILVER, OR MERCURY,	93
READING,	164
SELF-LOVE,	20
SPRING,	91
STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT,	104
SUMMER,	127
SAMMY AND WILLIE,	162
STORIES FOR LITTLE FRED,	174
SONG OF THE DISCONTENTED COOK,	224
SILVER MINES,	279
THISTLE DOWN,	120
TO DAFFODILS,	131
TEARS,	154
TIN MINES,	205
THE CRYSTAL PALACE,	7
THE AZTEC CHILDREN,	12
THE SCHOOL MISTRESS,	15
THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT,	17
THE FIRST SNOW STORM,	24
THE BROKEN WINDOW,	34
THE SINGULAR ECHO,	36
THE PEARL FISHERY,	37
THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG,	38

	PAGE
THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER,	44
THE SILVER SHILLING PIECE,	50
THE LOST CHILD,	60
THE SHEPHERD OF LES BAS LONDES,	65
THE BIRDS,	84
THE OSTRICH,	85
THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH,	86
THE CITY OF CAIRO AND THE SPHINX,	100
THE IBEX,	118
THE CHINESE,	122
THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE SHELL,	130
THE STORY OF A LITTLE LAMB,	131
THE CHILD AND THE MUSICAL BOX,	136
THE BOY WHO LOVED HIS SISTER,	153
THE CLEVER BOY,	171
THE BEAVER,	287
THE BASKET OF CHERRIES,	194
THE PEACOCK,	203
THE RATTLESNAKE,	234
THE CHAMOIS,	251
THE DERVISE,	253
THE CHILD AND THE BROOK,	270
THE ANSWERING BLOW,	277
THE WHALE,	295
THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH,	27
THE YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN—T. H. SAFFORD,	299
WINTER,	45
WONDERFUL SAGACITY,	83
WISHES,	128

FORRESTER'S

PICTORIAL MISCELLANY.

The Crystal Palace.

CRYSTAL Palaces are among the marvels of this marvellous age. They are grander than the palace which the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp is said to have erected for that hero of eastern story, named Aladdin. The grandfathers and grandmothers of the boys and girls who now live, never dreamed of such things. If they should rise from their graves, and be led into the Crystal Palace at New York, they would rub their eyes and look wildly about. Like old Rip Van Winkle, after his long nap in Sleepy Hollow, they would be strangely puzzled; and I am inclined to think they would fancy themselves in fairy-land, or dream-land, or some other strange and mysterious country.

But however it would be with them, one thing is certain. The boys and girls of our times do live in the era of crystal palaces; and they want to know something about them, and particularly do they want to know about the one which is now open in the city of New York, a picture of which we have selected as our frontispiece.

The idea of building a palace of iron and glass first entered into the brain of Joseph Paxton. He was once a poor boy. When he grew up, he was only a gardener to an English duke. But he had a thoughtful mind. He was industrious, and labored to improve himself. By degrees he made it obvious that he was no common man. When the World's Fair was first talked of in England, he conceived the idea of the first Crystal Palace as suited to hold the goods to be

exhibited, and to accommodate the visitors, who were expected from every part of the globe.

At first, he shared the fate of nearly all great inventors. His plan was laughed at. Little men, who fancied themselves great, sneered at it, and said, "Pooh! The thing is visionary! It is impossible!"

But genius triumphed. The Palace went up with marvellous speed, and became the greatest wonder of that wonder world in Hyde Park.

The friends of art in America, seeing the success of the first World's Fair and of the Crystal Palace, resolved to get up another. With Americans, you know, to resolve is to do. So up went a palace on the Sixth Avenue in New York city, not so large as the one in England, but perhaps fully equal to it in symmetry and beauty.

The Palace, as you see by the picture, is in the form of a cross. It is the largest structure of any kind in this country. As you enter it, you find yourself looking down what is called the nave, or central aisle, 365 feet in length, and 41 feet wide. You walk half way down this distance, and looking up, you behold a noble dome springing up to the height of 118 feet above your head. You then look around you, and on four sides you see the naves stretching out to the distance of 182 feet. As you stand and gaze on this almost magic scene, you say, "Well, this *is* a wonderful place, truly!"

Suppose we now take a walk round the Palace — in thought, I mean. Let us then leave our place under the dome, and go back along the nave leading to the *entrance* on the Sixth Avenue, which is shewn on the picture in the rear of the railroad.

Well, here, then, we begin our walk. But stop. What does this young lady wish, who is seated just inside the door, with a stand filled with canes, parasols, and umbrellas before her? "Your cane, sir; your parasol, miss, if you please," she says. "You must leave your cane and parasol here."

"O, very well, miss; I guess you are very particular folks in this region," you say to yourself as you give up your cane or parasol, and take a little ticket with a number on it in return. Now, looking to the right you see an aisle, with France written over it in large letters. Let us enter it and take a peep at the things France has sent to the exhibition. But, O dear, who can find time even to look at this display? *Here* are all kinds of things for the kitchen;

there are all sorts of tools for mechanics ; *yonder* are silks, velvets, laces, &c., for the ladies ; preserves and pickles for epicures ; carpets and tapestries for parlors and drawing rooms ; silver ware for the table ; and here, I declare, is a clock with a tree rising over it, which is full of artificial birds, that keep moving about, and singing too, in obedience to the machinery of the clock. And in another place is a large bear, carved in wood, grappling with an unhappy man, who undertook to hurt him. See, how his claws enter the man's back ! It makes one's flesh creep to look at the poor fellow. Bear hunting may be very fine sport, but I would rather be gazing quietly at the wonders of this Palace, than hunting wild bears in the forest of Ardennes, or any other forest.

But here we are in the nave again. Let us cross over and peep at Austria, Denmark, and Italy, on the other side. Here you find lots of guns, pistols, dirks, swords, and some handsome cutlery. Well, Austria needs such things, because she oppresses her people, and can keep them only by the use of force. But we don't want to look at weapons of war ; so let us walk over *yonder*, and study that group of statues from Denmark. How beautiful they stand, those images of Christ and his apostles ! In the centre is JESUS, looking so full of tenderness, that the sight brings a tear to your eyes, and a thought of affectionate gratitude swells your breast. On his right stands Paul preaching with a soul full of power. You gaze on him a while, and his voice seems to break on your ear in earnest tones. Then you turn to Simon, Bartholomew, James, and Thomas, to Peter, John, and the others ; until your heart is full of feeling, and your mind of admiration ; you go away blessing the great *Thorwaldsen*, for executing such a work of beauty.

New let us step into Italy. Here you find, among many other things, some pretty paintings, and some very fine statuary. The veiled nun is especially beautiful, and a statue of Columbus wrought in silver thread, or in filigree, as the artists say, will be sure to attract all eyes.

Passing leisurely along through the Italian department, we find ourselves again in the nave. Here we pause to look at the figure of the mother asleep on the prairie ; while a huge eagle is in the act of endeavoring to steal away her child. From this, we turn to

the equestrian statue of the great Washington ; the colossal figure of Webster ; the marble figures of Eve and the Greek Slave ; with many others which I have not space even to name.

We have now reached the departments of America and England. Here you find specimens of almost every thing that men use or wear. The stately carriage, the life boat, the brass cannon, the tiny cambric needle, the richly-bound book, the mighty steam engine, gorgeous furniture, farming utensils, hardware of every variety, and, in a word, almost every thing of man's modern invention. As you gaze on this vast display, you grow weary ; your head aches ; you are hungry ; you sigh for rest ; and are very well pleased to see, in a corner of the palace, a spacious restorator, where, by paying a good price, you may rest a while, and satisfy the demands of your appetite.

After being refreshed, you start again. Now you ascend a spacious staircase, and seek the picture gallery, where you find a large display of oil paintings, some of which are very fine. Battle pieces, scripture scenes, pictures of life at home and abroad, in ancient and modern times, are here. You pause at every step to study the meaning of the painter. Now you gaze at the brave Luther, thundering defiance at the Diet of Worms ; soon you pause before Queen Victoria, and admire the look of the old Iron Duke as he presents the baby prince with a casket. Presently you stop long before a picture of a poor family of the martyr ages, now happily long past, reading the Bible. The door is locked, for it is dangerous to be seen reading the Bible. The old patriarch is seen listening with intense attention to the words of the holy book. His good dame sits in rapt devotion, a tear of sacred affection gathering in her eye. The maiden daughter is behind her brother, looking beautifully modest, as she, too, listens to his reading. And the whole picture is so natural, so touching, it speaks to your heart, and you brush away a tear, and feel yourself a better child, as you turn to the next picture. Thus you pass slowly along, until it begins to grow dusky. This reminds you that you must hasten. You tear yourself away from the picture gallery, and proceed hastily over the other portions of the galleries.

Here you find rich displays of ladies' dresses, caps, and corsets ; beautiful specimens of porcelain work, and miniature figures in terra

cotta ; a splendid variety of silver ware ; perfumery, soaps, wigs, piano-fortes, and a multitude of other things, which, as the auctioneers say in their advertisements, are too numerous to mention.

By this time, you feel almost as tired as a soldier after a day's hard fighting. So you walk down stairs with a somewhat heavy step. Taking your cane or parasol from the young lady at the door, you walk out and jump into the first omnibus which runs near your home, or your hotel. And when you get seated cosily in the softest corner of the sofa at home, you say in the spirit of the renowned Sancho Panza, of glorious memory, "Blessed be the man who invented sofas." Presently, a cup of tea, a plate of nice cold beef, with some delicate slices of fresh bread and butter, restore your spirits. You talk over the sights of the day, and at an early hour seek your bed, where you fall asleep almost as soon as your cheek touches the pillow — if you have any dreams, they are filled with pictures of what you saw at the Crystal Palace. And, it may be, if you should live to be as aged as Mark Forrester, you may one day shoulder your walking stick, and tell your little curly-headed grandchildren of the pleasant day you spent at the Crystal Palace.



The Aztec Children.

As my friend Neddie Naylor was trundling his hoop one hot day, at the head of some ten or twelve other boys, and shouting every little while to encourage those who lagged behind, he saw an old-fashioned chaise, drawn by a very venerable old horse, slowly moving along the road.

"That chaise belongs to my uncle Oliver, or else my name isn't Naylor," said Neddie to himself, as he viewed the chaise.

Giving his hoop another crack, he pressed on in advance of his schoolmates, until a head appeared peering from the chaise. It was a noble-looking head too, covered with a broad-brimmed white hat, and displaying a face as good natured as a warm heart could make it. The features were large, without being coarse. The lips wore a pleasant smile; the eyes looked quite merry, as they scanned Master Neddie's movements.

No sooner did Neddie see that face than he exclaimed, "There's my uncle Oliver! Good by, boys!"

In another moment he was by the side of the horse, which stopped at his approach.

"How are you, my boy?" asked his uncle.

"Quite well, I thank you, uncle Oliver. I am glad to see you," said Neddie.

"Well, come up into my chaise, boy, and ride down with me to the house," added his uncle.

Neddie walked round to the other side of the chaise, carefully placed his hoop inside of the dasher, and then jumped up beside his uncle; and they rode on in company to Neddie's home.

Neddie's uncle had but recently returned from a visit to New York. He was very fond of his little nephew, and loved to instruct him. Neddie was equally fond of listening to his uncle, and to hoard up in his mind the things he heard from his lips. So, on the evening of his uncle's arrival, he said to him, —

"Please, uncle, tell me if you saw any thing wonderful in New York."

"Yes, Neddie, I saw the AZTEC CHILDREN."

"The Aztec children! Who are they, uncle?"

"They are great curiosities, I assure you. The boy, who is named Maximo, is only *three* feet high; the girl, Bartola, is hardly two feet six inches in height. They are Lilliputians, beyond a doubt."

"How old are they, uncle?"

"The boy is thought to be ten or twelve; the girl seven or nine years old. But as they do not know themselves, and as they have been brought away from all their relations, their precise age cannot be known with certainty."



"They must be queer looking creatures, uncle Oliver. Why, they beat Tom Thumb! I should like to see them very much," said Neddie, laughing.

"You will get a very correct idea of them from the picture, Neddie. You see their limbs are slender, well formed, and graceful. Their most peculiar feature, next to their size, is their narrow heads and prominent faces. Their hair is jet black, and curls quite gracefully. They are lively children, and seem to be apt to learn."

"Where did they come from, uncle?"

“From the interior of Central America. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Huertis of Baltimore, and Hammond of Canada, having read the great work of Mr. Stephens, about an Indian city, hitherto unvisited by whites, resolved to explore it. In company with a Spanish gentleman, Senor Pedro Velasquez, and after meeting with many difficulties, they reached it, and found it a very ancient and very curious place. In a sumptuous palace, they found a body of priests called Kaanas, of little stature and feeble minds, but almost idolized by the people. Among these priests were Maximo and Bartola, two orphan children of a Kaanan priest. The travellers resolved to carry away these children. But Mr. Hammond died, and Mr. Huertis was killed by the Indians. Senor Velasquez, however, made good his escape with the children, and after much and severe suffering, reached Grenada. From thence, under the care of a guardian, they came to the United States.”

Neddie was very much interested in this story of the Aztec children; and having asked many more questions, which I have not room to print, he presently grew sleepy. Falling back in his chair, he went to sleep with his mouth open. Seeing this, his uncle, who was a little waggish, held a very little pear by the stem, and gently dropped it into his mouth. Neddie started, rubbed his eyes, spit out the pear, and then cried out, “Who’s that?”

Uncle Oliver laughed; Neddie’s father and mother laughed too. His grandmother laid down her knitting, lifted up her head, and peered out through her spectacles. Neddie looked foolish a moment, then laughed at his uncle’s joke, and after remarking, “It’s time I was abed!” took a lamp and disappeared.



The School Mistress.

SOME years ago, one of my friends furnished me with a parcel of manuscripts of which I made a book. Among them was an address to her, who first "taught his young ideas how to shoot," or if she was not the very first, she was, at any rate, the first who undertook it in the school-house. I have read it many times, and delight to read it. It almost enables me to live my childish days over again. It brings fresh to mind my venerable teacher, her kindness, her laws of love and justice, and the penalty which I sometimes justly underwent. I love to think of this last, only because I trust it made me a better boy and a better man. But here is the address. Read it. If you never saw anything of the kind, ask your grandfather if he has not.

And thou, the Mistress of our little school,
 For age revered, and wisely skilled to rule,
 From whom our minds their infant knowledge drew,
 As flowers from vernal skies imbibe the dew,
 Though many years have passed since then, art not
 By all thy little company forgot ;
 Still on our hearts thy virtues have a claim,
 Still dwells upon our tongues thine honored name.

When we began, in learned order set
 With eye and finger on the alphabet,
 The task, (a mighty task it seemed to be,)
 To search the mysteries of A, B, C,
 We heard the changeless law, that not a look
 Should leave the pages of the spelling book ;
 That none the seat assigned him should forsake ;
 That none with whispers should the silence break ;
 Nor was it last or smallest in the code,
 Which ruled the realm of learning's young abode,
 That none should turn his luckless head awry,
 To watch a spider, or impound a fly.

Enthroned upon her ancient elbow chair,
 She swayed her sceptre, and dispensed her care ;
 She praised the boy, whose time was rightly spent,
 But woe to him on whom her frown was bent ;
 Who dared her awful word to disobey,

And what was meant for science give to play.
Thrice hapless he, who, tumbling, sprawled the floor,
Or sought with truant step the tempting door,
Or, reckless of the pain and bitter tear,
A bodkin thrust into his neighbor's ear.
Ah me! The wrinkles curled upon thy face,
Thine eye flashed fire, and threatenings came apace;
Wrath shook thy cap; more frightful than thy nod,
Thine arm uplifted, waved the birchen rod.

When time had flown, and, consecrate to play,
Arrived at last the joyous Saturday,
Forth from the school with leap and shout we went,
With youth inspired, on youthful pleasures bent;
The favored space, which once a week could bless
With freedom from our learned governess.
No longer subjects of her sovereign law,
Whose word controlled, whose ferule struck with awe,
In various ways, for various ends we part,
Joy on our lips, and transport in our heart;
We heard no more her tongue, nor feared her look,
Nor o'er our heads the rod of terror shook.



The Birth-day Gift.

THE populous kingdom of Ava, in India beyond the Ganges, was once inhabited by a minor prince, who was brought up in the luxurious indolence of an eastern palace. When he had reached the age of seventeen, which, by the laws of that country, was the period of majority for the crown, all the great men of his court, and the governors of the provinces, according to established custom, laid at his feet presents consisting of the most costly products of art and nature that they had been able to procure. One offered a casket of the most precious jewels of Golconda; another, a curious piece of clock-work made by an European artist; another, a piece of the richest silk from the looms of China; another, a Bezoar stone, said to be a sovereign antidote against all poisons and infectious diseases; another, a choice piece of the most fragrant rosewood in a box of ebony inlaid with pearls; another, a golden cruse full of genuine balsam of Mecca; another, a courser of the purest breed of Arabia; and another, a female slave of exquisite beauty. The whole court of the palace was overspread with rarities; and long rows of slaves were continually passing loaded with vessels and utensils of gold and silver, and other articles of high price.

At length an aged magistrate from a distant province made his appearance. He was simply clad in a long cotton robe, and his hoary beard waved on his breast. He made his obeisance before the young monarch, and holding forth an embroidered silken bag, he thus addressed him:

“Deign, great king, to accept the faithful homage and fervent good wishes of thy servant on this important day, and, with them, the small present I hold in my hand. Small, indeed, it is in show, but not so, I trust, in value. Others have offered what may decorate thy person—here is what will impart perpetual grace and lustre to thy features. Others have presented thee with rich perfumes—here is what will make thy name sweet and fragrant to the latest ages. Others have heaped round thee the riches of a temporal kingdom—this will secure thee the treasures of an eternal one.”

He said, and drew from the purse a book containing *the Moral Precepts of the sage Zendar*, the wisest and most virtuous man the

East had ever beheld. "If," he proceeded, "my gracious sovereign will condescend to make this his constant companion, not an hour can pass in which its perusal may not be a comfort and a blessing. In the arduous duties of thy station, it will prove a faithful guide and counsellor. Amidst the allurements of pleasure and the incitements of passion, it will be an incorruptible monitor, that will never suffer thee to err without warning thee of thy error. It will render thee a blessing to thy people, and blessed in thyself; for what sovereign can be the one without the other?"

He then returned the book to its place, and kneeling gave it into the hands of the king. He received it with respect and benignity, and history affirms that the use he made of it corresponded with the wishes of the donor.

A Chinese Justice.

THERE was a certain Intendant of a province in that empire, who out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him Chief Justice of the city where he resided. It happened that this Intendant, on a sudden, became inaccessible, and, under pretence of indisposition, would neither do business nor be seen. The Chief Justice was extremely concerned at this behavior; he came often to his house, but was denied admittance: at last, however, it was granted; and, on entering, he found the Intendant in a very melancholy posture; he therefore entreated his friend not to conceal from him the real cause of his affliction. For a while the Intendant resisted the entreaties of his kind visitant; but at last told him he had lost the imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it; and was therefore disabled from doing anything, and cut off from all hopes of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The Chief Justice bade him keep up his spirits, and, instead of despairing, apply the great abilities he was known to possess, in contriving some means to get the seal again. The Intendant sighed, and said it was impossible. The Chief Justice asked him if he had any potent enemy? Yes, said the Intendant, the Governor of this city bears a strong antipathy to me, because a

friend of his missed the employment I now hold. Very well, said the Chief Justice; then I have thought of a method to set all this matter right; do you cause the most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment, and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward part of your palace be set on fire; the Governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance; as soon as he appears, deliver him the cabinet in which the seal was placed; if it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it, and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not yours. The Intendant instantly pursued his friend's scheme; the fire drew the Governor thither, as they expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the Intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced; for the Governor, finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded, by thus returning the seal, for the fraud he had committed in procuring it. Thus the calmness of the Chief Justice proved a remedy, where a man of superior parts, but without equanimity, would have resigned every hope, and abandoned himself to despair.

Dignity on Trial.

A YOUNG lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's wood. "Pray, madam, (said the gray-headed steward,) may I humbly entreat that you will not go far from home; you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice (answered she) when desired. I admit of no instructions from servants."—She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth; and she sat down on a smooth spot at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postilion. "You are far from home, madam; will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?" "Prithee, fellow, be not officious."—Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback, "Mistress, will you get up

behind me, Dobbin is sure-footed; you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way." "Mistress! (exclaimed she) how dare you presume?" "No offence," said the young man, and rode away, humming the song *I love Sue*.—It was night: the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled, and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung-cart. "Friend, (said she, with an humble accent,) will you let me go with you?"

Pride is the most galling burthen a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune: pride is the cause of many.

Self-Love.

WHEN Appelles was about to execute a picture of Venus, the goddess of love and of beauty, his object was to concentrate every delicacy of expression, and every grace of contour, of which the human form is susceptible; but whom should he choose for a model? He had called a thousand beauteous females each a Venus in her turn: but that was the language of love—now he must examine the fulness of their form, and the accuracy of their proportions, with the rigor of a critic, and the eye of an artist. In each was discovered some partial imperfection; from assembling the beauties of them all, at last he completed his Venus. The damsels, to whom the painter had been indebted, flocked with overflowing impatience to behold themselves in the picture, which had spread the renown of Appelles through every city of Greece. "Yes," said Galatea, casting a careless glance at the canvass, "he has really hit my complexion,"—and went away satisfied that she was Venus. Sapphira came—and blushed—and smiled. "Poor creatures!" said Aspasia; "they will burst with envy, for he has copied me to the very shape of my fingers." Appelles had indeed copied the fingers of Aspasia, but that was all.

The moral is, that many persons possessing a single feature, or limb, or talent, or disposition, worthy of praise or attention, in an evil hour, conscious of their endowment, shall extend it to the whole of their figure and character, and so believe themselves very perfect.



Dialogue.

OLD MAN, FATHER AND THE CHILDREN.

Children. Oh beautiful! Just look, papa,
See what that good old man has got —
A book all made for little folks;
Pray buy us one, pa, will you not?

Father. No — no. The world is full of books,
Ten thousand more than you will read —
Better to save your money now
For what you may hereafter need.

Old Man. Let me assure you, sir, this book,
Made for the little girl and boy,
Will prove a faithful friend, indeed,
Whose coming will be hailed with joy.

Give us your name — and, if you please,
One simple dollar — in advance —
And we agree each month to make
Those little hearts with joy to dance.

Stories adapted to their years,
Fine cuts to please the little eye —
Sweet simple moral lessons too,
To teach them how to live and die.

This little pamphlet every month
 Shall be a helper kindly given,
 To aid you in the glorious work
 Of training up your babes for heaven.

Johnny Oh, do subscribe, papa ; I want
 Exactly such a book as that —
 And, if you please, I 'll wear a **while**
 That very same old beaver hat.

Katy. And I 'll not buy that pretty doll,
 (Dear me, its cunning eyes were **blue**,)
 But then you know, papa, *the book*
Is useful, and is pretty too.

Sammy. I 'll save my cents — see if I don't,
 Till they will count up ten times **ten** ;
 And if you 'll *lend* the dollar, pa,
 Why, I will pay you for it, then.

All. Now, do papa, we will not ask
 A single Christmas gift beside—
 Just give the good man ten times ten —
 That 's a good father — please subscribe.

Father. Well, here, send me *three copies* if you please —
 Some other little folks I know
 Have need, but have not means to buy,
 What I can very well bestow.

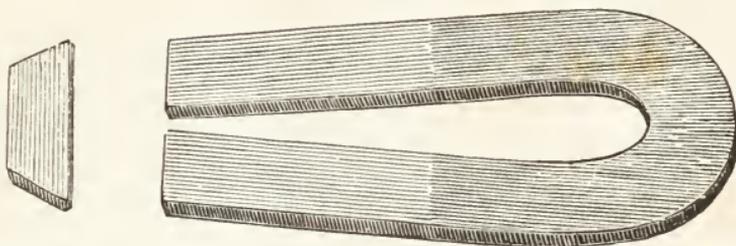
But pray be punctual, send them all,
 And we must read them as they come,
 And keep them nice, that in a year
 The numbers may be bound in one.

Magnetism.

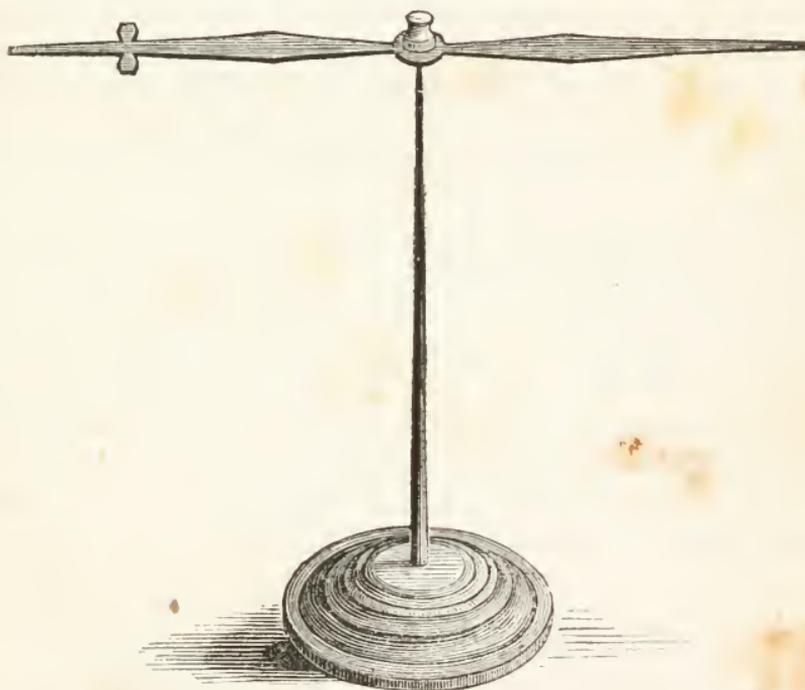
MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

The long evenings at hand will afford abundant opportunity for you to examine many of the curious things in nature. In whatever direction you turn your attention, you will find many things to wonder at and admire. I propose saying something in this article

about Magnetism. I want you to put your shillings and sixpences together, and go or send to Mr. Joseph M. Wightman's, No. 33



Cornhill, Boston, for a Horse-shoe Magnet, as it is called, and a Mag-



netic Needle, mounted on a stand. The magnet will cost fifty cents, the needle one dollar. Having received the articles, invite in your schoolmates and we will see what can be done. I put the needle on to the brass stand. It turns its north pole to the North Star. Here you can see how ships are steered across the ocean into any desired port with such accuracy. The needle, however, does not point exactly north in all places. In Baffin's Bay it is said to point almost

west. You will observe that the north pole of the magnet dips a little. It is nearer the table than the opposite extremity.

We will now try some experiments with the magnet and the needle together. Hold the north pole of the magnet towards the north pole of the needle, and see! how it flies away! Turn the magnet over, so that the south pole be presented, and it comes back rapidly. You may thus keep the needle whirling very innocently, "not touching it." To make this experiment more curious, hold a thick book between the magnet and needle. It will operate about as well right through my dictionary. Get a cup full of water and a small sewing needle. Touch the needle to the magnet, and then place it very carefully on the surface of the water. It won't break in, if you are careful, but will make a good compass, and square round north and south, as correctly as the Boston one. Take the needle off the stand, and put the north pole near to the north pole of the needle in the cup, and see how it will skate around to get away!

Your magnet will take up your pocket knives, and impart its power to them. Try it on some new steel pen points. The points that touch the north pole of the magnet will be made south pole on that end. Touch them to the needle, and you will see. One end of the pen will be a north pole, the opposite a south pole. No two north poles ever come together; they are never agreed, but get away from each other as far as possible.

I have told you but little yet about magnetism. Perhaps enough to awaken your attention. Live to grow wiser.

The First Snow-Storm.

WHAT a great change does a fall of snow produce on the face of the landscape! Overnight, we see the fields green, the trees brown and naked, and the winding highway as clean and hard as if it had been swept; the fallow-lands, too, were brown, and there was something of a spring-look in the turnip-fields where the sheep were feeding; when, lo, next morning the whole scene has undergone a change! Some mighty hand has been at work during the night, and every object is now covered white over with snow, which has fallen flake

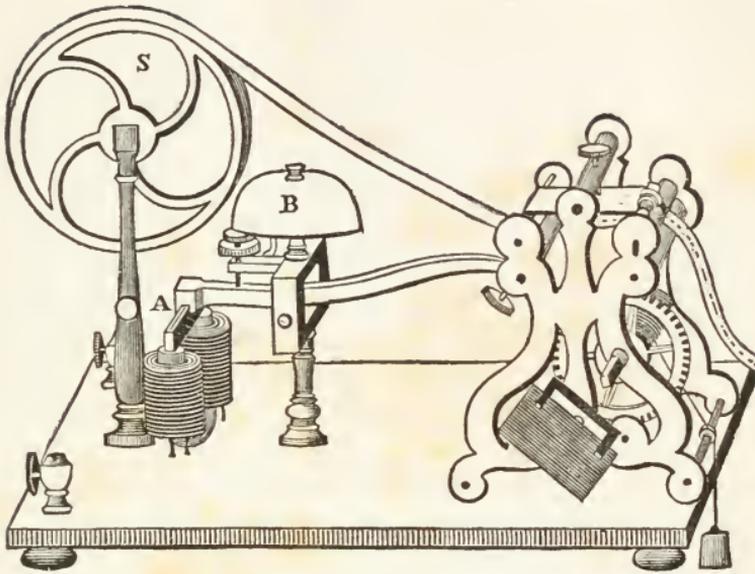
by flake, and hour by hour, from dark to daylight, until every way around, the landscape is covered, nearly knee-deep, to little boys, with the feathery flakes. A fine, bright morning perchance follows, and the eye fairly aches, while looking upon the glittering prospect which lies around. Hill, and wood, and field, and footpath, the long highway, and the broad, open common, are mantled over with snow, upon which the wagon moves along with scarce a sound, and the horse is beside you before you are aware of it; for every noise is deadened by the deep fall of snow. That is not a morning to sit moping over the fire, when so much amusement is to be found out of doors—when there are fortifications to erect, and houses to build, and snow-men to make, and a snow-ball to roll along, until it is as high as our own heads; and, above all, a good-natured snow-balling match to take place between two parties of boys, on the open common where we are sure neither to injure ourselves, nor do any one harm. That is a morning to tie a thick comforter round the neck, lace the boots tightly, and put on the stoutest pair of worsted gloves, and sally out in the keen, cold, bracing air, knee-deep among the clean, white, untrodden snow; for the sky is blue overhead, and the sun shines bright, and he only, who cares not to come home with a pair of rosy cheeks, will sit and keep company with the cat by the fireside.

And now we will fancy ourselves out in the cold, healthy air, making a snow man. But first we must hold a brief consultation as to whether he shall have legs or not. A dozen pairs of hands are at work in a moment, for it is decided that he shall have a solid foundation to stand upon, and the best way will be to commence rolling a ball from the opposite side of the field, to the spot where we intend him to stand; and if we can but make it long, like a large thick garden-roller, his body will be formed at once, and to do this we must fasten a dozen or two of snow-balls together, until they are a yard in length or more, and when this is done, we have only to commence rolling away. Over and over, heavier and heavier it becomes, until, at last, from its very weight it licks up the snow, clean down to the very grass, leaving as clear a track behind as if the space had been swept by a broom. Onward we go, it requires all our united strength to move it, for it is now massy, and round, and

heavy, as the lower portion of a large column. Then comes the great Herculean task, how shall we rear it on end? All hands are at work in an instant; we have succeeded in getting a rail under it — we lift, we pull, we purchase — we get it half-way up, and to our great disappointment it comes in two. Never mind, there is half of it securely fixed; our snow man is already three feet high. After great difficulty, we add the other portion to it, and now we begin to form his shoulders, his neck, his head, his arms; we have got a short pipe to stick in his mouth, (the best mouth for a pipe;) and we have got two pieces of coal for his eyes. And now we have built him up, we will stand at a distance and pelt him with snow-balls, and see who can first hit the pipe in his mouth, or knock off one of his arms: and famous exercise shall we find it, for not one out of our whole number will feel cold.

Oh, what grand castles have we erected, ere now, out of the snow! We used to go to the lath-renders, and get him to supply us with thin pieces of deal, which we reared up and placed cross-wise, and piled the snow upon, making windows, and doors, and massy walls, and tall turrets, worked into battlements, and a huge snow-tower, that stood high and white over all; and around it we scooped away the snow for the moat, and with the laths we built a bridge across; we placed snow-wardens on the battlements; we stationed snow-sentinels beside the bridge; and when we had completed it, we retreated to a measured distance, and then commenced storming the castle with snow-balls, when we struck down tower, and turret, and keeper, and battlement, and laid the wardens and sentinels prostrate, nor ceased until we left our castle a heap of snowy ruins.





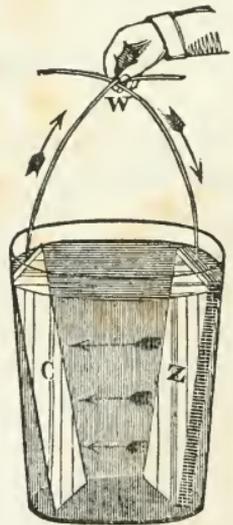
The Magnetic Telegraph.

I PROPOSE to give my little readers some account of the Magnetic Telegraph, one of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times. I fear that I shall not be able to make some of my very young readers understand the operation of this curious contrivance fully, for it is one that requires deep thought, and some considerable knowledge of electricity and magnetism; yet I will endeavor to explain the various parts of the subject in a simple manner, and illustrate the most difficult portions with engravings, so that, if you study hard, you can master it. If there is anything which you do not understand, go at once to your parents or teacher for assistance. but do not proceed unless you perfectly comprehend what you may have already read.

It may be proper here to inform my readers, that the principal agent or power, employed in sending news from one place to another, with almost incredible speed, over the Magnetic Telegraph, is sim-

ply electricity, or, as you would call it, lightning. As this kind of electricity is *induced*, or set in motion, by the galvanic battery, which I shall presently explain, and as it varies, in some other respects, from that, which is created by the electrical machine, it has been thought proper to call it *galvanic* electricity. I suppose most of you have seen the electrical machine, and witnessed some of the curious experiments, which can be tried with it. How quick the sparks fly from it! And then how much mirth is made when "a ring" of boys and girls have taken hold of the chain to receive a shock! The first time I saw this experiment, I determined to keep hold of the chain at all events. The shock appeared so slight and easy, that I was sure I could retain my grasp; but, snap! and my hands were powerless, and I learned, at once, the power of this unseen and mysterious agent. But I am wandering from our subject. I will return to it, and explain to you the various parts of the telegraph; and first,

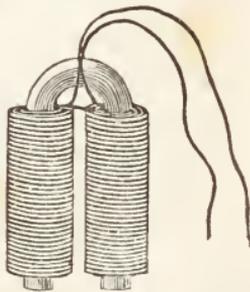
THE BATTERY.—It was discovered, a great while ago, that when two metals were placed in contact with each other, with some liquid, capable of acting upon one more than upon the other, electricity of a peculiar character would be developed. Look upon the adjoining cut, and you will easily understand what I mean. It represents a glass vessel nearly filled with nitric acid, a zinc plate marked Z, and a copper plate marked C. Now the supposed motion of the electric current, within the glass vessel, is from the zinc plate to the copper one, as the pointers indicate, and if the two metal plates are connected by a wire without the vessel, as you will see in the cut, the electricity will pass around through the wires from the copper to the zinc again, thus forming a constant current running round and round. The instant the wires are separated, however, even in the slightest degree, the circuit is broken, and the current stops, for you must bear in mind that *galvanic* electricity will not jump across a space, in sparks, as it does from an electrical machine, but keeps upon the wires or metals. These wires may be



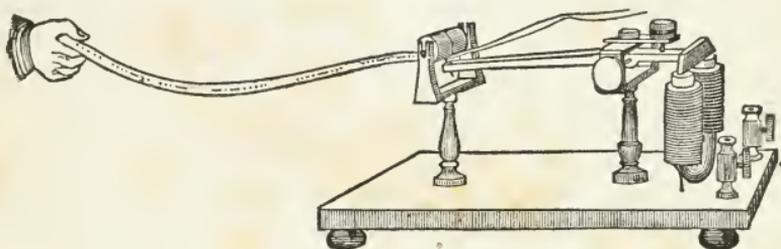
extended to any distance, and the effect will be the same. I have no doubt, that, if it were possible to carry them completely round the world, and a current sufficiently strong were created, the result would be similar. Wonderful as it may appear to you, the time required for the electricity to pass from the copper plate to the zinc one, whether the wires are long or short, is, apparently, the same; nor can any time-piece, however correct, measure so small a space! When the wires are very long, however, it is necessary to increase the power or *intensity* of the current. This is done by uniting from ten to fifteen or twenty pairs of plates, by connecting the copper plate of each pair, or vessel, with the zinc plate in the next. In working the telegraph, Groves' battery is used. It is made differently from the one I have explained to you, but the principle is the same. The wires from the battery are extended along, from city to city, upon posts, about thirty feet high, and two hundred feet apart. The line from Boston to New York is two hundred and thirty miles long. The electricity goes to New York upon the upper wire, and returns upon the lower one. To prevent the fluid from running away, the wires are wound around a glass knob at every post, and, as electricity will not run over glass, it cannot escape.

I will now explain another very important part of our subject; which is the

ELECTRO-MAGNET.—In the article on Magnetism, you will find a description of the horse-shoe magnet; but the electro-magnet is a very different thing. A horse-shoe magnet is called a *natural* magnet, because it has power of itself to take up iron and steel. Now the electro-magnet has no power of its own, being simply a bar of iron, bent into the shape of a horse-shoe magnet, and wound upon each side with insulated wire, as you will see in the cut. During the passage of an electric current from the battery along this wire, the bar exhibits a remarkable degree of magnetic power, far superior to that of a steel magnet of the same size. I have seen an electro-magnet, while under the influence of a simple battery, sustain two fifty-six pound

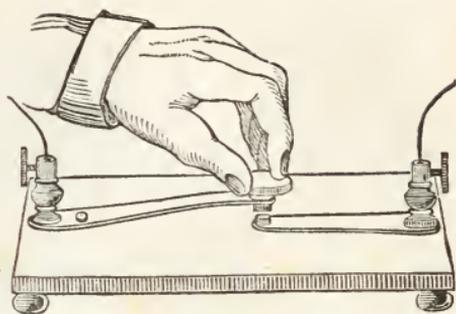


weights, or one hundred and twelve pounds,—more than some boys could lift. But the *instant* the magnetic current is broken, it ceases to be a magnet, and has no more power than a piece of wood or stone. Repeat the experiment as often as you will, the result will be the same. I want you to impress this strongly upon your minds, for it is, in fact, a very important part of the subject. Why the fact, that a current of electricity running round a bar of iron should make it a magnet, no one can tell. We only know that it is so. We now come to the



RECORDING APPARATUS. — It consists of an electro-magnet and a lever mounted or balanced upon a stand. At the right hand end of the lever, and directly over the electro-magnet, is fastened a piece of soft iron, and upon the left hand end there is a blunt point which marks the strip of paper when the electro-magnet is in action. Upon the extreme right hand of the stand you will notice two screw-cups, with openings on the top to receive the wires from the battery. These cups are both connected with the electro-magnet by the wires. Now if one wire from the battery is placed into one of these screw-cups, and the other wire is attached to the remaining cup, the galvanic connection is complete, and the current of electricity, in order to get back from the copper plate in the battery to the zinc one, must pass round the electro-magnet a great number of times. This, as I have before stated, now becomes a powerful magnet, and attracts the piece of iron upon the right hand end of the lever. The left hand end is thrown up against the strip of paper, and the blunt point makes a mark upon it. This is the instrument which writes the letters. The large cut at the beginning of this article is only the recording apparatus with some clock-work attached, to wind off the paper as it is written upon. The next cut represents the

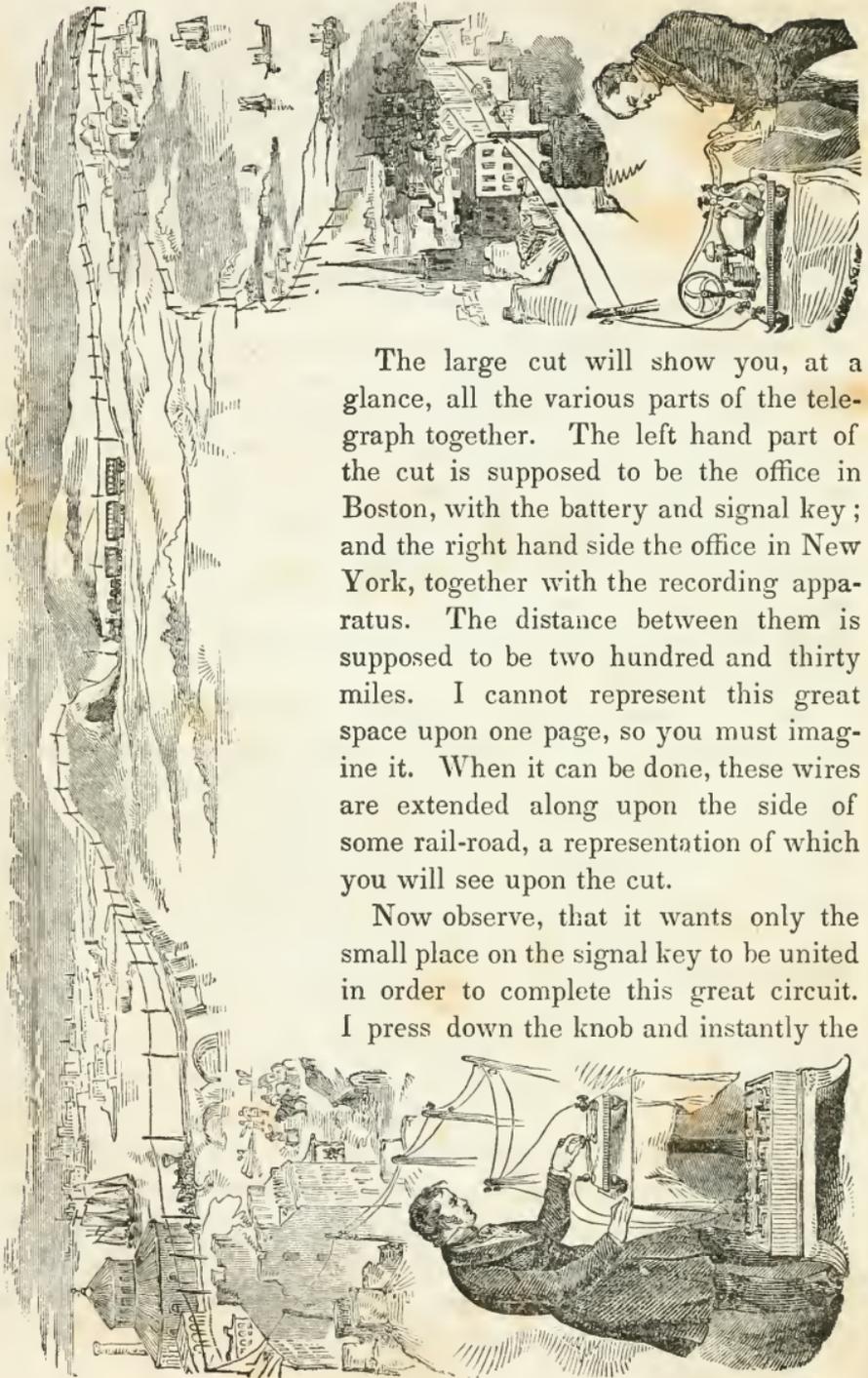
SIGNAL KEY.— This instrument is generally employed to make the various contacts, differing in succession and length, by which each letter is known. The fingers of the operator are seen resting upon a knob attached to a metallic spring. By pressing this knob downwards, it



is brought upon a metallic conductor connected with a screw-cup upon the right hand end of the instrument. The screw-cup upon the left hand end is connected with the spring itself. One of the wires from the battery passes into the first screw-cup. The other screw-cup receives one of the wires of the telegraph, which proceeds to the recording apparatus at the other station. By the other telegraphic wire, the remaining extremities of the battery and of the recording apparatus are connected. The circuit is therefore completed by depressing the knob, and immediately broken when the fingers are removed.

All the curious magnetic apparatus which I have mentioned, besides a great variety of other instruments, magnets, electrical machines, and the like, you can find at the store of Palmer and Hall, at number 526 Washington street, Boston. I have lately spent some hours in examining their various contrivances for testing the power of electricity, some of which I will hereafter explain to you and I can assure you that, old as I am, I gained a great deal of highly interesting and valuable information.

I have thus, step by step, explained the various parts of the magnetic telegraph. Do you understand it? If so, we will now proceed to put our machine together. We will suppose that the battery and the signal key are in Boston, and that the recording apparatus is in New York. One wire, from the battery, is attached to the signal key. From the other end of the key, it passes upon the posts, over hill and vale, across rivers and plains, to the registering apparatus in New York, and back again to the battery in Boston. What a long distance the fluid goes to get across from one plate in the battery to the other, to be sure!



The large cut will show you, at a glance, all the various parts of the telegraph together. The left hand part of the cut is supposed to be the office in Boston, with the battery and signal key ; and the right hand side the office in New York, together with the recording apparatus. The distance between them is supposed to be two hundred and thirty miles. I cannot represent this great space upon one page, so you must imagine it. When it can be done, these wires are extended along upon the side of some rail-road, a representation of which you will see upon the cut.

Now observe, that it wants only the small place on the signal key to be united in order to complete this great circuit. I press down the knob and instantly the

current is in motion. Quick as thought it has gone to New York, and, passing round the bar of iron, it becomes a powerful magnet and attracts the iron above it. This throws the point upon the other end of the lever upwards, and a mark is made upon the paper like this, - . This mark stands for the letter *e*. So you see I have written a letter in New York, while I am myself in Boston! I depress the knob again, and for a longer time, when the same effect is produced in New York, only this time the mark is longer than before, and somewhat like the following, —, which stands for the letter *t*. Again I depress the knob, three times in succession, as fast as I can, and we shall now have in New York this character, - - -, which stands for the letter *s*. In short, by varying the depressions upon the signal key, all the various letters of the alphabet are obtained, as well as all the figures. Between each letter of a word a short space is used, and long ones between the words themselves. Here are the signs employed for the whole alphabet. I should like to have some correspondent write me a letter by these telegraphic characters.

TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

a - —	n — -	& - . . .
b — - - -	o - -	<i>Numerals.</i>
c - - -	p - - - - -	1 - — — -
d — - -	q - - - - -	2 - - - - -
e -	r - - -	3 - - - - -
f - — -	s - - -	4 - - - - -
g — - - -	t —	5 — - - -
h - - - -	u - - —	6 - - - - -
i - -	v - - - —	7 — - - - -
j - - - - -	w - — - —	8 - - - - -
k — - - —	x - — - -	9 - - - - -
l — —	y - - - -	0 — — — —
m — —	z - - - -	

Many amusing anecdotes are related of the extravagant ideas which ignorant people have had respecting this great discovery. One fellow sat for nearly a whole day, watching the wires, and upon being asked what he was gazing at, replied, that he was “*waiting to see a letter go by!*” Another brought a sealed letter to the Bos-

ton office, with five cents to pay the postage, requesting that it might be sent to New York *by telegraph!* However, we cannot wonder a great deal at their ignorance, for in truth the most learned men in the world know as yet but very little of the true nature of electricity; and if they could, like the fabled Rip Van Winkle, enjoy a twenty years' nap, they might be as ignorant of the progress which will, perhaps, be made in that time, as these persons now are. An individual, speaking of electricity, remarked, that Franklin caught the wild horse, but that Professor Morse, the inventor of the electrical telegraph, had put the *harness* on. This is true, yet there is still a great deal to be learned about this *wild horse*. Perhaps some of the bright eyes now resting upon this page may be the means of giving to the world further light upon this great and mysterious subject. You must all remember that Franklin was a boy once, yet diligent and constant study enabled him, alone and unaided, to bring down lightning from the clouds, and make it subservient to the will of man. His name will be remembered for ages to come, as a benefactor to his race. Aside from the satisfaction you would feel in having done your duty, is not this alone a sufficient inducement for you to study diligently, while young, such useful and instructive books as cannot but make you wiser and better? You may not receive your reward at once; your childish investigations may not immediately be crowned with success, but the reward will come, as surely as seed-time is followed by the harvest. Nor will the seeming delay impair in the least degree its value, for with it will be mingled the happy consciousness of a well spent life.

The Broken Window.

"CHARLES! watch the bird while I am gone out; don't let him fly out of the room. If you go out yourself you must not on any account go into the garden."

"Yes, father, I will mind you;" and the father left the room, carefully closing the door after him.

These words passed between a little boy, some ten years old, and his father, in a room that contained a beautiful canary bird, which

had been purposely let out of its cage to enjoy the liberty of flying round the apartment.

After his father was gone, Charles sat down and kept his eyes on the bird. When some one came to the door he opened and shut it very quickly, so that the canary might not escape. But it happened that some street idler had thrown a stone against the window and broken one of the top squares. This had not been perceived by either Charles or his father. The bird, in its flight around the room, feeling the fresh air, flew through the opening, and, in a moment, tasted the pleasure of freedom, in a bright sunshine and fragrant air.

Charles was not to blame for the bird's escape; but he felt sorry it was gone, and was fearful that his father might not believe his story, or else, that he would suspect him to have broken the window himself. These were wrong thoughts; he ought to have had confidence enough in himself to simply state the truth to his father, and not doubt his belief in the statement. But, like many other boys, he was suspicious that his father would not take his word.

So he set out to recover the lost bird. There was a net in the house which had been used to catch birds, and, armed with this, the boy set out on his hopeless expedition.

He soon saw the canary perched upon a tree. Very softly he approached it, and began to climb the trunk; just as he was in the act of throwing his net over the bird, it flew away, and, crossing the garden wall, perched upon the branch of a cherry tree, with a look which seemed to say "Catch me if you can."

Charlie was puzzled. The bird was in the garden. He had been forbidden to enter it on any account; but the bird was there, and after a moment's hesitation in he rushed and began a grand pursuit after the lost bird. Getting excited in his efforts, he forgot all caution, and plunged across the beds and among the flowers, making great havoc, and spoiling many choice things, which his father had carefully reared. In the midst of this hot pursuit, his father stood at the garden gate, and shouted, "Charles!"

Charles halted, looked round, blushed, and approached his father. "Why are you in the garden, contrary to my wishes, Charles?"

Charles remembered his father's command, and feeling guilty, made no reply. He had been disobedient.

Charlie's disobedience was peculiar. He had broken one wish of his father through a desire to observe another. Anxious to save the canary, he had entered the garden. He ought to have carried his efforts to save the bird up to the garden gate. This, the order to watch the bird required; there he should have stopped, because the other command said "On no account go into the garden."

Little reader, learn from this story that one command of God is not to be kept at the expense of another. His commands all harmonize, and to break one on the plea of keeping another, is DISOBEDIENCE.

The Singular Echo.

I ONCE saw a story of Patrick, who heard his master tell of a very remarkable echo over the hill, in the woods. Patrick had a curiosity to try the echo himself, so away he went. The account of his excursion we will take as he gave it to his master.

"I jist run over to the place ye was speakin' uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creathur. So said I, 'Hillo!'"

"'Hillo, hillo, hillo! you noisy rascal!'"

"I thocht that was very quare, sir, and I said 'Hillo,' again.

"'Hillo yourself,' said the hecho, 'you begun it first.'

"'What are ye made uv?' said I.

"'Shut your mouth,' said the hecho.

"So said I, 'Ye blathren scoundrel, if ye was flesh, like an honest man, I'd hammer ye till the mother of ye would n't know her impident son.'

"And what do you think the hecho said to that, sir?"

"'Scamper, ye baste of a paddy,' said he, 'or if I catch you, I'll break iver y bone in your body.'

"An it hit me on the head with a big stone, sir, an was nigh knocking the poor brain out uv me. So I run as fast as iver I could, and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell ye uv it sir!"



The Pearl Fishery.

Pearls are found in various parts of the world, and some of considerable value have been taken from the British waters; but the East Indian pearls are those which are chiefly sought in commerce. A handsome necklace of pearls, smaller than peas, is worth from eight to fifteen hundred dollars, whilst one of beads, not larger than pepper-corns, may not be worth more than one hundred dollars. The king of Persia has a pearl valued at five hundred thousand dollars! Pearls from the seas of Ceylon are most prized in England.

There are two seasons of pearl-fishing in the East Indies—the first in March and April, the second in August and September. In the opening of the season there appear sometimes two hundred and fifty barks on the water, containing one or two divers each. As soon as the boats arrive at the place where the fish lie, each diver ties a large stone under him, to serve as ballast below; also another weight is attached to one foot, whereby he is soon sunk to the bottom of the sea. Each diver also carries down with him a large net, tied to his neck by a long cord, one end of which is retained in the boat. Thus the poor creature plunges sometimes to a depth of sixty feet. As he has no time to lose, he has no sooner gained the bottom than he begins to run from side to side, sometimes on the sharp points of the rocks, tearing off the oysters he meets with, and cramming them into his bag.

There is light enough always for the divers distinctly to see the shells they seek, and, to their consternation, they sometimes perceive monstrous fishes, from which their address in mudding the water will not always save them. Of all the perils of fishing this is one of the chief and most usual. The best divers, it is said, will remain under water ten minutes, but the exertion, pain, and danger of this effort are extreme. When they are to rise they pull the rope, by which those in the boats draw them up and empty the net-bag, which contains, if successful, five hundred, or perhaps not above fifty, oysters. These are laid in heaps till the fish perish and the pearls drop out of the shells.

The Newfoundland Dog.



ABORIGINAL in the country of which he bears the name, this kind of dog is distinguished for docility and strength. He is consequently very useful to the settlers and natives, and when yoked with his companions to a sledge, they will cheerfully draw two or three hundred weight of wood for several miles. It is even said, that if they are accustomed to the track, they do not require a driver; and that after having delivered their lading they return to their master's hut.

Winter in that wild country is intensely cold, and snow fields extend wider and wider as the storms increase. All living creatures betake themselves to deep pine forests, or hollows in the rocks, and those who are acquainted with their habits, relate that they are well defended from the cold. In some the fur thickens; in others the fleeces rather resemble long, soft, and curly hair, than wool. This peculiarity is very obvious in the Newfoundland dog; his coat assumes a different aspect from the one which slightly covered him during the heat of summer, and becomes extremely thick and shaggy, resembling that of a bear.

The sagacity of the Newfoundland dog is equally remarkable as his fidelity and affection. In referring to the former, it will be necessary to speak again of his native country, where, during winter, it happens not unfrequently that the roads are impassable; and such as venture to even a short distance have to struggle over wastes of snow and bare rocks, with frozen sleet driving in their faces, and a piercing wind chilling them to the heart. Provisions become in consequence often scarce, and the roads being impassable for weeks, perhaps months, supplies cannot be obtained from even the nearest town. When this occurs, the dogs seem to enter into the anxiety of their masters, and if a quantity of food is set before them, they have been known to eat sparingly, and to secure the remainder for another day, by collecting straw, or whatever they can meet with, and covering the dish which holds their food. But this sagacious act is not at all superior to the well-known habit of the economic mouse, which inhabits the coldest regions of the north.

“It seems to me,” wrote one who had visited Newfoundland, and recorded many interesting facts, “that I learned some useful lessons when observing these things, and I wish that we were all careful to gather from the animals by which we are surrounded such instructions as they are designed to convey. We should then be led continually to praise our heavenly Father for the works of His hand, and should be convinced that in this vast creation nothing has been made in vain, and that nothing ought to be overlooked. The ways of the ant would be a reproof to the sluggard; the forethought of the Newfoundland dog, or economic mouse, to the wasteful and improvident; and every object that we survey would be like a page in

the great book, which is, as it were, spread before us, to display the wisdom, love, and power of our Creator."

Mrs. Phelan has recorded a very interesting fact, perhaps little known, and yet serving to illustrate the affection and sagacity of the Newfoundland dog.

This lady mentions a noble river that flowed at a short distance from her temporary abode in the far-off west, as associated with the affecting incident I am going to relate. It rose with a small stream, in a forest of pines and cedars, and being increased by several tributary streams, it at length presented a broad and ample surface, capable of extensive navigation, and flowed majestically onward to the ocean.

Beside this river resided a gentleman of the name of Wilkins. He kept a pleasure-boat, and often used to row his family and friends to considerable distances, enjoying with them the freshness of the water, and the beautiful scenery that adorned its banks on either side. One day, having invited a small party to accompany him, he set forth with his wife and their little girl, then about three years old, who was greatly delighted to accompany her papa in his pretty boat, gliding over the smooth surface of that lovely river. The scenery was magnificent. Thick forests, as yet unthinned by the woodman's hatchet, and lofty rocks that arose on the western side, threw a deep shadow over the stream, while the sun, riding amid clouds of gold and purple, tinged the rippling current with a flashing light. So beautiful was the scene, that those who beheld it for the first time gazed in silence on the continually shifting scenery of rock and river; the sparkling of the waves, and the glorious depth beneath, reflecting the gorgeous clouds that floated across the heavens.

Little Ellen, meanwhile, too young to share the feelings of the grown-up people, amused herself with watching the water-lilies that floated by; and a fine dog of the Newfoundland race, trotted complacently along the bank of the river, casting a look occasionally towards the boat, as if thinking he should like a sail himself; for the way was somewhat long, and the weather sultry.

Pleasantly onward went the boat, and while the sailing party admired in silence the beauty and sublimity of the scene, little Ellen,

thinking to get a pretty flower which seemed to shine upon the dark waters, stretched out her hand, and, before any one could suspect what she was about, overreached herself, and fell with a sudden splash into the river. How shall I describe the agony of her parents, when they heard the sound, and saw the current close over their beloved child! The mother, in her terror, and scarcely knowing what she did, would have thrown herself out of the boat, in the vain hope of being able to save her little one, had not her husband forcibly held her back; while their friends tried to note the spot where the child had sunk, in order to direct the boat towards it, in the event of being able to check its rapid progress on the swift current of the river. But Ellen did not rise as they had expected, and faint hope was there of being able to find her in that deep, dark water.

Vain was the help of man at that dreadful moment. The Lord, who had given the fair child to delight the eyes of her fond parents, had permitted so heavy a calamity to befall them, and He could alone restore her. Prayer was doubtless offered in the extremity of their distress, and when no human means could avail, their child was suddenly preserved.

Nero had trotted contentedly along the eastern bank of the river, which for some miles was free from the rocks that rose abruptly on the opposite side. He could not have gone much further, because the path terminated, being abruptly met by huge masses of broken rocks, which did not admit of passing over. And this was afterwards noticed with heartfelt gratitude by the parents, as a proof how mercifully the Lord had watched over them.

No one took any notice of the faithful creature; the river was broad and ample, at least a quarter of a mile across, and the boat kept rather to the western side, because the current, which ran towards the sea, was strongest there, and carried the boat swiftly on its way. But Nero, though not observed, kept his eye upon the boat, and watched all that was going on. He saw his master's child fall over the side; and he heard the dreadful cry of his mistress, and the loud voices of the gentlemen, as they called one to the other to put the boat about. Guided by the wonderful perception with which his Maker had endowed him, the faithful creature plunged into

the river, and, after swimming a little way, dived beneath the surface.

Meanwhile, the greatest confusion prevailed in the boat. The poor mother continued to call upon her lost child, scarcely knowing what she said; for the shock of seeing little Ellen fall overboard had bewildered her. Mr. Wilkins dared not leave his wife, but continued holding her hands, while, with his head turned over his shoulder, he anxiously gazed on the part to which his friends were trying to bring round the boat. The current was then very powerful, and bore them forward, in spite of their endeavors to get back, or even to remain stationary. Small hope, indeed, remained of ever seeing the poor child again; since she had not risen to the surface, and the water flowed on in its rapid, unbroken course.

Suddenly a strange noise was heard on the side of the boat opposite to the one whence the party were eagerly looking, and something large seemed to be splashing through the water.



“See, see, the dog, the child!” joyfully exclaimed one of the gentlemen, who, on turning round when he heard the noise, suddenly observed the faithful dog. It was so indeed. The brave, the faithful Nero had dived to the bottom of that deep river, and, through the mercy and compassion of God, was enabled to find the very spot where the innocent child had settled down into her cold, strange

cradle of weeds and slime. Seizing her clothes, and holding them fast in his teeth, he brought her up to the surface of the water, a very little distance from the boat, over which his master eagerly leant, and, with looks that told the joy of his honest heart, he gave the little Ellen into the hands of her astonished father. Then, swimming back to the shore, he shook the water from his long, shaggy coat, and laid himself down, panting, to recover from the fatigue of his perilous undertaking.

The delight of the agitated parents, when receiving their child again, was mingled with great alarm; for Ellen showed no signs of life. Her little face looked deadly pale; it hung on her shoulder; her pretty flaxen curls were straight and stiff, and streaming with water, which ran from every part of her clothes. The white frock, and little tippet, and in short every part of her disordered dress, showed that she had sunk into the depth of the dark mud which formed the bed of the river. Wonderful it seemed that the dog could so instantly have found his master's child, and so readily have brought her up within their reach.

But though Ellen seemed to be dead, signs of life soon became apparent. She opened her blue eyes, and breathed, though with difficulty, and very speedily did the boat move towards the landing-place, whence the company had started, in order to obtain immediate assistance; but even before they reached it, the tender care of the parents had so revived the little girl, that she could both smile and faintly speak. Joyful, indeed, it was, when her voice, even in a low whisper, pronounced words so dear to them; and they had no language with which to express the abounding gladness of their hearts, while, holding little Ellen, wrapped in a warm dry cloak, they watched every sign of returning life. Those who accompanied them in their voyage down the river, shared in the parents' gladness; those especially who had children of their own; and little Ellen's escape from a dreadful death was told that evening to many of her playfellows, as a subject both of caution and abundant thankfulness.

Praising what is lost, makes the remembrance dear.



The Little Errand Runner.

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet
 An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,
 And O she's proud the praise to get,
 When hame she trips as light's a fairy.
 In ae wee hand the change she grips,
 And what she's sent for in the ither,
 Then like a lintie in she skips,
 Sae happy aye to please her mither.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,
 But a' the road as she gaes trottin',
 Croons to hersel what she's to say,
 For fear a word should be forgotten ;
 And then as clear as A B C
 The message tells, without a blunder,
 And like a little eident bee,
 She's hame again — a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,
 For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye ;
 The best reward the lassie wins
 Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.
 If bairns would a' example tak',
 And never on their errands tarry,
 What happy hames they aye would mak',
 Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary !



Winter.

WINTER, cold, blustering, yet cheerful, social winter, has come at last. December and January, which are the two principal, and often the coldest winter months, have appeared this season like early spring or late autumn, rather than like old stern, hoary winter ; and, with, perhaps, the exception of a few cold days, there has been nothing to remind us to the contrary. The girls had no sleigh-rides, the boys no coasting or skating. Violets and some

other plants actually blossomed during the reign of old Janus ; in short, the season has been figuratively a " wolf in sheep's clothing." But there is an old saying that " Winter never rots in the sky," and the month of February has proved it to be a true one, for it enveloped us suddenly with a train of " vapors, and clouds, and storms," which seemed to remind us that we must not expect spring birds at present.

There is no season subject to more variation in its temperature, its storms, its duties, or its pleasures, than winter. It is almost emphatically a season of recreation and rest ; a time for closing up the business of the old year and making preparations for the new ; a time for instruction, reading and reflection. In the spring every kind of out-door employment seems to revive. The farmer casts the seeds, which are to produce the means of his sustenance, into the ground with hope. In summer they are carefully and patiently cultivated, and in the autumn the fruits of his labors are gathered home and safely housed. The plough is then laid away, hill-sides are forsaken, the flocks of grazing cattle are driven home, and everything betokens the approach of blustering winds and drifting snows. Well, no matter ! We have warm, comfortable homes, and will let Jack Frost do his worst, and if he does occasionally give us a pretty smart pull at our noses, it will do us no harm. It is only the drones and idlers who are afraid of his tricks, for Jack has a perfect hatred of all lazy people. If you want to cut his acquaintance, fly round lively, and the old fellow will not trouble you with his importunities.

Hardly anything can be more exciting than a right snapping cold morning after a heavy fall of snow. You can feel it when you get up, and, if you scrape the frost from your chamber window, you can almost see it too. The smoke from the neighboring chimneys rises up a great distance, like a huge column perfectly straight, and, as the sun comes peeping over the horizon, the air is filled with minute particles of frost, like small snow-flakes, falling to the ground, and glittering like dew-drops upon a summer's morning. But you will hardly have time to make many observations, if you sleep in a cold room, which you always should do if you are well, until you are dressed, and have taken your morning exercise, and eaten your

breakfast. Then you may put on your warm cap and mittens, and venture out to school. You will find the roads already broken, and sleigh-bells sounding merrily in all directions. The snow screams under your feet as you pass along, and very soon your breath will begin to collect in white frost upon your tippet. By-and-bye, if you live near a rail-road, you will see the morning train of cars approaching, headed by an enormous snow-plough, and two or three engines puffing and blowing along, and leaving a long trail of white steam behind. It is indeed a noble sight to see the train creeping like a huge serpent among the hills, moving as if by magic, stopping here and there to set down or take up the travellers. It is hard to realize, at a thought, all the achievements wrought out by man with the simple though mighty power of boiling water! But we shall yet see greater things than these.

It was one of my favorite amusements, when I was young, to fish in the winter season, through the ice, and I was quite happy when I had a fish-line in my hand, watching the approach of my victims. My father had an old servant, who used generally to attend me on these excursions, but I could never induce him to take the line in his hands. He would always have an old crooked stick for a pole to fish with. Sometimes he would attach lines to a number of these poles, and stick them in the bank and let them take care of them-



selves, only visiting them occasionally to renew the baits. He would stand under the shelter of an old tree by the side of the pond, in a

rainy day, for hours together, and watch his lines; and, as he knew tolerably well the best time to take certain kinds of fish, he would frequently come home with a nice parcel. Fishing upon the ice is rather dangerous for boys, unless they are attended by an older person.

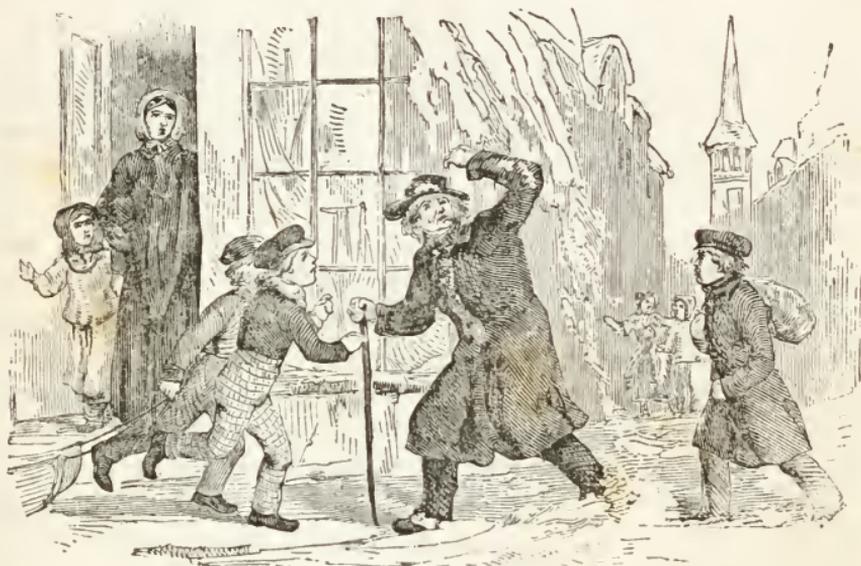
But the best of winter is the long evenings, and how many ways there are to make them pass away pleasantly! When the moon shines brightly, the boys find great delight in coasting down the long hills, and when a large party is collected, it is really an innocent and excellent amusement. How well I remember that old sleigh, which the boys of my native village used for this purpose, night after night.

Skating is another favorite winter amusement, though you should never go out upon a river or pond to skate in the evening, no matter how light it may be. It is far better to forego the pleasures of a few hours' sport, than run the risk of being drowned. I loved to skate myself, when young; but one fatal night, a party of us had gathered upon the river, and presently we missed two of our companions. We at first thought they had gone home, but such was not the case. They had both been drowned, and the next morning I saw their bodies drawn up from the bottom of the river. It was a sad lesson to me, though, perhaps, a profitable one, for I have not had a skate on my feet since. Be warned before it is too late, and never go upon the ice at night.

After all, it is by the warm and comfortable fireside at home, where true enjoyment is to be found. With some useful and instructive book, the long hours will fly fast away. If you are fond of company, invite in your schoolmates, and with some merry game while away the time, and learn to value and appreciate your home. And while you are thus surrounded with the bountiful gifts of Providence and all that can make you wise and happy, forget not those wanderers through the world, who have no parents, no friends, no home, and when you grow older be forward in relieving the misery which you will find upon every side around you.

P. S. I had written thus much about the pleasures of winter, when, in going along the side-walk to my office, the other morning, after a heavy fall of snow, I was politely reminded that I had for-

gotten to mention *all* the characteristics of the season. An avalanche of snow, from the neighboring roof, slid off in a body upon me, throwing me down and nearly covering me up. Several boys, on their way to school, seeing me in danger, rushed forward, and kindly assisted me up again. I was not injured, however, by my adventure, though the repetition of such "*sport*," as the boys called it, is not especially desired!



Anecdote of an Elephant.

How offensive to dumb animals is tobacco! A few years since, at an exhibition of wild animals, &c., a man gave an elephant a piece of tobacco. The elephant took it in his trunk, and opening his spacious mouth, deposited the morsel on his tongue. He soon discovered that it was *vile*, and *spit* it out. Some time after, during the sports of the ring, the spectators moved around so that the tobacco man was brought near the elephant he had insulted. With one blow of his trunk the noble animal laid the man flat on the ground. After he had picked himself up, he was comforted by the sympathy of the spectators, expressed in,—“Good enough for him!”

The Seven-Shilling Piece.

It was during the panic of 1826, that a gentleman whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not suppress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him:

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the banker.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out; and to satisfy yourself, our cashier will instantly pay you," and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment."

“Why do you ask that question?”

“Because, if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit.”

The money-dealer stared.

“You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?”

“Perfectly.”

“Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you remember it, sir?”

“Not I, my friend.”

“No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am, perhaps prolix; however, only a few moments, and I have done.”

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

“Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. ‘Thank you, my lad,’ replied you — ‘thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;’ and you threw me a seven-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and I never shall forget my joy in receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I had been getting on; your present brought fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe it all. So this morning, hearing that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is;” and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. “In a few days I'll call again,” and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker — for all bankers must be stern — burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even

a millionaire sobbed — he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now grown into £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

Ella Gray.

A WINNING child, whose tender eyes
 Looked up in mine with glad surprise ;
 While round my neck her arms were thrown,
 Her red lips laid beside my own ;
 She whispered in my bended ear,
 In tones so musically clear —

I know why I love you,
 You look like my mamma !

And closer yet she clasped my side,
 As though the world held nought beside ;
 And tears brimmed up within her eyes ;
 Her voice grew tremulous with sighs,
 While words leaped out without prepare,
 Yet still the burden of them are —

I know why I love you,
 You look like my mamma !

I pressed my hand upon her head,
 And mutely asked a blessing shed ;
 What is your story, darling ? tell !
 Yet still these words her lips o'erfell ;
 As though the heart outpoured itself,
 And these were all her childish wealth —

I know why I love you,
 You look like my mamma !

I strove to wile her from her tears,
 For she was all too young in years
 To know a grief. “ What is your name ?
 And who 's mamma, my little dame ? ”

“ Lady, my name is Ella Gray,
 Mamma and pa are gone away ;
 Mamma to heaven, and my papa
 Hath gone a soldier to the war !
 There 's only Willie, now, and I,

And sometimes, lady, when I cry,
 Grandmother says that, by and by,
 If I am good, and don't complain,
 That I shall see mamma again,
 And by her side forever stay,
 And she will never go away.
 Do tell me, lady, is it so?
 When will they — will they let me go?"
 "But, Ella, think! there's only you.
 And what will little Willie do?"

A puzzled look o'erspread her face,
 Yet in a moment left no trace;
 "Willie! dear lady, in the sky,
 There will be room for him and I;
 And my mamma will be so glad,
 To see him such a soney lad;
 Her arms are plenty wide enough,
 I'm sure, to wrap around us both!
 Then tell me, dearest lady, do!
 When will they, will they let us go?"

Before the summer passed away,
 I heard again from Ella Gray;
 A servant with a message came,
 The little Ella breathed my name!
 I flew to soothe the dying child,
 But she it was my griet beguiled,
 For, opening wide her clear blue eyes,
 And glancing upward to the skies,
 Without a shade of pain or fear,
 She whispered softly in my ear —
 "I'm going home — I'm going home!
 Mamma — Mamma — I come — I come!"
 "I come — I come!" the parting breath
 Sobbed through the lips, then still in death.
 I held the casket in my arms,
 But, conqueror over death's alarms,
 The spirit, freed from stain or blight,
 Sprang upward to the realms of light;
 And whispering soft, — "I come — I come!"
 In purer air had found its home.

How the Greeks talked,

WE have here some of the expressions which the Greeks used to make use of more than two thousand years ago, when they wished to intimate that a person was doing an absurd, foolish, or improper act. Some of them remain in use to the present day.

He ploughs the air ;
 He washes the Ethiopian ;
 He measures a twig ;
 He opens the door with an axe ;
 He demands tribute of the dead ;
 He holds the serpent by the tail ;
 He takes the bull by the horns ;
 He is making clothes for fishes ;
 He is teaching an old woman to dance ;
 He is teaching a pig to play on a flute ;
 He catches the wind with a net ;
 He changes a fly into an elephant ;
 He takes the spring from the year ;
 He is making ropes of sand ;
 He sprinkles incense on a dunghill ;
 He is ploughing a rock ;
 He is sowing on the sand ;
 He takes oil to extinguish the fire ;
 He chastises the dead ;
 He seeks water in the sea ;
 He puts a rope to the eye of a needle ;
 He is washing the crow ;
 He draws water with a sieve ;
 He gives straw to his dog, and bones to his ass ;
 He numbers the waves ;
 He paves the meadow ;
 He paints the dead ;
 He seeks wool on an ass ;
 He digs the well at the river ;
 He puts a hat on a hen ;
 He runs against the point of a spear ;
 He is erecting broken ports ;
 He fans with a feather ;

He strikes with a straw ;
He cleaves the clouds ;
He takes a spear to kill a fly ;
He brings his machines after the war is over ;
He washes his sheep with scalding water ;
He speaks of things more ancient than chaos ;
He roasts snow in a furnace ;
He holds a looking-glass to a mole ;
He is teaching iron to swim ;
He is building a bridge over the sea.

Colonel Thorndike.

COLONEL THORNDIKE, of Boston, some twenty-five years ago was one of the wealthiest merchants of the city. We heard an anecdote of him a short time since, related by a gentleman who was familiar with the circumstances at the time.

A poor widow woman picked up a roll of bank bills on the sidewalk, and without hesitation went immediately to the crier and had notice given. The money was identified by Col. Thorndike. He had lost from his vest pocket that day a roll of bills amounting to a thousand dollars.

The poor woman was sent for, and came to his room. After receiving from her the full amount lost, he took a five dollar bill and presented it to her. She appeared grateful for the money now her own, and withdrew. Just as she had got into the street, his coachman, who was a witness to the transaction, and had heard the poor woman's story of her situation in the world, spoke and said : " It seems to me, sir, you ought to have done something more for a poor widow, with a large family to support by her own hands."

These few words of his servant, in whom he had confidence, touched the heart of the rich man. " Call her back instantly," said he. She returned. " Madam," said he, " at the suggestion of my servant, I will do more for you. Mr. Towne will accompany you home, and if the story you have told us prove true, as I believe it will, he has authority to help you, and I will be responsible for the expense of educating your children."

The grateful widow was overwhelmed with emotion. She was attended to her home by the benevolent coacaman. Every word she had spoken proved true. "For years," says our informant, "I often heard that man speak of this family, and of the good which his master's bounty here did, so generously bestowed."



Do you attend School ?

I was thinking the other day how many of my young friends probably attended school this winter. Most of you no doubt enjoy the opportunities, so liberally offered in our land, for storing your minds early with knowledge, and acquiring the means of going through life with pleasure to yourselves and profit to those around you. But do you value those privileges as you ought to ? Do you

improve your time as though it were, as it really is, passing away ? Ah ! that is, after all, the momentous question. You undoubtedly look upon the matter very much as your fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, did ; as being at times a very irksome and unpleasant task, to sit still for hours together, and add up long columns of figures, and puzzle your heads about a "hard sum." You are, perhaps, thinking all the while of that smooth, glare piece of ice, that you passed in coming to school, and that your skates are in first-rate order. Well, this is all very natural. The fact is, you cannot see the full value of knowledge until you have become men and women, and then it is too late to recover lost time. No regrets, however sincere, can call back a single misspent day. Your time will then be occupied with the concerns of life in a great degree, and you will then see, as all grown people see, that youth is the time for improvement.

Tom Tiger told me a very interesting anecdote the other night, and as it illustrates in a degree what I want to impress on your minds, I will relate it. Two travellers once met in front of a tavern in England, before which there hung an enormous pictured sign, upon each side of which there was a different design. "Come," says one, "let us go into 'The Lion,' and have some ale." "Very well," says the other, "I will drink with you, but you are very much mistaken in calling it 'The Lion,' for it is a unicorn that is painted on the sign." "No," says the first, "it is a lion." Well, one word brought on another, until they finally fell to blows, and it was not until each had given the other a good drubbing, that the landlord succeeded in separating them. Upon learning the cause of their quarrel, he burst into a loud laugh, (as well he might,) and informed them that there was a lion on one side and a unicorn on the other. Now, as you are young, you cannot see but one side of the sign. I am old. I have seen *both* sides. When I was young, I often felt it very irksome to study, and I have wondered what the use of it could be. I *did* study, however, because those who were older than myself advised me to ; or, in other words, because my father told me what there was on the *other side of the sign*. *Now* I see the use of knowledge, and if I can but persuade you to be diligent while you are young, I shall be sure of receiving your thanks

when you grow up. You cannot see the truth of what I say *now*, but you will see it before many years. Although your eyes behold a roaring lion pictured out as plain as can be, yet by-and-by things will change, and there will be a unicorn there.

While I am writing, it seems to me that I can call to mind almost perfectly the old school-house where I have spent many a long day.



It was long since torn down. It was an old barn of a thing, with bare timbers overhead and a rickety floor underneath.

I can see the burly, though good-natured master, with his iron

spectacles, as he used to hold his rod over the tardy school-boys. He rarely punished, but his frown was correction enough. If perchance the offence was repeated, the paper fools-cap would succeed. How greatly school-houses and school-teachers have changed since then, I need not tell you. If opportunities such as young people now have for improvement are neglected, I envy not the reflections of the individuals when they are older.



My Grandmother.

Oh ! let me, dear Grandmother, stand by your knee :
 How calm and how happy you look ! —
 One hand on your crutch is reclining, I see,
 And the other is laid on a book ;
 That book is the Bible — you trust in its truth,
 You fervently dwell on its page ;
 It always, I know, was the guide of your youth,
 And now 't is the staff of your age.

To train my dear mother you early began
 In the path that she afterwards trod ;
 She learned from the Bible her duty to man,
 And also her duty to God ;
 It ever seems ready her spirit to soothe,
 Ever able her thoughts to engage ;
 I trust that I also may love it in youth,
 And continue to love it in age.

You are always, dear Grandmother, pleased and content,
 And never severe or unkind ;
 You are thankful to God for the good he has sent,
 And in grief you are meek and resigned :
 Your peace is obtained from that volume of truth —
 May it ever your trials assuage !
 And, oh ! may the hopes that it gave you in youth,
 Grow brighter and brighter in age !

The Lost Child.

BY A. D. R.

ANNA HUDSON was a little girl seven years of age, and the daughter of one of the early settlers of New England. The little settlement where her father resided was called by the name of Plainfield, and consisted of perhaps a dozen log houses. A small brook ran through it, and after winding around among the forests, for some five miles, entered into a broad and handsome river. Its banks were covered with lofty oaks and pines, with but little underbrush, and presented a wild and romantic view to the eye of the beholder.

But to the subject of our story. As I have said, Anna was about seven years of age. She had lived in America, with her parents only about a year, for they formerly resided in England ; but on account of the religious persecution they removed to America.

At the time they left England, one of Anna's uncles presented her with a young Newfoundland dog. She was very much pleased with the gift, and became quite fond of Carlo, (for she called him by

that name.) As she was very kind and affectionate towards him, he soon became much attached to his little mistress, and followed her wherever she went.

In course of time he became a large dog ; and as he grew older, his affection for her did not diminish, but increased. As she had no brother or sister, he was her constant companion, the sharer of all her sports ; and, except her parents, the dearest object of her affections.

One pleasant day in the month of August, while Mr. Hudson was absent on business, at a settlement about ten miles distant, accompanied by Carlo, Anna asked leave of her mother to go into the woods, to gather some berries. As she was pretty well acquainted with the forest, within half a mile of the house, her mother granted permission, and taking her basket on her arm, she departed. She soon arrived at a place a short distance from the brook, where she found some berries, but not so many as she expected ; and after gathering a few, she went in search of a place where they were more plentiful. But she was unsuccessful, and in a few moments went in search for more.

Thus she went on for some time, not reflecting that she was in danger of losing her way. At length she arrived at a place where berries grew in abundance, and she soon filled her basket, and prepared to start for home. But she found, to her great surprise, that she was utterly at a loss what course to take. For a long time she remained on the spot, and then started in the direction which she thought was most likely to lead her home. But she soon became convinced that she had taken the wrong course, and so she changed her direction.

Thus she wandered on for several hours, and at length became perfectly bewildered. The last rays of the setting sun threw their light upon the old gray forest, when she arrived, after all her wanderings, at the bank of the river we have mentioned, about two miles below the place where the brook emptied into it.

As she was very hungry and much exhausted, she made a meal of the berries which she had gathered, and finding the hollow trunk of a hemlock tree near by, she crept into it and soon fell asleep. The gray dawn of a summer's morning had just begun to tinge the eastern

sky, when she awoke, and after allaying her thirst from the river, she looked around to find some berries for her breakfast. She soon found enough to satisfy her hunger, and then, seating herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, which projected over the river's bank, she gave herself up to reflection. At length she determined to try once more, if she could find the way to her home, and so she arose and started in the direction which she thought would lead her there. For many long hours she wandered on through the forest, and when night approached she found herself, weary and exhausted, at the place from which she had started in the morning, and despaired of ever seeing her home again.

It may seem strange that her courage should so soon forsake her but it must be remembered that she was only seven years of age, and had become very weary during the day.

Evening soon came on, and Anna sought her shelter in the hollow tree, to rest, but not to sleep. For a long time she mused on her situation. She thought of her parents and her happy home, which was now rendered desolate by her absence, and tears filled her dark blue eyes, as she reflected that she might never again behold that loved retreat. She thought of the anguish which would rend her fond parents' hearts, on her account, and she knew that they would spend many wretched hours thinking of her. Thus she mused for a long time, when at length she chanced to gaze upward, and behold the scenes that there met her eyes. The silvery orb of night shone with her pure and holy light, ever and anon darting behind the vapory clouds, and then reappearing in view, as if her sight was too pure and lovely a thing for earth. "The stars sparkled like diamonds in the blue vault of heaven," and the scene was one well adapted to soothe and quiet the soul. The mild and lovely scene shed a gentle and benign influence over the mind of our heroine, and she soon fell asleep. Meanwhile we will leave her, and go to see what has become of her parents.

Mr. Hudson arrived at home on the same day that Anna was lost, and her parents were much alarmed because she did not return home. Her father, with two or three of his neighbors, procured lanterns, and searched for her until nearly midnight, but could discover no traces of her. They then returned home very much ex-

hausted, but early the next morning the search was renewed; and almost every male, together with some of the hardy females of the settlement, engaged in it. They divided themselves into companies of three or four, and searched the forest for many miles, leaving no bush unexamined which was large enough to hide her.

They shouted her name at every step; but no reply greeted their ears. They searched until the approaching darkness warned them to return to their homes, but without success. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson obtained no sleep that night, for they feared that Anna was already dead, and they were firmly convinced that if she was still alive, she could not long survive, unless she was speedily rescued from her perilous situation. Their hearts were racked with anxiety, and they felt that the suspense in which they were kept was more dreadful than the news of her death would have been. But was their child still alive? They surmised and doubted as to her fate, until they were wearied, but to no purpose; and they felt that their burden was indeed greater than they could bear. Their child, the centre of all their hopes, the source of their dearest joys, and the dearest object of their affections, their *only* child, her for whom they had labored so long, whom they had watched over in infancy and childhood, in sickness and health, was lost! and had perhaps fallen a prey to some wild beast!

With such thoughts and conjectures as these, they occupied the long hours of night, and at the first approach of dawn they arose, and ate their morning meal, for they wished to lose no time, as every moment was now precious.

During that day all the people of the settlement, both male and female, who were able to render any assistance, were engaged in searching the forests, but without success, for they supposed it impossible for her to wander as far as she really had. All this time Carlo had manifested great grief at the absence of his young mistress, and was constantly whining and running from place to place, that he might discover her. The afternoon of the third day he went a great distance into the forest, and very singularly discovered her sitting on the stem of the tree of which we have spoken, almost worn out with hunger and fatigue. The sufferings she had endured on account of her want of food, (for this day she had been so un-

fortunate that she had procured but few berries,) and the anxiety she had suffered thinking of her parents and home, had greatly preyed upon her mind, and her nerves were very much excited.

As soon as Carlo discovered her he was very much pleased, and to testify his joy he uttered a loud bark. Owing to the excited state of her nerves, she suddenly started on hearing him, lost her balance, and fell into the river. Carlo saw her fall, and with one bound sprang into the water, seized her by the arm, and dragged her upon the shore. All this was the work of a moment, and she experienced no injury except a thorough wetting in river water. When she saw the innocent cause of her alarm, she felt that she had indeed found her friend; and never was there a happier meeting between one of the canine and one of the human species. Carlo appeared as much pleased as herself, and ran around her, frisking his tail to testify his joy at finding his mistress.

Anna soon reflected that he probably knew the way home, and that if she followed him he would be likely to lead her there. On his part, he seemed to understand her wishes, and would start off a little distance and then return, and gaze up into her face as if to say, "Follow me, and I will soon lead you home." Although she was very weary and weak, she determined to follow him, as the last chance of reaching home. He appeared very much pleased at this, and went forward, selecting the best path for her that he could find in the trackless forest.

As she was very weak she could make but slow progress, and as it was a long distance for her to travel, she became very weary; but she urged herself onward, for she felt that life or death depended on her efforts. Thus they proceeded for several miles, and at length they emerged from the forest in sight of her father's residence, just as the sun had set. She proceeded on by the side of Carlo a short distance, but her weary limbs refused to do their service, blindness came over her, and she sunk senseless to the earth. For a moment Carlo stood over her licking her face, as if to recall her; but finding he could not, he proceeded immediately to the house, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, who had just returned from searching for Anna, and had given up all hopes of ever seeing her alive.

He soon succeeded in attracting their attention, and as he was evi-

dently endeavoring to persuade them to follow him, a new ray of hope sprang up in their hearts. Mr. Hudson immediately followed him, hoping, but hardly daring to expect, that he might find his child. Carlo soon led him to the spot, and he discovered Anna lying upon the ground, and concluded that she had fainted, for he saw signs of life. But how changed was her appearance! The rosy hue of her cheek had left it, and it was pale and pallid. Her laughing blue eyes were dull and sunken; her jet-black hair was matted and covered with burs. Her frock had been torn by the brush, and she indeed presented a pitiful aspect to the sight of her father. But he took her in his arms and carried her to the house, and laid her upon a bed, feeling that the lost was indeed found. The proper restoratives were applied, and her parents soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover from the fainting fit; but it was many weeks ere she recovered from the effects of her excitement and exposure. She ever after was an inseparable friend of Carlo, "for," said she, "he has once saved my life; and ought I not to treat him kindly to repay him for it?"

The story of Anna and her faithful dog has been handed down to her descendants, and even now it is often rehearsed by them, to some little group of auditors.

The Shepherds of Les Bas Landes.

IN the south-western part of France, bounded on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south by the Pyrenees, a chain of high mountains separating France from Spain, there is a large barren tract of land, that, from the number of its heaths, has conferred the title of *Les Landes* on the department to which it belongs. Being generally a level plain, intermixed with shrubs and swamps, it is naturally described as being the most desolate and dreary portion of France. A few spots, like the oases of the African deserts, are to be found at long intervals of space, and here only can rye be grown, the rest being a dreary waste, dotted with heath, firs, or cork trees. The



The Shepherd on the Watch.

climate is very unhealthy, the heat in summer being scorching, and in winter the marshes are enveloped in dense fogs. From the level nature of the land, and from the fact that a considerable portion of it is under water, the shepherds have recourse to stilts, and the dexterity which is manifested in their management has often elicited wonder and admiration from the passing traveller, who rarely meets with many traces of civilization. You will see a picture of one of these shepherds on the preceding page. There he sits from morning till night, knitting away, and watching his flock. The shepherds in these parts are very careful of their flocks, whose docility is remarkable. Not less so is the good understanding between the sheep and the dogs. The celerity with which the shepherds draw their flocks around them is not more astonishing than the process by which they effect it is simple and beautiful. If they are at no great distance from him, he gives a peculiar whistle, and they leave off feeding, and obey the call; if they are afar off and scattered, he utters a shrill cry, and instantly the flocks are seen leaping over the swamps, and scampering towards him. When they have mustered around him, the shepherd sets off on his return to the cabin, or resting place he has secured, and the flock follow behind, like so many well-trained hounds. Their fine looking dogs, a couple of which are generally attached to each flock, have nobler duties to perform than that of chasing the animals together, and biting the legs of stragglers. To their protection is confided the flock from the predatory expeditions of wolves and bears, against whose approach they are continually on the watch, and to whom they at once offer battle. So well aware are the sheep of the fatherly care of these dogs, and that they themselves have nothing to fear from them, that they crowd around them as if they really sought their protection, and dogs and sheep may be seen resting together in perfect harmony. Thus habituated to scenes of such gentleness and magnanimity, the shepherds themselves are brave, generous, and humane, and though, as may be imagined, for the most part plunged in the deepest ignorance, are highly sensitive among themselves to the slightest dereliction from the strict paths of true morality.

Forrester's Evenings at Home.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

M. F. Well, my young friends, I am glad to see you assembled so early. When I promised to spend one evening in each month in familiar conversations upon useful topics, I did not think you would manifest so much interest in our meetings. But we must not be selfish in our search after knowledge. I have a very great number of boys and girls who claim to be my friends, and who cannot be present here to-night. How shall we manage?

George Lincoln. Publish our proceedings in your Magazine.

M. F. A good thought, George. Will you all agree to it?

All. Yes, yes, yes, do.

M. F. But then another difficulty arises. We have no *reporter*. However, I will try to do that. So, Miss Flora, call in your father and mother, and we will begin. But what shall be our subject for to-night?

Henry Lincoln. As we do not know exactly what course you propose taking, we have decided to have you choose a subject to-night.

M. F. Well, let me see. As I got out of the cars to-night a blast of wind blew my hat off, and carried it off several rods. A little girl seeing my hat running away, ran and caught it for me. I propose saying something to-night about the Atmosphere.

All. Agreed.

M. F. We are too apt to overlook the wonders of things which are before us every day; but we shall see very shortly that nothing is too insignificant for notice. The Earth, upon which we live, is surrounded with a gaseous body, called the atmosphere, or air. It is composed of 78 parts nitrogen, 20 parts oxygen, 1 part of carbon, and 1 part of an aqueous vapor. Wave your hand back and forth, and you can feel the atmosphere, though you cannot see it. When it is put in motion it is called wind. It was the atmosphere in motion that blew my hat off. It is that which enables Henry to fly his kite, which drives the wind-mill and sails the ships.

Henry. How far does the atmosphere extend upwards?

M. F. The precise point can never be known. It is certain that by far the largest portion is within fifteen miles of the Earth's surface. As we ascend, the air becomes thinner, and thinner; and by various experiments it is supposed that at about forty-five miles from the surface of the earth the atmosphere ceases. People who ascend high mountains, or who go up in balloons, tell you how difficult it is to breathe, in consequence of the rarity or thinness of the air.

Flora Lincoln. Why is it more difficult to breathe on the top of a mountain than in a valley? Is there not air on the top of the highest mountains?

M. F. I will tell you. The oxygen in the air supports life. The nitrogen, on the contrary, is poisonous, and is thrown off every time we breathe. Now on the top of a mountain the air is thinner than at the surface, and consequently we should not get near as much oxygen at two breaths as we should in a valley at one. The two gases are separated in the lungs, and they have double labor to perform to collect oxygen sufficient for the support of life.

George. Is there any atmosphere in the water?

M. F. Certainly; and air is as necessary for fishes as for men, and women, and boys, and girls. If you should put a fish in a bottle of water and cork it tight, the fish would die very soon. Every thing seems to be fitted for its own peculiar element, and though our lungs cannot breathe in water, fishes have gills, which enable them to do so.

The nitrogen gas which is breathed out of your chest cannot again be used by others, on account of its poisonous qualities. If you were closed in an air-tight room, you would die as soon as you had breathed all the oxygen gas. To prove this you need not try it yourself, or upon any living creature. The same process which goes on in the burning of a candle, or fire, goes on in your body, and keeps you warm. In breathing, a small portion of your body is consumed, as the candle is, and that heat is produced which makes and keeps you warm. In the place of a breathing animal, we can therefore use a lighted candle, because they are much alike in this respect. If we find that a lighted candle goes out in air which has been repeatedly used, then we may conclude that it is unfit to sustain life. Take a thin piece of cork, and put a candle wick and a bit of tallow upon

it, just enough to make a blaze ; and having placed it upon a saucer or plate, light the wick and place a tumbler over it. The wick will burn a short time, flicker, and then go entirely out. Can any one tell me the reason why ?

Henry. I think I can. The flame consumes the oxygen gas ; and then, not having anything to live upon, goes out.

M. F. Right. And what is there left in the tumbler ?

Henry. The nitrogen.

M. F. Right again ; otherwise called carbonic acid gas. Now lift the saucer from the table and turn the whole apparatus upside down, so that the saucer may be on the top of the glass. Light a taper ; and, having carefully removed the saucer from the tumbler, dip it into the air in the glass ; it will immediately extinguish the flame. This experiment can be tried several times, and proves conclusively that the air is poisonous, because that which extinguishes flame, if taken into the organs of breathing, is fatal to animal life. I have known many children who, from fear or some other cause, sleep with their heads under the bed-clothes in cold winter nights. Now nothing could be more ruinous to their health. They breathe, over and over again, some of the bad air which has already been thrown off from their lungs, and which should be permitted to move away. Many become ill from this practice. Warmth should be secured by sufficient clothes upon your bed, but never place your heads under the bedding, and breathe bad air—it will make your faces turn pale, your spirits low, and it may shorten your lives.

The poisonous air, or gas, which is left in the tumbler does not fly off at the top when the saucer is removed—it remains settled in the bottom of the glass. It is *heavier* than common air. This explains why it is very apt to accumulate at the bottom of deep cellars and wells, or other places which are not disturbed by draughts of fresh air. In these places the gas settles down, just as it settles down in the tumbler ; and if ignorant men go down thoughtlessly into such places, they are very liable to be suffocated by it. Men who are accustomed to such places, perform your experiment with a lighted candle before risking their lives ; that is, they let down a lighted candle to the bottom. If the candle goes out, they know that

the deadly gas is there, and that any person who went into it would be suffocated.

George. Would the oxygen gas alone support life ?

M. F. No. It would be almost as fatal as the other, though its effects would not be as instantaneous. The qualities of each seem to be in a degree counterbalanced by the other, so that a proper equilibrium is formed. A piece of hard steel wire will burn in a jar of pure oxygen gas, almost as readily as a piece of cotton twine. Of this, however, I must speak at another time.

Flora. Pray, Mr. Forrester, why does fire always burn upward ?

M. F. Because the effect of heat is to rarify or expand the air, and thereby to render it lighter. This causes it to rise, in order to give its place to that which is heavier. Did you never stand upon a bridge and watch the bubbles of air which frequently rise from the bottom ?

Flora. O yes ; often.

M. F. Air is much lighter than water, and these bubbles escape from the earth at the bottom, and rise to the surface. When neighbor Holmes' house was on fire, you remember all the neighbors wanted to rush in and remove the furniture, but the head engineer said no, the doors must not be opened. And he answered very properly, for the roof was then on fire ; and had the doors been opened a column of fresh air would have rushed up through the house, and furnished more oxygen for the flames, thus increasing their fury. By keeping the doors closed, the fire was partly stifled, and ladders were brought, and the fire extinguished. All this is easily seen and accounted for when we realize that *heated air rises*, and other air rushes in to supply its place.

BE RESOLUTE.

“Stand like an Anvil,” when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast ;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.



My Mother.

MOTHER, again I see you stand
 Amid your prattling infant band ;
 Again, in haste, aside you lay
 The book you wished to read to-day :
 Your time is given to us alone,
 Scarcely a moment seems your own ;
 Where shall we ever find another
 To care for us like you, my mother ?

You wisely train each well-loved child,
 Gently you chide the rash and wild ;
 You tenderly support the meek,
 And give protection to the weak ;
 I know that we are deemed to be
 A fond, united family ;
 Your influence binds us to each other, —
 We owe our peace to you, my mother.

Dear mother! at a future day,
 May we your ceaseless love repay;
 Each hour may we recall in thought
 The virtuous lessons you have taught,
 And if enticed to go astray,
 Oh! may we to our tempters say, —
 “The way we tread shall be no other
 Than that first shown us by our mother.”

A Chapter for the Children, about Needles.

LITTLE Bessey is learning to sew. She means to make pretty stitches, and no wonder then that she should have some choice in needles. “Give me a good needle,” says Bessy, “and I will do the best I can.” No little girl can do more. Beautiful things are these bright needles. A very good gentleman, who is well known among us, says that

“They have a patent right to bless,
 Which Yankee wit can ne'er make less;”

and this is very true. Nothing has ever yet been found to take the place of the one-eyed, bright little needle. What if we should talk a while about its native place — how it is made, and where?

Have the children ever heard of the British Needle Mills, at Redditch? It is a beautiful village, situated in a secluded part of the county of Worcester; and, strange to tell, its inhabitants all live, directly or indirectly, by making needles. Nobody knows why nearly all these bright bits of steel, which find their way to every part of England, and even come over the broad Atlantic to us, — nobody *pretends* to know why they are made at Redditch. Even the needle-makers themselves cannot tell who was the first manufacturer, or how long Redditch has been the centre of the manufacture. It has been said, however, that needles were not sold in Cheapside (London) until the reign of Queen Mary. We can imagine potteries in connection with a clay district like North Staffordshire. Of these no doubt the children have heard. Joseph's brethren went to Dothan with their flocks because there was herbage there. Men

make potteries in places like Staffordshire because clay is there. But no reasons like these are given why the green little secluded village of Redditch, away many miles from all factories and manufacturing towns, should make needles for all the ladies in the world. But so it is. Away over by the Malvern hills, where no rail cars, stage coaches or omnibuses ever go — where nobody goes unless they go on purpose — is the village of Redditch. On our way we see women riding to and from Broomsgrove market (six miles distant) on rough looking little horses, with panniers, on either side. Here, too, we see white houses, striped with black lines to make them prettier, while green fields, hills and hedges make the entry to the village of Redditch appear vastly different from either English or American manufacturing towns.

A sudden turn in the road brings us at once to the village, whose red brick houses form a striking contrast to the green fields around. But to our readers a description of the place may be uninteresting. We will try to give them some ideas of the manufacture itself. A curious fact to the children will be this, — that so many different workmen should be employed in making so small a thing as a needle and more curious still, that each department of the labor should be a separate trade. But so it is. The man who anneals does not point; nor does the pointer make the eyes or polish the needle. Some work in factories, and some at their own houses; but each follows his own trade, and no man makes a whole needle.

The number of needle-makers in Redditch is about three thousand, and in the whole district, six or seven thousand. Many of these are females. In the factories they have different rooms for each part of the manufacture; in some of the rooms only three or four, in others a great many workmen are employed. A writer, who has visited the British Needle Mills at Redditch, informs us that not less than thirty different names are applied to the different processes of needle-making. My young readers know that needles are made of steel, but perhaps they do not know that needle-makers are not wire-drawers.

A coil of wire, when about to be operated on, is carried to the "cutting shop," where it is cut into pieces equal to the length of two of the needles about to be made. Fixed up against the wall of the

shop is a ponderous pair of shears, with the blades uppermost. The workman takes probably a hundred wires at once, grasps them between his hands, rests them against a gauge to determine the length to which they are to be cut, places them between the blades of the shears, and cuts them by pressing with his body or thigh against one of the handles of the shears. The coil is thus reduced to twenty or thirty thousand pieces, each about three inches long; and as each piece had formed a portion of a curve two feet in diameter, it is easy to see that it must necessarily deviate somewhat from the straight line. This straightness must be rigorously given to the wire before



the needle-making is commenced; and the mode by which it is effected is one of the most remarkable in the whole manufacture.

In the first place the wires are annealed. Around the walls of the annealing shop we see a number of iron rings hung up, each from three or four to six or seven inches in diameter, and a quarter or half an inch in thickness. Two of these rings are placed upright on their edges, at a little distance apart; and within them are placed many thousands of wires, which are kept in a group by resting on the interior edges of the two rings. In this state they are placed on a shelf in a small furnace, and there kept till red hot. On being taken out, at glowing heat, they are placed on an iron plate, the wires being horizontal, and the rings in which they are inserted being vertical. The process of "rubbing" (the technical name for the straightening to which we allude) then commences. The workman, as represented on the preceding page, takes a long piece of iron or steel, perhaps an inch in width, and, inserting it between the two rings, rubs the needles backwards and forwards, causing each needle to roll over on its own axis, and also over and under those by which it is surrounded. The noise emitted by this process is just that of filing, but no filing takes place; for the rubber is smooth, and the sound arises from the rolling of one wire against another. The rationale of the process is this:—the action of one wire on another brings them all to a perfectly straight form, because any convexity or curvature in one wire would be pressed out by the close contact of the adjoining ones. The heating of the wires facilitates this process; and the workman knows, by the change of sound, when all the wires have been "rubbed" straight. By the facility of the moving of the rings on the bench, the facility of movement among the wires in the rings, and the peculiar mode in which the workman applies his tools, every individual wire is in turn brought in contact with the rubber.

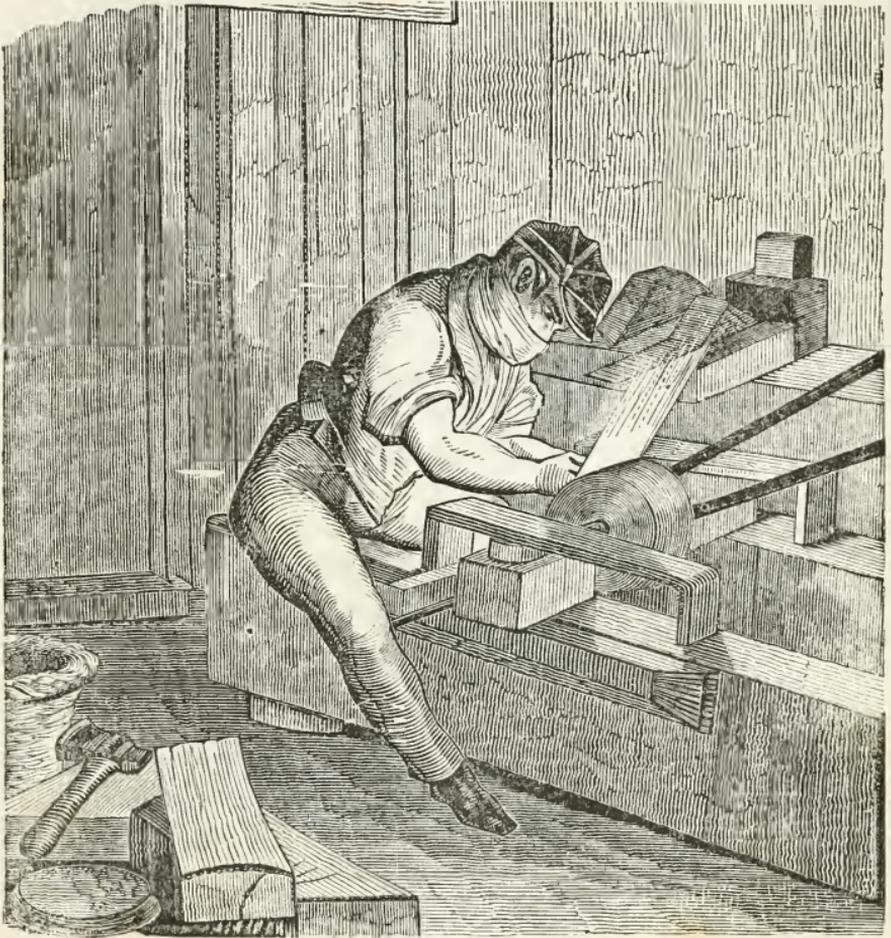
Our needles have now assumed the form of perfectly straight pieces of wire, say a little more than three inches in length, blunt at both ends, and dulled at the surface by exposure to the fire. Each of these pieces is to make two needles, the two ends constituting the points; and both points are made before the piece of wire is divided into two. The pointing immediately succeeds the rubbing and consists in grinding down each end of the wire till it is perfectly sharp. This is the part of needle-making which has attracted more attention

than all the rest put together. The surprising manipulation by which the needles are applied to the grindstone; the rapidity with which the grinding is effected; the large earnings of the men; the ruined health and early death which the occupation brings upon them; the efforts which have been made to diminish the hurtfulness of the process; and the resistance with which these efforts have been met — all merit and have received a large measure of attention. Let us first notice the process itself, and then the peculiar circumstances attending it.

Some of the needle-pointers work at their own homes, while some work at the factories; but the process is the same in either case. The pointing-room, generally situated as far away as practicable from the other rooms, contains small grindstones, from about eight inches to twenty inches in diameter, according to the size of the needles to be pointed. They rotate vertically, at a height of about two feet from the ground, and with a velocity frequently amounting to two thousand revolutions per minute. The stone is a particular kind of grit adapted for the purpose; but sometimes it flies in pieces, from the centrifugal force engendered by the rapid rotation; and in such cases the results are often fearful. The workman sits on a stool, or "horse," a few inches distant from the stone, and bends over it during his work. Over his mouth he wraps a large handkerchief; and as he can perform his work nearly as well in the dark as in the light, he is sometimes only to be seen by the vivid cone of sparks emanating from the steel while grinding. The vivid light reflected on his pale face, coupled with the consciousness that we are looking at one who will be an old man at thirty, and who is being literally "killed by inches" while at work, renders the processes conducted in this room such as will not soon be forgotten.

The needle-pointer takes fifty or a hundred needles, or rather needle wires, in his hand at once, and holds them in a peculiar manner. He places the fingers and palm of one hand diagonally over those of the other, and grasps the needles between them, all the needles being parallel. The thumb of the left hand comes over the back of the fingers of the right; and the different knuckles and joints are so arranged that every needle can be made to rotate on its own axis, by a slight movement of the hand, without any one

needle being allowed to roll over the others. He grasps them so that the ends of the wires (one end of each) projects a small distance beyond the edge of the hand and fingers ; and these ends he applies to the grindstone in the proper position for grinding them down to a point.



It will easily be seen, that if the wires were held fixedly, the ends would merely be bevelled off, in the manner of a graver, and would not give a symmetrical point ; but by causing each wire to rotate while actually in contact with the grindstone, the pointer works equally on all sides of the wire, and brings the point in the axis of the wire. At intervals of every few seconds, he adjusts the needles to a proper

position against a stone or plate, and dips their ends in a liquid between him and the grindstone. Each wire sends out its own stream of sparks, which ascends diagonally in a direction opposite to that at which the workman is placed. So rapid are his movements, that he will point seventy or a hundred needles, forming one hand-grasp, in half a minute; thus getting through ten thousand in an hour!

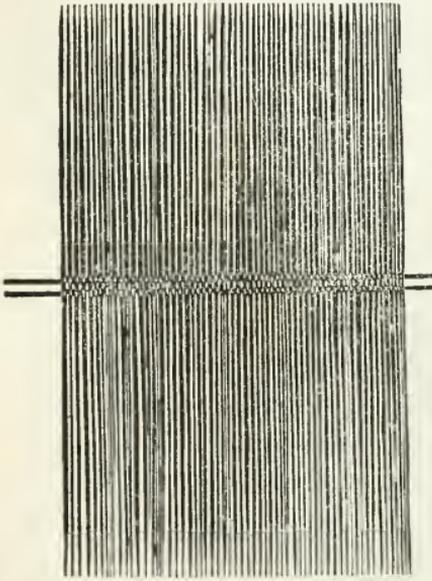
The circumstance which renders this operation so very destructive to health is, that the particles of steel, separated from the body of the wire by the friction of the stone, float in the air for a time, and are then inhaled by the workmen. The entire atmosphere of the room is filled with these particles.

After the pointing, the needles are taken to the "stamping shop." The little gutter, which guides the thread in threading the needle,



is made by the stamping machine, which is a heavy block of stone on a bed of iron. Upon this is a die, or stamp, where the needles

are placed. Over this is a huge hammer, brought down by a lever, which is moved by the foot. Thus the gutter is made, and a place marked for the eye. One stamper can stamp eight thousand needles in a minute. The eye of the needle is made by boys. They take a number in the hand, spread them out like a fan, lay them on a press where are two hard steel points. These descend by a motion of the hand. Two bits of steel are thus cut from the wire, and eyes made for two needles. The little boys know how to guide the piercers because the place for the eye is marked. They need, however, good sharp eyes of their own in order to see the mark. Many children work here, some so small that they can only "spit" the



needle when the eye is made; this is done by passing a wire through the eye. All this time the needles are double, the wire long enough for two, the eyes in the centre, and pointed at both ends. Then comes the separation by the files. Then the "soft-straightener," which is usually a female. She makes the wire straight by pressing it with rollers against an iron plate, as represented on the following page. Three thousand can be straightened in an hour. Then they are to be hardened

and "tempered." This is done by heating them in a furnace, and then immersing them in oil or cold water. By these operations the wire may become a little crooked again. This is cured by the "hammer-straightening," which is performed by females with tinny hammers. After this is the scouring process, by which the needles are rubbed one against another for eight hours. This is done by a scouring-machine, kept in motion by a steam-engine.

Then we come to the "bright-shop," where many more things are done to finish the needle. Here little girls turn the heads one way and the points the other. These are called "the headers." We

have all heard of "superior drilled-eyed needles;" they are made by heating the heads; then all the sharp points are taken out, and they are "drilled;" the heads are rounded by small grinding-wheels, and then they pass to the "polishing-wheels," which are made of wood, coated with buff leather, and touched with polishing paste. No wonder, after all this, that the needles are warranted "not to cut the thread."



During our journey to the needle mills at Redditch, we have probably sewed but a short seam; but never mind, we will make up for that another time. The children will not love the needle less for knowing its history; and while the little bright bit of steel makes our happy firesides still happier, we will not forget those who ply the needle in weariness and want;

Who stitch, stitch, stitch, in the dull December light,
And stitch, stitch, stitch, when the day is warm and bright;

While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show their sunny backs,
 And twit them with the spring.

God bless the little girls with their needles, and may they never forget the poor !



My Grandfather.

DEAR grandfather! evening is closing,
 And I haste to your chamber again ;
 Your foot on a stool is reposing,
 And I fear you still suffer from pain !

My bird I brought hither to please you ;
 But intrusive I fear I must be ;
 Oh ! would that from pain I could ease you,
 In return for your kindness to me.

How oft have you told me a story
 Of wonder, of pathos, or mirth ;
 Of warriors covered with glory,
 Or peasants ennobled by worth !

You have lived in the country of strangers ;
 You have travelled by land and by sea ;
 You well know the world and its dangers,
 And impart your experience to me.

I shall treasure the sound information,
 By you, my dear grandfather, taught,
 When I enter a world of temptation,
 Where knowledge oft dearly is bought.

Meantime, still remain my adviser,
 My faults still indulgently see ;
 And make me grow better and wiser,
 By the care you bestow upon me.

Wonderful Sagacity.

A FRIEND in P —, New Hampshire, tells us the following remarkable case of brute reason, which occurred the last summer. He had a pair of colts, with one owned by a neighbor, out to pasture, about half a mile from the house. One day, two of them came trotting up to the door, neighing very singularly. At once it was conjectured that something had befallen their missing comrade. Upon going to the pasture, he was found *hung upon the fence* alive, but very much swollen and exhausted. The grass was eaten to the ground near him, and he had apparently been in that situation one or two days.

The colts that came up to the house to give the alarm had been obliged to jump quite a high fence.

There is another beautiful instance of animal sagacity which we find in the papers:—

At Braintree, towards evening, a hound belonging to Mrs. E. Vinton, came home, and went toward one of her sons, fawning and caressing him. "Tray," said he, "you want another woodchuck, do you? I cannot go this afternoon. I killed one for you yester-

ay." The dog would not take no for an answer, but continued his caresses, and even took hold of the young man's pants to pull him along. He finally concluded to see what the dog wanted; he took his gun, the dog taking the lead, and followed through a thicket of wood into a pasture, where they found a neighbor's horse cast and nearly dead. Some assistance was called, the horse relieved, and the dog seemed perfectly happy.

The Birds.

WHAT say the little birds, who come on a bright morning, and sing among the trees? Mary says that they say Bobolink! and Pe-dee-de! and Chess-a-wess! and Jo White! Jo White! But what does all this mean? Edward thinks that God knows what the birds mean when they sing; and no doubt Bobolink means something like this:

Bobolink.

How I love the morning dew,
Sparkling on the lily spray!
How I love the sky of blue,
Beaming on the birds to-day!

Pee-dee-de.

How I love the forest-trees,
Where the birds may build a nest—
Where the chilly northern breeze
Cannot reach their nightly rest!

Chess-a-wess.

While I cleave the morning air,
Having neither house nor home,
God will have me in his care,
Freely, gladly, may I roam.

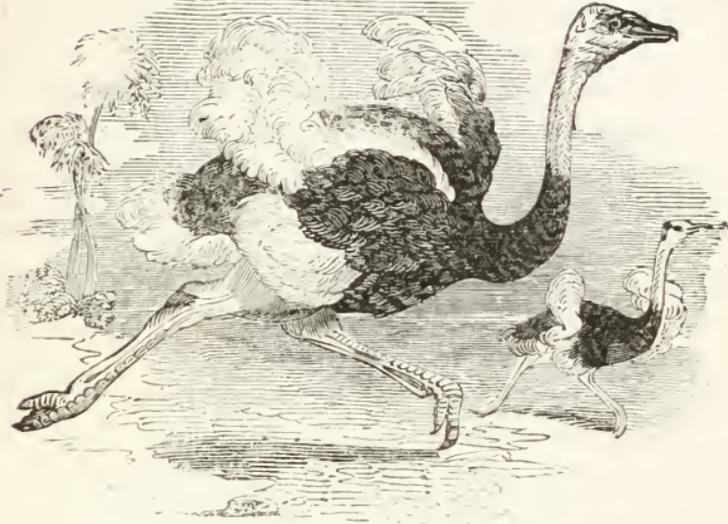
Jo White.

Jo White killed a little bird,
And before the morning light,
Died, without a single word—
Poor Jo White! Jo White!! Jo White!!!



New Year's Presents.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



The Ostrich.

WHAT a strange-looking bird! One would think that the two represented in the picture were running a race; but probably they are trying to escape from some hunters. The hunters capture them for the beautiful feathers in their wings. As the ostrich runs with almost incredible speed, the hunters could never catch them, although they are mounted upon the fleetest of horses, were it not for the fact that the silly birds, instead of running straight forward, keep running round and round in a circle. Nor is this the only foolish trick they have, for sometimes, when hotly pursued, they will plunge their heads into the sand, and stand with their bodies perfectly exposed, thinking, probably, that they are out of all danger, while the hunters speedily come up with and slay them.

The ostrich is an inhabitant of the great deserts of the east. It has been called the camel-bird, in consequence of its powerful legs,

its hoofed feet, and its wonderful power of endurance. It is found in great abundance on the burning plains of Arabia and Africa, and although it shuns man as its greatest enemy, yet it is easily tamed, and becomes attached to its keepers. When these birds are annoyed, they are dangerous to approach, and they have been known to tear the body of a man completely to pieces, by one blow of their powerful legs. On one occasion, a party of hunters had driven a large ostrich into a kind of pen, when the poor bird, driven almost to distraction, turned upon its pursuers, and, in spite of all their exertions, two of their horses were killed, and the leg of one rider broken, and the ostrich escaped!

They build no nest, but merely excavate small holes in the ground, where the females deposit their eggs, sometimes as many as thirty. During the day, the hens take turns in sitting upon the eggs, and at night the males relieve them, and woe to any jackal or other beast, which may be prowling about in search for his supper! for when the intruder comes within reach of that terrible, double-clawed foot, one blow lays him dead. In the day-time, while the sun shines hot, all the birds leave their eggs sometimes for several hours. What a curious employment for the sun!

The ostrich sometimes grows to the height of seven or eight feet. The natives often tame them, and use them for horses, and, mounted on their shoulders, they are carried over the sandy plains with great speed.

The Pyramids of Gizeh.

THE pyramids of Middle Egypt are divided into five groups, and contain, in all, about forty pyramids. They commence at Gizeh, which is situated nearly opposite the city of Cairo, upon the banks of the river Nile, and extend about seventy miles to the south, being placed at irregular intervals, at some considerable distance from the river. The three great pyramids of Gizeh are about seven miles from Cairo, and are the largest in the world, and, being very near a great city, they are the most frequently visited by strangers.

After passing the river, and crossing the cultivated portion of the valley, we arrive at the edge of the desert, where our animals sink

deep at every step into the sand, stretching away in mound and valley interminably to the left; while flocks of plover, quails, ibises, etc., rest upon the field on the right, or skim along the atmosphere. The pyramids themselves, though towering above everything around, do not disclose all their vastness, there being no object near by which to judge, by comparison, of their magnitude. Before we approach them, they seem quite near, quite at hand, and the intervening space only a few minutes' ride. But let us go on another hour, and though they certainly seem nearer, still they are yet a great way off. Another hour — the pyramids are close at hand; the sun occasionally shines on them, and gilds their peaks; and the shadows of passing clouds travel over them as over the face of a mountain. We now meet a number of Bedouin Arabs, hastening towards us to offer their services as guides. They are generally tall, muscular young men, frequently handsome, and they all appear good-humored and lively.

The vast pyramids are erected upon a rocky eminence, which rises about one hundred feet above the level of the Egyptian plain. By the action of the west winds, it has been covered with sandy mounds, various in form and height, which cause it to appear rugged and in conformity with our ideas of the Lybian waste. When we have gained the summit of this height, and cleared the hillocks which at first obstruct our view, all the sublimity of the pyramids bursts at once upon us. The tallest of our party, standing at their base, is scarcely as high as one layer of the stones; and when we draw near and behold the mighty basis — the vast breadth, the prodigious solidity, the steep acclivity of the sides, misleading the eye, which appears to discover the summit among the clouds, whilst the kite and the eagle, wheeling round and round, far, far aloft, are not yet as high as the top — we are compelled to acknowledge the justice of the popular opinion, which enumerates these majestic structures among the wonders of the world.

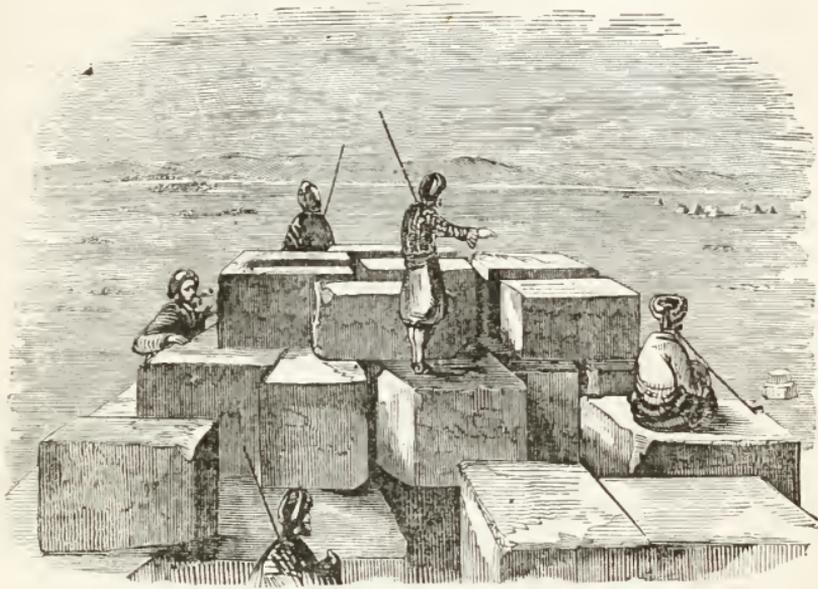
The height of the greatest pyramid is four hundred and sixty feet, being nearly sixty feet higher than the summit of St. Paul's cathedral, in London. It consists of successive tiers of vast blocks of stone, rising above each other in the form of steps. The thickness of these layers varies, and as you ascend the height of the steps

decreases. There are about two hundred steps from the bottom to the top. The vast structure is contrived so that a line stretched from any part of the bottom to the top would touch the edge of every step. It is stated that more than one hundred thousand men were constantly employed, for twenty years, in the construction of the great pyramid. This may or may not be so, as no one can tell anything at all about the matter, except by conjecture, so many ages have passed since these monuments were built; yet, when we consider their vast size, their solidity, the almost incredible size of some of the largest stones used in their construction, many of which are thirty feet in length, ten or fifteen in breadth, and ten feet high — I say, when we consider these things, in connection with the strong probability which exists that all of that great body of stones was dug from a quarry more than nine hundred miles up the Nile, conveyed to the boats, brought down the river, and then conveyed up the banks again to the place where they now are, our wonder ceases, and we are inclined to increase rather than diminish in our minds the probable number of men employed in building this structure.

Numerous travellers have placed their feet upon the summit, and have published their opinions of this great edifice. The following description of a recent visit is the best we have ever seen.

“Proceeding with our guides to the entrance, which is the common point of departure, whether we mount to the top or descend to the interior, we selected two Arabs, to aid us in running along the narrow ledges, and in passing over the dangerous projections and angles, and forthwith began to ascend. At first the way seemed difficult of ascent, but as we proceeded, and rose from one step to another, we gradually became familiar with our position, and learned to be bold. Our track lay along the north-eastern angle, where time and the irresistible storms which annually sweep over the desert have tumbled down many of the stones, and thus made, at various heights, resting places for the traveller. Looking upward along the face of the pyramid, the steps seem to ascend to the clouds; and if you turn your eyes below, the height looks dizzy, prodigious, fearful, and the people at the bottom appear to be shrunk to dwarfs. The prospect of the country enlarges at every step; the breadth of

the pyramid diminishes sensibly; and at length, after considerable toil, you find yourself upon



THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

‘A number of large blocks of an unfinished layer occupy a portion of the square area, and serve the traveller as a desk to write on. They are covered with the names of innumerable visitors, of all nations, cut deep in the stone; but I saw none to which any great celebrity is attached.

“It was now about mid-day, and the sun, entirely free from clouds, smote upon the pyramid with great vehemence, so that, with the warmth produced by the labor of the ascent and the ardor of its rays, we experienced a heat resembling that of an oven. The air was clear, and our view unimpeded on all sides. To the south, scattered in irregular groups, were the pyramids of Sakkarah, Abousir, and Dashour, glittering in the sun, like enormous tents, and appearing, from their number, and the confusion of their arrangement, to extend to an unknown distance into the desert. On the west was the wilderness of Lybia, stretching away to the edge of the horizon, arid, undulating, boundless, apparently destitute of the very principle of vegetation, an eternal prey to the sand-storm and the whirl-

wind. A flock of gazelles, or a troupe of Bedouins, scouring across the plain, would have relieved its monotony; but neither the one nor the other appeared. To the north and the east, the landscape presented a perfect contrast to this savage scenery; night and day are not more different. All that remains of the valley of the Nile is luxuriantly covered with verdure and beauty; corn-fields, green meadows, woods of various growth and foliage, scattered villages, a thousand shining sheets of water, and above all, the broad, glittering stream of the Nile, spreading fertility on all sides. Beyond this were the white buildings of Cairo, Babylon and Rhoda, backed by the long, lofty range of the Gebel Mokattam, reflecting the bright rays of the mid-day sun.

“We remained for some time on the summit of the pyramid, as if loth to quit the spot, admiring, with unwearied delight, the extraordinary features of the landscape beneath; but at length it became necessary to descend. We descended rapidly. I had an Arab on each side of me, who actively assisted my efforts, springing from step to step with the agility of a chamois. It was now that the height looked dangerous, the blocks on which we stood vast, and the labor that had piled them upon each other marvellous; but we reached the bottom in safety, in one twentieth part of the time it had taken us to ascend.”

The pyramids are not perfectly solid, but contain numerous galleries and chambers, which have often been explored. Some of the large stones of which I have spoken were used in constructing these chambers, and they are often worked as smooth and as true as the best marble.

The original use and object of these imperishable structures has never been discovered; but they are supposed to have been connected in some way with the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and employed as tombs and temples. Many bodies, embalmed, have been found in them, and the coffins covered over with hieroglyphics. The pyramids, from some recent discoveries which have been made in deciphering these characters, are supposed to have been built about eighteen hundred years before our Saviour came upon the earth, though some of them are, doubtless, much more ancient.



BY MARK'S BROTHER.

It is May, and the farmer, with studious care,
 Is toiling the fruitful earth to prepare,
 By turning the turf with the shining share,
 Ere he scatters the seed on the plain ;
 The soft shower falls on the thirsty field,
 And the warm sun forces the earth to yield
 A harvest of golden grain.

How cheerful the farmer! — do you mark that smile,
That lights up his honest face? Meanwhile
He is humming an air the hours to beguile,
While breaking the bright green sward;
No fears are filling his quiet heart,
For he trusts in God, if he does his part,
That his labor shall reap its reward.

He knows right well who it is who said,
“ Who tilleth the soil shall not want bread,
While light o’er the earth by the sun is shed,”
Rich plenty shall fill his store :
When winter has come with chilling blast,
All sorrow away from his home is cast,
And the poor are not turned from his door.

It is May, and the green young leaf is unrolled,
The sweet-scented blossoms their beauties unfold,
Where the honey-bees gather a levee to hold,
All nature is smiling with joy ;
Come away to the fields with the gamboling herds,
With the murmur of brooks and the songs of the birds
Your hearts’ purest praises employ.



Quicksilver, or Mercury.

Go into a druggist's shop and ask the proprietor to show you some quicksilver. He will probably take down a small bottle containing a shining fluid, very closely resembling melted lead. If you take the bottle into your hands you will be astonished at its great weight, and for some moments you will be almost certain that there are some heavy weights attached to it. If you pour out a small quantity into your hand, it will roll about in all directions, but will assume nearly the shape of a ball, unless scattered by violence. You cannot pick it up, for it will evade your grasp entirely. It will not stick to your fingers, but as soon as they are removed it will fall together again into one mass. This is what mineralogists call MERCURY.

Mercury is of great use in extracting other metals from their ores. It has a great attraction for gold, and still greater for silver; and without the aid of this mineral, it would not be easy to obtain those more precious commodities. The silver-mines of Potosi would have been almost useless, had not a mine of quicksilver been discovered at Guaniza Velica, in the same country. This mine has been worked almost three hundred years, and does not seem to diminish in its productiveness.

When a visitor gets fairly into the mine, he finds a subterraneous city, with broad streets, open squares, and a chapel, in which the ceremonies of the Romish religion are performed, especially upon high days. Thousands of flambeaux are kept continually burning to give light to these otherwise gloomy regions, into which the sun has never darted a ray.

The ore in which the quicksilver is contained is earthy, of a whitish red color, looking like burned brick. This is pounded small. It is then put into a kiln, somewhat, in shape, like an oven: the bottom consists of an iron grating, covered with earth. Under this a gentle heat is kept up, with an herb which grows in that part of the country; and, from its being deemed the most suitable fuel for this business, the cutting of it for other purposes is prohibited, for sixty miles around. The heat thus communicated to the pounded ore sublimes the mercury, that is, makes it rise with the smoke, which can only pass off through a very small hole, connected with a

number of retorts, or earthen vessels with long necks, each having a little water in its lower part. The water condenses the smoke, and the small globules of quicksilver which had come with it fall to the bottoms of the retorts, where they are gathered easily together into one mass.

This mine is wrought at the expense of private persons, who are obliged to sell the whole produce to the king at a stated price. When the government has obtained enough for present purposes from the mines, the work is suspended. This mine is worked by the native Indians, who, in consequence of the noxious gases in all mines of quicksilver, rarely live more than one or two years. They work naked, and although they are required to labor only six months at one time, yet many do not live even that short period, and those that do are reduced to a state of great wretchedness, and are unfit for any other employment afterwards.

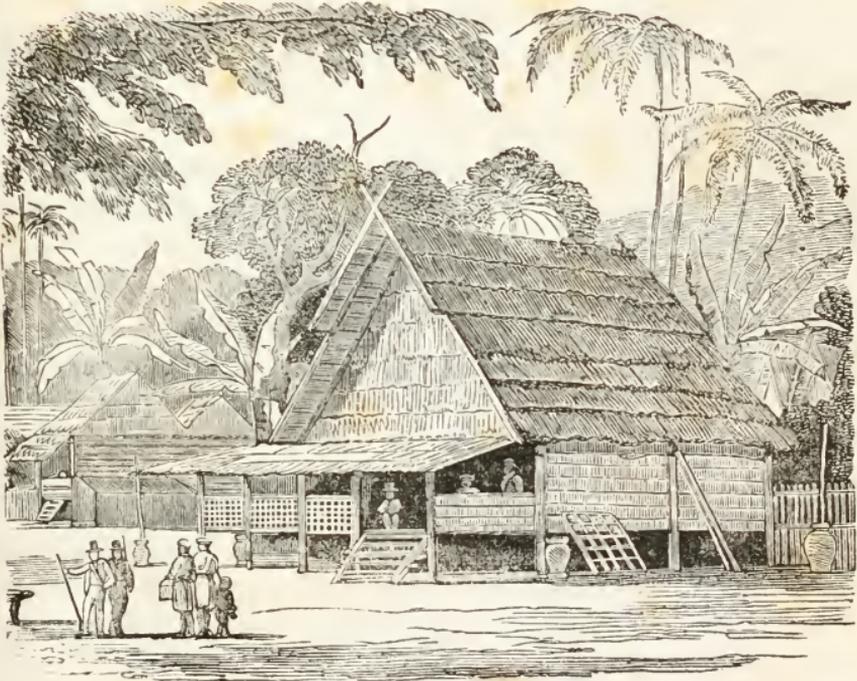
There are various mines of quicksilver in Europe. One at Idria, in Carniola, belonging to the Emperor of Austria, is worked by persons condemned for certain crimes. They are said to be wretched in the extreme. They labor in darkness, or far away from the light of the sun, toiling out a miserable life under the lash of hard-hearted task-masters. The entrance to this mine is in the side of a mountain, at a hole about fifteen feet wide. The conveyance to the mine below is in a bucket, to a depth of more than six hundred feet. The opening widens as you descend, but becomes more and more gloomy as you leave the light. After a pretty long swing in this manner, you touch the bottom; but the ground on which you tread sounds hollow. The sound of your own feet echoes among the gloomy caverns like thunder. Feeble lamps are placed here and there, just sufficient to guide the workmen. But a person just descended from the surface is not able to see anything, not even the persons who come to conduct him about the place.

This mine was discovered in 1497. The quantity of mercury cleansed from the ore every year amounts to about one hundred and thirty-five tons. Much pure metal, called *virgin mercury*, is caught here as it oozes out of the crevices of the mine.

There is another important mine in the province of La Mancha, in Spain. This is worked by the king. Here, also, much pure

mercury is obtained by catching it as it falls out of the crevices of the mine.

Though quicksilver is generally in a fluid state, yet it is frequently frozen in Russia and other cold countries. It sometimes freezes in our own country. Mercury congeals at about 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. This closes our ramble through the mineral creation for the present. In our next volume I shall give you a continuation of these articles, and wood-cut illustrations for each. We shall descend, in imagination, into mines of salt, coal, gold, silver, lead, &c. &c.; and I shall endeavor to introduce into our budget much information that will be of great benefit to you as long as you live.



Malay Village.

“BUT where are the Malays?” That is right, my young friend. Never fear to ask an important question. The boy who is too proud to ask a question which he cannot solve, will make the man too ignorant to impart instruction. You must learn all you can

from books, and then you will need many lessons and not a few suggestions from those, who have trod the path of knowledge before you.

The Malays are in India, settled here and there in different parts of that country. Very many of them are in Malaya, or what is more commonly called Malacca. Look upon your globe, and you will find this country to be the most southerly part of the continent of Asia. It is a vast cape, extending far into the sea. Now I have given you a picture of one of their villages, and told you where they are to be found, tell me, if you can, how you would get to them?

"I should ride the pony."

Oh, Sammy! That would never do. Pony would need grass before he could swim across the water.

"I should go around the water."

It would be too cold to cross the ice; neither you nor pony could stand it.

"How would you go, Iddy?"

"I should take passage in a ship—go round Cape Horn—visit some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean—and then keep on to Malacca."

Ay, ay, it is for visiting cousins that you are after, I reckon. I think I might go that way to meet an old friend; but I should not for the sake of seeing whales, or for the quickest voyage.

"I know the way," says Mary; "Uncle George always goes round the Cape of Good Hope, and up the Indian Ocean, and his way, I am sure, must be the right way."

"Right enough," says Master Walley, "till somebody finds a better one. But for my part I prefer to wait till I can go on Whitney's railroad to Oregon, and then take a short sail across the Pacific. Why should we drag along at six knots an hour, in these days of steam and lightning?"

Ladies and gentlemen, fix all that to suit yourselves, but of one thing I assure you; the Malays are a queer people. But I doubt whether I would go far to see them. And for the present, at least, I trust my readers will be satisfied with a few things which I shall tell about them.

The Malays are a people widely diffused throughout the East.

It is said that they were not natives of the peninsula, which they consider more especially to be theirs, or, in other words, they were not natives of Malacca, but that they came from Palembang, in Sumatra, on the banks of the river Malaya. It is believed that they founded the city of Malacca in 1252.

Their mayor is called sultan. He has nobles under him, but they are not *so noble* as some other nobles, and the government is not very substantial.

The Malays are dreaded as pirates by the people of Asia. They pursue plunder or conquest with awful daring; they have no mercy for strangers, and their friendship is uncertain. A small offence they take as an insult, which they revenge with frenzy and fury. Some writers, however, maintain that such is not the natural disposition of the Malays, but that the oppressions of their conquerors have driven them to this course of proceeding. These writers say that the Malays "possess higher sentiments of honor, greater fidelity to their word, and, upon the whole, a more estimable character than the natives of India. They are even mild and courteous in their domestic deportment." But they admit that "piracy is their irregular habit, most deeply rooted in their nature; to it their ideas attach no disgrace; on the contrary, its successful prosecution is considered glorious."

Their language is very soft and smooth, and has become a sort of current dialect in the mercantile associations of the East.

Here is the prettiest puzzle I ever saw. It is the picture of two DEAD DOGS. Now if you add four short lines to the drawing, the dogs will change and become two dogs running away. Who can tell where to place the lines?



Honesty is the Best Policy.

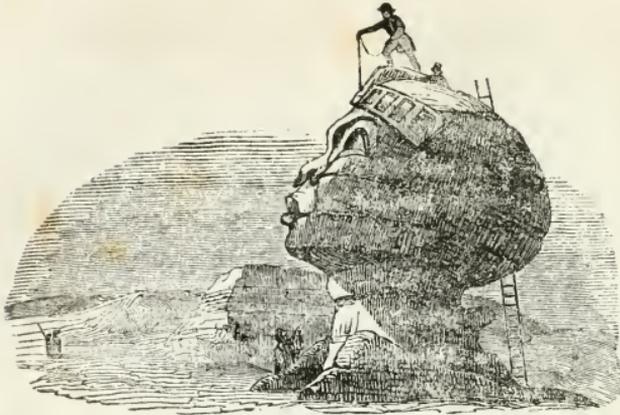
A TRUE STORY.

A FEW years ago, I was acquainted with three boys, who lived in one of the back towns in Vermont, the oldest of whom was about sixteen, and the youngest about twelve years of age. In the town where they lived it was sometimes customary, when the grain fields were infested with squirrels, for the young men and boys to have a "squirrel hunt," in order to kill off these little mischievous animals. These three boys, who lived near each other, were quite impatient for the day to come, when they might go in quest of game. At length the time arrived. They agreed to go together; the oldest was to use the gun, and the others were to assist in finding and carrying the game. They had not proceeded far on their way, when they came near to a barn, which stood in the open field, at a considerable distance from any dwelling-house. "Stop, stop," says Edward, and in a moment he raised his gun, and down dropped a squirrel, that was pertly sitting on the barn door, seeming by his impudent chattering to bid defiance to his new visitors. This they thought was a very good beginning. After they had walked nearly half a mile, and had come to a hill, from which they could look back over the ground they had travelled, William, looking round, exclaimed, "See, Edward, the barn where you killed the squirrel is all in a blaze!" "O William," cried Edward, "what shall we do? the wad from my gun must have caught in the straw and set the barn on fire." They ran back with as much haste as possible to see if they could obtain help to extinguish the flame. But it was too late. There were no houses near, and the barn was completely enveloped in the fire. After looking a little time on the mischief they had carelessly, but unintentionally, done, they turned back sorrowful.

"What shall we do now?" said Edward; "we have burnt Mr. Clarke's barn, and have got nothing to pay for it with—what will he do with us?" "O," said William, "he will never know who did it, if we are not foolish enough to tell of it, for no one saw us, and there are a great many other boys hunting about the fields to-day." Edward walked along thoughtfully, and for a time made no reply

He had been taught that "Honesty is the best policy," and he was evidently struggling against the temptation to conceal an act, which he ought to make known. At length he resolved what to do, and said to his companions, "I am going to Mr. Clarke, and shall tell him I have accidentally set his barn on fire, and promise to pay him for it, as soon as I can earn money enough." "Why, Edward," exclaimed William, "Mr. Clarke will punish us, and likely as not he will send us to prison, if we tell him what mischief we have done." "I cannot help that," replied Edward; "*I will do right*, come what will." Upon this they set off in haste, and after walking a mile they found Mr. Clarke. Edward told him the whole truth, and expressed much sorrow that he had been so careless, and took all the blame to himself. He promised Mr. C. that he would pay him for the barn, if he should live long enough to earn the money. Mr. C., who was a very passionate man, was very angry with Edward, and treated him harshly, and told him he ought to be sent to the state's prison. Edward turned away deeply mortified, not knowing what to do. He went home with a heavy heart and related all that had happened. As soon as the neighbors heard of the misfortune of poor Edward, and how honest he had been, and how harshly he had been used by Mr. C., they felt a sympathy for him, and generously contributed money enough to pay for the barn. My young friends, it is always safe *to do right*. "Honesty is the best policy."





The City of Cairo and the Sphinx.

I have heretofore given you a description of the Pyramids. I will now say a few words about the Sphinx, which is another great work of the ancient Egyptians. The picture at the head of this article represents the head of the Great Sphinx as it now appears.

Sphinxes have been found in several of the old cities of Egypt. They are formed with a human head on the body of a lion, and they are always in a sitting posture, with the fore paws stretched out forward. The largest sphinx ever found is in a hollow valley near the foot of the pyramids of Gizeh, and is represented above. The head and a very small portion of the body are the only parts now visible, the remainder of the mass having been covered up in the sand which, for ages upon ages, has been brought there by the westerly winds from the Lybian deserts. The features of the great sphinx are almost worn away by the action of the sand, so that they can scarcely be said to represent the human countenance. Were the whole valley cleared of the sand which now lies there, the sphinx would again become a sublime object, but as it is, it is impossible to form a very correct idea of its magnificence. Once, and once only, since the time of the Romans, has this prodigious image been laid bare to its basis. The party succeeded in laying the paws bare, and cleared away the sand in front of it more than a hundred feet. Many short Greek inscriptions were written on the paws of the statue, which proves that it was held in great veneration. Some estimate may be formed of its size by the fact that the head measures

twenty-eight feet from the chin to the top of the forehead. Let us now return to the city of Cairo.



MAHMOUDIYEH MOSQUE AND CITY GATE.

Cairo is about nine miles in circumference, and contains nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It was formerly surrounded by a wall, strengthened and adorned by towers, and pierced by sixty-nine magnificent gates, several of which still remain. In several places, however, the fortifications have crumbled into dust. The interior is divided into fifty-four quarters, or systems of buildings, so contrived that each has but one issue by which it communicates with the neighboring sections of the city.

The external doorways of private houses in Cairo are generally arched, and are furnished with a raised threshold consisting of a single stone. The door itself commonly consists of a number of planks, rudely put together, and is painted green, adorned above with red and white. It has generally a knocker and a wooden lock. Close to the entrance is a stone seat, which serves horsemen as a mounting stone, and is generally occupied in the cool of the evening

by the elders of the family, engaged in smoking and chatting with their neighbors. The houses are generally two or three stories high, sometimes even four; and when sufficiently large, enclose an open, unpaved court, entered by a passage constructed with one or two turnings.

Formerly a Christian traveller found in a mosque would have been guilty of sacrilege, and compelled to abjure his religion or lose his life. Even now Christians are prohibited the entry of all Mahometan places of worship, though, by adopting the dress of a native, and distributing a few pieces of money, they can succeed. An English traveller lately assumed the Turkish costume, and visited several of the most remarkable mosques of Cairo, the interior of which few travellers have beheld. He thus describes the



MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

“This mosque is erected near the gate leading to the citadel. It is exceedingly lofty, and its minarets, surpassing all others in height,

are the first which the traveller beholds on approaching the city. Ascending a long flight of steps, and passing under a magnificent doorway, we entered the vestibule, and proceeded towards the sacred portion of the edifice; where, on stepping over a small railing, it was necessary to take off our *babooches*, or red Turkish shoes. Here we beheld a spacious square court, paved with marble of various colors, fancifully arranged, with a beautiful marble fountain in the centre. At the extremity of the court, and entirely open to it, is a large apartment, containing a marble tabernacle, surrounded by slender tapering columns, with a finely-sculptured pulpit. Numerous Arabic sentences are written on the wall, in letters of gold; and below, scratched with pen or pencil, are the names of various devotees. Massive doors of bronze, elegantly ornamented, close the entrance into the body of the edifice; into which, for motives of piety or prudence, my Turkish conductor was unwilling to introduce me. To behold this, however, having been my principal object, I addressed myself directly to the keeper of the mosque, at the risk of being discovered; and, somewhat to the surprise of the Turk, obtained instant permission to enter. Here, in the centre of the apartment, and surrounded by a neat railing, stands the tomb of Sultan Hassan. On the marble slab was placed an antique manuscript copy of the Koran, in heavy massive binding, resembling that of our ancestors, in which oak supplied the place of mill-board. Before I was permitted to touch this sacred relic, the keeper of the mosque explicitly demanded of my companion what were my religion and country. Without the slightest hesitation, he replied, "He is a Turk from Stamboul;" upon which the Koran was placed in my hands. The manuscript, which was of fine parchment, and many centuries old, was written partly with ink, and partly in gold characters, and beautifully illuminated with stars of bright blue, purple and gold. These tasteful ornaments, varying in size from that of a crown piece to sixpence, studded the pages and the margin, but varied only in dimensions, the pattern being always the same. The title-page was slightly torn, and exhibited a glittering mass of gilding, intermingled with arabesques in brilliant colors."

It would be an endless task to visit all the places of worship in Cairo. Many of them are constructed in beautiful style, and well deserve a visit from the traveller.



Statue of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg.

THE rapid change which Russia underwent during the reign of Peter the Great, her extraordinary advances under this sage legislator, are among the most important events of which history preserves the record. Proud of his glory, the nation wished to erect a monument in commemoration of his great actions, which in his own city should be a distinctive object to all posterity. In the then young state of their art, some deliberation took place before the design of the structure was decided on: during this the hero died, and the erection of the monument was consequently reserved for the reign of the Empress Catherine II. A precipitous rock was fixed on for the pedestal, on which a statue should appear with characteristics distinguishing it from those erected to other sovereigns.

The first idea was to form this pedestal of six masses of rock, bound together with bars of copper or iron; but the objection was urged, that the natural decay of the bands would cause a disruption of the various parts, and present a ruinous aspect, while it would be

difficult to insure perfect uniformity in the quality and appearance of the different blocks. The next proposal was to form it of one whole rock; but this appeared impossible; and, in a report to the senate, it was stated the expense would be so enormous, as almost to justify the abandonment of the undertaking; and even if made of six pieces, as first proposed, the outlay would be excessive. At length it was determined to transport to the city the largest rock that could be found, and add other portions to it as might be judged necessary. Still, great misgivings prevailed as to the possibility of removing the contemplated mass. The search was then begun, but with less success than had been anticipated, as the country around St. Petersburg is flat and marshy, affording no traces of stone, while the nearest mountains are in the province of Finland. A whole summer was passed in exploration; and the idea of forming the pedestal of several smaller portions was again entertained, when a large stone was discovered near Cronstadt, which it was determined to apply as the principal mass; and the task of its removal was confided to the Admiralty, who, however, as well as many other mechanics applied to in turn, refused to undertake it. The search for the smaller blocks was nevertheless continued, although no one appeared to have any definite notion of the use to be made of them in the event of their discovery.

Under these unexpected difficulties, the formation of the pedestal was intrusted to an officer of the corps of cadets, who had already given proofs of his mechanical skill. A native of Cephalaria, he had been compelled, for an offence against the laws, to seek refuge in Russia, where he lived under the assumed name of Lascary. He had strenuously recommended the adoption of the original design; and a few days after his appointment, he received information from a peasant of a large rock lying in a marsh near a bay in the Gulf of Finland, about twenty miles from the city by water. An examination was immediately instituted; the stone was found covered with moss; and on sounding around it, the base was fortunately ascertained to be flat. Its form was that of a parallelepipedon, 42 feet in length, 27 feet in width, and 21 feet in height — dimensions sufficiently extensive to realize the conceptions of M. Falconet the sculptor. But when the authorities, under whose direction the work was

placed, saw the size of the rock, they again hesitated, and recommended its division into smaller portions. The fear of accidents, however, and the hardness of the stone, caused them to yield to the representations of the engineer, who was now favored by the support and encouragement of the minister, Betzky; and the intelligence of the empress being superior to the senseless clamor raised by the envious and the ignorant, she gave orders for the commencement of the work.

A working model of the machinery with which it was proposed to remove the rock from its situation, was first made. M. Lascary resolved on effecting this removal without the use of rollers, as these not only present a long surface, which increases the friction, but are not easily made of the great diameter that would have been required, owing to the soft and yielding nature of the ground on which the work was to be performed. Spherical bodies, revolving in a metallic groove, were then chosen as the means of transport. These offered many advantages. Their motion is more prompt than that of rollers, with a less degree of friction, as they present but small points of contact. Stout beams of wood, 33 feet in length, and one foot square, were then prepared. One side was hollowed in the form of a gutter, and lined, the sides being convex to the thickness of two inches, with a compound metal of copper and tin. Balls of the same metal, five inches in diameter, were then made, to bear only on the bottom of the groove. These beams were intended to be placed on the ground in a line, in front of the stone, while upon them were reversed two other beams, prepared in a similar manner, each 42 feet long and 18 inches square, connected as a frame by stretchers and bars of iron 14 feet in length, carefully secured by nuts, screws, and bolts. A load of 3000 pounds, when placed on the working model, was found to move with the greatest facility; and the inventor hoped to satisfy the minister, as well as the mechanics, by its public exhibition. The former was well pleased with the experiment, and expressed his belief in the possibility of removing the stone; while the latter raised absurd objections, with the cry of "the mountain upon eggs."

The first thing to be done, as the rock lay in a wild and deserted part of the country was to build barracks capable of accommodating

400 laborers, artisans, and other persons required, who, with M. Lascary, were all lodged on the spot, as the readiest means of forwarding the work. A line of road was then cleared from the rock to the river Niva, a distance of four miles, to a width of 120 feet, in order to gain space for the various operations, and to give a free circulation of air, so essential to the health of the workmen in a marshy district, as well as to the drying and freezing of the ground — a point of much importance, when the enormous weight to be removed is considered. In the month of December, when the influence of the frosts began to be felt, the operation of disinterring the rock from the earth, in which it was imbedded to the depth of 15 feet, was commenced; the excavation required to be of great width — 84 feet all round — to admit of turning the stone, which did not lie in the most favorable position for removal. An inclined plane, 600 feet in length, was afterwards made, by means of which, when the stone was turned, it might be drawn up to the level surface.

Among the objections urged against the possibility of removing the rock, was the anticipated insurmountable difficulty of placing it upon the machine destined for its transportation. But the engineer was confident; and wisely preferring simplicity to complication, resolved on employing ordinary levers, known technically as levers of the first order; these were made of three masts, each 65 feet in length, and 18 inches in diameter at the larger end, firmly bound together. To diminish the difficulty of moving these heavy instruments, triangles 30 feet high were erected, with windlasses attached near the base, from which a cord, passing through a pulley at the top, was fastened to the smaller end of the lever, which, being drawn up to the top of the triangle, was ready for the operation of turning: each of these levers was calculated to raise a weight of 200,000 lbs. A row of piles had been driven into the ground at the proper distance from the stone on one side, to serve as a fulcrum; and on the other a series of piles were disposed as a platform, to prevent the sinking of the mass on its descent. Twelve levers, with three men to each, were stationed at the side to be lifted, and the lower extremities being placed under the mass, the upper ends were drawn downwards by the united action of the twelve windlasses. When the stone rose to the height of a foot, beams and wedges were driven underneath,

to maintain it in that position, while the levers were arranged for a second lift. To assist the action of the levers, large iron rings were soldered into the upper corner of the rock, from which small cables were passed to four capstans, each turned by 36 men, thus maintaining a steady strain; while the stone was prevented from returning to its original position when the levers were shifted. These operations were repeated until the rock was raised nearly to an equipoise, when cables from six other capstans were attached to the opposite side, to guard against a too sudden descent; and, as a further precaution against fracture, a bed, six feet in thickness, of hay and moss intermingled, was placed to receive the rock, on which it was happily laid at the end of March, 1769. As it was of great importance that all the workmen should act at one and the same time, two drummers were stationed on the top of the stone, who, at a sign from the engineer, gave the necessary signals on their drums, and secured the certainty of order and precision in the various operations.

Meanwhile, the machinery for the removal had been made. Of the lower grooved beams already described, six pairs were prepared, so that when the rock had advanced over one pair, they might be drawn forward and placed in a line in advance of the foremost, without interrupting the movements. The balls were laid in the grooves two feet apart; the upper frame, intended as the bed for the rock, placed above; the mass, weighing in its original form 4,000,000 lbs., was then raised by means of powerful screws, and deposited on the frame, when it was drawn up the inclined plane by the united force of six capstans. The road did not proceed in a direct line to the river, owing to the soft state of portions of the marsh; in many places it was impossible to reach a firm foundation with piles 50 feet in length. This naturally added to the difficulties of the transport, as the direction of the draft was frequently to be changed. Piles were driven along the whole line on both sides, at distances of 300 feet apart; to these the cables were made fast, while the capstans revolved; two of which were sufficient to draw the stone on a level surface, while, on unequal ground, four were required. The rate of motion was from 500 to 1200 feet daily, which, when regard is had to the short winter days of five hours in that high latitude, may be

considered as rapid. So interesting was the spectacle of the enormous mass when moving, with the two drummers at their posts, the forge erected on it continually at work, and forty workmen constantly employed in reducing it to a regular form, that the empress and the court visited the spot to see the novel sight; and, notwithstanding the rigor of the season, crowds of persons of all ranks went out every day as spectators. Small flat sledges were attached to each side of the stone by ropes, on which were seated men provided with iron levers, whose duty it was to prevent the balls, of which fifteen on a side were used, from striking against each other, and thus impeding the motion. The tool-house was also attached, and moved with the stone, in order that everything might be ready to hand when required. Experiments were tried with balls and grooves of cast-iron; but this material crumbled into fragments as readily as if made of clay. No metal was found to bear the weight so well as the mixture of copper and tin; and even with this the balls were sometimes flattened, and the grooves curled up, when the pressure by any accident became unequal. The utility of rollers was also tried; but with double the number of capstans and power, the cables broke, while the stone did not advance an inch.

The work went on favorably, when it was suddenly checked by the sinking of the stone to a depth of 18 inches in the road, to the great chagrin of the engineer, who was suffering under a severe attack of marsh fever. He was not, however, disheartened, and speedily remedied the accident, spite of the idle clamors of the multitude; and in six weeks from the time of first drawing the stone from its bed, he had the satisfaction of seeing it safely deposited on the temporary wharf built for the purpose of embarkation on the banks of the river, when the charge fell into the hands of the Admiralty, who had undertaken the transport by water to the city.

A vessel or barge 150 feet in length, 66 feet in width, and 17 feet from deck to keel, had been built with every appliance that skill could suggest, to render it capable of supporting the enormous burden. Great precautions were now necessary to prevent the possibility of the falling of the rock into the stream; water was let into the vessel until she sank to the bottom of the river, which brought her deck on a level with the wharf; the rock was then drawn on board

by means of two capstans placed on the deck of another vessel anchored at some distance from the shore. Pumps and buckets were now brought into use to clear the barge of the water with which she had been filled; but to the surprise and consternation of those engaged, she did not rise equally; the centre, bearing most of the weight, remained at the bottom, while the head and stern, springing up, gave to the whole the form of a sharp curve: the timbers gave way, and the seams opening, the water reëntered rapidly; 400 men were then set to bale, in order that every part might be simultaneously cleared; but the curve became greater in proportion to the diminution of the internal volume of water.

M. Lascary, who, from the time the rock had been placed on the deck of the vessel, had been a simple spectator of these operations, which occupied two weeks, now received orders to draw it again upon the wharf. He immediately applied himself to remedy the error—which had been committed in not distributing the weight equally—without removing the stone. He first caused the head and stern of the barge to be loaded with large stones, until they sank to a level with the centre; the rock was then raised by means of screws and beams of timber, diverging to every part of the vessel, placed under and against it; and, on the removal of the screws, the pressure being equal in every part, she regained her original form. The water was next pumped out, the stones removed from the head and stern, a ship lashed on each side of the barge, which, on the 22d September, arrived opposite the quay where it was intended to erect the statue.

Not the least difficult part of the work, the debarkation, remained to be done. As the river was here of a greater depth than at the place of embarkation, rows of piles had been driven into the bottom alongside the quay, and cut off level at a distance of eight feet below the surface; on these the barge was rested; and, to prevent the recurrence of the rising of the head and stern when the supports should be removed, three masts, lashed together, crossing the deck at each extremity, were secured to the surface of the quay. It was then feared that, as the rock approached the shore, the vessel might keel and precipitate it into the river. This was obviated by fixing six other masts to the quay, which projected across the whole breadth

of the deck, and were made fast to a vessel moored outside ; thus presenting a counterpoise to the weight of the stone. The grooved beams were laid ready, the cables secured, and at the moment of removing the last support, the drummers beat the signal : the men at the capstans ran round with a cheer ; the barge heeled slightly, which accelerated the movement ; and in an instant the rock was safely landed on the quay.

Such was the successful result of an undertaking, extraordinary in its nature and the circumstances in opposition to it.* An example is here afforded to those who may have to struggle with difficulties in mechanical art, that will stimulate them to attempt what may appear impossible to the timid and unreflecting. He who contends successfully with the adverse opinions of men of learning, and the blind prejudices of the multitude, achieves a moral as well as a physical triumph, deserving of high praise and imitation.

It is to be regretted that the effect of this unrivalled pedestal was marred by the diminution of its size. Under the direction of the artist who had so successfully formed the statue, it was pared and chiseled, until the weight was reduced to 3,000,000 lbs. ; and the outline, instead of being left bold and broken, as best suited the character of the group, was made smooth and uniform. It forms, however, one of the chief attractions of St. Petersburg, standing in the square opposite the Isaac Bridge, at the western extremity of the Admiralty. Here the colossal equestrian statue of the founder of this magnificent city, placed on a granite rock, seems to command the undivided attention of a stranger. On approaching nearer, the simple inscription fixed on it, in bronze letters, "Petro Primo, Catharina Secunda, MDCCCLXXXII," meets the eye. The same inscription in the Russian language appears on the opposite side. The area is enclosed within a handsome railing, placed between granite pillars. The idea of Falconet, the French architect, commissioned to erect an equestrian statue to the extraordinary man at whose command a few scattered huts of fishermen were converted into palaces, was to represent the hero as conquering, by enterprise and personal courage, difficulties almost insurmountable. This the artist imag-

* The whole expense of the removal did not exceed 70,000 rubles, or £14,000 ; while the materials which remained were worth two thirds the sum.

ined might be properly represented by placing Peter on a fiery steed, which he is supposed to have taught, by skill, management, and perseverance, to rush up a steep and precipitous rock, to the very brink of a precipice, over which the animal and the imperial rider pause without fear, and in an attitude of triumph. The horse rears with his fore-feet in the air, and seems to be impatient of restraint; while the sovereign, turned towards the island, surveys with calm and serene countenance his capital rising out of the waters, over which he extends the hand of protection. The bold manner in which the group has been made to rest on the hind legs of the horse only, is not more surprising than the skill with which advantage has been taken of the allegorical figure of the serpent of envy spurned by the horse, to assist in upholding so gigantic a mass. This monument of bronze is said to have been cast at a single jet. The height of the figure of the emperor is 11 feet, that of the horse 17 feet. The bronze is, in the thinnest parts, only the fourth of an inch, and one inch in the thickest part; the general weight of metal in the group is equal to 36,636 English pounds.

Forrester's Evenings at Home.

MOUNTAINS.

M. F. I am very glad to see a larger company at every succeeding meeting. So it should be. Knowledge should be eagerly sought, and at every opportunity. How much better to lay aside our amusements occasionally, and inquire who, and what we are, what phenomena surround us, how we may live so as to be a blessing to mankind, as well as happy ourselves! If the girls were always skipping ropes, and the boys trundling their hoops, they would soon become tired of the exertion, and there would be no pleasure at all in it. Change requires change. A moderate amount of play is required and useful, both to boys and girls. It is not well to abstain from it. Yet how soon we learn to shun those who do nothing else but play! They are wasting the most precious part of their existence.

I have chosen MOUNTAINS for our subject to-night, though there are not many facts about them which you can readily understand. Mountains are vast elevations of land, varying in height in different countries. The highest mountain upon the face of the earth is a peak of the great chain separating Hindostan from Thibet, called the Himalaya mountains. Its name is Dhawalagiri peak, and it is more than five miles high.

Flora. What is the difference between a mountain and a hill, Mr. Forrester?

M. F. Just as much as there is between a girl and a woman. Pray, Miss Flora, are you a woman?

Flora. Why, it seems to me that I am a *young* woman.

M. F. Well, if you will allow me to use a comparative phrase, a hill is a young *mountain*. The terms are merely relative, and every person must decide for himself whether the one or the other should be employed.

Mountains present a great variety of forms. Some are bold, precipitous, and steep, with deep, yawning and impassable chasms upon their sides; others are more easy of ascent, with smooth surfaces, on the sides of which are numerous cultivated fields and pasturage for cattle and sheep. The most remarkable type of the former variety, is the Peter Botte Mountain, on the island of Mauritius, a picture of which you have before you.

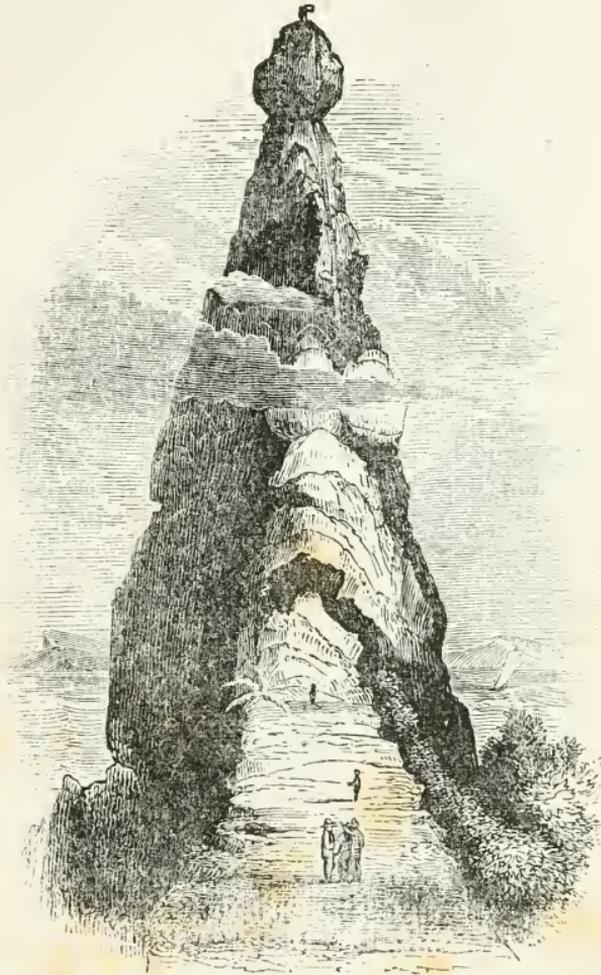
It is, in fact, a high rock, some three hundred and fifty feet in height; its pinnacle being nearly two thousand feet above the sea, which is only a few miles distant.

Henry. It must be a grand sight to look down from the top of this elevation. Has it been often visited?

M. F. No, very rarely. Its top has once or twice been reached, — the first time in September, 1842, by a party of British officers. It was a daring adventure. One of the party gives the following narrative of the efforts to accomplish their object:—

From most points of view the mountain seems to rise out of the range, which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea-coast which forms the bay of Port Louis, but on arriving at its base you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth. Seen from the town (as is perceived by the sketch) it appears a cone with a large

overhanging rock at its summit ; but so extraordinarily sharp and knife-like is this, in common with all the rocks in the island, that, when seen end on, as the sailors say, it appears nearly quite perpendicular. In fact, I have seen it in fifty points of view, and cannot yet assign to it any one precise form.



All our preparations being made, we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty Sepoys in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which having loosened all the stones, made it anything but pleasant ; those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle.

From the head of the gorge we turned off along the other face of the mountain ; holding by the shrubs above, while below there was nothing but the tops of the forest for *more than nine hundred feet down the slope.*

On rising to the shoulder, a view burst upon us which quite defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up ; while, on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about three hundred or three hundred and fifty feet above us ; and on the very pinnacle old " Peter Botte " frowned in all his glory.

After a short rest we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, and reached, as you may perceive, about half way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, with barely three inches on each side. A grappel line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle ; and it was fearful to see the cool, steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss. However, he fearlessly scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck, " All right." These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four *shinned* in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge, not a foot broad ; and I could, as I held on, half sitting, half kneeling, across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine, in the morning, but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head. Nevertheless, I held on *uncommonly hard*, and felt very well satisfied when I was under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, *except in*

the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up. A communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *material*, Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was, how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thongs, to fire over; and having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part. Had the line broken, he would have fallen eighteen hundred feet. Twice this failed; and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead-line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan; several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below, till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. "Hurrah, my lads! steady's the word." Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge, a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up, and finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. "All right; now hoist away!" and up went the ladder, till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the rock. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte.

I certainly never felt anything like the excitement of that moment; even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs, and we could hear far below the faint shout of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly, made preparation for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, &c. Meanwhile our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below, and about 4 P. M., we descended our ticklish path to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the Talbot, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success, but their heads would not allow them to mount the head or neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves and climbed to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in a cleft under the rocks.

Lloyd and Philpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting waistcoat, jacket, and a huge Flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour for our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, or the fire of some sugar-manufactory, but not a sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder (we four being the only ones above.) At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and after a long interval the boom of the evening gun. We then prepared our prearranged signal, and whiz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the over-hanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all distinctly shown, while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, came glancing by in the light, and then swooped away screeching into the gloom below, for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus.

Henry. I ascended the Catskill Mountains last year, the first high ground I ever visited. I could not help wishing, while gazing upon the vast and beautiful prospect below, that I could visit the highest mountain on the earth.

M. F. That you can never do. No one ever has, and probably never can, reach the highest mountain's summit, by many thousand feet. Various causes will prevent it. Difficulty in breathing alone might probably prevent it. Then, again, as we ascend from the foot of a mountain, the whole natural phenomena change as we go. At first, we pass through a forest. Leaving this, a belt of shrubbery must be passed over. Then all signs of vegetation disappear, except a kind of moss upon the rocks. Soon we reach the region of perpetual snow and ice. Into this we may indeed make some progress, but the snows grow deeper and deeper, the air feels thin, and breathing becomes difficult. Deep chasms in the snow and ice, which have been for ages accumulating, at last shut up our progress, and our journey is at an end.

Mountains have always a greater declivity on one side than the

other, and generally that which is nearest the sea is most steep. The Alps have a much more abrupt descent on the Italian, than on the Swiss side; and the Himalaya mountains are steepest on the southwest. Almost every mountain of considerable elevation will give evidence of the same fact. A series of mountains having the same basis, is called a chain, as the Uralian chain, which separates Europe from Asia, and the Alleghany chain in the United States.

I have said nothing concerning volcanoes, as I mean, before long, to devote a few pages to that interesting and wonderful subject. In the mean time, try and think what causes them. Why does the earth tremble and shake, and particular mountains send forth fire and stones, and lava? Some people assert that these are but the vent-holes to the internal fires forever at work in our earth. What say you? Examine the subject. You can't help being interested.

The Ibex.

THIS pretty animal, of the goat family, resembles, in many respects, the CHAMOIS, in its habits, though its horns are much larger and stronger. It is now rarely met with, having become very shy and wild from the encroachments made upon its race by the Alpine hunters. It is found, however, in the Alps, on the Caucasian Mountains, and in the mountains of Abyssinia in Africa.

Like the chamois, it loves to frequent the most exalted ranges, near the limits of perpetual snow, where it feeds principally upon moss and the leaves upon the low bushes which grow there. It is exceedingly watchful, and difficult of approach, on account of the delicacy of its senses of hearing and smell. It is a small animal, perhaps two and a half feet in height. Its color changes with the seasons, from a reddish brown in summer to a brown gray in winter.

The ibex is hunted for its flesh and skin, chiefly the latter. When driven to desperation, it will sometimes turn upon its pursuers and butt with its powerful horns, and endeavor to drive its adversary over tremendous precipices.

An ibex was once tamed by a family of Swiss peasants, living far up on the side of Mount Rosa. It would come regularly every morning to receive its food from the hands of its friends, unless a stranger was there. Then it would keep away, altogether out of sight. It is supposed that its sense of smell warned the animal of the presence of an enemy, as nothing could tempt it within sight during the visit of a stranger. The next day, however, if the coast was clear,



The Ibex.

it would come as usual, just as though nothing had happened. Efforts were made to cheat the animal, by setting up an effigy with a gun near the house. The sagacious beast, however, took no notice of it, but came fearlessly for several days. At length, a peasant from a neighboring village was dressed up to appear as much like the figure as possible, and put in its place, but Mr. Ibex was not to be fooled, and did not appear. His sense of smell was a match for the cunning of man.

Has one served thee? Tell it to many. Hast thou served many
Tell it not.

A Gold Watch.

I HAVE now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportion, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle into the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly dressed case would be a mere shell — these hands motionless, and these figures without meaning — are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask what is the spring, by which all these works are put in motion, made of? I am told that it is made of steel — I ask, what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a chemical process. So, then, I find that the main-spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold — that would not do — but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this gold watch is an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hours, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movement every eye is occasionally directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass, the middle classes, by the increasing intelligence and power of which, the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main-spring, shut up in a box, but never thought of except when it is disordered, broken, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring classes, which are ignorantly or superciliously called *the lower classes*, which, like the main-spring, are wound up by the payment of wages; which classes are shut up in obscurity; and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movements of society, as the main-spring is to the gold watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other. — *Edward Everett.*

Thistle-Down.

SITTING, a short time since, by my window, as the long shadows across the landscape were losing themselves in the dim approaching

twilight, fancy came with more than sunset beauty, and around me threw the cherished shadows of the past. Distance melted away; home and friends, in pure and sweet communion, were present to my mind—all in varying succession came and went. My little Sabbath class seemed clustered around me as they were wont to do—Sarah, Lucretia, Celia, Caroline—my heart was glad, and bade them welcome to my thoughts. The moments sped swiftly as the shades of night rolled on, and when, above the wooded hill-tops, the reflected sunbeams were fading from the east, stars came gently glimmering.

A light breeze passed, and bore upon its course a floating whirl of thistle-down; a moment it was entangled on the casement, until a friendly breath of air again set free and wafted it away. Whence came that little traveller so late upon its journey? Perhaps for many days it has been floating thus along, and many more might come ere it should fall upon the open soil to rest. Or, perhaps it had but just set out, and ere the morning dawn, its little errand would be done. To us it is all the same, for who heeds its light passage, or asks the object of its mission forth? Yet let us not forget the lesson it may give; that its course is not unguided, but it is to fall upon some genial sod, and when the wintry storms are passed, the little seed it bears will bud and blossom.

The autumn leaf, which, circling round and round, in silence falls upon the earth, within its bosom bears no seed, the embryo promise of another spring; but the winds of night hurry it away; the snows of winter bury it in brown decay; its freshness can never be restored; but the light thistle-down, in the still, warm hour, comes forth from its thorny home, and, raised aloft upon its silver plumage, passes on by His command and care, whose hand supports and guides alike its airy circle, or the wheeling orb on which we live.

And we, like it, shall pass away. To us it is unknown whether the weariness and woes of a long pilgrimage be ours, or to be gathered in that full, unequal harvest, not alone of ripened fruit and ready bending sheaves, but earliest, fairest flowers. Nor matters it. The priceless gift of life, with all its sweet endearments, is not to us a blessing if its noble object be unfulfilled. Permitted, by our Saviour's constant intercession, still to rejoice in this world so full of beauty,

let us not forget there are bright visions of glory and beauty in the world above ; here are the lovely and beloved of our bosoms, but we are to prepare ourselves for intercourse with the angels, for the friendship of God ! Here are spread before us the revelations of our Father's attributes — so deep, mysterious and sublime, that we almost shrink before them, yet these are but the rudiments of those lessons it will be our bliss to learn above ; and when from these we turn, thirsting for fuller displays, then shall we rise and be led to the Fountain of knowledge. With adoration on our lips, we shall no longer with trembling hand scarce venture to turn the pages of His wisdom, but, encouraged by his smile, we may look into those things we know not now.

Then let us hasten in the path of knowledge, for its brightness will lead us on to endless life and light.

The Chinese.



Dog Seller.

It is a well known fact that the Chinese use the dog as an article of food, and it is considered by them an excellent dish. There is one particular species, with white curled hair, which is preferred to all others. This is a great luxury, and can only be found on the tables of the rich. The cat is also fattened and prepared for the table ; but I have been assured that both the dog and cat are

shut up by themselves, and kept on wholesome vegetable diet, before they are considered fit for eating. A small species of wild-cat is caught in the southern provinces, which is considered a great dainty, and brings a great price in the market. Rats and mice are eaten only by the poor; but they are often seen skinned and hanging in long rows, on sticks, ready for sale.

I have collected the following facts, which may be interesting to you. If not, you can easily skip over the remainder of the page.

Pekin has winters like the average of those in Boston, and summers like those in Washington.

The thermometer ranges from about 10° in winter, to 105° in summer.

Average depth of rains at Canton is seventy inches per annum.

Pekin was made the capital A. D. 1411.

The foreign factories are thirteen in number; they are a mass of huge buildings, sixty rods long and about forty deep.

In the year 1627, the Tartar rulers of China passed a law that every person in the empire should have all the hair shaved from their heads, excepting a tuft for a braid, or tail, in the fashion of this fruit-seller. Some persons were allowed two tails, and some three, according to their quality; but any man who refused to comply with the decree was punished as a traitor. Many submitted to the punishment rather than to lose their hair.



One eleventh part of the Chinese live upon fish and other products of the water. They sometimes employ the cormorant in catching fish.



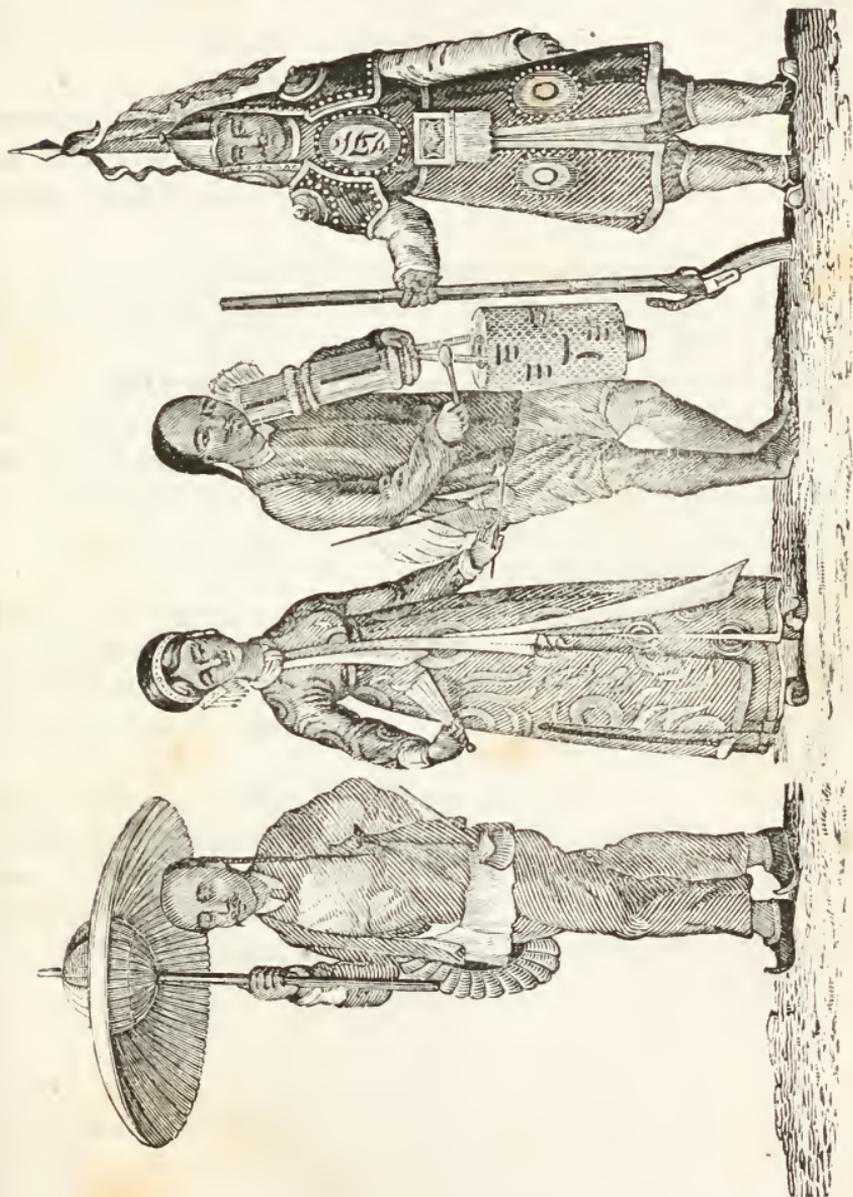
The average yield of an ordinary tea-plant is six ounces at a picking. 1000 square feet will support about forty plants. The times of picking are, the middle of April, 1st of May, middle of July, and a small quantity gathered in August.

In Fuhkien, and Changchow, (provinces of China,) from twenty-five to forty out of a hundred of the female children are destroyed at birth. In other parts of the country the proportion is less.

The Sinim mentioned in Isaiah is supposed to have been China. (Williams.)

The custom of cramping the feet of their female children was introduced in the year 950. When the infant is a few days old, all the toes, except the first, are turned under the sole of the foot and bandaged there, making the foot of the shape of a wedge, with the two back corners rounded off. When the child is of a certain age, an iron shoe is put on, of the size that the foot is intended to remain,

and it is suffered to grow no more. These little feet are called golden lilies, and are considered a mark of rank, as none of the poor people cripple their children in this manner. Sometimes these



ladies of the golden lily, who have met with reverses, and are reduced to poverty, may be seen tottling about the streets, asking

charity. They limp along in the most awkward and painful manner, and generally excite great compassion.

This custom is confined entirely to the native Chinese, and was never followed by the Tartars, who, on the contrary, wear shoes with soles two or three inches thick, longer than the foot, and turned up in front, as may be seen in the Chinese pictures.

Long nails are also considered a badge of rank, and are cherished with the greatest care. Little cases, made of bamboo, to fit the finger, are worn at night, to prevent the nails being broken during sleep.

China was made known to Europe by Ptolemy.

The first English vessel, under Capt. Weddel, visited Canton in the year 1687.

Trade between China and America commenced in 1784.

Formerly, all trade with foreigners was transacted by sixteen persons appointed by the Chinese government, called Hong merchants, these merchants were heavily taxed by their rulers, and paid themselves by charging high prices for their goods; and as there was no competition, this was submitted to.

Formerly, ships on arriving here paid the mandarin of the port a present, amounting to 2 or 3000 dollars, for a permission to trade.

Since the English war the board of Hong merchants has been abolished, and all persons may trade with the Fauquies, (as the English are called.)

The current coin of the country is a small piece of copper, of the value of a mill; they are used in bunches of 100, strung together by a square hole in the centre. The bunch is called a mace. Foreign dollars are much used in trade, but they are marked by each one who pays them out, and become very much defaced; they are then called chop dollars.

WHAT IS BRANDY MADE OF?

A chief of the Ottawa Indians, called White John, being once asked what he thought brandy to be made of, answered, that he believed it must be made of hearts and tongues; for when he had drank plentifully of it he felt as if he had a thousand hearts, and could talk much faster, louder, and longer than when sober.



BY MARK'S BROTHER.

SUMMER, bright summer, is spreading again
Her sweet-scented flowers o'er mountain and glen ;
The gay birds are tenderly nursing their young
In the nest so securely on the bending branch hung.

All nature is busy — the mowers at dawn
 Are swinging their scythes on the flowering lawn,
 While the damsels so blithe in the fields all the day
 With songs lighten labor while making the hay.

There the infants are mimicking labor, you see,
 As they sport on the grass in their innocent glee ;
 Their light hearts as yet know no sorrow nor care,
 But are cheerful and buoyant, and free as the air.

O blest rural scenes, in the country, away
 From the city's wild din, both by night and by day ;
 There the hot cheek is fanned by the balmy fresh breeze,
 And labor finds rest beneath blossoming trees !

The hum of the insects, the warbling of birds,
 The song of the milk-maid, the lowing of herds,
 Drive sorrow away from the grief-smitten heart,
 And the gladness of youth to the aged impart.

Wishes.

“How I wish I had a rocking-horse,” said Harry Curtis, as he threw down a broom-stick he had been riding ; “what nice sport I would have this vacation !”

“And I wish I had a wax doll,” said his sister Mary Ann, “all dressed like Emma’s.”

“O,” said cousin Emma, “if some good fairy, such as I have read of, would rise up and grant us our wishes —”

“How many fine toys I would have,” cried Harry. “What would you wish for Emma ?”

“Money enough to buy whatever I might want,” answered his cousin.

Just then Mr. Curtis, who had seemed busily reading a paper in the further part of the room, rose and came towards the children. “Tell us a story, papa,” cried Harry, “tell us a pretty story.” “Do, papa” and “Do, good uncle,” joined the little girls.

“Well, my children, your conversation just now reminded me of a fable I have heard. I will tell it to you, and talk with you a little

about wishes." "Thank you," "Do so," interrupted the little folks, and Mr. Curtis thus began —

An honest old Scotchman and his wife were sitting one evening by their cottage fire, and they chanced to be talking of the good which riches would do them, and how many nice things they would have, if they could afford them, when all at once a bright fairy stood before them. "Wish three wishes," said she, "and they shall be granted you." Visions of splendid happiness, such as they had not thought of till then, rose up before them, and they determined to consider well and wish wisely. But while they were thus silently considering what they would wish, a feeling of hungry uneasiness came over the old man, and he spoke out unconsciously, "I wish I had a yard of black pudding." No sooner had he said it than there was the pudding before him. The old woman, enraged that one of the three golden chances should be thus thrown away, exclaimed, "I wish it was on the end of your nose." And there it was—the yard of black pudding on the end of his nose. Seized with horror the old man cried, "I wish it was off again." It was off in an instant, and the fairy had vanished, leaving the old couple just as well off as they were before the "three wishes."

"That is a funny story papa — but we should not be so foolish; we should not be like them."

"You would be like them in one respect, even if you did not forget your wish. You would be no happier for the fairy visit."

"Not with so many nice toys, papa?"

"As soon as you had them you would wish for something else just as much."

"But my wish," said cousin Emma, "would be better. If I had plenty of money, when I was tired of one thing I could buy another, and always have what I wanted."

"No," replied Mr. Curtis, "your wish, though more comprehensive, is no wiser than the others. You would prize nothing you could obtain so easily, and you would find springing up a thousand wants, which money could not satisfy. Believe me, my children, with all your real wants supplied you could not be so situated as to have fewer wishes than you have now, unless you should learn the secret discovered by a wise man of olden time."

“A secret?” cried Harry; “tell us about it.”

“I must be careful, my boy, or you will get another story out of me, but it shall be very short. A great many years ago, a wise old man gave notice that he had found out a secret, by means of which all persons could have just what they liked; and he appointed a certain day when he would make it known to all who wished to profit by it. At the appointed time there came to him a great many of those who were not satisfied with their lot, and he thus addressed them:—My friends, you can all have just what you like, simply by liking what you have.”

The children were a little disappointed at this story, but after thinking of it awhile, they agreed to try to learn the old man’s lesson, and to enjoy whatever they might have without wishing in vain for fairy favors.

The Little Girl and the Shell.

WHEN I went to visit a friend, the other day, I saw a little girl, who sat on a low seat by the fire-side, and held in her hand a pretty white sea-shell, tinged with pink, which she placed against her ear; and all the while a settled calm rested upon her face, and she seemed as if she was listening to the tones of some loved voice; then taking the shell away from her ear, she would gaze upon it with a look of deep fondness and pensive delight. At last I said, “What are you doing, my dear?” “I am listening to the whisper,” she replied. “What whisper?” I asked. “The whisper of the sea,” she said. Then, after a moment’s pause, she added, “My uncle sent me this shell, and with it a letter, in which he said, that if I placed it against my ear, I should hear the whisper of the sea; and he also said, he would soon come to us, and bring me a great many pretty things; and mamma said, when she heard the whisper of the shell, that we should call it uncle Henry’s promise. And so it became very precious to me, and I love its sound better than sweet music.” “And where is uncle Henry now?” I asked. “He is in heaven now,” she replied; “he never came to us, as we hoped he would, for he died far away, and his grave is in the sea; and so now, when I listen to the shell, I fancy that the sea whispers, in the same soft manner,

above my uncle Henry's grave. And sometimes, when I listen, I think he whispers to me from heaven, and tells me to be a good child!" I now saw a tear stealing down her cheek, but, wiping it away, she added, "It was not the pretty things, he said he would bring, that I wished for, but to see my dear uncle Henry. He never came, nor ever will come, but I shall see him some day, if I listen to his whisper, which seems to tell me of heaven, and to bid me to be ready to go there."

To Daffodils.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew
 Ne'er to be found again.—HERRICK



The Story of a Little Lamb.

It was on a soft morning in May, when a certain little lamb was called from sleep by the tinkling of the sheep-bell. Slowly he raised his head, still keeping his fore feet bent under his bosom, and looked with a sleepy eye after his mother, who had just trotted away from his side. Again the bell sounded, and the pretty little lamb rose

upon his feet, and was soon leaping by his mother's side. Now, the field in which these sheep dwelt was a place of great beauty; the verdant hill, the sparkling streamlet, the shady tree, the green pasture, were all there; it seemed a quiet fold apart from the rest of the world—a pleasant place on purpose for that happy little flock. Now, the little lamb of which I have been speaking was the darling of the flock; no other had so white a fleece, so mild an eye, so gentle a nature. One day, as this little lamb was playing by himself, at a short distance from the fold, he was espied by an eagle, who no sooner beheld him than he darted down, and, seizing him in his talons, bore him far away from the little flock. O! it was sad to see the sheep look after their darling lamb; and the poor little lamb once caught the distant tinkling of the sweet bell it had so loved to follow. Now, as the eagle was flying over a valley, an archer shot an arrow which went into its heart, and it fell with the lamb at the archer's feet. Then, the archer took the lamb home to his child, and bade him take care of the poor little creature. Now, the child had a tender heart, and he took the lamb, and bathed its wounds, and washed the blood from its snowy fleece, and wept. But the lamb began to revive, and the child was glad; and he took a silken cord, and placed it about his neck, and led the lamb about with him wherever he went; and in the joy of his heart he thought the lamb must be as happy as himself. But it pined for the loss of its mother's love, and the peace it had known amid the happy little flock in the far-off fold. One summer day, the child, being weary with long rambling, fell asleep on a bank of flowers, still holding the silken cord tightly in his hand; but looser and looser it became, till it slipped away from his grasp, and the little lamb fled away from his side forever.

Onward and onward went the lamb, not knowing whither. After a time it began to rain, and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. The poor little lamb trembled; but when the thunder was not heard for a moment he forgot his sorrows, and stopped to nibble a daisy; then, startled by a sudden flash, he looked up in terror, and was again driven onward by the loud pealing thunder. On he went, over a wide common, till he came to the foot of a steep hill, which, with weary feet, he climbed; but when he had gained the summit,

weak and trembling, he laid down to die ; his eyes became dim and his heart beat faintly in his bosom : but the thought of his mother and the peaceful fold, the sweet flowers, and all things he had loved in the first happy moments of his little life, were present to his eye : and the poor lamb closed his eyes in sorrow.

But as his heart grew more faint, he was startled by the tinkling of a distant bell ; and slowly raising his head, he beheld his own little flock in their own happy fold ; and new life awoke in his heart, and new light shone from his eye, and new strength came to his feet, and in a moment more the lost lamb was by his mother's side, telling how he had been called back to life by the tinkling of that sweet sheep-bell.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

My little readers know that Napoleon was, not many years ago, the emperor of France. Their parents remember when he was a great conqueror, and the terror of the world. Like us all, he was once a child. He was a poor boy. His remarkable genius and energy raised him to the highest eminence ; but his ambition finally overthrew him. He died in the strength of manhood, upon a desolate island, almost alone, and a prisoner. I have a few anecdotes to tell you of him when a youth. In them you may discover a portrait of delicacy, energy and perseverance, which you may emulate. But that violent temper was bad ; be unlike him in that respect. I give you these facts about him as related by Madame Junot, one of his particular friends. Signora Lætitia was the mother of Napoleon ; Saveria was his nurse. Now for the stories :—

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basket full of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of *his uncle the canon*. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the *uncle the canon* was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he

was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was, that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese. However, he would not cry : he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and, on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace, she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied, that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet, out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of *the man*. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a fête given by Madame Bacciocchi (formerly Marianne Bonaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien.

Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph had been ; his head always appeared too large for his body — a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead, which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world ; those hands, of which the most coquettish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron ; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Lætitia, the emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated.

Previously to his departure from school to the army, he came to pass some time at our house. My sister was then at her convent, but she frequently came home while Napoleon was with us. I well recollect that, on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as young men usually are on such an occasion. There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance—that was his boots. They were so high and wide that his little thin legs seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always ready to observe anything ridiculous; and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room, we burst into a loud fit of laughter. At that early age, as well as in after life, Bonaparte could not relish a joke; and when he found himself the object of merriment, he grew angry. My sister, who was some years older than I, told him, that since he wore a sword, he ought to be gallant to ladies; and instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him. “You are nothing but a child—a little *pensionnaire*,” said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt. Cecile, who was twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront, by replying to Bonaparte, “And you are nothing but a *puss in boots*.” This excited a general laugh among all present except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when personalities were introduced, and his adversary was a woman.

Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it; and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he got a little toy made and gave it as a present to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, in the character of a footman running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him, considering his straitened finances. He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale of Puss in Boots, which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as *a token of his remembrance*. “Oh, Napoleon,” said my mother, “if you had merely given the toy to Loulou it would have been all very well; but the tale for Cecile shows that you are still offended with her.” He gave his word to the contrary; but I think with my

mother that some little feeling of resentment was still rankling in his mind.

Poetry for my Old Friends.

ONE of my favorite associates has furnished me the following article for my Miscellany. It is excellent poetry. So my young friends will say; yet they may not be able to enter into the spirit of it so much as *they* will who have been away from home, and who have meditated on the pleasures of "Auld Lang Syne." Show it to father and mother. Read it to grandmother, but tell her not to cry. Read it to grandfather, and, my word for it, he will repay you by some interesting tale of by-gone days.

The Child and the Musical Box.

BY ONEIDA SEATON.

LISTENING to music, thou fair child—
 How glad thy face appears,
 How full of light those clear blue eyes,
 Unfaded yet by tears!
 As warbles in those fairy tones
 The strains of "Home, Sweet Home,"
 What pleasant phantoms to the mind
 Of blissful childhood come!

Now, thou art sitting by the fire,
 Upon thy mother's knee;
 Now, through the summer woods and fields
 Thy brother plays with thee.
 No bitter recollection comes
 To wring thy heart with pain;
 No thought of dear companions gone,
 Ne'er to return again.

But, lo! while yet my thoughts are borne
 Back, by that well-known air,
 And half-forgotten face and form
 Their first distinctness wear,—
 And voices that have thrilled me claim
 The power they had of yore,
 The cunning instrument has changed
 The air it plays once more.

Oh, little child ! how canst thou lay
 That box close to thy cheek,
 And take such pleasure in the sound
 That makes me sick and weak ?
 It cannot play but those two airs,
 And o'er and o'er again
 It plays them, till the dark thoughts press
 Like madness on my brain.

Yes ; " Home, Sweet Home," and " Auld Lang Syne,"
 Seem full as sad to me
 As would the grave of one I loved
 Beneath our trysting-tree.
 But life is now thy budding time
 Of feelings half divine,
 And thou enjoyest what I lost
 In days of " Auld Lang Syne."

Thy mother's voice is in that strain,
 She sings it oft at even,
 And her face grows meek and loving,
 And her eyes are raised to heaven.
 She singeth many a simple song —
 Thy father loves them well —
 But not like hers the voice I hear,
 Recalled by music's spell.

Canst thou not hear the voice I hear
 My inmost soul it stirs ;
 Sweet as thy mother's voice it is,
 Yet deeper far than hers.
 It singeth from a full, sad heart,
 And answer finds in mine, —
 " That seas between us broad have rolled
 Since days of ' Auld Lang Syne.' "

Not sea alone, which skill of man
 Might easily pass o'er,
 And bring us, with the help of God,
 Safe hand in hand once more ;
 But seas o'er which the voyager,
 Howe'er his heart may yearn,
 Can never to the friend on shore,
 He wandered from, return.

Yet be thou happy whilst thou may
 And if these notes should seem
 Like to the pleasant music
 That may haunt thee in a dream ;
 If, blended with home voices,
 The running waters sound,
 And if tender singing like the birds
 Makes thy light heart to bound, —

Rejoice ! ere yet the melody
 Brings only thoughts of woe ;
 Rejoice ! ere yet thy loved one
 Through the “ low green door ” must go ;
 Ere like the waters running
 On a way far off and lone,
 And like the pleasant summer birds,
 Thy joy of heart has gone.

About Angling.

THERE has fallen a copious shower. Every tree and plant is dripping with the moisture with which the hot earth is cooled. How the fish will bite now ! Let us take our rods and lines, boys, and try our luck down the river, on the new-mown bank.

Do you realize how pure the air has become ? How much stronger we feel ! A word or two as we walk along.

The atmosphere is composed principally of two gases, — oxygen and nitrogen. The oxygen supports life and combustion. It makes about one fifth of the whole atmosphere. A less proportion makes us feel dull and heavy ; as we did this forenoon.

Now each drop of rain, in falling, attracts and brings to the ground particles of nitrogen. These particles are readily absorbed by plants, and this is why things grow so after a smart shower.

But stop ! — here 's a grand place to throw in.

Let us cover our hooks well with the bait, and sink about three feet.

What a lovely spot this is ! The river seems as if it loved to linger under these over-hanging trees, whose pendant branches break the bubbles that come sailing down from the dam above.

How dark the water looks! and yet it has little color.

In some parts of the world the ocean is perfectly transparent. At Hammerfest, a little town in the north of Norway, the fish can be seen approaching the hook at the depth of sixty feet.

But these fellows don't seem to relish our bait. I wonder how long before we shall take out one? It is best to have patience, however. Fishing affords an excellent opportunity to try it.

I remember hearing Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson tell of passing a quiet neighbor, early one summer morning, who was seated, with rod and line, upon the bank of a shady stream, eagerly watching his cork float, expecting to see it every moment disappear.

Returning, towards the close of the afternoon, he discovered his friend still there.

"Well, what luck?" was the question.

"Oh!" said the philosophical angler, "I have had a *most excellent nibble!*"

But pull, James! and I've one, too. Well done! they have taken hold, at last.

I was fishing, a few years ago, from a boat, above the dam yonder, with one of those fancy painted corks on my line. I had got "a bite," and was drawing in what appeared to be a fish of comfortable size, when a huge pickerel, thinking my float a richly embellished *frog*, jumped and swallowed it. My pole bent almost double with the increased load, but I succeeded in swinging them over the boat, when, most unluckily, off dropped the pickerel, just outside.

What! hold again? Now, this is what I call sport. What a splendid perch! We shall soon have enough for to-morrow's dinner.

I came to this same spot, when a boy, with a young cousin of mine, who now angles for customers in his own Boston store.

I thought we had very good luck, but he quite cut me down with the stories he told me of the big fish around his country home.

In the course of the summer, I returned his visit, and tried his fishing. For the sake of his pride, I regret we were so very unsuccessful.

I tried all my persuasion on the "big fish," in vain; and, boys, what do you guess he drew to the top of the water, after screaming that he had got a *four pounder*? A great overgrown tortoise!

Poor H—— hacked into that fellow's bony corporation for a good half-hour, to liberate his hook.

I remember I wound up my line then, and kindly suggested we had better try something besides fishing!

But the sun is setting, and let us pick up and string our fish, and start for home.

Now, be careful, boys, how you secure your hooks. I have an ugly scar, which I got by carelessness. I was running by a building, to the river, with my rod and line. The hook was dangling below my fingers. All at once the line caught on a nail, and up went the hook into my hand. Ugh! I never shall forget the cutting of it out, at the doctor's office; and whenever I see a boy, now, careless with a hook, I tell him the story.

“Logic.”

“DOES Mr. Freeman keep a horse?”

“Yes.”

“And Uncle Solomon, *too*?” (two.)

“No, Uncle Solomon keeps but *one*.”

“Well, what did I say?”

“You asked me if he kept two horses, did n't you?”

We heard this dialogue, and were reminded of an anecdote, old but good.

A smart collegian sought the paternal roof, to enjoy *Thanksgiving*; and undertook, while the dinner was cooking, to display his wisdom before his good parents.

“Mother,” said he, “I can prove to you that there are three fowls.”

“How?” said the good lady, with a condescending smile, glancing at the two on the spit.

“Well, here is one?” “Yes.” “And this is two?” “Yes.”

“Well, two and one make three, fast enough.”

His mother said nothing. His father, however, replied, “Perhaps you are right, son; but I'll take the first chicken for my dinner, your mother will the second, and you may dine on the *third*!”



My Father.

DEAR Father, while daily and hourly I see
 New proofs of your tender affection for me ;
 It may please you to know how your kindness has won
 The return that it calls for — the love of a son.

Some fathers are distant, and stern, and severe,
 They speak to command, and they govern by fear ;
 Obedience, indeed, by such means may be won,
 But they fail in securing the love of a son.

Your praise, my dear Father, is easy to earn,
 When you teach me, I feel it a pleasure to learn ;
 And when tasks are concluded, and duties are done,
 You share in the pastimes and sports of your son.

I am often unthinking and idle, 't is true,
 But I freely confess all my follies to you :
 You tell me what ways to pursue and to shun,
 And you leniently look on the faults of your son.

Relax not your cares, dearest Father, I pray,
 I shall need your kind counsels through life's busy way;
 Continue the system so wisely begun,
 And still be the friend and the guide of your son.



Adolphus and James.

ADOLPHUS was the son of a merchant residing in Paris; James was the child of a farmer who lived in a retired hamlet in the bosom of the mountains. Nevertheless, these two boys of twelve and thirteen, so different in their fortune, education and habits, resembled each other closely in disposition; both had a large share of vanity. They had a lively desire to exalt themselves by humbling others; and I am about to relate to you the history of a few days in their lives, to show you the methods they took to accomplish this; you will see in the sequel what a good lesson they both received, and how completely their pride was humbled.

Durand, the father of James, was a farmer on the estate of M. Valcourt, the father of Adolphus. He was accustomed to go to Paris every year to settle his accounts with his landlord. He once took a fancy to have little James accompany him there. James had never been beyond his mountains, and knew nothing more beautiful,

nothing more grand, than his village, which contained fewer inhabitants than there are lodgers in a single hotel in Paris. Brought up on a farm, fed on potatoes, having never opened a book, you may imagine his astonishment on entering a great city, and being seated, on the day of his arrival, in a vast and elegant house, at the splendid table of M. Valcourt. On seeing all these wonders, the thought which occupied him most was the pleasure which he should have, on his return to his hamlet, in saying to the little peasants, his companions :

“I have seen a house more beautiful than our church ; pictures larger than those in the chapel. I have seen domestics whose coats were embroidered with gold and silver. I have been seated at table by the side of a great lady.”

But while he was examining everything in the house with an air of surprise and curiosity, Adolphus, who had made acquaintance with him from the very first, was resolving to amuse himself with his ignorance, and seized with eagerness upon every occasion in which he could make him feel it. Thus, one day he made him believe that a servant wearing a gilded coat and hat with feathers was the King of France, and persuaded him to salute him and kiss his hand. On the day of his arrival, when he was admitted to the same table, he made him drink, under pretence that this was customary, of two large bowls of warm water which were served at the end of dinner to rinse the mouth and wash the tips of the fingers. Adolphus made him also eat the large end of the asparagus, and suck the artichokes on the side where the sharpest teeth could not bite them. Finally, Adolphus took pains to display all his city knowledge before the poor peasant. In his presence he pretended to touch his mother's piano and to paint in his father's study. At another time he turned over all the books in the library, assumed airs of importance, ordered the domestics about, and played a thousand tricks to impose on our astonished mountaineer.

One day, when they were both playing alone in a room where there was a parrot, they suddenly heard a hoarse voice imitating the sound of a drum : “ *Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub !* ” James, surprised, turned and saw no one. The hoarse voice re-commenced “ *Rub-a-dub, dub, dub !* ”

“What is that?” said James to Adolphus.

“It is the parrot talking.”

“How! can that green bird talk?”

“Undoubtedly; you shall see.”

At the same instant, by a happy coincidence for Adolphus, the parrot cried, “*James, James!*”

“He is calling me,” said James.

“Oh! how amusing that is! but can he say anything?”

“Certainly, he talks like any other person. I will carry on a conversation with him.” And here the mischievous Adolphus asked the parrot the only question to which he could reply, “*Have you breakfasted, Jaco?*”

“*Yes, yes, yes, yes!*”

“You see how he talks; but speak to him yourself; as for me, I hear the bell for breakfast, and must run.”

Adolphus ran off, shut the door, and left the two interlocutors together. Then the following conversation took place between James and the parrot.

James. “Have you breakfasted, Jaco?”

The Parrot. “*Rub-a-dub, dub, dub!*”

James. “That is not it; I asked if you had breakfasted?”

And the parrot continued to repeat, “*Rub-a-dub, dub, dub.*”

James. “Answer me, then, simpleton! Have you breakfasted?”

The Parrot. “Carry—arms!”

James, out of patience, and believing that the malicious bird was doing this from ill-will, attempted to compel him to reply by giving him a tap on the wing; he reached out his hand; the parrot bit his finger, and James cried out. He suspected that Adolphus had deceived him, and that his parrot could not talk any better than the geese in his father's barn-yard, who said *quack, quack, quack*, and nothing else. Then he tried to go out, but the door was fastened. The breakfast bell had done ringing; everybody was at table; James was hungry and could not get out; he called,

“Adolphus! Adolphus! come and open the door; I am hungry; I want something to eat.”

He continued to call, but no one answered. He grew impatient, and knocked loudly; and when he had wearied himself out with

knocking and screaming, the parrot began to cry, "*Have you breakfasted, Jaco? have you breakfasted?*" James was still more vexed, for it seemed as if the bird was mocking him. Finally, after waiting an hour, Adolphus returned to open the door, and as if nothing had happened, said to James, in a hoarse voice, putting his head only through the half open door, "*Have you breakfasted, Jaco? have you breakfasted?*" James, enraged, ran after Adolphus, who fled, crying out from time to time, "*Have you breakfasted, Jaco? have you breakfasted?*"

Finally, however, James' anger was appeased, and Adolphus resumed his tricks. When James had at last really breakfasted, he descended to the saloon, where he had perceived Adolphus playing with his brothers, sisters, and some young friends come to visit him. They admitted poor James into the circle; but he did not get away from them with much honor.

"Gentlemen," cried Adolphus, "if you please, we will read some stories; I have here a book of very amusing ones."

"Yes, willingly," was the reply on all sides.

"Well, seat yourselves in a circle; we will commence; each one shall read in his turn; I will begin; James, place yourself next to me."

They formed a circle, James sitting next to Adolphus, and the latter, in a serious voice, read fluently the first story.

"Now it is your turn," said he, presenting the book to the young peasant; "you must read."

James reddened and pushed away the book.

"Come, read, it is your turn!" and James, ashamed, confused, humbled, at last replied, "I do not know how to read."

This was what Adolphus wished, who, in order to ridicule him still more, said to the assembly, "He does not know how to read, but perhaps he knows better how to write; bring him a pen and ink."

James, blushing with shame and vexation, went out of the room crying.

At last, on the evening of this unfortunate day, Adolphus had another opportunity of ridiculing his new companion, of making him feel his ignorance, and thus displaying his own superiority.

The day was one of public rejoicing; the festival was to terminate

by fireworks, which were to be displayed in sight of the windows of James' sleeping room. Both the boys were in bed when the first explosions of the rockets were heard.

"What is that?" cried James. "Adolphus! do you see the flames rising? Look! look! Do you hear the guns? Is the house on fire?"

Adolphus immediately saw the use which he could make of the fireworks to mystify his friend. "It is perhaps the enemy," said he, "entering the city; get up, James; let us go to the window."

"No, no, I am afraid. O look, look! the sky is on fire. Oh! what cannons! the house shakes! Adolphus, Adolphus, what shall we do?"

"Come to the window where I am; one can see very well here."

"No, no, I am too much afraid."

"Come, I tell you. Here come the Russians with their mustachios; here are the Cossacks on horseback; here are the Turks with their long sabres. How they fight! Come and see them. Do you hear the grape-shot? Bang! here comes a bomb into our room." And at this moment a rocket, still smoking, fell at the foot of James' bed. James concealed himself under the covering, and called out "Papa, papa!"

Adolphus continued the comedy: "Here are the robbers; here come the Russians, the English, the Chinese, who are entering the house; they will pillage it, and make us all prisoners."

"Where shall I hide?" asked James, trembling; "they will see me here. Ah! I will get under the bed," and he sprang out and hid himself beneath the bed. Meanwhile, the fireworks were almost over; but the noise grew louder, the illumination brighter, and the shouts of the people more clamorous. At last an immense bouquet was let off, by way of conclusion; sheaves of fire rose high and fast; repeated and deafening plaudits were heard; it seemed as if the city was all in flames, and that a hundred thousand cannons were firing. James stopped his ears, trembled in every limb, and shook the floor. Finally, the last rocket having fallen and been extinguished, everything returned to darkness and silence.

"Well! where are they, then?" said James, surprised at this change of scene; "where are the Russians and the Chinese? I do not see a single lord!"

‘The fireworks are over.’

‘What! was it fireworks that made all that noise?’

‘Undoubtedly!’

‘Then, I do not like fireworks, nor parrots, nor all your little boys, nor asparagus, nor artichokes; I had rather go home with my father; I should be glad to start to-morrow, and never to see Paris any more.’

‘Well, James, I will come to visit you in your mountains; papa has promised to take me with him when he goes to visit our farm.’

In fact, M. Valcourt, who had perceived the tricks of his son, and who wished to give him a lesson in the presence of the young peasant, had resolved to take his son into the country; and the next day the landlord, the farmer, and their two sons, set out together for the poor village of the unfortunate James.

As soon as he had set foot on his mountains, James felt at his ease. There he was at home; he knew everything, could talk of everything; there was not a tree in the orchard, not a stone in the road, which was not an old acquaintance. So he pointed out to Adolphus, with a degree of pride, all the curiosities that they met with on their way. As for Adolphus, on the contrary, who had never been beyond the *barrières* of Paris, the country was novel and unknown to him. So, at every step, he asked questions about the fields, the plants, the trees, and the cattle. Here, James could take his revenge. So he did not fail to do so; and to give you an idea of the manner in which he gratified his wounded pride, I will relate to you how they spent their first day in the country.

In the morning, both went out to make an excursion into the fields.

‘Shall we go on horseback?’ said Adolphus; ‘I saw a horse in your father’s stable.’

‘Yes, but we have only one.’

‘No matter; I will ride him, and you, James, can take the mule.’

‘Come,’ said James; and they went to the stable.

‘You must put the saddle on,’ said Adolphus.

‘Oh! we do not use saddles in the country. Wait, I will help you mount; there you are! Now, go ahead! I am coming after

on my mule. Go along!" and James touched the horse with the whip. "Go along!" and horse and mule began to trot.

"Gently, gently," cried Adolphus.

"No, no," said James; "you are a good horseman; go along! Don't you see, this is the way the Cossacks ride?"

"Gently, I tell you; I shall fall off!"

"No, hold on by the mane. Go along!"

James, mounted on his mule, switch in hand, without saddle, without stirrup, galloped and held on firmly; while poor Adolphus, lying on his horse, with both arms around its neck, and the mane in his mouth, was swaying to the right and left, like an awkward coward. He would have been glad to have dismounted, but dared not say so. When they had reached the village, and all the peasants were coming to their doors to see this curious cavalcade, James said to Adolphus, so as to be heard by everybody, "Well, Sir Cavalier, since you cannot keep on the horse, you shall take my mule; get off and change animals."

Adolphus was humbled; nevertheless, as he feared a fall, he did not wait to be urged, and descended, or rather slipped off upon the ground. He mounted the mule, James took the horse, gave him a blow with the switch, and the latter started off at full speed, leaving far behind him the mule and its rider in the midst of the peasants, who were ready to burst with laughter. This time Adolphus managed to stay on; but the beast would not stir an inch. Adolphus kicked, struck her with his fists, pulled her ears, cried *Go along*, and *Gee up*; he could not make her go one step. At last James took pity on his companion; he returned on the gallop, and, without descending from his horse, seized the ass by the bridle and compelled it to trot by the side of his horse. Adolphus felt his dependence, and bit his lips in silence. At last they left the village and found themselves in the fields; the mule walked along on the edge of the road, and his cavalier, fearing that he would throw him into the ditch, turned him toward a patch of verdure.

"Let us go over this grass," said he.

"Yes, that grass is wheat."

"How, wheat?"

"Yes, wheat in the flower. It seems that you have not seen much at Paris! but take care, your mule is browsing."

“ Oh . that is nothing ; it is only upon ugly weeds.”

“ Not at all ; those weeds are potatoes.”

“ Oh ! what fine melons,” cried Adolphus.

“ Those melons are pumpkins,” said James, smiling.

Adolphus stopped making agricultural observations, and wished further off the country, the pumpkins, the mule, and his friend James.

At last both arrived at a superb cherry tree.

“ Cherries ! cherries ! Adolphus, descend and climb this tree ; here, fasten your mule. Well ; come, climb.” Adolphus clasped his arms about the tree, embraced it with all his strength, and could not succeed in getting up.

“ Courage !” cried James ; and Adolphus limed his pantaloons against the bark, made a great effort, and did not go up.

“ Well, I will climb it myself ; only hold my horse by the bridle.”

James sprang off, and using his feet and hands, in less than a minute found himself on the tree in the midst of branches full of ripe, rosy cherries.

“ How good they are !” said he.

“ Throw me some,” said Adolphus.

“ Yes, in a minute ; let me eat some first ; how good they are ! See this one, how big it is !”

“ And I ?” said Adolphus.

“ Wait, wait ; look out for the stones which are falling on your head.”

James ate on, and did not throw down any. Adolphus, with his head raised, held out his hat, begged, entreated, and received nothing. At last, when James had eaten enough, he said : “ There are no more ripe ones ; we will come again to-morrow, and I will give you some.”

“ No, give me some now.”

“ No, no, they are too green.”

“ I am hungry,” cried Adolphus.

“ *Have you breakfasted, Jaco ? have you breakfasted ?*” said James.

Adolphus was stifling with anger ; he saw that he was ridiculed . he picked up some stones and threw them into the tree. But James was active ; he mounted from branch to branch to the very top, and

when he was out of reach, continued to cry, in a hoarse voice and an ironical manner — “*Have you breakfasted, Jaco? have you breakfasted?*” At the same time he went on eating cherries, flinging down a shower of cherry stones on the face of Adolphus, who was raising his head, and repeating constantly, “*Have you breakfasted, Jaco? have you breakfasted?*”

At last Adolphus saw himself forced to beat a retreat, and full of spite, ran to relate to his father the conduct of James towards him. M. Valcourt was a wise man, and promised himself to seize this opportunity to give a good lesson to our two children.

On the evening of the same day, M. Valcourt had assembled in his room all the family, that they might listen to the reading of the Bible, as he was accustomed to do each evening in his own house. He made Adolphus sit down on one side of him, and James on the other, and opening his Testament at the eighteenth chapter of Luke, where there was an engraving, said to James: “You, my friend, brought up in the country, ought to know all the trees and all the domestic animals.”

“Oh! yes, sir, and I know all the plants even; while Adolphus, this morning, took wheat for grass, and pumpkins for melons.”

“Well; since you are so learned, look at this picture, and tell me what tree this is?”

“This tree? I do not know; perhaps it is not drawn right, and that may be the reason I do not recognize it.”

“No, the tree is drawn correctly; but you are too ignorant to know it; it is a palm tree, such as grew in Judea in the times of our Saviour, and is found in many places to this day. And that animal which you see on the right, what is it?”

“Oh! it is a great mule, only it is hump-backed.”

“No, my friend, this mule is a camel, such as is used in the East for the labors of the country. You see, therefore, that you do not know the animals any better than the trees.”

“But, sir, I never saw palm trees nor camels, and could not know them.”

“That is true; you ought to have reasoned thus this morning and said: Adolphus has never seen potatoes or wheat growing, and cannot know them; and since I do not laugh at you, you should not have laughed at him.”

Adolphus was all triumphant; he was about to have spoken to confound his enemy, when his father said to him: "And you, Adolphus, look upon this book also, and read a page to me."

Adolphus, delighted at having an opportunity to display his learning before all the peasants, approached, took the book with an air of importance, looked around upon the audience, and then upon the volume. Everybody was attentive. Adolphus looked at the book, looked again, was troubled, and did not read.

"What is the matter?" asked his father; "do you not know how to read?"

"Yes, papa, I can read and write."

"Read, then."

"But I cannot read this book."

"Well, read only one line."

"I cannot."

"One word."

"I cannot."

"One letter."

"I cannot; this book is not in our language."

"In what language is it, then?"

"I do not know."

"How, you do not know anything! Well, this book is written in Greek."

"But, papa, I have never studied Greek; it is not, therefore, surprising that I am ignorant of it."

"That is true; but then, two days since, at the city, in the parlor, you should have reasoned thus with respect to James; and when you presented him with a book of history to mortify him, should have said to yourself: Since James has never learned to read, it is not surprising that he should not know how! Now, my children, listen; I am about to read to you from this book, what will explain this engraving, with the temple which you see in the back-ground, and those two men ascending its steps.

"Jesus spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

"Two men went into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus

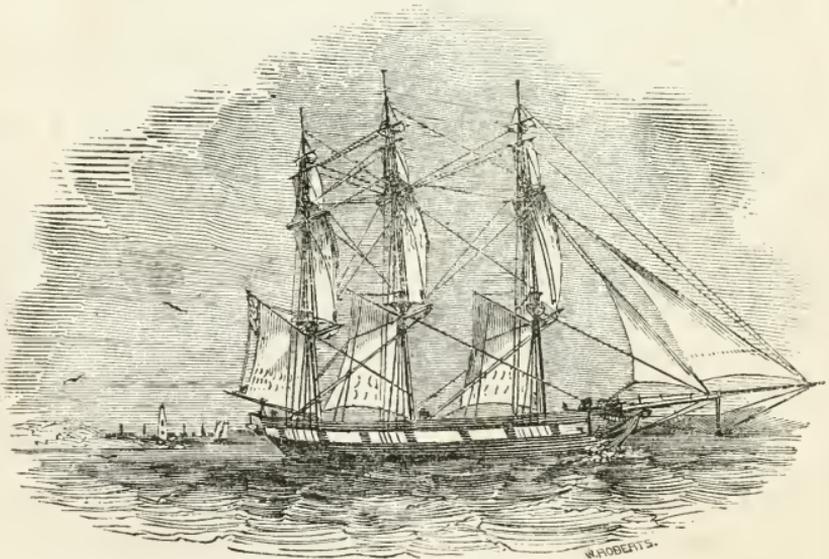
with himself: God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all I possess. And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

"You see, my children, this Pharisee boasted of being better than other men, and Jesus has told us that God condemned him. The Publican, on the contrary, acknowledged himself to be but a miserable sinner, and God pardoned and justified him. It will be thus with you; if you are proud, God will humble you; if you are humble, he will exalt you. Will you remember this, my children?"

"Yes, papa," said Adolphus; "Yes, sir," said James.

"Well, embrace each other, and may God seal your promise."

Adolphus and James shook hands and embraced. Let us hope that it was with sincerity, and that God has blessed their good resolutions.





Old Father Christmas.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Boy who loved his Sister.

“HURRAH! Hurrah! See how it snows, Caroline! It will be fine sledding to-morrow.”

“O yes, the white flakes do fall beautifully, don't they, Harry? They look like feathers falling from the sky.”

“To-morrow, Caroline, I will take my new sled to the top of Washington hill, and you shall ride on it gloriously. O, won't it be fine!” and the bright-eyed boy clapped his hands for joy.

“Yes, it will, Harry. You are very kind to think of me. I love you, brother, because you never spare any pains to make me happy.”

“Ah, who can help loving you, sister? Don't you always give me the best of your presents? And don't you always plead for me, when I have done wrong? You are so good, Caroline, that I can't help loving you.”

Thus did these lovely children talk of their affection for each other, very much to the admiration of their mother, who sat quietly sewing by the fire. As they closed their dialogue she called them to her side, and said, “It is very pleasant to see you so fond of each other, my children. You cannot think how happy I am to be the witness of your love. It is also acceptable to your Creator, whose command is, ‘Little children, love one another.’ As you are so kind to your sister, Harry, I will tell you a story.”

“O do, mamma! do, mamma!” they both exclaimed at once. So their mother laid down her work, and began the following story.

“It happened a long time ago, that Henry I., king of England, had an only son, named William. As the king was growing old, he wished all his proud barons to acknowledge his son as their future king. So he summoned many of the English nobility to his court, and then took them, with the young prince, over to Normandy, where he was duke, that the barons and chiefs might do homage to his son. There he sat in great state, and the mailed warriors came and kissed the hand of William, promising to do him service with their good swords.

“This over, they set sail for England in several vessels. The wind was fair, and the little fleet sailed gayly out of port, with gay flags and bright streamers floating proudly in the gale. But, alas

for the prince! his sailors had made themselves drunk, and before long run the vessel on a rock, where she immediately sunk.

“Upon this the sailors put Prince William into the long boat and left the wreck. As they sailed away, he heard his sister, the Countess of Perche, crying after him to save her. Moved by her cries and by the love he bore her, he ordered the sailors to row back to the rock. They were bound to obey him, and put back; but no sooner did she reach the rock than a large number of the young nobility, who had also been left, jumped on board. She went down, and the prince, with his sister and all who sailed in his vessel, except one man, perished.”

“But where was the king, mother?” inquired Harry.

“He was in another vessel, and the wind had carried her out of sight. Prince William’s ship was behind all the fleet, and no one would have known how he perished if one man had not been picked from the wreck, by some fishermen, the next morning.”

“Well, that was love, indeed,” exclaimed Caroline. “He lost his own life to save that of his sister.”

“And I would do so for you, Caroline,” said Harry, as, throwing his arms round her neck, he imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek.

The mother was moved to tears by this display of affection in her children, and placing a hand upon the head of each, she said, “May God bless you, my children! May you always love as you do to-day!”

Tears.

THE lucid tear from Flavia’s eye,
Down her soft cheek in pity flows;
As ether drops forsake the sky,
To cheer the blushing, drooping rose.
For, like the sun, her eyes diffuse
O’er her fair face so bright a ray,
That tears must fall like heavenly dews,
Lest the twin roses fade away.

MRS ROBINSON.

Do not blame others for what you have done yourself.

"CHARLES, how is this—did you turn over the inkstand?" asked his mother.

"No, Henry did it; he ran against the table and upset it."

"I say Charles pushed me, and I could not help it," said Henry.

"Well, he would not give me my pen, and I was trying to get it away from him."

"It seems, then, boys, you had a struggle, and, between you both, the inkstand was upset. But I should have been much better pleased with you, if you had each confessed your share in the accident, without blaming the other."

"See how John has broke my cart!" says Thomas.

"John must have been very naughty; but how did he do it?"

"He tripped me up, and made me fall on it, and broke it."

"Did John mean to trip you up?"

Thomas hung down his head.

"My boy, why did you not say you stumbled over John, and fell on your cart, and broke it? It would have been more honest, and honorable too."

"Mary, how did you tear your dress?" inquired her mother.

"I did not; Jane tore it."

"I did not think Jane was so bad a girl; how did she do it?"

"She made me tear it, and that is just as bad."

"Certainly. How did she make you tear it?"

"She made me run against a nail, and it caught, and was torn."

"But I do not quite understand how she should make you run against a nail."

"She was trying to catch me, and I——"

"And you ran against the nail and tore your dress; was it not so? It was an accident, though I am afraid you are rather careless; and because Jane was playing with you at the time, you blame her for it. Is that a candid little girl?"

I am sorry to say, it is very common for children, when they

have caused any trifling accident, to lay the blame on their companions, though nothing can be more cowardly and ungenerous. Little readers, did you never know any instances like these?

Banks of the River Nile.



HERE you see men and camels, and trees and tents, an account of which would be very interesting; but it is my design to tell you only of the river, which flows in their midst. At the time the Bible account of the Egyptians was given, they had not traced the Nile to its source; and their ignorance of its source is thought to have been one reason for their great veneration of the river. As but very little rain fell in Egypt, and yet the river continued to flow and periodically overflow, the people were held in mysterious wonder.

The Nile is sometimes called the river of Egypt. Through the dangerous and indefatigable labors of Mr. Bruce, an English gentleman, it has been ascertained that the permanent fountains of the

Nile are situated in the mountains of Abyssinia, and in the regions to the west and southwest of that country; and that the occasional inundations of the river are caused by the periodical rains which fall in those districts.

Look upon your maps, if you have not a distinct impression of the location and course of this river. After having watered several kingdoms, it flows far into the kingdom of Goiam. Then it winds about from the east to the north, and then falls into Egypt at the cataracts, or waterfalls, over steep rocks of the length of two hundred feet. At the bottom of these rocks the Nile returns to its usual place, and thus flows through the valley of Egypt. The breadth of its channel is about a league.

At eight miles below Grand Cairo, it is divided into two arms, which make a triangle, whose base is at the Mediterranean Sea, and which the Greeks call the Delta, because of its figure, Δ . These two arms are divided into others, which discharge themselves into the Mediterranean Sea, the distance of which from the top of the Delta is about sixty miles.

The Egyptians paid divine honors to this river, and called it Jupiter Nilus. Christians admire the river, and honor Him who made it.

As I said before, very little rain ever falls in Egypt; never a sufficient quantity to fertilize the land; and were it not for the wonderful provision of this bountiful river, the country would be condemned to perpetual sterility. But as it is, the regularity of the flood, the deposite of rich soil from the water of the river, and the warmth of the climate, make it one of the most fertile countries in the world: the produce exceeds all the calculation of New England boys.

It has, in consequence, been, in all ages, the granary of the east; and has on more than one occasion, an instance of which you will find in the history of Joseph, saved the neighboring countries from starvation.

“Moses, my lad, what is meekness?”

“It is what gives smooth answers to rough questions.”

“Right; you may go to the head.”

Dialogue between Lily and Mary about the Angels.

BY MARY FORRESTER.

Mary.

SISTER Lily, can you tell
Where the holy angels dwell?
Is it very, very far,
Up above the moon and star?

Lily.

Holy angels, sister dear,
Dwell with little children here;
Every night and every day
With the good they love to stay.

Mary.

Yet I never see them come,
Never know when they go home,
Never hear them speak to me,—
Sister dear, how can it be?

Lily.

Mary, did you never hear
Something whisper in your ear,
“Don’t be naughty, never cry,
God is looking from the sky?”

Mary.

Yes, indeed; and it must be
That’s the way they speak to me
These are just the words they say
Many times in every day.

Lily.

And they kindly watch us, too,
When the flowers are wet with dew;
When we’re tired, and go to sleep,
Angels then, our slumbers keep.

Every night, and every day,
 When we work, and when we play,
 God's good angels watch us still,
 Keeping us from every ill.

When we 're good, then they are glad ;
 Are we naughty, they are sad ;
 Should we very wicked grow,
 Then away from us they 'll go.

Mary.

Oh, I would not have them go,
 I do love the angels so ;
 I will never naughty be,
 So they 'll always stay with me.

Filial Devotion.

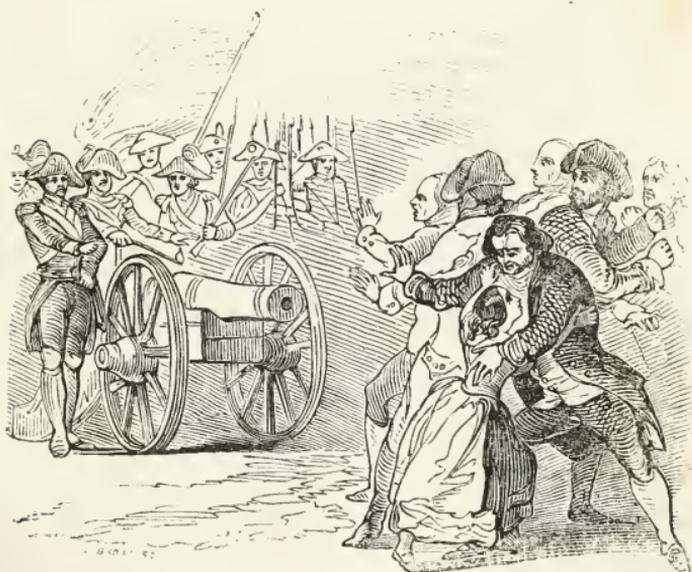
"Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven :
 And if there be a human tear,
 From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
 A tear so limpid, and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

DURING the sanguinary period of the French revolution, when crimes and horrors were continually perpetrated, the sacred affections of kindred and of friendship were often powerfully excited.

One such instance occurred amid the terrified massacres of an age unparalleled in atrocity ; when crowds of unfortunate persons were condemned unheard, and loaded cannon were directed to play upon them. Yet not only in France and its dependencies — among the instances of unflinching heroism and filial love, which La Vendée continually exhibited, but in the far-off West, in one of those unfortunate islands where the massacres of the reign of terror were acted on a less extended theatre.

An honest Creole, whose only crime consisted in possessing the inheritance of his ancestors, was denounced as inimical to the republic, and sentenced to die with a crowd of his fellow-countrymen. But happily for this virtuous colonist, he was the father of a little girl, eminently endowed with courage, energy, and affection; and when the moment of separation from his family arrived, this courageous child resolved to follow and share his sufferings, however terrible to her tender age. In vain did the father entreat his little Annette to remain at home, and the mother, with streaming eyes, seek to retain her child by force. Entreaties and commands were equally unavailing, and, rushing from the door, she continued to follow, at a little distance, the rough men who urged her unhappy father to the place of execution. Small time sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of the condemned; his eyes were blinded, and his hands tied together, while the executioners made ready those murderous engines which were soon to open a heavy fire of grape-shot upon the crowds who awaited their death in silence.



But suddenly a little girl sprang forward, and her voice, tremulous with emotion, uttered the piercing cry of—“Oh! my father, my father!” The lookers on endeavored to snatch her from de-

struction, and those who were alike condemned to death, menaced the poor child, in order to drive her from among them. Annette bounded with light step towards her father, as she had been wont to do in happier days, when awaiting his welcome voice, and throwing her little arms around his neck, she waited to perish with the author of her days.

“O my child, my dearest child! the cherished and only hope of thy wretched mother, now on the eve of widowhood,” exclaimed her trembling and weeping father, “I command, I conjure thee to go away.”

“No, papa, we will die together.”

This unexpected incident disconcerted the director of the massacre. Perhaps he was himself a father, and the thought of his own children might arise within him. Certain it is, that his ferocious heart was softened; he ordered the Creole away, and commanded that he should be taken to prison with his child. Amid the rage of civil discord, and the alternate ascendancy of contending factions, a brief respite was not unfrequently productive of the happiest consequences. Such was the case in the present instance. The face of affairs became changed; the father was restored to his family, and ceased not to speak with the tenderest emotion of his little daughter, then only ten years of age.

Many who heard the tale, in after years, pleased themselves with thinking that the human heart is never completely insensible to the voice of nature. But the contrary has been unhappily evinced in those fearful tragedies which have so often disgraced its history, in which the tears of suffering innocence have vainly sought for sympathy and compassion. We cannot, therefore, attribute so wonderful a deliverance to those innate principles of virtue and benevolence, which are thought by some incapable of being totally eradicated in the breast of even the most atrocious and sanguinary. We must rather give to Him the glory, in whose hands are the hearts of men; and who, in preserving the life of a virtuous individual, has permitted to all young people a beautiful and impressive instance of the reward of filial devotion.

Sammy and Willie.

BY COUSIN MARY.

SAMUEL and William were two little boys of about the same age. They lived in the same village, and on the same street. Perhaps we ought to tell our little readers that this village had only *two streets*, — one running north and south, without stopping at all; and the other running east and west, terminates at one end by the meeting-house, and at the other by the mill pond. Sammy was a gentle, blue-eyed boy, who made but little trouble, either for himself or others. Not so Willie. The neighbors used to call him “rattling, roaring Bill.” In the morning, when the bright sun was shining over the green hills, and the sweet buds were preparing to bloom, Willie would be scrambling out of bed and down stairs (as often head foremost as any way.) Oh, in *such* a hurry, a world of business on his little hands, and no time to do it in! And what was the reason? Perhaps I cannot better tell you, than by writing down a dialogue between him and Sammy.

Willie. Sam! come here, do, I beg you, just a minute. I declare, I shall be late to school again, to-day.

Sammy. I can help you just five minutes, Willie, if you will tell me quick what to do. I have not had a “tardy mark” this summer; I should be sorry to get one.

Willie. Well, then, just finish weeding that bed for me. No, hoe that row out, if you please. Or, Sammy, just run and drive those sheep out of the field; father told me to do it long ago, but I could n't find time. Don't stop to finish weeding now, Sammy.

Sammy. Oh yes, I must, or I shall break my rule, “One thing at a time.” That's my rule; I never break it.

Willie. Guess, if you lived here, you'd have to break your rule or your neck.

Sammy. I have finished the flower bed, and will now hoe the row.

Willie. How fast you work! I have n't done a thing yet, only stand and talk.

Sammy. There, that is done. Get your hat and books while I drive out the sheep.

In a few moments the little boys were on their way to school, while Willie, who had received a new idea, began to talk of Sammy's rule.

Willie. How do you manage to keep a rule like that, Sam? I'll tell you what, sir, if you had as much to do as I have you could n't do it. "One thing at a time," indeed! I never did one thing at a time since I was born; I can't stop for that.

Sammy. But don't you have to finish what you begin?

Willie. Be sure I do; father is mighty particular. Everything has to be done; but there is no such thing as doing one thing at a time; 't would take forever. Your father don't make you drive so.

Sammy. How much had you to do this morning, Willie?

Willie. Why, in the first place, I had to get up, and eat my breakfast.

Sammy. Oh, I meant *work*.

Willie. Don't you call that *work*? I call it about as hard work as a fellow can do, that of getting up in the morning.

Sammy. And eating his breakfast, eh?

Willie. Why, as to that, if a body could have an hour or so for this business, it would n't be so hard; but I can't spend time to eat. I never get up from the table without thinking it is a mercy that I have n't been choked to death. But I must tell you what father gave me to do. First, then, I had to drive the cows to pasture, then get my geography, then I had to weed that bed, and hoe that row, and — and drive out the sheep. Now, tell me, what you had to do.

Sammy. I took time to get up and dress myself, to read a chapter in my little Testament, and say my morning prayer; I ate my breakfast, without choking, went half a mile on an errand for mother, and studied my lessons on the way.

Willie. Then you broke your rule; that was doing more than one thing at a time.

Sammy. Oh no, sir! we can make our minds work with our hands and our feet, and they will be no hindrance one to the other. When I came home, I hoed two rows, helped Kezzy churn, turned

the grindstone half an hour, and read half an hour to poor old grandmother.

Willie. How *could* you do so much ?

Sammy. By setting right about it ; doing one thing at a time, and keeping at it till all was done.

Willie. I declare ! I must learn that rule of yours ; it's capital.

Sammy. Easier learned than practised, Willie ; but once learned, and practised, not often broken.



Reading.

Boys — read something useful every day. Something to reflect upon and talk about while at your work, or on the road to school. Be inquisitive ; find out things. Don't let the blood pass from your heart to your fingers' ends thousands of times, and you know nothing of its motions. Store your minds early in life with wisdom. Crowd in a little daily. Remember Roger Sherman. He was one of the

noblest examples of how much self-cultivation may do to make a great man. His school privileges were of the most ordinary kind. Early in life he was apprenticed to a shoemaker; and instead of joining in the vulgar conversation so common to many of his companions, he would sit at his work with an open book before him, and devote every moment to study that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged.

Be saving of your little allowances, and buy books. Lives of good and great men. Men such as Washington, and Penn, and Howard, and a host of others, whose virtues, which you must try to imitate, have rendered their names immortal.

Cultivate a taste for reading. The field of interest and instruction is boundless, to which it will lead you.

Little Frank and the Boat.

ONE summer morning, as little Frank Merrill lay in his bed, fast asleep, he dreamed that he was in the top of a high tree, and that the wind kept shaking him up and down, and that at last it began to rain, and the great drops came spattering in his face. This annoyed him so much that he opened his eyes, and found his mother, after trying in vain to awaken him by shaking, was dropping water in his face from a tumbler, which she held in her hand.

"Ah, you little sleepy-head!" said she, laughingly, "here I have been trying for a quarter of an hour to make you wake up, for your father and I are going out in the new boat, to get some pond-lilies, and if you like, you may go with us."

Frank jumped up and dressed himself as quickly as possible, for he had never been out in the new boat, although, in the week which had elapsed since it was brought home, he had many times wished to go. As soon as he was dressed, therefore, he ran down stairs, and scarcely waiting to eat any breakfast, seized his hat, and off he went to the boat. But when there he could do nothing until his father came with the key, for the boat was fastened to a tree by a chain and padlock. So the little boy sat down under the great trees, and watched the little blue waves as they came rolling up over the clean white sand, until they almost touched his feet. Frank

liked the soft splashing music which they made, mingled, as it was, with the gay songs of the birds, which were now quite wide awake and happy, flying from tree to tree, and bidding good-morning to all their little feathered neighbors. So little Frank sat quite contentedly under the tree for a short time, and then his father and mother came, and after his father had unlocked the boat and helped his wife and Frank to get in, the boat was pushed from the shore, and they glided off into the deep water. After Mr. Merrill had rowed them about in the middle of the pond for some time, Frank's mother said, "Now let us get some lilies, and then go home, before the hot sun begins to pour down upon us." So they went to the further end of the pond, where there were a great quantity of lilies growing.

They looked very beautiful, with their pure white corollas and bright golden stamens, looking like stars dropped just from the sky among the broad dark green leaves. Little Frank was delighted. He bent over the side of the boat, plucking the beautiful flowers and inhaling their sweet breath.

"Father," said he, "when the pond was so very high, last week, I noticed that the lilies were here, on the top of the water, and now that the pond is at least a foot lower, they are in just the same place. If they are only tall enough to come to the top of the water *now*, I should think when it was so much higher they would have been covered with water."

"And so they would, my son, but that the Creator of all things has, in his all-seeing wisdom, provided a way by which they are enabled to accommodate themselves to all variations of the changing element in which they grow. Their stems are spiral, like a corkscrew, so that when the tide is high they can stretch up, and when low, they settle down. I can give you a very good example of what I mean in one of your mother's long curls; you see, when I take hold at the end and pull, it stretches out much longer, and then I can coil it up till it is hardly an inch long. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my dear father, and thank you for telling me. But see that beautiful lily just beyond the end of the boat,—will you get it for me?"

"Yes, Frank; but as you see, now that you have it, it is no better than the others. You must learn, my boy, not to always desire that which is 'a little beyond' what you already have."

Mr. Merrill now took the oars, and very soon they all disembarked under the shade of the great green trees, and the boat was again fastened securely with its chain, and Frank carried the lilies to the house, where his mother arranged them in vases.

As Mr. Merrill went into the house, he hung the key of the boat upon a nail in the back entry, and said to Frank, "Now remember, my son, that you must never take down that key, nor let any of your companions do so, for you are not old or strong enough to manage the boat, nor do I wish you to ever go out in it, unless I am with you."

"Yes, papa," answered Frank; and his father mounted his horse and went into Boston, for he was a merchant, and though he lived out of town, went to the city every day, and did not return until evening. After he was gone, Frank had his lessons to get and recite to his mother, and then he ate his dinner, after which he was allowed to amuse himself in his own way until night. So he called his dog, whose name was Ponto, and went down to the pond to make him swim. When he arrived there he found a boy about his own age, or a little older, who was fishing from the shore. This boy was the son of a poor and intemperate man, who lived in the village, and went by the name of "Old Jake." When Frank saw this boy he called out to him, in rather too haughty a tone for such a little boy to use,

"Here, you sir! what are you doing on my father's ground? Take yourself off, pretty quick too, or I will set my dog on to you."

The boy looked up meekly, and answered, "If you will be so kind, sir, as to let me catch some fish for my mother, I shall be very much obliged to you; for she is sick."

Frank was generally very good-humored, but he had allowed himself to dislike this boy without any cause, and he was not now disposed to do him a favor. So he answered, angrily,

"My father does not allow vagabonds to go wandering over his place and catching his fish, and so you may just take yourself off as quick as you can go. Do you hear?"

A quick flush passed over the boy's face, and he was going to make an angry answer, but restraining himself, he gathered up his fishing-tackle and went away, without again speaking.

Frank looked after him, and as he lost sight of his form he colored with shame, and ran a few steps after him to recall him, but



stopping suddenly, he said to himself, "Well, he *is* a vagabond, and I know that father would not want him here."

So Frank threw a stick into the water, and Ponto went after it, and then Frank ran a race with him, but he did not find so much amusement as he had anticipated, for he could not help thinking of the poor boy, whom he had spoken to in such an insulting manner, and none of his plays were so amusing as usual. All at once he thought, "Oh! how I should like to go and row round among the lilies again, as I did this morning." And he was half way to the house, before he recollected that his father had forbidden his going out alone. He stopped, and turning slowly back, sat down under a great tree and looked around him to find something by which to amuse himself. Everything was very beautiful; the sky was cloudless and of a clear bright blue—the gentle breeze slightly moved

the thick leaves, and cooled the heated brow of the restless boy — the thick, short grass looked fresh and soft and green, and the merry crickets were chirping away in all directions — the pond rolled its blue waters at the foot of the hill, and ever and anon a fish would leap up from its bosom, making a slight splash, and leaving the water to circle and dimple, for a few moments before it returned to its former tranquillity. All but the heart of the little boy, who lay stretched beneath the tree, was peaceful and quiet. All at once he jumped up, and walked quickly toward the house, saying to himself, “Father will never know it, and there is nothing else for me to do.” He crept softly into the house, and taking the key from the nail, ran off again as quickly as possible; he easily unfastened the boat, and pushed it off with one oar, and managed, after a good while, and by dint of very hard work, to reach the place where the lilies grew; but lo! there were none to be seen; only, when he looked very closely, he could see some little oval green pods, which he perceived were the lilies, closed up and wrapped in their calyxes. Frank was extremely disappointed, vexed, and surprised; for he did not know that these flowers always close up about noon, and do not open until the next morning. He paddled round for a while, and then, as the sun was near the west, he turned his boat towards home. When he was about twenty yards from the land he saw his little spaniel, Ponto, standing at the edge of the water, and whining. Frank called out to him to come, and Ponto came swimming out, and was soon at the side of the boat. Frank tried to help him in, but in stooping over the edge he destroyed the equilibrium of the boat, and over they all went into the water. Frank rose to the top again, and tried to scream, but the water rushed into his mouth and prevented his utterance. He sunk under the water with a dizzy sensation, and a feeling that he was about to die. In a moment everything he had ever done wrong flashed across his mind with the rapidity of lightning; but in front of them all stood out his last act of disobedience to his father, and his unkindness to the poor boy. They filled his heart with keen anguish, and he felt that it would be easy to die, if his spirit were free from sin. Although these thoughts embraced the wrong actions of his whole life, they lasted but a moment, and then he lost his senses, and sank to the bottom.

When Frank opened his eyes again he was lying upon his own nice bed, and surrounded by his father and mother, the doctor, and the same pale boy whom he had sent away that afternoon.

His mother put her arms around him and kissed him again and again, while she exclaimed, "Now God be thanked, my child, that thou art still alive!"

"Why, mother, what is the matter, and why do you cry so?" asked Frank, for he could not remember anything that had passed. His mother told him that he had tipped the boat over, and that just as he was sinking, this poor boy (whose name was John Brown) returned to the spot to look for some of his fishing-tackle, and, seeing what had happened, plunged in and rescued him before it was too late. Upon hearing this, Frank burst into tears, and holding out his hand to John, said,

"Oh! can you forgive me for treating you so? How could you risk your own life to save me, who had just driven you away in such an unkind manner?"

"My mother always taught me," answered John, "to return good for evil, and to do to others as I would they should do to me. I did no more than I ought to do for you or anybody, and do not deserve to be praised for it."

The doctor here interfered, and said that Frank must not talk any more, but must go to sleep. Accordingly, all but his mother left the room, and Frank soon sunk into a sound and refreshing slumber.

This lesson, though severe, proved very useful to Frank. It was very seldom, after this, that he was known to disobey his parents, or speak unkindly to any one not so much blessed as himself in worldly advantages. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill took John Brown and sent him to school, in a town some distance from where his father was known, and he grew up to be a respectable and honest man. Frank always was his friend, and was more kind to him than to many richer and more high-born men.

The Clever Boy.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.



“WELL, but grandmamma!” expostulated Edwin, “everybody says I am very clever; — now do not laugh; everybody says so, and what everybody says must be true.”

“First,” replied his grandmother, “I do not think that what everybody says must of necessity be true; and, secondly, in what consists your ‘everybody’?”

“Why, there is nurse.”

“Capital authority! an old woman who nursed your mother, and consequently, loves *you* dearly; go on.”

“And the doctor; — he said I was a good boy, the other morning, when I swallowed the pill without a wry face.”

“Go on.”

“All the servants.”

“Excellent servants, Edwin, for the situations they are engaged to fill, but bad judges of a young gentleman’s cleverness. The rector —?”

“That is cruel of you, grandmamma,” replied our conceited little friend; “you know he would not say it, because I did not get through the commandment, in the class, last Wednesday evening.”

“Does your papa say you are clever?”

The little fellow made no reply.

“Do your schoolfellows?”

“They are all big boys.”

“Then your character for cleverness depends on the old nurse, the still older doctor, and the servants!”

Edwin was again silent.

“This,” observed his grandmother, “recalls to my mind one of Randy the Woodcutter’s fables.”

A very pretty little tree grew near a quickset hedge that was cut close by the gardener, and the hedge looked up to the tiny little tree with great respect. It was so short itself that it fancied the tree was very tall; there were several brambles and nettles also round about, and they were perpetually praising the little tree, and increasing its vanity by their flattery. One day an old rook, the oldest in the rookery, perched on the little tree.

“What do you mean,” said the tiny tree, “by troubling me with your familiarity? The idea of such a bird as you presuming to rest upon my branches!” and the little tree rustled its leaves and looked very angry.

“Caw! caw!” quoth the rook, which signified “Ah! ah! Why better trees than you are glad to give me a resting-place; I thought you would be gratified by the compliment paid you by alighting on your quivering bough, and by the pleasure of my company; a little thing like you could hardly have possessed much attraction for king rook; but, indeed, I only perched upon you because you are a little taller than brambles.”



The dwarf tree considered it as great an insult to be called a “little thing” as some folks do to be considered “not clever;” and

he said a number of foolish words ; amongst others, that " there were birds that could not fly over him."

" Ay, indeed," answered the rook, " wrens that never mount higher than a hedge !"

The rook soon flew away " caw cawing," at the folly and conceit of the little tree, and meeting the gardener — " Good friend," he said, " I have just now been much struck by the conceit and absurdity of a little tree beside yonder hedge. It is rather a pretty little thing, and might be brought to something, if it were in the society of trees taller and wiser than itself ; but while it has no other companions than brambles and bushes it will never try to grow tall : do, good friend, take pity on this tree, and remove it into better company." And the gardener had a great respect for the opinion of the old rook, and went, the next day, with a spade, and removed the turf, and bared the roots of the conceited tree. " It is a stunted little thing," he said, " but I will place it in society that will *draw it up*," and he transplanted it into a plantation where there were straight and noble trees. The little sapling felt bitterly its own insignificance, and its leaves hung helplessly from the boughs ; there were neither hedges, nor brambles, nor nettles, to flatter its vanity — nothing to pamper its self-love. There was nothing it could look down on ; the woodbine turned to the oak for support, and the wild vine clung around the ash. *Thus*, when the little tree derived no pleasure from looking *down*, it began to look *up* ; there was a proud fierce sound amid the leaves of the noble trees, and the breezes carried the sound far and wide. The gardener had planted the little tree where it had plenty of head-room, and a very beautiful beech, which grew near it, said, " Dear me, how you are shooting !" and several of the good-natured trees remarked one to the other, that " their little neighbor seemed determined to grow." This was quite true ; when removed from the babble of low bred flattery, and placed with those that were better and higher than itself, the little tree began to understand that false praise — that is, praise for what is not deserved — is the bitterest of all censures ; and all his hope was, that he might grow like other trees, to be useful according to his kind. One stormy night, a sheep and her lamb sheltered beneath his branches ; that made the tree, now no longer little, very happy,

In a few more years the gardener laid his hand on his stem, and said to a gentleman who was walking with him, "See what cultivation — which is the education of trees — does! This was a little stunted thing; but the good society of tall saplings drew it up. See what it is now!"

And another day, when there was a very high wind, the tree saw an old gray-headed rook drifting about, and he invited him to rest, and the rook did so, and the tree recognized the voice of his old friend. "I am happy to see you, grandfather rook," he said; "very happy to see you; you and yours are quite welcome to rest on or build your nests among my branches; but for you, I should have remained as I was, to be fooled and flattered by brambles now — but I have learned to let acts and not words tell what I am." And the old rook "caw cawed" again and again, and signified that he knew the time would come when that very tree would be remarked alike for its vigor and its beauty. And the old rook told the history of the tree, as old people sometimes tell histories, over and over again.

"I am sure he would be very proud if it taught you, my dear, the folly of believing that you are clever, because people who do not understand what cleverness is say you are so."

Stories for Little Fred.

BY AUNT ABBY.

LAURA LEE AND HER DOG POMPEY.

LAURA LEE! Bless her pretty face! I can never forget her. She was one of the most delicious little fairies in existence. Her face shone with truth; you could read every thought before the lips opened, and bright and beautiful they were too!

The first time I saw her, she was only a wee toddling baby, lisping her half-formed words; with her arms clasped around old Pompey's shaggy neck, tugging away, and pleading in a coaxing tone, "Tum into de house, Pompey; Pompey, tach a torf!"

I remember Laura in her girlhood; wooing the sunshine into her soul; talking to the flowers; herself as fresh and fair as a wild

mountain daisy. Yes, the angel of life plucked every thorn from her early pathway; she was the only child of her father, and he was widowed. Her mother died when she was a very little baby; so very small that she could not even hold up her head; but her father was all in all to her. He surrounded her with the warm atmosphere of love, and she looked upon the world through the fresh glass of an inexperienced heart. The baubles of wealth glittered about her, but God sent a cloud athwart her heaven, to refine her spirit, and draw her nearer to himself.

Deadly disease fastened upon her father's frame; his face grew paler day by day, and often, as he pressed his cheek to hers, she would feel his tears upon her lip; and then he would draw her very close to his heart, as though he could not spare her.

He died; and they took her into the dark room, and turned back the damp death-cloth, and told her that was death. She looked very long at first — she was sure that her papa was sleeping! Then she bent down her little head and listened, waiting to hear the breath; but the lips were stiff and cold; and when she softly raised her hand against his cheek, she shrank back, for it felt just like ice. She never saw any one dead before, and could not understand it. Her old nurse tried to tell her, and then she climbed up close by his side, and began to talk — “Father, father, wake up! Laura is all, all alone! Why did not I die too? Let me die! Oh, father! they will lay thee in the dark ground, and the cold wind will blow, and the snow will pile up over thee! Nobody will love Laura now; nobody will hear her sing; nobody will kiss her, and rock her asleep! Father, wake up, or else let Laura die too!”

Her kind nurse carried her out of that still room, and told her though her father was dead, and his cheek felt so cold, yet the soul was not dead, — that had gone to heaven; and by and by, if she was a good child, and loved God, that she would go there too. They would bury her father in the ground, but the green grass would spring up over his grave, and the little daisies would blossom there; and the brook would go rippling by; and the robins would build their nests in the trees overhead, and sing all their pleasantest songs!

The tears dried on her cheek as she listened to the old nurse's tale, and she promised not to cry any more.

They carried her father out from before her face ; and she heard the earth as it rattled down upon the coffin ; she saw them as they rounded the sods over the grave ; and oh, it was dreadful to hear her sob — “ My father ! my dear father ! come back again, father ! Don't be dead any longer ! There is nobody will love Laura now ! ”

She went back to her home, and there stood her papa's easy-chair ; but there was no father there, and she sat down close beside it on the floor, and began to cry. Pompey came into the room, and began to rub his head back and forth against her, and licked her little hands, as though trying to comfort her ; and Laura always loved him after that night better than before.

But they did not leave her alone. Poverty was added to her sorrow ; for in one night all her father's estate was swept away by fire. All the cherished things of home were sold at public sale — only Pompey remained to console Laura in her loneliness ! But she had no longer a home. After a little time, a place was found for her with a hard-faced milliner ; first, as a little errand-girl, and after that as an apprentice. Her mistress objected to taking Pompey ; she said “ she could not afford to keep dogs ! a good-for-nothing, lazy thing ! ” Then poor Laura cried bitterly — “ Do let me keep poor Pompey ! — he is my only friend ! — don't be so cruel as to take him away ! ” Then a friend came forward and interceded for Laura, and she was allowed to keep Pompey ; and after that, every day, Laura and Pompey might be seen trudging about the streets of the city, loaded down by the weight of bundles.

But it was a cold atmosphere for Laura, so unlike her home, with her dear, kind father, that the harsh words which her mistress gave her stiffened about her heart, and half benumbed it. It was only in the free air, with Pompey trotting by her side, that she breathed again. Many a long talk she used to have with him, about her father, and the bright, beautiful heaven, far above the stars, where God lived, and the angels, and all good people when they died !

As Laura grew older, she grew very lovely ; and her mistress grew envious of her extreme beauty, and prest heavy burdens upon her ; and the poor girl was obliged to plod about the city, weary and foot-sore, and she had no friend to shield her from unkindness. By and by, sickness overtook her ; and then the harsh hands grew

harder, and, worse than all, Pompey was pushed and beaten, and she could not save him ; and in the night-time her pillow was wet with tears, and Pompey moaned to hear her desolate crying. Her cheeks lost their rich roundness, and the veins peeped out from her temples, and the red lips paled ; but still her busy fingers worked on — sew, sew, sew — at her appointed tasks. One night, Laura and Pompey stole out to look again on God's bright heaven, and to breathe the fresh air of evening. Eight years had passed since her father's death, and now she wandered on, until she entered the grave-yard, and stood once again by her father's grave. She sat down beside it, and laid her head upon the turf, and wept fast and bitterly. A good angel awoke in her heart, and told her that God was good — very good and kind ; that he would take care of all his creatures ; and even if Pompey should be killed, as her mistress threatened, still God would be always left ; and if she should die, then God would take her soul to heaven, and they would make a grave for her close beside her dear father's.

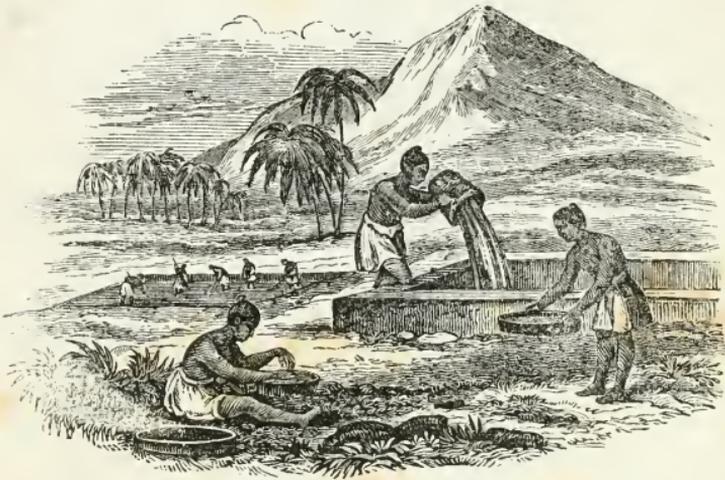
While she sat there, thinking of all these things, she felt a hand laid upon her head, and when she looked up a kind voice inquired her name. “ Laura Lee, and this is my father's grave ! ” “ Then you are my little niece ! ” said the stranger, in return ; “ for James Lee was my only brother, and this, alas, is his grave ! ”

Sure enough, this was Laura's uncle, who had been a great many years in Africa ; and now he had come home, to find only Laura left, of all his own family. You may well imagine she had no more trouble, for both herself and Pompey were well taken care of, and in a little while she grew stout and healthy once more ; and now she is a grown-up woman, and everybody loves and speaks well of Laura Lee.

Diamond Mines.

You have all heard of mines, no doubt, and you have pictured to yourselves deep, and I had almost said bottomless, chasms in connection with the subject. It is true the term *mine*, in most cases, signifies a place under ground ; but sometimes this is not the case.

I have determined to give you a short history of the various kinds of mines, and shall commence this month with the most valuable of all known substances, diamonds. Perhaps I ought not to say *valuable*, for in one sense they are not so. People never eat them, nor are they, in any case, necessary for the health or happiness of mankind. Diamonds are very rarely found, and herein consists their great value. They are very brilliant stones; and as ornaments, wherewith to deck and adorn a person's dress, they are certainly unsurpassed.



It is somewhat remarkable that diamonds are found only in the torrid zone, and all mines are generally about the same distance from the equator. There are very brilliant stones in England and various other countries, but no real diamonds. The diamond mines of Golconda have been long held in the highest esteem. The principal mine is at Raolconda, five days' journey from the city of Golconda; this was discovered in the seventeenth century. The country is woody and rocky, approaching the range of hills running across the province. In the crevices of the rocks is sometimes found a sort of vein of sand, not more than one inch wide, and frequently not above half that width; so that the miners are obliged to employ hooked irons, with which they rake out the earth and sand; and it is among this loose stuff that the diamonds are found. They wash it with great care, securing all the stones it contains. When the

vein ceases, they split the rocks still further by fire, and thus recover the vein, or find another. These veins frequently extend a quarter of a mile.

The value and beauty of the diamond are greatest when it is so perfectly clear that the stone itself is scarcely discerned, but only the brilliant ray of light which its polished surface reflects. It is then called a diamond of the *first water*; so called from the fact that it resembles a drop of pure spring water.

The value of these gems being very great, and the secreting of them easy, the miners are obliged to work quite naked. There are persons on the watch, also, to prevent any diamonds being concealed. The famous diamond of the Great Mogul was found in the neighborhood of Gani or Coulour, about seven days' journey from Golconda. This mine was discovered one hundred and fifty years ago, by a peasant, who was digging, and met with a diamond of twenty-five carats' weight. That of the Great Mogul weighed, before it was cut, nearly eight hundred carats. It is not common to find them above the weight of from ten to forty. There are frequently sixty thousand persons employed at this mine. When they find a spot which appears likely to afford diamonds, they begin, in some place near at hand, to form a cistern, or pool with clay; into this is brought the earth which the men have dug out of the appointed spot. Here, with water, they loosen the earth, and permit the lighter mud to run off. The stony substances which remain after the earthy particles are washed away, are sifted, and then examined in a bright noon-day light, which is reflected by the diamonds, and exposes them at once. Those who are accustomed to the business can sometimes detect the diamonds by the nice feeling of their fingers.

The river Succudan, in the island of Borneo, is said to abound in diamonds; but strangers are not permitted to go thither. Now and then, however, by great cunning and caution, some very excellent stones have been obtained by the Dutch, and sold at Batavia.

Diamonds were first found in Brazil in 1728. The negroes, who were condemned to search for gold, often found, among the sand and gravel, little bright stones, which, after examination, proved to be diamonds of very great value. The place is called

Cerro-do-frio, and is north of Villa Rica. At the river Yigit-on-hou-ha, however, is the most important of the Brazilian mines. The course of the river is impeded by a bank made by the miners, with thousands of bags of sand. The pools thus formed are pumped dry; the mud of the river is washed away, and the earth, in which they expect to find diamonds, is taken out and carried away for washing and searching. They erect a kind of shed of upright posts supporting a thatched roof to shelter the negroes while at work. Through the middle of this shed a current of water is made to flow, for washing the earth which is about to be searched. On the sides of the stream are wooden troughs, each about a yard wide; and in every trough is a negro slave with a rake prepared for the purpose. The earth is then put in, about a bushel at a time, and a small stream of water let on. It is raked over and over, until the light earth is wholly washed away, and a sort of gravel only remains. Overseers, seated in chairs with whips, are appointed to watch the process, and to see that the negroes do not conceal the diamonds. If a negro finds a diamond that weighs seventeen and a half carats, he is immediately set at liberty for life. He also receives a present of new clothes, and may work on his own account if he pleases.

It is remarkable that diamonds are of the same substance as charcoal. To many persons it must appear incredible, that the darkest and brightest substances in nature are so nearly allied. Such, however, is the fact.

Anecdote of an Egyptian Governor.

A MERCHANT, who had been ruined by taxation, one day observed to me,—“Listen to the following story. You will recognize in it the image of the justice of Mohammed Ali, on whom be the curse of God! There lived at Menouf a rich manufacturer of silk. One night a robber broke into his house. Having no light with him, this malefactor ran his eye against a nail, which stuck out from the wall, and blinded himself. Discomfited by this accident, he got out of the house as well as he could, whilst the manufacturer still slept. Next day the robber went to complain to the governor of Cairo,

whose name was Haraos ; he told him that the manufacturer of silk had put him to sleep in a room, in the wall of which were nails, and that, being without a candle, he had knocked out his eye. The



governor ordered the manufacturer to be brought before him, and said, 'When a man sticks nails in the walls of his house, he must take care and give a light to those who come and ask hospitality of him. You have not done so, and justice requires that my cawass thrust out your eye, as one of your nails has thrust out the eye of this man. That's all.'

" 'But I do not know this man ; I have never seen him.'

" 'Silence!' exclaimed the governor. 'Guards, seize this manufacturer, and thrust a nail into his eye.'

" 'A moment ! a moment !' cried the inhabitant of Menouf. 'My neighbor is a man who passes his life in shooting birds upon the river Nile ; one eye is enough for him ; shall I bring him before you ?'

“ ‘Very good,’ said Haraos.

“ The hunter was accordingly brought to Cairo, where his eye was thrust out. The responsibility by Mohammed Ali is nothing else — what I can’t pay, my neighbor must. In this way we are both ruined at the same time.”

Old Ponto.

MORE than two hundred years ago, there lived in a delightful part of England a gentleman named Morton, with his wife and their only son. Mr. Morton was wealthy, and knew how to employ his wealth to the advantage of those around him, as well as for himself; and many a poor family looked to him and his wife as their benefactors and protectors. He lived in a large and handsome house, surrounded by pleasure grounds laid out in the elaborate style of those days, with trees and shrubs, clipped into the forms of dragons, peacocks, elephants, and a variety of similar forms.

Little Henry Morton, who, as I have said, was the only child of this worthy couple, was tended during his infancy and earliest childhood with all the assiduity which commonly awaits the children of the rich. Everything which was thought conducive to his pleasure and comfort was procured, and his fond parents tried to anticipate every wish. Thus the boy was in imminent danger of being spoiled by too much indulgence, as a great many little boys are, who might otherwise have been good and useful members of society. But an event occurred, when Henry was in his fifth year, which was the means of preserving him from the effects of this injudicious treatment.

At the period of which I write, there was a great excitement throughout England on account of a band of men, of whom I hope you have all heard, called the Puritans. These glorious sufferers for Christ’s sake were people who had become disgusted with the narrow bigotry of the religion almost universal in England, and in which every person was commanded by law to believe. Such a law, as you will easily perceive, was unjust and tyrannical; and the Puritans, being few and weak, resolved to fly from the persecution which

they could not overcome. They first went to Holland, but were not satisfied with the morals and conduct of the people, and they determined to seek a home in a new country, where there would be none to interfere with their manner of worshipping God.

America was at this time an almost unknown country, and especially the northern and north-eastern portion of it, in which we now live.

Mr. Morton was a firm believer in the tenets of the Puritans, and wished to escape with them to a land of freedom. But Mrs. Morton was in very feeble health, and it was thought by her fond husband that the fatigue and hardships to which she would be exposed, in even joining the emigrants to Holland, would hasten her death. They accordingly remained in England, and their brothers in the church took, as they thought, a final leave of England, and of them; but shortly after their departure Mrs. Morton died, leaving her husband sad, but not despairing, for he had a firm and sustaining faith in a meeting beyond the grave. There was now no obstacle to Mr. Morton's joining his friends in Holland. But they had already left that country, turning their hopes to America, and Mr. Morton sailed with the first pilgrims in a ship called the *Mayflower*, which left the harbor of Plymouth in England in the month of September, in the year 1620.

The voyage was long and tempestuous, and little Henry was very sick; but in the month of November they arrived off the coast of Cape Cod, but did not effect a landing until late in December. The date of their debarkation is *the twenty-second of December, 1620*, and is one which every New England boy and girl should fix in their memory.

The populous and flourishing city of Boston was at that time a thick forest, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and there is no probability that a white man had ever set his foot in the state of Massachusetts at the time our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. They named their settlement Plymouth, from the town of that name in England, at which they had embarked.

The weather was cold and inclement; there were no houses or shelter of any kind to receive these poor emigrants, already exhausted with their voyage. Trees were to be felled, the ground cleared

and cultivated, the Indians to be conciliated, and the comforts and delights of a home to be brought together in the bosom of the dreary wilderness. All helped in the great work; delicate women and little children, as well as the robust and hardy men.

Mr. Morton was one of the most active and enterprising of these brave men, and his opinion was much valued by them. He was no richer than the rest of them, for what little of his wealth he had been able to remove from England he had shared with his less fortunate comrades, and he was happier in supplying their necessities than in ministering to his own ease. Henry was of course deprived of all the luxuries which had hitherto surrounded him, but his fond father strove to shield him from the hardships to which most of these poor children were exposed; and though the little boy sometimes asked for his rocking-horse or nurse, or cried to go back, he was easily pacified when his father explained, in a simple manner, suited to his capacity, the reasons for which they had quitted England.

There was one of Henry's pets still left to him, however, in the form of a Newfoundland puppy, whose mother had belonged to Mr. Morton for many years; and Henry, who had been very fond of Fiddle, now changed his affection to little Ponto. The dog was equally fond of him, and these little playmates were almost continually together.

The settlement progressed rapidly, and soon every one had a log house and some few comforts about him; but still their sufferings were great, and they were at one time reduced to five kernels of corn per day for each person. Winter was just commencing, the ground was frozen hard, and there would be no hopes of cultivating the land for many months. But they did not starve, for their cause was a righteous one, and they were prospered in it.

Vessels came from England with provisions and cattle or live stock, as they are called, and the men, in what time they could spare from their building operations, killed bears, deer, and other of the animals which abounded in the thick woods around them. There are many pretty ponds about Plymouth, and of one of them it is related that a party of hunters being in the woods, one of them, named Billington, ascended a little hill, and looked about

him. Suddenly he exclaimed, "The Sea! the Sea!" and pointed out to his companions a large sheet of water, which lay extended before them, and of which they could not see the whole extent, owing to a thickly wooded promontory which shot out far into the bosom of the lake; for lake it proved to be when they had gone round to the other side, and had an unobstructed view. The man was laughed at a good deal, of course, for mistaking a lake for the sea, and the water at that time received the name of Billington Sea, which it retains to this day. It is a very pretty spot, and much frequented by the young people of Plymouth for pic-nics, boating parties, rides, etc. I have often been there myself, and hope that some time or other each one of my readers may look at this place and the Forefathers' Rock, which is so celebrated as being the place where the Pilgrims first trod, and all the other curiosities of those times with which the place abounds. But if you should ever go there, you cannot fail to wonder when you see this flourishing town, and remember the dreary forest which it was two hundred years ago.

While the cold weather remained, Henry obeyed his father's injunctions to keep always within the settlement, and not to stray off alone into the woods; for not only was there danger of his being lost, but also of being carried off by Indians, or being devoured by wild beasts. But when the warm summer months came, Henry used occasionally to go a short distance, with the other children and Ponto, to pick berries and wild fruit; and as he had always returned safely from these excursions, Mr. Morton had ceased feeling any anxiety about him.

On one of these occasions, however, when the party of children returned to the settlement, little Henry Morton was not among them. The other children had not perceived his absence until questioned, and then said that he had not been noticed since they left the hill where they had been picking berries, which was about two miles from the settlement. Mr. Morton immediately roused the neighbors, and the search was commenced. But although the party did not return until entirely exhausted with fatigue, no trace of the missing boy could be found, excepting that at about half a mile from the settlement one of the men discovered poor Ponto, who, shot through the leg with an Indian arrow, had dragged himself thus near to his

home, and then, his strength failing him, had stretched himself upon the grass, and was, when discovered, almost dead. At the sound of Mr. Morton's voice, however, he aroused himself, and licked the hand of his kind master. He was taken home and carefully attended, and after some time recovered his strength and the use of his leg.

Mr. Morton did not give up the search for his poor boy as long as the least probability of finding him remained; and when at last he was forced to believe that his darling son had either fallen a prey to wild beasts, or been made a captive by the savages who surrounded them, he was forced to exert all his faith in the mercy of the Creator to uphold him under this severe affliction. His health was affected by the blow, and it was thought for some time that he would not outlive the year in which Henry had been lost. But the strength of a powerful constitution at last prevailed, and he recovered his health, but not his spirits.

Little Henry, in the mean time, was far away from all those who were so anxiously looking for him. He had been a little separated from his companions, and in trying to return to them had been attracted by a beautiful butterfly floating through the summer air. He immediately started in pursuit of it, followed by Ponto, but soon lost sight of it, and perceiving that he had wandered from his companions, he tried to retrace his steps. Every effort, however, only led him further into the forest, and at last, tired and frightened, he sat down under a great elm tree and began to cry. Ponto meantime was frisking about, now here, now there, chasing the squirrels and barking at the birds. Suddenly, with a deep growl, he sprang toward a thick clump of trees, from which, as he approached, an arrow whistled out, transfixing poor Ponto's leg, and frightening Henry almost to death. He lay with his eyes fixed upon the thicket, from which in another moment an Indian lad bounded out, and seizing hold of Henry, spoke some words to him in the Indian language, which the little Englishman did not understand. The lad was soon followed by a tall man, with feathers in his hair, and his face painted with various colors. This man spoke to Henry in a kind voice, and the little boy began to tell him in English how he was lost, and how unhappy he was. But both Indians shook their heads, to signi-

fy that they did not understand him, and each of them taking a hand, they led him away, leaving poor Ponto helpless and bleeding upon the ground.

Henry thought they were taking him home, and was somewhat alarmed when, the sun having disappeared, he found himself still in the woods. He began to cry with fatigue, and was very glad when the younger Indian took him in his arms, and spoke in a soothing and kind voice to him. Putting his head upon the shoulder of his conductor, little Henry shut his eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke he found himself laying upon a buffalo skin in an Indian wigwam, and nobody near him but an old woman, who sat on the floor weaving a basket, and singing a low monotonous chant.

Henry was very hungry, and making a noise to attract the attention of his companion, he pointed to his mouth. The Indian woman nodded, and rising from her seat, she took out of a basket in the corner a piece of broiled venison, and a large cake made of Indian meal. These she gave to the little captive, who ate them with much relish.

Soon after, the chief, whom he had seen at first, entered the wigwam, and looking at Henry, asked some question about him of the woman, who answered with a low laugh, and pointed to the basket in the corner; upon which the chief nodded with an air of satisfaction, and left the wigwam.

Henry did not know who these people could be, who treated him so kindly, but still kept him captive; and he could not ask them any questions, on account of his ignorance of the language. In a few days they were joined by a large party of men, women and children, and all proceeded on their journey, which was in a southerly direction. It was many days and nights before they reached their home, which was situated in what is now the state of Rhode Island.

This party belonged to a large tribe of Indians, who inhabited a wide tract of country, and were very powerful among the other tribes. They were called the Mount Hope tribe. They had come to the eastern country to visit the Penobscots, who were their friends and they had hunted together among the mountains of Maine for many moons.

The visitors were now returning home, and the chief who had captured little Henry Morton, being a little in advance of his party, had approached nearer the settlement than the rest of them, and had thus fallen in with the little boy, whom he determined to carry home as a present to his youngest wife, whom he had just married, and of whom he was very fond.

The young wife was very much pleased with her acquisition, and named him Mah-to-chee-go, (the little bear.) Henry at first cried a great deal for his father and home, but after a long time, when he had learned to speak the Indian language, and forgotten the English, he likewise forgot his home, in a great measure. He called the chief his father, and the young Indian woman his mother, and they called him their son. He learned to shoot, to fish, and to swim, as well as any of the Indian lads; and by constant exposure to all sorts of weather, he at last acquired very nearly the same complexion as those around him.

* * * * *

Years passed on, and the settlement at Plymouth was no longer the only one in Massachusetts. The hand of the Lord had prospered his servants, and they were now in a prosperous and happy condition.

Plymouth had increased considerably in population, although many of the first pilgrims had been taken from them. Mr. Morton had become an old man, for twenty years had passed over his head since he left England, and the hardships to which he had since been exposed had left their marks upon him. Ponto was also alive, though twenty years is a great age for a dog, and Ponto was now very infirm and decrepid; but Mr. Morton had him still carefully taken care of, for the sake of the son whom he believed to be lost forever.

The colonists were on very bad terms with the Indians, who were naturally indignant at the encroaching disposition evinced by the former, and the battles, or rather skirmishes, between them, were very frequent. During one of these fights several Indian prisoners were taken and brought to Plymouth for trial. They were placed in the jail for security, and many of the inhabitants went to see them. Among these visitors was Mr. Morton, who never neglected

an opportunity of asking news of his son from any of the red people whom he encountered, for, almost unconsciously to himself, he cherished a hope that Henry might still be living among some tribe of Indians, and that he might yet be restored to him.

Ponto, who seldom stirred from the house, accompanied his master in this visit, and was admitted with him to the room where the Indians were confined. But here Ponto, usually so sedate and solemn, seemed reanimated with a spirit of youth, for, jumping upon one of the prisoners, he began to lick his face and neck, uttering short yelps of joy and recognition. Mr. Morton, very much surprised, exclaimed, "Down, Ponto! Down, sir." At these words the young man turned quickly round and looked earnestly at the dog. Then turning to his companion, an old chief, he addressed some words to him in a melancholy voice, to which the other returned no answer; but as the dog continued bounding upon the young man, he took hold of one of his legs and attentively examined it. At last he uttered an exclamation, and pointing to a small scar, asked some question of the young man, whom he called Mah-to-chee-go. Mah-to-chee-go clasped his hands over his eyes for a moment, and then kneeling down before the chief, he seemed to be earnestly asking something of him.

Mr. Morton was regarding this singular scene with deep interest. He felt an unaccountable yearning towards the young Indian, but knew not how to express it. At last the old chief seemed to assent to the prayer of Mah-to-chee-go, and standing up, he commanded silence by an expressive gesture of his hand, and by the aid of an interpreter told to Mr. Morton the story which no doubt you all have guessed. He was the chief who had stolen Henry, or Mah-to-chee-go, as he was called. He had brought him up as his own son, and to complete his education as a *brave*, had brought him on a war-path against the white men. But, as he said, "The Great Spirit had frowned upon his children," and he had taken it as an indication that it was displeasing to him that the son of the white man should dwell longer in the wigwam of the savage; and he was willing to restore the boy as a peace-offering to the offended Great Spirit.

I will not attempt to describe the joy with which Mr. Morton received again his long lost child. The old chief and all his party

were set free, and returned to their own country, promising to molest the white man no more. Henry was of course ignorant of all learning, but, as he was quick and industrious, he soon learned, and in time became one of the most distinguished men of the colony.

And this adventure of Henry Morton's, my dear little readers, is only one out of many with which the first years of the settlement of this country are full. Do you not thank God for having enabled these heroic men to create this smiling and fertile country out of the desolate wilderness?

Iceland and Norway.

ALL hands ahoy! Here we are in ICELAND, one of the most northern portions of the earth which is inhabited. Yet, cold as it is, we shall find a lofty mountain here, more than five thousand feet high — a volcano, which frequently spouts out fire, and stones, and lava. It is called Mount Hecla. It lies on the southern part of the island, about south-west from Reikiavik. This mountain, in times past, has sent forth lava and melted stones in such quantities, that whole tracts of land have been covered and ruined by it. Yet it is a remarkable fact that while flames issue from the crater, a huge chasm at the top of the mountain, which Maurice Wilkins will describe to you in the course of his thrilling adventures, while the melted matter is running down the sides, sizzling along, and destroying everything in its way, the snow at the bottom, in unexposed places, is not melted. These volcanoes are sometimes called "Pluto's Stoves," but I think a stove is rather a poor affair, when sufficient heat cannot be raised to melt away the snow on the outside of it.

At the foot of this mountain, and, as is universally supposed, connected with the internal fire in some way, there are several places from which columns of boiling water are frequently thrown up, sometimes sixty, or even one hundred and fifty feet. Some travellers, who saw these springs, or geysers, as they are called, in 1804, declare that they measured the jet, and found that the water was

thrown up two hundred and twelve feet. The largest of these jets is called the Great Geyser, and is seventeen feet in diameter. Besides these intermittent hot springs, there are many other smaller ones, which boil up one or two feet, and these are constantly in motion. The inhabitants in the vicinity make regular use of them for boiling their provisions. A kettle is suspended across two crotched sticks, and the springs serve every use of a fire built with wood.



The Great Geyser — Iceland

But we must not tarry here. We must leave the wonders of this cold country, and turn our vessel towards Norway. Get your maps, and trace out our course. Norway is a long, narrow tract of land, the northern part of which lies within the Arctic Circle, and is mostly covered with snow. The southern part of it, however, is more temperate, and corn is sown and gathered during the summer.

Norway forms a part of the dominions of the King of Sweden, but it is separated from that country by an immense ridge of mountains; over which a body of seven thousand Swedes attempted once to cross, but perished in the attempt. The scenery of the country is wild and highly romantic, exhibiting many stupendous rocks and

cataracts. Vast forests of pine and fir trees are found, and great quantities of timber are annually exported to different parts of Europe. The sea-coast is exceedingly irregular, and resembles somewhat the coast of the Atlantic Ocean bordering upon the State of Maine, being filled with innumerable islands, bays, inlets and promontories.

More than one hundred and fifty thousand persons are supported by the herring-fishery on the coast. This fish is too well known to need describing, but I have a few words to say about catching them. It is supposed that they breed mostly in the Arctic seas. About the beginning of June, a shoal of herring, not less in extent than the six New England States, comes from the north on the surface of the sea. Their approach is indicated by various signs in the air and water. This great shoal soon becomes separated into *schools*, as the fishermen call them, and countless myriads of them fill the bays and inlets upon the coast.

There are various modes of catching them. Vast nets, having meshes an inch square, are thrown from the fishing boats in the night, which have lights to attract the herring. A company of three men will often take twenty barrels of fish in a single night. The curing of herring forms the chief labor of the persons engaged in the business. The fish are carefully cleaned, washed, and pickled, and, if intended for use as *white* herrings, they are placed in casks of brine. If for *red* herrings, they are taken from the salting tubs, and hung in large houses, built for the purpose, in numbers of fifteen or twenty thousand. They are then packed in barrels, or boxes, and are ready for exportation.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity in this region is an immense whirlpool, called the Maelstrom, which is in the channel which separates the island of Ver from the main land. Here, when the tide is rising or falling, the waters of the ocean are whirled round and round with great rapidity, and with such violence that, when the stream is most boisterous, and its fury is heightened by a storm, it is dangerous for vessels to approach within six miles of it. Many vessels have been swallowed up, and the crews lost at this place. The roaring of the water is heard at a distance of many miles; and if a ship once comes within the attraction, she is irretrievably lost. At first the vessel begins to go round very slowly, and in a large circle,

gradually approaching the great deep gulf where at last she is dashed to pieces and entirely disappears, the fragments being kept out of sight for hours together.

It often happens that whales, approaching too near the channel, are overpowered and drawn down, and it is said to be impossible to describe their dreadful bellowings in endeavoring to escape. A bear once attempted to swim across to the island of Moscoe, situated in the middle of the channel, enticed no doubt by the sheep which were grazing on the island. He was caught by the current and drawn down, roaring most furiously, so as to be heard on the shore. Pine trees are often seen, after having been drawn into this vortex, broken and torn to such a degree that they appear to be covered with bristles.



Recovering lost sheep.

In a country so mountainous as Norway, there are many precipices among the broken rocks ; and stupendous waterfalls tumble, with a thundering noise, from the mountain tops into the vales below. The scenery is of the grandest and most astonishing kind, such as makes the traveller stand aghast ; especially when he finds that he must cross deep ravines on a single plank, tottering with his weight, and, by the immense height above the roaring torrent, making him giddy.

It sometimes happens that a sheep strays from the flock, and descends to a great depth, or lodges on the point of a projecting rock, where it has hardly room to stand. When its owner discovers it in this situation, he bestrides a stick, fastened to a rope, and causes himself to be lowered down, at the hazard of breaking his own neck, till he can reach the straggling animal, which he at once fastens to his own cord, and then both are drawn up together to a place of safety.

We shall see along the coast, at the principal ports, great piles of pine timber, so large, indeed, as to suggest the inquiry from you, "Where does it go to?" Immense quantities are yearly sent to all European ports, as I have before remarked, and what we now see is but a small part of all that is cut. Norway, like Maine, seems to be peculiarly rich in the means of furnishing the world with timber.

The Basket of Cherries.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

At the foot of an old willow, on a mossy seat, fragrant with wild thyme, sat a young girl of twelve years, with large black sparkling eyes, hair abundant and lustrous as a jay's wing; her bodice of garnet velvet, her silk apron, her robe embroidered with flowers, formed a costume as elegant as coquettish, in delightful harmony with the mild and yet piquant countenance, full of health, of the pretty brunette. Bathilde (that was her name) had just come out of the orchard, where she had filled a basket with cherries, whose plump, rosy cheeks made her mouth water. Choosing from the basket the two prettiest, she amused herself with holding them to her ears, like pendants; near her stood her pretty little goat, Caprice, who, with head raised, and beard projected, was fixing on her its great yellow eyes, with comic gravity and attention.

"There, my Caprice!" said Bathilde, "if your ears were not quite so drooping and so restless, I would give you also some ruby-colored pendants."

At this moment, a slight sound among the leaves, mingled with a

silvery ringing, interrupted the discourse which Bathilde had commenced with her goat, and she saw appear before her a poor little girl, of her own age, with dark complexion, great black eyes, clad in parti-colored rags, and bare-footed, holding in her right hand a tambourine, ornamented with bells of silvered copper. This child's face was beautiful, but its expression was at once gentle and wild, careless and sorrowful. She came, without uttering a word, to place herself directly before Bathilde, looking by turns at her, Caprice, and the basket of cherries, without once dropping her long silken eyelids over her large brilliant eyes. This fixedness of look, the strange attention of which she was the object, intimidated Bathilde, who became as red as her cherries; for a moment, she was about to rise and depart with a little vexation at being thus coolly examined; but, looking at the little girl by her side, and seeing her poverty, she listened only to the voice of pity which profoundly affected her kind heart.

"My darling," said she, pointing to the cherries, "would you like some pendants like mine?"

The little girl thought she was offering some of this fine fruit for her to eat; and, without replying, made a little movement of the head, signifying that she accepted with pleasure and gratitude.

"Wait, I will myself put them on your ears," said Bathilde; and approaching the little girl with graceful familiarity, without recoiling before her ragged dress, she put two beautiful cherries to each ear. This was not what the other child wanted; so she quickly devoured her beautiful pendants.

"Ah!" said Bathilde with surprise, "are you hungry, my darling? Hold, I have here, under my cherries, a good cake with fresh butter, given me by Madeline; it is very nice with fruit, as you shall see."

As she spoke thus, she took from the bottom of her basket a cake, which she presented to the poor child; the beautiful white teeth of the latter soon disposed of the cake.

"Cherries, now; cherries!" cried Bathilde, delighted to see this superb appetite; she took the basket and held it at a convenient height, that the girl might choose the most inviting fruit.

Every crumb of the cake being eaten, three dozen cherries served

as a beverage, and, at the same time, dessert for this *improvised* supper. The little girl saluted Bathilde, and prepared to depart.

"Why do you not speak, my darling?" asked Bathilde, a little surprised.

The other replied by a little movement of the head and shoulders, which signified that she did not understand.

"Are you dumb?" cried the generous child, with an expression of anxiety and grief.

Without replying, the poor child seized her tambourine, shaking the bells lightly, and passing her little thumb over the sonorous skin of the instrument, and, with this accompaniment, chanted two lively couplets in a language which was not that of Bathilde. The song finished, she executed two light pirouettes, which filled her little short petticoat with air.

At this moment, a shrill and stern voice resounded in the distance, calling, "*Aca, Pepita! Aca.*"

The songstress sprang lightly up, saluted the gentle Bathilde, throwing her a kiss, and saying, "*Gracias, señorita; vega vm. con Dios.*" Then, light as the wind, she fled, and quickly disappeared.

Astonished, and, without suspecting it, experiencing an interest mingled with curiosity for the child who had so gayly eaten her cake and cherries, who sang so well, and danced so gracefully, Bathilde directed her steps, with all the agility of her little feet, towards the spot where she had disappeared.

M'me de Blinval had come only two months previously to inhabit a country-house situated in the midst of the valley of Berry; so her daughter Bathilde, who had sometimes been allowed to run alone with her goat in the neighboring fields, found herself as it were in a foreign land as soon as she had strayed a few steps from her old willow. The dear child had ventured into the paths of a warren, where she was soon entirely lost. In attempting to retrace her steps, she buried herself still deeper in the wood; and after wandering an hour and a half, anxiously and rapidly, her little limbs refused to carry her further. Meanwhile, night came on, and she seated herself on a bank of turf, weeping despairingly with her head on her lap. The hours rolled away; she comprehended that if she did not succeed in

finding her way out of the wood, she would soon be overtaken by night, terrible night, with its shades and its silence as fearful as its mysterious sounds. She therefore rose, and resumed her walk with all the courage which her poor little heart could summon. But, alas! the further she advanced, the more was she bewildered in this labyrinth, which at every step presented a thousand obstacles, a bush, a group of small trees, a ditch or marshy soil covered with heath, brush-wood, and tall red fern.

This night, so much feared, drew its curtains around her. The sound of a leaf falling, of a branch moved by her passing it, filled her mind with terrible fears; she trembled at the thought of meeting some one of those horrible men who prowl around at night, such as she had read of in stories of robbers; then, at intervals, she would pause, breathless, with her heart chilled, believing she heard the distant howling of a wolf.

Suddenly, through the branches of a little grove of pines, she perceived a trembling light, and thought she heard the murmur of voices. Hoping to find some honest wood-cutters, who had been belated, she took the direction of the light, stepping very cautiously, in case she should not think it advisable to speak to the people she was about to encounter. She quickened her pace, and soon found herself separated only by a single bush from a clearing illuminated by a large fire, in which the voices which she had heard in the distance sounded more distinct, though she sought in vain to distinguish the words. Gliding behind a bush, she put aside the branches of a thorn-tree. Then a spectacle, strange, unexpected, filled the soul of Bathilde with terror.

Around a huge fire of dry branches, a company of men, women and children, were lying on the heath, watching a lamb that was roasting on a wooden spit. The men, *coiffed* with peaked hats, had frightful countenances, which the play of the lights and shadows rendered still more sinister. The women wore grotesque costumes, and their long black tresses fell over their shoulders. As for the children, they were rolling on the turf around the fire, practising a thousand antics; shrill screams and discordant laughter arose from all parts of the group.

Judge with what terror poor Bathilde was seized! Her heart was

chilled ; nevertheless, it was naturally so kind, so noble, that it could experience another sentiment, wholly generous, that of pity. Her darling of the morning, the little songstress, was on her knees, weeping bitterly ; one of the dark-complexioned men of the company rose, went to her, and with one blow on the shoulder overthrew her, uttering what seemed to be abusive language, for this man also spoke in an unknown tongue.

“ Oh, God ! help me ! ” murmured Bathilde, rising with the last courage which remained to her ; she fled rapidly, full of the new strength derived from her terrors, her grief at thinking of what her mother’s anxiety must be, and her hope of delivering the poor little songstress, who was beaten so cruelly, who was so little, so droll, and who ought to be so good.

After another hour’s walk, Bathilde’s ear was struck by voices which made her tremble with the joy of deliverance. They were calling her ; it was really her name which she heard in the distance ; she replied as loudly as she was able. A few minutes afterwards, she perceived lights, recognized the domestics of the house, and fell into the arms of her weeping mother, who hastened to meet her, and received on her bosom all the tears of this poor little heart, so long tortured by deep anguish.

On her return Bathilde was seized with a violent fever, accompanied with delirium ; she was so sick that she could not relate her adventure until two days after that horrible night. As she terminated her recital, she did not forget to petition her mother earnestly to do all in her power to deliver her darling from those horrible black men who were so mistreating her.

“ My child,” said M’me de Blinval, “ I am unwilling to reprove you for the fault you have committed in disobeying my instructions to you not to go beyond the old willow, for your forgetfulness, not to say your disobedience, has been severely punished. As for the company you perceived in the night in the depths of the wood, I think it was not a company of robbers. They were, undoubtedly, some of those wandering adventurers who have customs, laws and rites of their own ; who for many centuries have been vagabond, living by jugglery and theft, keeping themselves as much as possible aloof from society, yet secretly waging war with it to live by it.

These wandering mendicants came originally, it is said, from Egypt; so they are called Egyptians, and oftener Bohemians; in Italy, Zingari; in Spain, Gitanos, and in England, Gypsies. These little companies usually live by stealing; so I fear —

M'me de Brinval stopped abruptly.

“Tell me, mamma, what do you fear?” cried Bathilde.

“I shall undoubtedly give you much pain, my child; but it is better to tell you immediately. You must remember having run after her whom you call your little darling, without thinking of your goat, poor Caprice, whom you left behind you.”

Oh! Caprice is lost. Answer me quick, mamma!”

“Alas! yes, I fear so. We have sought her in vain since that moment; and after what I have just told you of gypsies in general, you see that I must strongly suspect those whom you met of having stolen your pretty goat.”

“Ah! Caprice, my poor Caprice!” cried Bathilde, bursting into tears; “it was my disobedience which caused your loss, and perhaps your death.”

“I think, my child,” said M'me de Blinval, “that you need not fear this last misfortune for Caprice; for the reason that the gypsies are accustomed to lead about among them some animal of this species, whom they teach to play tricks; these tricks are usually the most attractive part of their jugglery. As for the little songstress, she is, I think, a child of one of these miserable people, and they were undoubtedly punishing her for some fault.”

“Oh! Caprice! Caprice!” repeated Bathilde, continuing to weep.

“Oh my daughter,” added M'me de Blinval, in a grave tone and profoundly affected, “judge with what terrible fear my whole being trembled, when you informed me near what people you had found yourself alone, when I tell you that these Bohemians not only steal goats, but often take children who seem to them pretty and apt, to train them to these miserable exercises.”

Bathilde threw herself tremblingly into the arms of her mother, who pressed her for a long time to her heart in a close embrace.

The search for Caprice lasted a month, but Caprice reappeared no more.

Eighteen months had rolled away; and a year and a half, added to Bathilde's age, produced a wonderful change; if she was not yet a young lady, she was no longer a child.

M'me de Blinval had left her country house, and had retired to the pretty little city of Blois.

One day, in summer, M'lle de Blinval, accompanied by her governess, was crossing a square, when her curiosity was aroused by the sound of a tambourine and fife. In the centre of the square, a circle of curious people had formed around a company of mountebanks, whose costumes had a picturesque originality; these people were executing tricks of address and perilous leaps. Bathilde prayed her governess to allow her to look at this spectacle. The men and women of this company were seated, with legs crossed, on the four corners of an old carpet extended on the ground, while a young girl was dancing in their midst, playing with two balls of copper and two poniards with blunt blades. The grace, the agility, the suppleness of this dancer were admirable. After having finished the dance, she saluted the circle; and taking from the carpet a tambourine, commenced taking a collection. During this time, a child placed two chairs in the midst of the carpet, back to back, then cried in a shrill and petulant voice:

“Hop! Zazira! Aca! Zazira! hop! hop!”

And the admiring crowd saw a pretty goat, whose gilded horns were enwreathed with flowers, advance on its hind feet. The animal commenced climbing the two chairs, proudly preserving its equilibrium.

“Ah! dear lady,” said Bathilde to her governess, unable to suppress a sigh, “I should think that goat whom they call Zazira was my poor Caprice.”

The young *danseuse* who was taking the collection had just arrived opposite Bathilde, and was fixing upon her attentively her large black eyes; suddenly she turned hastily, and ran to a basket full of fruit; she chose from it some cherries, and, putting them around her ears, returned to Bathilde:

“Buenos dias, señorita!” said she.

M'lle de Blinval suddenly started. The rapid flash of a vivid remembrance had just crossed her brain. In this young *danseuse*

she recognized the poor little girl whom she had formerly called her darling, whom she had regaled with her bread and her cherries, and whom, in the clearing, on the night of her great adventure, she had seen so brutally treated by one of the Bohemians. And the Bohemians of the clearing, thought she, were they not indeed these jugglers? And the goat, which was at this moment balancing itself on the topmost round of the chairs, could it be ——

“It is your goat, my good lady,” said the *danseuse*, in a low voice, making a sign of secrecy. Then she added, in a still lower tone: “Pray save me!”

Much affected by this scene, Bathilde ran, flew to relate all to her mother. M’me de Blinval appealed to the authorities; and, an hour afterwards, the company of Bohemians was arrested in the middle of the square and conducted to a place of security.

Pepita, the young *danseuse*, who had implored the assistance of Bathilde, related the manner in which the goat had been stolen, and then added:

“I also was stolen by the gypsies; my parents, poor laborers, lived in a Spanish village on the frontier. When I was stolen, I did not know a word of French, and was much too feeble to think of making myself understood, too young to accuse these wicked people, forced to obey them, to follow them in their life, which I detest, and to imitate them in their exercises, which I abhor; I demand succor; I implore my liberty!”

This simple explanation, this confession, so naïve and so noble, were received as they deserved. The miserable Gitanos saw themselves condemned to a severe penalty, at the expiration of which they were to be driven from the kingdom. A letter was written to Pepita’s parents, but the reply was that they were both dead, and had left no property.

Meanwhile M’me de Blinval had received poor Pepita at her house. After having discharged the sad duty of informing the young girl of the death of her parents, she asked her what she intended to do.

“Ah! my good lady!” cried Pepita, shedding a torrent of tears, “if you could find me a place on some farm — the fields — I am good for nothing else — and I love them so much!”

Her request was granted ; she departed for a farm of M'me de Blinval's, situated at two leagues from Blois, to occupy there the situation of second manager. Bathilde, who had formed a real friendship for Pepita, proved this friendship to her by all the affectionate words which she could find in her generous heart ; but the surest proof was that she made her a present of Caprice. The goat did not regret leaving its performances on the public square to sport among the thistles and trefoil on the hill-side, guarded by Pepita, and finding herself queen of the little flock of this new shepherdess.

All the promises of the young Spaniard were fulfilled ; she became, by her care and watchfulness, a real treasure to the farm. Every month she received a visit from her mistress and Bathilde, who called her always her darling Pepita.

A year passed away ; Bathilde fell dangerously ill ; Pepita asked to be allowed to take care of her young benefactress. Her care and devotion were admirable ; she passed all her nights in watching the invalid during six months, at the expiration of which Bathilde had entirely recovered.

Pepita returned to the farm, but as the physicians had recommended goat's milk to the convalescent, the shepherdess supplicated M'me de Blinval to allow her to lead Caprice to her every morning, that the latter might contribute of her good milk to the kind mistress who had so long taken care of her.

"But, my child," said M'me de Blinval to Pepita, "you cannot do it. Every morning two leagues to come and two leagues to return—it is impossible."

"Oh! I have swift feet, Madame. Four leagues do not terrify me. For my good friend, M'lle Bathilde, I could make a pilgrimage on foot to Rome."

"Try, then, Pepita ; we will see."

Pepita tried, and, during three months, travelled her four leagues, coming each morning, full of courage, to bring Caprice to Bathilde, and returning, each time, full of happiness.

This simple and firm devotion was gratefully acknowledged ; M'me de Blinval took Pepita home, put her under the care of skilful masters, and a year and a half had not elapsed ere the little gypsy became a companion for them.

M'me de Blinval has returned to her estate at Berry. In the beautiful days of summer, at the foot of an old willow, on a seat of moss fragrant with wild thyme, may be often seen two pretty young girls, conversing pleasantly together, with a basket of cherries beside them, and a beautiful goat lying at their feet on the flowery turf.



The Peacock.

If there is anything in this world for which Mark Forrester has a dislike, it is a great, proud, noisy peacock. I am willing to admit that so far as outside appearances go, they are very gaudy, and I suppose many people would call them beautiful; but there seems to be so much show and parade about them, so much pride and importance about all their movements, that I always associate them in my mind with a pop-gun. I can endure the strutting of a huge gobble turkey very well. His movements are generally upon the shabby-genteel order, and he shows himself to be humbug at once. But he

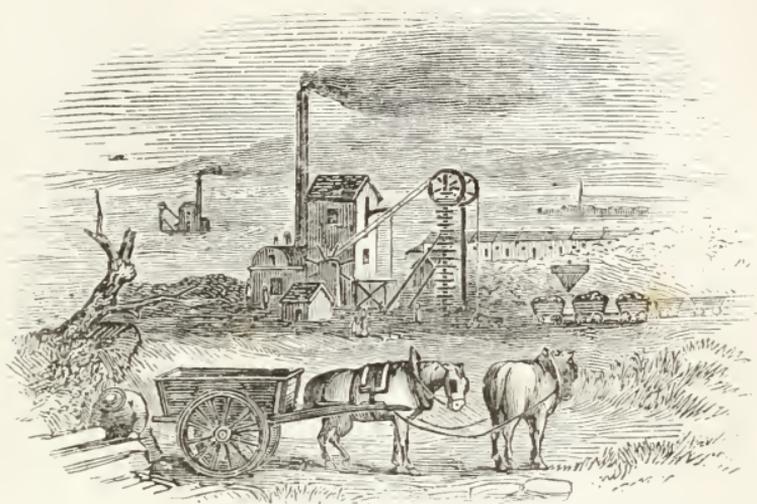
is a useful bird, and I am inclined to overlook his follies for the good he does. But the peacock is harbored principally for ornament, and has very few pretensions to usefulness.

A few days since I went a short distance into the country to visit an old acquaintance. He resides in a still, secluded spot, down in a valley, shaded with trees, which exhibits every appearance of a peaceable home. This is just such a place as I should like to live in, said I to my friend, as we were walking over his garden. I had no sooner spoken these words than a great peacock, which sat upon an old tree a short distance off, commenced his disagreeable yelling. I am sure the noise of the Indians, spoken of by Miles Hawthorne, cannot be much worse. And the most provoking part of it was that he seemed to be calling me, "Old Mark! Old Mark!" After getting entirely out of breath, he put on a most vain appearance, and spread out his tail until it was larger than a cart-wheel, eying me all the while, as though I had come all the way to see and admire him. He was a fine-looking bird, and if he could have left off all appearance of vanity, I might have been tempted to applaud his performance.

It may be that I was offended at his calling me names. You have doubtless all heard of Teddy, the Irishman. Teddy was returning from work, one evening, and I suppose he was not just then strictly a temperance man. Well, he sat down on the bank of a pond to rest. Just then a frog put up his head and began to sing, "Teddy got drunk! Teddy got drunk!" "Shut your mouth, ye spalpeen," said Teddy. "I have taken no dhrap the day at all at all;" and splash went a big stone at the offender's head. The noise started other frogs, and in a few moments Teddy had more than he could do to silence their slanders. At length the row became general, and Teddy was obliged to give up in despair and go home; but he always shunned the pond afterwards.

A person went into a shoemaker's shop to purchase a pair of boots. The price was three dollars, and he gave the shoemaker a ten dollar bill, which he was obliged to get changed in an adjoining store. After the purchaser had been gone some time the merchant discovered that the ten dollar bill was counterfeit, and he at once returned it to the shoemaker, who gave him good money for it. Now the question is, how much did the shoemaker lose?

Tin Mines.



I GAVE you, on a preceding page, a sketch of diamond mines. I now have a word or two to say about tin. Tin has been found in several countries, but very few mines have proved of any great value. The tin mines of Cornwall, England, are the best. It is supposed that these mines have been worked over two thousand years. There are between twenty and thirty now in use. The descent to them is by a perpendicular pit called a *shaft*. A rope with a bucket, or *kibbut*, at each end, is fixed to a windlass at the top, and a load carried up and another one down at the same time. The descent in one of these buckets is rather hazardous, though accidents rarely occur.

When the vein of ore is first discovered, it is frequently less than an inch thick; but as the miners follow it, it increases, and becomes more valuable. The adjoining rock is blasted with gunpowder, to get at the ore conveniently. Frequently the vein ceases abruptly, as if it had been suddenly snapped off. When such is the case, experienced miners soon discover the disconnected part, and proceed again in their excavations. The tin mines now worked at Polgooth, in Cornwall, are nearly seven hundred feet in depth. The water which accumulates at the bottom of the mines is generally pumped out by steam-engines of great power. Sometimes, when the mine

is on high ground, the workmen pierce a passage from the bottom sloping downwards to the level country, to let the water run off. These passages are called *adits*, and they are sometimes dug at the expense of several years' labor.

When the ore is brought to the surface of the earth, it is thrown into heaps, and broken with large hammers. In this broken state it is carried to the stamping-mill, where it is turned into a sloping trough, and a small stream of water assists it in sliding down into the case where the lifters work. These are pieces of timber, shod with large masses of iron; they are raised and let fall again by a water-wheel. The ore is repeatedly washed before it is brought to be melted. When melted, it runs into large oblong moulds, each of which contains about three hundred weight of pure tin. It must now be conveyed to some one of the stannary towns, to be marked and assayed, or, as they call it there, *coined*. This is done by officers appointed by the Duke of Cornwall. They cut off one corner, and then stamp it with the proper seal and the name of the melter. This gives assurance to the purchaser that it is pure tin, and tells all whom it may concern that the duty, which is four shillings on a hundred weight, has been paid. There are laws, called stannary laws, by which all these mines are regulated. Every case relating to them must be tried before their own courts, and cannot be removed elsewhere.

The whole conduct of the mine and miners is under one person, called the captain of the mine. Beside knowing the proper methods of getting the ore out of the rock, he must have some knowledge of mechanics, algebra, and geometry. He would be unfit for the office, if he could not at any time point out, upon the surface of the earth, the spot exactly over that where the miners were operating; so that, if it should be necessary to sink another shaft, he could conduct it perpendicularly down to the very spot where it is wished for, though at a great depth in the earth, and notwithstanding all the windings of the mine.

Tin has been found in the mountains of Saxony, in Germany; in Spain, near Portugal; in some parts of Asia; and in South America. A mine is also in existence in the island of Banca, near Sumatra.



Forrester's Evenings at Home.

WATER.

M. F. Well, this *is* a storm. When I gave out the subject, *water*, at our last meeting, I did not anticipate the pleasure of coming to see you with a wet jacket. But I see you have a good warm fire, so I shall soon be comfortable. I am glad to see so many new faces here to-night. Be assured, none of you will regret your time spent in search after knowledge.

Henry I hope you will tell us about the clouds and rain to-night. It is a subject closely connected with water.

M. F. We shall not reach that at present. The formation of clouds, and the causes of rain and snow, are not easily understood. Yet, by and by, I hope to be able to discuss the subject so as to give

you some general idea of it. But to-night we have another theme And now which of you can tell me of what water is composed?

George. I have heard that it was composed of a combination of gases, but I do not know the names of them.

M. F. Water is a combination of eight parts of oxygen and one of hydrogen, by *weight*, or of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, by *measure*. By a series of experiments, which have been made by scientific men, it is known that water can be decomposed, that is, the two gases can be separated. If two thin wires, connected with the poles of a galvanic battery, be so placed that one end of each shall enter a glass vessel, a portion of water contained therein will be decomposed, and the gaseous product will be collected in tubes, fixed immediately over the point of each wire. The wire connected with the positive pole of the battery gives out oxygen; that with the other, or negative pole, hydrogen. I do not suppose that you can understand fully this matter now, yet it will be well to fix it in your memory.

Flora. Pray, Mr. Forrester, how can air exist in the water? You told us at the last evening, when we were talking about the atmosphere, that there was air in the water, and then a short time after, you said air was lighter than water, and that it rose in bubbles to the top of the water.

M. F. A very proper question. It is now rendered very certain that water is composed of very small particles, nearly, or quite round in form, and that the spaces between are filled with air, just like a tea-cup full of fine shot or mustard seed, only infinitely smaller. These particles cannot be seen, they are so small, and the air in water, when it rises in any considerable quantity, displaces them. Liquids, when left to themselves, naturally form into the globular shape. Shot are made by pouring melted lead through a sieve, at the top of some high building. As soon as the drops are left to themselves they acquire the proper shape, and before reaching the ground they cool and become hard. Drops of rain, when falling, are round. Hail-stones are rough when they reach the ground. Now can any one tell me why they are not round like shot, for they are made in the same way, substantially?

George. Perhaps it is the wind, for I have noticed that high winds generally accompany hail-storms.

M. F. You are doubtless correct. There seems to be some dispute about the precise way in which hail-stones are formed. It is, however, true that they are frozen drops of rain. There are strong reasons for believing that electricity, that subtle fluid which pervades all creation, the most wonderful, fearful, and unknown agent, has some connection with the formation of hail. If so, probably no one will ever be able to say exactly the cause and manner of their formation. Another theory is that the hail-stones, at first, are no larger than the smallest drops of rain, and that in falling through a cloud other drops are attached to them, and become frozen; thus causing them to grow larger and larger, until they reach the ground.

Flora. How large hail-stones ever fall?

M. F. It would be impossible to say, as there are frequent hail-storms in mountainous countries, which are uninhabited. I have seen them of considerable size myself. I sat under the shelter of a huge rock, high on the White Mountains, many years ago, with a friend, during a very severe hail-storm. It was in June, and one of the hottest days of the season. Our dog was a short way off, barking at a gray squirrel, when the hail began to come down, but he very soon came running towards us, yelping in a most piteous manner. The storm lasted but a very few minutes, not more than five, yet in that short period a great quantity of hail fell. I could have easily picked up a bushel of hail-stones as large as butternuts. Most of them were much smaller, and at the foot of the mountain the stones were no larger than walnuts. A vast quantity of green leaves and tender twigs from the trees were also cut off, and fell down, nearly covering the ground. Hail-storms are very common in the south of France, and on the Pyrenees mountains. The hail-stones which fall there are frequently as large as a hen's egg, and there is no reason to doubt that they have fallen even twice that size. But I think we are wandering from our subject somewhat.

I have told you that water can be decomposed, and the two gases, of which it is formed, weighed and measured.

Helen Williams. What if the two gases be put together again?

M. F. I have been waiting to have some of my new acquaintances "break the ice" for some time. I am glad to find you are all interested. If the two gases are put together again and inflamed,

they become water as before. But they must be in the exact proportions I have named. If we take *three* parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, and explode them, one part of the hydrogen will remain uncombined. Oxygen and hydrogen, when mixed in the right proportions to form water, are very explosive, and it is unsafe to experiment with them except in very small quantities.

Water freezes at thirty-two degrees above zero. Fresh water congeals much quicker than sea-water. Probably the constant motion of the waves of the ocean acts as a preventive. About seven tenths of the earth's surface is covered with water. Of course this includes both fresh and salt water, lakes, rivers and ponds, as well as oceans.

Henry. I once heard an old sailor say that the ocean, in some places, had no bottom. Don't you suppose that he knew better?

M. F. I cannot tell. A single moment's reflection would convince any person, not a complete idiot, that the ocean must have a bottom. The ocean is so deep in some places that no bottom has ever been found by sounding, and perhaps this was what the sailor meant. There are various obstacles to prevent sounding to a great depth. As the lead sinks, the water becomes more and more *dense* or compact, and consequently the lead becomes comparatively lighter. Then again the motion of the ship tends to curve the line, so that the sinking of the lead is impeded. Scoresby sounded the Greenland Ocean to the depth of seven thousand two hundred feet, over a mile and a quarter, without finding any bottom. Others have sent the lead still deeper; and it is at least probable that the ocean is somewhat deeper, in some places, than the height of the highest mountain, or over five miles. Whether any unknown fishes or sea-monsters live at this great depth, we cannot tell.

Flora. For my part, I do not understand how fishes separate the air from the water when they breathe.

M. F. God has provided them with apparatus, perfect and complete. The water is thrown off through the gills. If you were to hold a fish's gills so that it could not open them, the creature would soon die.

George. Several years ago, I heard a person say that it would not kill fishes to freeze them. I suppose he must have been mistaken.

M. F. No; he was without doubt correct. Fishes are cold-blooded, and in that respect differ from all other animate objects. I have never seen the experiment tried, yet there is abundant evidence to prove that not only fishes, but frogs, snails, and lizards, after being frozen hard, solid as a stone, are capable of being reënimated. Ah! I see symptoms of unbelief in several countenances. Well, I cannot wonder. It does seem almost impossible. And yet it is as well known in some northern countries as any other fact. Not only so, but various experiments have been tried to ascertain the fact. Sir John Franklin, the enterprising navigator, now in the northern seas, and about whose safety there is so much interest manifested, both in this country and Europe, while at Fort Chipewyan, in March, 1820, makes the following notes: "It may be worthy of notice here, that the fish froze as soon as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became solid masses of ice. Of course they exhibited no signs of life. If, however, in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. This was particularly the case with the carp, and we had occasion to observe it repeatedly, as Doctor Richardson occupied himself in examining the structure of the different species of fish, and was always, in the winter, obliged to thaw them before he could cut them. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with great vigor, after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours."

If frozen fish are thawed in cold water, they live ultimately, though when brought to a fire they never thoroughly recover, but soon die. This is because it is an unnatural way to thaw them. You know that when individuals freeze their ears, fingers, or toes, it is exceedingly dangerous to thaw them by a fire. But by putting on snow or cold water, the extremities soon lose their numbness.

But we must break off.

Alexander Hamilton.

WE present to our young patrons, in this article, a portrait and sketch of the life of one of the remarkable men of the Revolution. God, it would seem, raised up a class of men well fitted, by natural



gifts and endowments, for the special work of laying the foundation of this great republic. There was Washington, and Hancock, and Adams, (the father of John Quincy Adams,) and Otis, and Jay, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Hamilton, the subject of this sketch, who, though named last, was by no means least in the host. While thinking of them, one cannot but think of that text of Scripture, — “And there were giants in those days.”

Alexander Hamilton was born in the year 1757, on the 11th of January. His birth-place was the Island of Nevis, then, as now, in the possession of England. You will find it among the West India Islands. He was a descendant of one of the great families of the old realm of old England, though, in our estimation, this confers no honor upon him, as *greatness*, we mean *true greatness*, is not hereditary. His mother was of French descent.

Alexander was the youngest son of the family. As his father was unfortunate in business, Alexander was early thrown upon his own resources for a support, and entered the counting house of a merchant in St. Croix, and by his faithfulness and attention to business, so secured the love and confidence of his employer as to be intrusted with the whole management of his affairs during his absence. This was remarkable, as at this time he was but fourteen years of age. But the drudgery of a counting room did not suit his taste; his temperament was too ardent to submit to such a tame mode of life, and he earnestly desired an education, that he might become more useful, and take his position among the eminent men of his day.

After studying some time in one of the high schools of the West Indies, he concluded to come to New York. His arrival here was at a most exciting and interesting period. The troubles with England had just commenced, and he soon, arraying himself on the side of the colonies, identified himself with all their interests. His first appearance in public was in obedience to a call of the citizens of New York to address them on the subject of the wrongs of the colonies. His appearance was that of a mere boy; small in stature, effeminate in appearance, he seemed like a child mingling in the councils of grave men; his success was complete, and the truth of the adage appeared never more clear, “The mind is the standard of the man.”

When the war broke out, he immediately buckled on his sword, he had argued, England would not hear, and now the appeal is to the sword. He commanded a company of artillery in the battle of Long Island, the Raritan, at Trenton and Princeton, and then he was appointed aid to Washington. It is evidence of his high moral worth that he was thus selected by the father of his country as one of his staff, and made subsequently a bosom friend and counselor. He was a man of the purest morality, and governed by the loftiest principles of honor. At the close of the war he went into the practice of law in the city of New York, and took an active part in the formation of the constitution and organization of the federal government.

Party politics raged at this time with great violence, and a resort was often had to deadly weapons to settle such disputes; it is a singular circumstance, as connected with his own end, that his eldest son about this time should be killed in a duel; he fell at Hoboken, and his murderer, overwhelmed with remorse, soon followed him to the grave.

Aaron Burr was one of the leading spirits of that day; a man marked by as great meanness of soul as Hamilton by magnanimity. Jealous, vindictive and vile, he envied the greatness and fame of Hamilton, and resolved to destroy him. Hamilton had prevented his receiving the support of the federal party, as it was called, as a candidate for the office of governor of the State of New York. Burr sent him a challenge, and Hamilton, trained in the military school rather than that of Christ, had not the *courage* to refuse it; they met at Wehawken. It was a beautiful morning; Hamilton rose early; his family were still sleeping. He went to the chamber where his little children were sleeping in the peace of innocence, kissed each of them, stepped softly out of his house, crossed the Hudson in a boat, met Burr; they took their places — the word was given — they fired, and Hamilton fell, mortally wounded. He was carried home to his heart-stricken family, a corpse; he fell a victim to what is called, most falsely, “a code of honor.”

Cock Robin and the Sparrow.



Did you ever hear the story
Of a wicked little sparrow,
Who killed a poor cock robin
With a cruel bow and arrow !

How the fly looked on with anguish,
And with his "wee bit" eye
Saw the little birdie languish,
And at last lie down and die.

How the thrifty Madam Beetle
Made a shroud that very night,
Plying her thread and needle
Until the morning light.

And the Owl, with tears of sorrow,
Made little Bobby's grave,
And called the cruel Sparrow
A wicked little knave.

I know you 've heard the story,
How birds of every feather
Came to Cock Robin's funeral,
And mourned and wept together.

'T is sad, you say, and truly,
For birds to kill each other ;
But would it not be sadder far
If boys should kill a brother ?

They may do this when angry —
For anger equals madness —
May fight and kill some little boy,
Then pass their days in sadness.

I hope all little children
Who see this bow and arrow,
Will pray that they may never be
So wicked as the Sparrow.

COUSIN MARY.



Life Insurance.

THERE are many intelligent and pious individuals who do not think themselves justified in speculating upon the events of Providence by getting their lives insured. At the first thought it does seem that there may be something wrong about it. Yet a little reflection will generally clear away all difficulty, and all question of wrong, and the number of those who question the benefits of life-insurance is daily growing less.

Life-insurance is precisely similar to any other kind of insurance. If a person builds a house or a factory, you know there is more or less risk that it will be burned up within a year. If situated among other buildings the risk would be greater than if it stood alone, for some of them may get on fire and communicate the flames to it before it could be prevented. The person knows that his property — perhaps it may be all he possesses in the world — is in danger, and it troubles him. But the agent of an insurance company comes to him and says, “Sir, if you will pay us ten dollars, we will insure your house one year. It is worth a thousand dollars. Pay us ten dollars — [called the PREMIUM] — and if your building should burn down within a year we will pay you for it.” And so general has this system of insurance come into practice, that none but an imprudent person will let a building stand uninsured a single day.

If a person owns a ship, and has filled her with a valuable cargo

that he wishes to send to Europe or to any other country, his reflections will be very much the same. He knows that every vessel is liable to be cast away, and lost. But the agent says, "Pay us so much, and we will insure your vessel and cargo. If they are lost or injured, except through your own carelessness, we will pay you for them." And very few vessels now leave home without being fully insured.

So in life-insurance. The system has not yet become so general, yet the principles are precisely similar. A person sees around him a family wholly dependent upon him for support and maintenance. Perhaps he has children too young to take care of themselves. He desires above all to see them educated and brought up to be an honor to their parents and friends. This he knows he is able to do from the labor of his hands. As long as he lives he is pretty certain they will not want a guide and protector. But life is uncertain; he may be cut off suddenly from among the living, his children become fatherless, and his wife a widow. He has little property. Who will then become the guardian of his family, the supporter of his young children? They may be distressed and in actual want of the necessaries of life, and though we have the promise that the righteous are never forsaken, yet no person would be justified for a moment in sitting down and folding his arms imprudently upon the strength of that promise; for it presupposes that the righteous man will be wise, and use all reasonable endeavors for the welfare and support of those whom a kind Providence has placed under his care. Well, the agent of a life-insurance company says to him, "Pay me fifty dollars, and if during the next year you are removed from your family by death, we will pay your wife and children three thousand dollars in cash." Of course the premium varies according to the age of the person being insured, and in proportion to the sum agreed to be paid over to his heirs. It is true that money can never compensate for the loss of a near and dear relative; yet I trust I do not need to tell you of the many comforts, necessaries, blessings even, such a sum of money would bring to a family which had been deprived of its supporter, and having no property beside. My readers may think it is a kind of *lottery*. So it is. But it is no more a lottery than any *other* kind of *insurance*, nor has the system any of

those objectionable features found in lotteries, where honesty, I am afraid, is seldom much cared about.

There are two plans upon which life as well as fire and marine insurance is made. The first is the *joint stock* plan, which is managed in this manner. Several persons unite and furnish the necessary capital to commence with, and then, at certain fixed rates, give policies, or agreements. Once in six months or a year, if the company has made anything, the profits are divided among the stockholders in proportion to the amount paid in at the beginning. Sometimes the profits are very large, and twenty, and even thirty per cent., has been divided at one time, that is, for every dollar paid in there was a profit of thirty cents in six months. This high profit is unusual, but it happens occasionally. On the other hand, when the company is unfortunate, and frequent heavy losses occur, no dividend at all is paid to the stockholders for a long time, and it sometimes happens that the capital stock is not sufficient to pay the losses, and the company fails, the originators losing all they put in.

The other kind of insurance is on the *mutual* plan. Every one who gets insured is a member of the company; and, after paying expenses, if there is anything left, it is given back in exact proportion to the amount paid in by each member. The mutual offices are differently managed, but all on this principle, that *each insurer shares alike* in the profits or losses of the company. This is beyond question the best plan upon which to effect insurance, and the least objectionable, inasmuch as it is only an agreement among a certain number to divide all losses without detriment to any one.

Mischievous Theodore;

OR, THE REAL ROGUE UNPUNISHED.

ONE cold, frosty morning in the gloomy month of November, the boys who composed a village high school had crowded into the school-house before the hour for study, and were gathered in a knot round the blazing fire, listening to a story about some wicked boy who, the night before, had carried off the window-shutters from a poor widow's shop, and hid them in an adjoining field. As the par-

particulars of this sinful act were unfolded, loud and boisterous mirth expressed the delight these idle fellows felt at such a feat. At a little distance from the rest stood two other boys, named Oliver and Theodore, in close and earnest conversation.

Said Theodore, "It would be prime fun, if you would throw those crackers into the fire; how the boys would jump and run! I'd throw them in if they were mine."

"So would I," replied Oliver, "if Master was n't in; but he'd know who did it, and I don't see any fun in getting a whipping."

"But only think," said Theodore, "how they would crack and fly. Just see what a grist of them are round the fire! Why, they would scatter like blackbirds. Come, Oliver, do put them in."

"I've a great mind to," replied Oliver, hesitatingly; "but I'm afraid of being found out. If I could do it without Master's knowing it, I would in a moment; but, Theodore, I don't love being thrashed."

"Well, I always thought you were a coward," said the wily Theodore; "see, it's almost nine, and we must go to our seats in a few moments — will you give the crackers to anybody else who'll put them in the fire?"

"Yes," answered Oliver, "to be sure I will. I want to see the fun as well as you do."

Theodore here went towards the fire, and touching one of the group on the shoulder, whispered —

"Aaron, I want to speak with you."

The boy followed him a little way down the room.

Said Theodore, "Don't you want to see some sport this morning, Aaron?"

"Sport?" said Aaron; "yes, I'm always ready for a frolic; what is it?"

"Why," replied the tempting boy, "Oliver has got a bunch of crackers, and I've been thinking what a scattering they would make among the boys if some one would put them in the fire; and Oliver says he'll give them to any one who will put them in. Won't you do it?"

Aaron rubbed his hands for joy, and his bright eyes sparkled at

the prospect of mischief; for he was a naughty boy, and loved idle pranks; so turning to Oliver, he said —

“Here, hand over your crackers, and I’ll make those fellows jump and fly like scared rats.”

Taking the crackers, he crept softly up to the group, and soon succeeded in edging himself close to the fire.

“Holloa!” exclaimed he, pointing to a distant window; “what’s that?”

Every head was turned towards the window, and as a dozen voices asked, “What’s there?” he thrust the crackers deep into the fire.

“Don’t you see what’s there?” replied he to their question.

“No!” said the boys.

“Nor I either,” answered he, with a laugh.

The boys were promising to pay him for his joke, when bang — bang — bang, came the noisy crackers into their midst. Away they rushed — down went the chairs — some of the boys lay sprawling on the floor — some cried — some laughed — the scene was one of utter confusion.

The master, who was mending his pens at his desk, started up.

“What’s all this mean? Who put that in the fire? To your places! I’ll settle for this scandalous behavior!” exclaimed he in a breath.

The boys took their seats, with many a nod and wink, except a little fellow named Andrew, who stood with his hands on his face, and crying most piteously —

“Oh my eye! oh my eye!”

The crackers had struck him.

After examining Andrew’s eye, and finding it but slightly hurt, the teacher put the question to the school —

“Who put those crackers in the fire?”

There was a deep silence, but no reply. The teacher continued —

“No scholar shall quit the school until I know who did this mischief.”

A little boy, who had observed Aaron’s movements, stood up and said —

“It was Aaron Hill, sir.”

Aaron was called up.

"Did you put those crackers in the fire?" inquired the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said Aaron, "but Oliver Naylor gave them to me."

Oliver was then called up, and the guilt of both being proved, they were severely and deservedly punished.

Theodore, from the moment that Aaron consented to burn the crackers, had been in his seat, very demurely and gravely engaged in looking at his book, and by this cunning and hypocritical behavior escaped punishment, although he was the real instigator of the uproar.

But was Theodore happy because he escaped punishment? Oh no; he *felt* guilty, and he *knew* he had caused the punishment of his friends. He felt ashamed to meet them afterwards, for he knew he had injured them; and he has often said to the writer, that, although grown up to be a man, he had never forgiven himself for his ungenerous conduct in leading his playmates into trouble. Be sure, my young readers, then, that although you may escape punishment by cunning and deception, yet your consciences will trouble you. The best way is, neither to do nor invent mischief, and then your conscience, your teachers, and your friends, will be at peace with you.

From the Religious Souvenir

A Child's Prayer.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY, ESQ.

Now, at the silent, evening hour,
 Before I sink in gentle sleep,
 Father in heaven! I seek thy power,
 My pillow of repose to keep.

Let no rude dream disturb my rest,
 No danger seize my helpless frame,
 No secret arrow pierce my breast
 With wan disease, or fever's flame.

And when, to gild the morning sky,
 Again the sun its beams shall lend,

Up to thy glorious throne on high,
As incense, may my thanks ascend.

Thanks for thy goodness and thy grace,
Thanks for thy teachings from above ;
Thanks that thou hast a dwelling-place
Prepared for children of thy love.

But if to see another day
Thy wisdom hath denied to me,
Hear me, O Father, when I pray
To wake in heaven and live with Thee

Florie.

I LOVE the prattle of a child,
So artless, gushing, free and wild ;
With half coquettish hoyden air,
They toss about the waving hair ;
They confess their likings and dislikes —
Speak out, howe'er the subject strikes ,
And wind their wiles around your heart,
Until you cannot from them part.

I wish you could our Florie see,
An artless child 'tween two and three ;
Who trots about where'er I go,
And always asks, " Why do you so ?"
She speaks quite plain, and talks so fast,
She is among the magpies classed.
Never a fretful word or tone,
Hath little Florie ever shown ;
But judgment like a mind matured,
As though to crosses oft enured.

Perchance she doth an apple spy,
For her little hand to reach, too high ;
The quick inquiry, " Give it me ?"
I answer, " Busy, don't you see !"

" In a minute — then you will ;"
 Her pleading lip entreats, until,
 Unable longer to withstand,
 I place it in her little hand ;
 And then, with basket on her arm,
 The apple, snug, secured from harm.
 She takes a nib and drops it in,
 Then bends her head to look within ,
 And eats and talks, and talks and eats
 And pit-a-pats her little feet,
 Forever round and round the house,
 As brisk and busy as a mouse ;
 If asked to do a thing she spurns,
 Each shoulder gives a shrug by turns ;
 And if you urge, she will not grant,—
 " Ma says I must n't, and I can't !"

And when the evening draweth near,
 And one by one the lights appear,
 She lays her little frock aside,
 And wrapped in night-gown, large and wide
 Her chattering tongue begins to tease :
 " Tell me a story — will you, please ?"
 " What shall it be about, my pet ?
 About the mouse that gnawed the net ?"
 " No, no, tell me about a dog,
 Or else about a great big frog !"
 When those are told, she asks for more,
 And half exhausts my little store.
 " Tell me about Red-Riding-Hood ?"
 And I go on to please her mood ;
 Until her little sparkling eyes
 Grow small and smaller still in size ;
 Then she repeats her evening prayer,
 And thanks her Maker for his care,
 Asks him to bless her dear mamma,
 And all her friends where'er they are ;
 To please to take the kindest care,
 And make him good — of brother Clare
 And then she bids a last good night,
 And shuts her eyes till morning light.



Song of the Discontented Cook.

OH, who would wish to be a cook,
 To live in such a broil ?
 With all one's pains, to cook one's brains,
 And lead a life of toil ?
 'T is, Stir the pudding, Peggy,
 And give those ducks a turn ;
 Be quick, be quick, you lazy jade !
 Else one, or both will burn.

An hour before the rising sun
 I'm forced to leave my bed,
 To make the fires, and fry the cakes,
 And get the table spread.
 'Tis, Stir the pudding, Peggy,
 And give those ducks a turn ;
 Be quick, be quick, you lazy jade !
 Else one or both will burn.

'The breakfast 's scarcely over,
 And all things set to rights,
 Before the savory haunch, or fowl,
 My skill and care invites.
 'Tis, Stir the pudding, Peggy,
 And give those ducks a turn ;
 Be quick, be quick, you lazy jade !
 Else one or both will burn.

And here I stand before the fire,
 And turn them round and round ;
 And keep the kettle boiling —
 I hate their very sound !
 'Tis, Stir the pudding, Peggy,
 And give those ducks a turn ;
 Be quick, be quick, you lazy jade !
 Else one or both will burn.

And long before the day is spent,
 I'm all in such a toast,
 You scarce could tell which 's done the most,
 Myself, or what I roast !
 'Tis, Stir the pudding, Peggy,
 And give those ducks a turn ;
 Be quick, be quick, you lazy jade !
 Else one or both will burn.

Discovery of Glass.

ONE of the greatest discoveries was that of glass. It was known anciently, but did not come into general use till within about three centuries. It was discovered by accident, by some merchants men-

tioned by Pliny, who were driven by a storm to seek shelter on the coast of Syria.

They landed, and made a fire to keep off the wild beasts. In the morning, one of them found a lump of half-transparent matter, which glittered like precious stones. Some, who heard of it, made inquiry as to what it was, and how it was made. The plants that were burned were called KALI. They burnt some of it, but it was of no use till some sand was mixed with it. They found that thus they made glass. The inhabitants of Sidon, a neighboring city, were very eager in pursuing this discovery, and established a manufactory which supplied the neighboring countries. The glass thus made was of course not very elegant, as it was made of such coarse materials. Sand and kali, if melted together, will make glass; but other things must be added to make it good, as manganese, lead and nitre. The best glass is made of flint pulverized, and alkali; but the material is too expensive to be in common use.

The Venetians were preëminent in making glass, for purity and for size. Till the thirteenth century, they were the only people who made large mirrors. Consequently all Europe was obliged to buy it of them, — not only mirrors, but drinking vessels, for use as well as elegance.

This convenience was first brought to England in 674, when the monastery of Weremouth was glazed. Fine flint glass was made in 1557. It is now made in the United States.

Glass for windows was for a long time made of a greenish color, but a Londoner made it clear. He made his fortune; and to show it was an important secret, he was offered more than seventeen thousand dollars for it; but he wanted twenty, and as no one gave it, the secret died with him. Paste is glass colored like precious stones. It was once in fashion, but now is not. The French, however, are fond of it.





Autumn.

Yes! autumn has come at last. The cool, still nights, the ripe and ripening fruit, the variegated colors upon the forest trees, and, perhaps more than all, the little piece of daylight nipped off from both ends of every day, remind us that the fall of the year, — named so undoubtedly because it is the season when the leaves fall, — has come at last. Since I commenced my monthly visits to you I have seen your sleds and your warm mittens thrown aside, I have seen

your balls and skipping-ropes put away, as the hot summer days came on; and now that these have vanished, and given place to autumn, your amusements are again changed, and suited to the cool bracing weather which every rolling season brings us. It is true, the declining year, the dead and dying flowers, and the falling leaves, suggest, particularly to those advanced in life, the end of life which soon will overtake us all; yet if they have lived good and virtuous lives it will not come too soon. Some people seem to think that our youthful days are our happiest, and that grown-up people are always burdened with cares, and experience little or no happiness. "Ah," says Mr. Croaker, "these boys and girls are very happy *now*, but wait till they are grown-up men and women, and I guess they will know what *trouble* is." Now, this is totally wrong. I believe, if children are wise and good, and strive every day to be *better*, that their *real* enjoyments will increase as they go along, and that the evening of their lives will be the happiest of all. Young people generally do not realize what sin is, and hence their enjoyments are in a measure innocent. But if, after they know what a wrong action is, they *love* it, regardless of the laws of God, I do not wonder that they feel guilty and unhappy, and have bad dreams. Try Mark Forrester's advice, all you boys and girls, who are looking for a long succession of stormy days by and by. If what he says don't prove true, why you may say he is a story teller! And when you hear a person complaining of the misery of this world, and speaking just as though we had been created to be made wretched, run with all your might, for the fellow, in nine cases out of ten, would pick your pocket if he could get a chance! I have no doubt that Mr. Croaker was a horse thief.

Look abroad on yonder hill, and see what a variety of colors there are on the trees. Red, green, yellow, white, orange, nearly every hue you can imagine. And what a beautiful head-dress they make! It is related that the lady of the American minister to England once attended a party given by Queen Victoria with a wreath of autumn leaves around her head; and that the persons present could not be made to believe that they were of the natural colors. "Why," said the queen, "what a magnificent sight it must be to see your forests, if they are as beautifully colored as your head-dress!" True

enough, it is a fine sight. I once saw a company of little girls coming from a thick wood in a country town, and they did look charming indeed. Be careful what you gather in your excursions after colored leaves. A friend of mine, two years since, went a short distance into the country, and returned in the evening with a nice parcel of these emblems of decay. In a few hours his hands began to swell up, and for several days he was the very image of distress. He had gathered part of his bouquet from a copse of *dogwood*, the leaves of which in the autumn are of a most tempting red color, and was sadly poisoned. The leaves look somewhat like laurel, and the sappy bark is very poisonous. A witty person was once asked what the difference was between a dog and dogwood. One is known by its *bark*, the other by his *bite*, immediately answered the wit.

Perhaps the most pleasant employment for the boys at this season is gathering nuts. Hazelnuts and some other varieties are ripe in September; but the walnut, the chestnut, the butternut, and some others, do not fall until we have several hard, freezing, severe frosts; *black frosts*, as they are sometimes called. I suppose my younger readers imagine all frosts to be white, like what we see upon the boards on a cold morning. They *are* all white; but the hard ones — the real *freezers*, leave a *black mark*. After a *black* frost, and the warm sun has risen, the leaves of the tender garden vegetables turn of a very dark color, nearly black, and hence the name of a black frost. Well, such a frost as this opens the burs of the chestnut, and after a high wind to rattle out the nuts, you may find the ground about covered.

One afternoon, not long since, I was in the country walking leisurely by the side of a fence nearly overrun with bushes, when I heard voices upon the other side. I listened, and heard a small boy and his more mature sister, lamenting the loss of something. Probably their names were Willie and Mary.

“Well, this is pretty well,” said Willie; “only last week there were plenty of hazelnuts on these bushes, and now they are all gone. I guess Rob Burr has been here and stole them all.”

“Hush, Will,” said Mary, “you have no right to accuse Robert of such conduct. He is a good boy, and I am sure would not steal your hazelnuts. Perhaps some one else has taken them.”

“ Well, *somebody* has taken them,” continued Will. “ Hazelnuts don’t have legs and walk off, not in our day. And yet,” said he lifting up the overhanging bushes, “ I don’t see any tracks.”

Reader, who do you think stole Will’s hazelnuts? What! can’t guess? Why, I saw the thief sitting on the fence, not two rods off, all the while Will and his sister were looking for *tracks!* And for fear some of you might lose your hazelnuts, and not know the thief I have caused his portrait to be taken; so you may look out for him Here is the little rascal.



There, leave your hazelnuts on the bushes until they are fully ripe, and this little rogue will save you the trouble of gathering them.

Butternuts are ripe somewhat before chestnuts. Many a day have I rowed a boat along the Connecticut river to gather the butternuts on the overhanging branches. Frequently a gray squirrel would be found intruding, and then a plan was formed to shake him off into the river. This was good sport, but it did not always end exactly right. I remember coming very near being ducked

myself once, and have seen one or two boys, who were less lucky, get a swim, on similar occasions. However, no harm was done, only a good deal of sport was created among their school-fellows.



Louis Philippe,

THE late King of the French, and one of the most remarkable men of the world, was born in Paris, on the sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three. He was the eldest son of Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans.

So far as ancestry could avail — and in his case it availed much — he was a prince by French descent, and had direct relationship to the line of Stuart, or Queen Victoria's family. While a child he was entitled Duke of Valois. At the age of twelve his father succeeded to the title of Duke of Orleans, and the boy became the Duke of Chartres, taking the place vacated by his father, as he was always entitled to do.

Louis Philippe, at an early age, was put under the instruction and government of the Countess de Genlis, a lady eminently qualified, by extensive learning, natural genius, and a happy disposition, to form the mind and habit of a prince. She taught him to love God and his works, and to love man. She not only taught him the common branches of polite learning, but to speak with ease the Italian, German, and English languages, the latter of which were accomplishments soon called into requisition.

She had him instructed in gardening, turning, basket-making,

carpentry, and weaving—a fine lot of trades for a prince! in addition to all this, he was a doctor; he studied botany and medicine under the direction of a medical gentleman.



It was the intention of the countess to make her charge a good, intelligent, and hardy man, or king, if perchance he might be a ruler. How she prepared him for hardships and trying emergencies, we may learn from one of her remarks, after political influences had driven him from France, a mere youth, and almost penniless. She says, "How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him; for having taught him the

principal modern languages ; for having accustomed him to wait on himself ; to despise all sorts of effeminacy ; to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat ; to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain ; to accustom himself to fatigue, by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes ; and, finally, for having given him the taste and habit for travelling. He had lost all he had inherited from birth and fortune — nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me.”

At an early age, the Countess de Genlis observed of his general character, — “ Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank, such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and the desire for novelties. He has no passion for money ; he is disinterested, despises glare, and is consequently truly noble.” And I will add, there are various incidents on record which fully corroborate this statement, but I have not room for their record here.

He had been for some years an honorary colonel, when, at the age of a little more than seventeen, he assumed the command of his regiment. In this command he manifested much prudence and kindness.

In the French revolution of 1793, the father of Louis Philippe was beheaded. Previous to the death of the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety. Knowing this to be nearly equivalent to condemnation, he immediately fled ; was hotly pursued, but escaped into the Belgian Netherlands. He wandered for months, a youth among strangers, and at last nearly penniless. Sometimes he received kind treatment, and sometimes very unkind usage. Finally, being under the necessity of employment for support, he procured the situation of a preceptor, under the assumed name of Chabaud-Latour. Here he was very successful. And here for the first time he heard of the dreadful fate of his father. Political movements soon made it prudent for him again to become a wanderer. And after a few months, at the request of his mother, he visited the United States, and travelled extensively, in connection with his two younger brothers.

I should be happy to give my readers some account of his wan-

derings and hardships here, but shall not have room. Nor shall I have room to detail the account of his return to Europe, his fortune restored, his marriage and occupation, till, in 1830, in the next revolution in France, after he had been driven from her, he was made king, under the style and title of **LOUIS PHILIPPE I., KING OF THE FRENCH.**

For the last seventeen years, previous to the late revolution, he has been crowned with riches and honor. He had been esteemed one of the wisest and best of monarchs; especially had he distinguished himself as the friend and keeper of peace. It has been thought, however, by many, that he has not fully sustained his early reputation for disinterested benevolence and liberal principles.

That he was lately obliged to abdicate his crown, and with his family to quit his palace and flee his country, my readers are well aware. **HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!**

The Rattle-Snake.

LOOK out for snakes! They have had a bad reputation among men, from the temptation of mother Eve to the present day. Whether it was really a serpent, according to our understanding of the term, which was the prompter to her transgression, is undetermined. Many think it was; but whether it was or not, there is an enmity between him and man, and when man has the power he bruises the serpent's head.

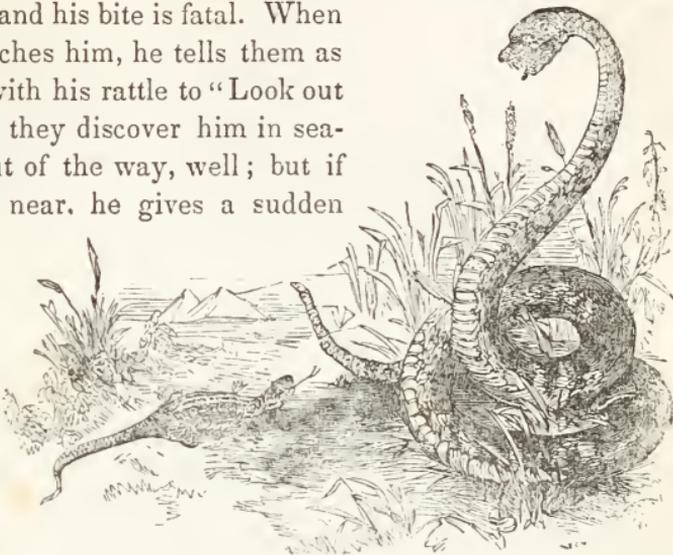
I could bring facts to show that the serpent has no friendship for man. One of the most glaring instances of his depravity is the account I used to read, when a boy, of a serpent which was found by a farmer, nearly frozen and almost dead. The farmer took him to his house, and warmed him and fed him; and when the serpent had become comfortable and animated, the farmer put him in his bosom. But the wretch stung his benefactor.

There are many sizes and descriptions of snakes, from the little one in the grasp of the harvest mouse, to the sea serpent, which occasionally lies off Nahant, for the gratification of visitors, or perhaps more truly for the benefit of the steamboat company.

This is a rattle-snake, and a dangerous fellow he is too; dangerous not because he is naturally quarrelsome, but because he bites in self-defence, and his bite is fatal. When any one approaches him, he tells them as well as he can with his rattle to "Look out for snakes;" if they discover him in season, and get out of the way, well; but if they come too near, he gives a sudden spring and fixes his deadly fangs upon them.

People in vicinities where these reptiles are found have to be very careful not to come

in contact with them. Miles Hawthorne tells me that in places where he has found them numerous, he has procured white ash boughs and sticks as a defence against them. He says they dread the ash as men do poison, and that he has seen them run over living coals of fire, rather than go over ash sticks, when they had been encompassed by a circle made one half of each.



Important Questions and Answers.

Who was the first President of the United States? George Washington.

Who is the present? Franklin Pierce.

Who will be the next? Give it up? So do I. Let us try something else.

What is the great key to the treasures of the English language? WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

Right. Webster's Dictionary unabridged is an invaluable treasure. It is as large as a common sized quarto Bible, with finer print. Its definition of words is very exact, very extensive, and

very happily expressed. From this teacher you need not turn away in doubt. It contains a key by which you may easily learn the pronunciation of words.

In addition to the usual matter contained in dictionaries, it has extensive pronouncing vocabularies of Scripture, Geographical and Classical names. I have no hesitation in declaring it the best dictionary of the English language which I have ever seen. And I had almost said, that I have no desire for a better one.

Doves.

THE Dove or Pigeon tribe is divided into numerous families, and is distinguished by a great variety of shades and gradations. Their form is elegant, their plumage beautiful, and their manners are gentle and fascinating. They are easily domesticated, and are great favorites with man. They are very social beings, and have generally been held as emblematic of peace and innocence. It may be that the olive branch is made the emblem of peace, because the dove brought it to Noah in the ark.

This is May day. The little folks have all gone after flowers, and some very nice ones they have found too. I saw one of the queens with her train pass my office, with a crown and sceptre, beautifully decked with flowers. But Mistress Farmer is at home. Just now she is looking after the feathered tribe. The biddies are helping themselves, as fast as they can, while Mr. Chanticleer says, "Give us some more." You see one little fellow at her feet, looking up with dove's eyes, as much as to say, I thank you, ma'am. And there is little pet upon her shoulder, illustrating some tale of confidence and love.

The pigeon is very swift upon the wing. They were frequently trained to be carriers of news, before men became masters of steam and electricity. They were trained in this way:—A young one, well fledged, would be taken in a basket half a mile or so from home, and then let loose. It would go immediately home. Then they would carry it a greater distance, till finally they could trust it on a journey of one or two hundred miles.

Persons wishing to obtain very important news "in advance of the mail," would send one of these pigeons away from home, in



charge of a keeper, of course. At the desired time, after having kept it in a dark room, and without food, six or eight hours, the keeper would affix to it his message, and then let it loose. When

first let loose, the pigeon would rise high in the air, making a spiral flight of observation. As soon as it gained sight of a known object it would go off in a direct line to the point. It will fly thirty miles an hour. One of them once took a message from London to Antwerp, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, in six hours.

These pigeons are used to some extent at present, but as I have already intimated, the lightning has become a powerful competitor, and will probably prove a successful one. It clears the track much quicker than the dove, but its path is not so easily kept in order.

My young readers will take special interest in the following touching lines, when they learn that Mr. Adams wrote them the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by a young lady.

WRITTEN FOR MISS C. L. EDWARDS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE DAY
PRECEDING HIS DEATH.

*John Quincy Adams,
Quincy, Massachusetts.*

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps of goose, but, now and then,
From Jove's own Eagle sundered.
But, now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers ;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel ! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time ;
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou shouldst share ?



Money at Interest.

I HAD some money in my purse,
Kept there almost forever,
Waiting to buy a pair of skates,
To skate upon the river.

But yesterday, dear grandpapa,
 I saw a painful sight ;
 It drew the money from my purse,
 And left it empty, quite.

A ragged boy led by the hand
 A little sister sweet,
 Who crept along the frozen sand,
 With half uncovered feet.

My hand sought out the silver prize,
 That in my pocket lay —
 When in my ear I heard a voice,
 That softly seemed to say,

“ Think of the skates, the shining skates !
 Think of the glorious ice !
 If you relieve the suffering child,
Pleasure must pay the price.”

“ Pleasure a GREATER price must pay,”
 Another voice replied,
 “ If suffered thus to close the hand,
 That pity opens wide.”

Out came the money, grandpapa ;
 How could I then refuse ?
 And to the smiling boy I said,
 “ Buy ‘ sis ’ a pair of shoes.”

You should have seen the little girl,
 Her laughing eyes of blue,
 As, showering kisses from her hand,
 She sang — “ New shoe ! new shoe ! ”

“ God bless the gift,” said grandpapa,
 “ And add to mercy’s store —
 He lendeth to the Lord, my son,
 Who giveth to the poor.”



Hon. Henry Clay.

THIS distinguished gentleman was, to a great extent, a self-made man. It is said that when Napoleon Bonaparte was about to become the son-in-law of the Austrian monarch, that monarch having a great desire of proving him of royal descent, made diligent search to establish the fact. But Napoleon, becoming acquainted with his intention, immediately visited him and exclaimed, "Stop, stop, sire! I alone am the author of my fortune, and desire it to be so understood. Neither royal descent nor royalty has contributed anything to its

achievement; and though I might legitimately claim both, would not mention either." I have never heard of royal descent on the part of Mr. Clay, and I hope he has enough of the true republican in his constitution to feel that that is a matter of indifference.

Henry Clay was born in Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father was a Baptist minister, and preached, at the time of Henry's birth, in Hanover county, familiarly called "The Slashes."

His father died when he was about five years of age. His early means of education were poor. The straitened circumstances in which the family was left made it necessary for him, in common with his brothers, to spend much time in manual employments. He was no stranger to farming utensils; by the sweat of his brow he earned his daily bread. It was from his frequent visits to a grist-mill on the Panumkey river,—where he went seated on a bag of grain thrown across his horse, without a rope, bridle or saddle,—that he gained the title of "Mill Boy of the Slashes."

He worked in this way till about fifteen years of age, enjoying, as I before intimated, but meagre means of education. In 1792, he was placed in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery, where he found employment congenial to his taste, and ample means of mental culture. In this and other offices he "paid his way" by diligent effort, and acquired a knowledge of law, so that, in the year 1797, he was licensed to practise law. Boys, remember this has been done; and though you are poor and without friends, just think that it or its equivalent may be done again.

Mr. Clay once said, in reference to his commencement in business, "I was without patrons, without friends, and destitute of the means of paying my weekly board. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money, per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice."

And with his lucrative practice came wealth, and honor, and power. He has been one of the great men of this nation. He has held many offices of high distinction, and acquitted himself with ability and honor.



Anemones and Violets.

ANEMONES and violets,
Children of the spring!
Thank you for the pleasant flowers—
Nature's offering!

Violets, anemones,
Bursting into birth ;
Nature's painted playthings —
The pretty things of earth !

Blooming in the woodlands,
Underneath the trees ;
Little meek-eyed violets,
Pale anemones !

Clustering by the brookside,
Clustering in the glen,
Nature hides her dearest flowers,
Far away from men ;

Robes herself in velvet,
Jewelled like an earl's ;
Violets — anemones —
Amethysts and pearls.

Gold Mines.

GOLD is one of the purest of all metals, and is not liable to perish by rust or by the action of fire. It is of a very bright yellow color, easily bent, and can be hammered so thin that a single grain can be made to cover more than fifty square inches, and then divided into five hundred thousand parts, each of which can be seen with the naked eye.

Gold is found in primitive mountains, usually in slender veins, often penetrating the hardest rock. But it is more commonly obtained in very small grains from the alluvial soil which forms the beds of rivers, or the sides of channels, which have been created by floods and are frequently covered with water. Many have supposed that these fragments are washed down from the adjoining mountains ; and persons have frequently endeavored to trace them up to their supposed original beds, where they hoped to find large quantities of gold, and become rich at once. But in all cases the miners have been disappointed ; for where the sands of the rivers afford golden

grains, the particles have become scarcer as the searchers approached the rocks from which the streams have issued. The general belief among geologists now is that the gold is thrown up from the bowels of the earth by volcanoes, and that the rivers are constantly carrying the loose and light soil towards the sea, while the heavy grains of gold sink to the bottom and remain there.

Gold has been found in many European countries, and in Asia and Africa, but in moderate quantities. At the present time, America takes the lead in furnishing mankind with the precious metal. Mexico is rich in gold mines, the principal of which are situated inland from the sea, in the provinces of Zacatecas, New Biscay, and Mexico proper. But the veins are generally small, and the produce uncertain. It has been observed that gold mines have generally ruined those who have engaged in them; although the purifying of the ore is not so expensive as that of other metals. This happens because the veins are very apt to fail. For some distance, the vein will be full and rich, and then it is suddenly lost. When, indeed, a vein can be traced to its end, the miners frequently find what is called the *purse* of the mine, or such a considerable quantity of gold as at once makes the fortune of the adventurer.

The gold in Mexico, as in other parts of the world, is found in two different states; either within the rock, in veins, or scattered in small particles in the sands of rivers. It is sometimes found in lumps, or masses, which are called *native gold*; but more frequently it exists in a mineralized state, mingled with other substances, as earth, stone, sulphur, &c. In this state it would not be recognized to be gold by an inexperienced person; for it is red, white, or black, as it may happen, and shows none of its brilliancy or metallic character.

When gold is found in this state of mixture, the ore is broken in pieces, in a mill, consisting of an upright circular stone, which turns on its axis, while it traverses a circular trough, such as is employed in grinding bark in England. When the ore is thus broken, some of the refuse is easily separated from it. To the remaining mass a considerable quantity of quicksilver is added, which, having a strong attraction for gold, fastens upon every particle of it, and draws it away from whatever it had been attached to.

When the gold is thus amalgamated with the quicksilver, a full stream of water is let into the vessel, which carries with it the lighter matters, earth, &c., and leaves at the bottom the heavy metal: the amalgam, thus cleansed, is squeezed in a cloth; and much of the quicksilver being forced out, the remainder is driven off by fire, which leaves the gold pure.

When the miners suspect gold to be in the bed of a river, they turn the stream away from those spots in which they conceive it may lie. Then they loosen the bottom of the river, by digging; and in this loosened state the soil is easily washed off by the current, which is let in suddenly for the purpose; and a stiff earth remains, in which the gold is concealed. The waters are again turned off, and the workmen dig up this earth, which they carry away to the *lavaderos*, or washing places. Here it is kept continually stirred with iron hooks and rakes, while water, rushing in, carries away the earthy matter; and the gold, from its weight, falls to the bottom. Still it is mingled with a black heavy sand, which hides the gold, unless there be a few lumps larger than the general size; and, to get rid of this sand, it is put in successive portions into a shallow dish, deepest in the middle, and filled up with water. With their spread fingers the workmen then whirl the whole round and round; so that the water and sand may pass over the edges of the dish, and the pure grains of gold remain in the central hollow. This gold is obtained without the aid of quicksilver or fire.

Brazil is, perhaps, one of the two richest gold countries in the world. The discovery of her gold mines was made by a party of soldiers, who were sent into the inland provinces to quell an insurrection, and found among the natives some fishhooks made of gold. On inquiry they were informed that the gold was brought down from the mountains by the floods, when the torrents came rushing into the valleys. This was enough to instigate a diligent search. It is true, only a few veins of gold were discovered, but the quantity of grains found after the flood exceeded belief. This searching for gold is now the employment of negroes, who have this privilege, that if any one brings the quantity required of him, his master cannot demand of him any more. Should he find more, it becomes his own property; and, if he can save enough of it, he may purchase his freedom.



Forrester's Evenings at Home.

RIVERS.

Henry. Good-evening, Mr. Forrester; we have been waiting very anxiously for the cars. You see our room is full to night.

M. F. So much the better. It is a source of great pleasure to me to know that I can be instrumental in imparting knowledge, in my rough way, to the young. But we have no subject fixed upon for to-night. What shall we talk about?

Flora. Rivers, rivers!

Helen. Oceans, Mr. Forrester, oceans!

George. Winds, winds, winds!

M. F. Stop, stop! one at a time, and I will settle the matter. We cannot talk about two things at once. I will write down the subjects on this scrip of paper, and put a number against each one. There are six of them. Now, Henry, what number will you choose?

Henry. Number three.

M. F. Well, let me see: number three, RIVERS.

So, with your permission, we will converse a little while about those great natural veins of the earth. But what are rivers?

George. Streams of water, running along the surface of the earth, in natural channels.

M. F. A very excellent definition. Rivers may be large or small, according to the extent of country which they drain. A very small stream is generally called a brook, but it is merely a small river. Rivers, for the most part, rise in high lands, from springs or the melting of ice and snow. When the fall of water is gentle, it is called a rivulet; when violent, a torrent. As it courses along, other small streams fall into it, and thus it keeps constantly increasing in size until it falls into the sea or ocean. Every ridge of mountains and high lands, running through a continent or country, gives rise to numerous rivers. On each side, they pour forth streams of water, which wind through the valleys, refreshing vegetation, propelling machinery, and furnishing a sort of highway for boats; and, having performed their destiny, discharge themselves into the ocean. By the process of evaporation the water is again raised as clouds, and carried by the wind into the interior of the country, where it falls as rain or snow; and thus the mighty, curious, wonderful system goes on for ages and ages, without danger of interruption! Look over your head. Those clouds, which you have so often seen, are but *buckets*, if I may so speak, carrying water about, emptying it here and there for your benefit. Now, did you ever really think of how much importance they are? Why, without them, the springs, rivers, ponds, and lakes, would soon dry entirely away, the earth would be parched, the trees and plants would dry up, the cattle and the beasts of the forest would die, and the earth would be unfit to sustain life.

Henry. There are some countries where there is but very little rain, like Egypt. How do the inhabitants do without it?

M. F. By another very wonderful and interesting provision of nature. The Nile, which runs through Egypt, from south to north, is a very long river, and, once every year, it overflows its banks, and waters the valleys on both sides profusely. This overflow happens regularly, and is caused by long and heavy rains on the mountains in the interior of Africa. It takes nearly two months, after the rainy season begins, for the water to reach what is called the valley of the Nile, in sufficient quantity to make this overflow. Without it the banks of that river would be as barren as the deserts which surround it.

Rivers generally have but one outlet, called the mouth. Some have several. The Ganges has eight, all of which are large and deep. The Nile, the Mississippi, and some other rivers, have numerous outlets.

I have spoken of the valleys as the natural beds of rivers. So indeed they are, yet there are one or two exceptions to this rule, and exceptions worthy of notice. The Mississippi river, the longest stream of water in the world, for hundreds of miles from its mouth runs along *on the top of a ridge of land*. This may appear strange to you, yet it is a fact. The surface of the land or swamps, on both sides of the river, is considerably below the surface of the water. The water during the annual freshets sometimes breaks over these banks, or *levees*, as they are called, and thousands of acres of plantations, and even towns and settlements, are overflowed. In the spring of 1849, you may remember, there was a large breakage or *crevasse* in the river bank, and great alarm spread over that portion of the States. Several streets, in the city of New Orleans, were inundated, and it was not until the river had fallen considerably, that the places were stopped. The water stood like large lakes upon the swamps, and for some time many of the roads were under water, and totally impassable. Geologists tell us that probably the larger part of the State of Louisiana has been made by the Mississippi river. During the greater part of the year, the water of this river is thick with mud, washed from the banks, which are continually wearing away, and this is dropped at the outlets, and in time forms land. We can judge pretty well of the truth of this from the fact that the old Balize, a post erected by the French, in 1724, at the mouth of the river, is now two miles and a half distant from the present mouth. When you are old enough to understand Geology, there are many more facts in regard to this river that will interest you.

Henry. I have heard of underground rivers, but I suppose there is no such thing.

M. F. Certainly there *are* many underground streams, one of which I have seen. I was travelling along in the stage, some years ago, in Kentucky, near the line of Tennessee, when all at once a river appeared bursting out from the side of a mountain. We followed the stream for some distance, and I saw several small mills

carried by the water. Presently the water fell into a sort of pit in the rocks, and was entirely lost from sight.

Flora. Why, Mr. Forrester, where does the water go to? I should think that the pit would be filled up.

M. F. Perhaps it has no bottom to it. I will warrant you that the water finds the ocean in some way. Kentucky is a queer state in this respect. There are several caves and deep chasms in the rocks within her borders, and the sound of water can frequently be heard in them. The great Mammoth cave has been explored more than three miles under ground. At this point one of these underground rivers runs directly across the path. It is a stream of respectable size, and it here falls over a precipice—I dare not say how deep—but it must be a great ways. The roar of the water below is distant, yet the air around seems to be shaken by the fall. Who can tell how much longer this cave is? Perhaps it may, at some future day, be explored a great distance further. But there is yet something wonderful in regard to this cave to tell you. In the water above spoken of there are a multitude of fish *without eyes*. When I first learned this, I confess that my belief was staggered. But I cannot doubt now that such is the fact. They not only have no eyes, but there are not any of the optical nerves in the head, usually found connecting the eye with the brain. Here we have a striking instance of the wisdom of our Creator. These fish have no use for eyes. They are shut up in a dark dungeon, away from the light forever. Yet it is just as difficult to catch these fish as though they had the best of eyes. He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” has not left them defenceless. Their sense of feeling is so perfect that upon the approach of a net, with which they are sometimes taken, they will dart away in an instant, and it requires considerable skill and patience to capture them. You would suppose that without eyes they would be continually running their noses against the rocks; but it is not so. Their other fine senses, of which we know nothing, tell them when they are in danger. Wonderful as this is, plainly as the hand of an all-wise Providence is here displayed, it is but one page from the great book of Nature. Look around you where you will, and God is written everywhere. Not only in these little fishes, created without eyes, because they are placed where the light of day never penetrates, but everywhere, in

the forest, in the fields, in the seasons, winter and summer, light and darkness, on the shores of the great ocean, and by the side of the rippling brook, everything we examine has its story to tell of the bounty and goodness of our Creator. You, doubtless, wonder how any reasonable being can deny the existence of God, with all these proofs before him. It is, certainly, very strange. But you are young, and every day you live will show you other proofs as great as these. When the snows of more than seventy winters have whitened your locks, as they have mine, I am sure you will think it the greatest wonder of all, that a reasoning human creature should reject these proofs of a kind Providence, as inconclusive and visionary.



The Chamois.

ONE of the most interesting animals known is the chamois, a picture of which stands at the head of this article. Its form is that of a slender-formed goat, but with less shaggy hair. It inhabits the

high districts upon the s. side of the Alps, in Switzerland, between the elevated glaciers where perpetual snow is found, and the forests below. It is not more than two and a half feet in height, with black horns, crooking backwards at the tips.

They go in herds of twenty or thirty, and feed upon the Alpine pastures, which give a peculiar richness to their flesh, much esteemed as venison. Their skins, too, are valuable, and, to capture them, the hunters ply their hazardous employment, which carries them to places of the wildest and most precipitous description. Few ravines will stop the chamois. It will either scale or leap them. "We have seen it," says a traveller, "leaping down a precipice, sliding first the fore legs down the steep, while, with its hind feet, it held the edge of the rock, till the centre of gravity was lowered as far as possible, then bounding forward and alight on its hind feet without any apparent effort. These descents we have witnessed to the depth of more than twenty feet; and it will not hesitate to leap down even thirty."

All the senses of the chamois are extremely acute; and these, combined with its great agility, are the guards and defence from danger with which Providence has endowed this otherwise defenceless animal. Its sense of smell, it is said, will enable it to perceive an aggressor at a distance of two miles. Its voice, when undisturbed, is a kind of low bleating, but, when alarmed, it is changed into a shrill blast, or whistle, which is known to the herd, and at once sets them upon the alert.

Flattery.

ONE of the very worst kinds of deceit is flattery. You may be sure that they who flatter you are not your friends. They generally have a purpose in view:—either to be paid back in their own coin, or to gain some favor from you. In illustration of this, I will relate an anecdote which I lately heard:—

A carpenter was working in his shop one morning, and on taking up his axe he found it wanted grinding sadly, and having sent his stone to be repaired, he set out in quest of a person who would lend

him one. He had not gone far before he met a little boy on his way to school. "Good morning, my fine little fellow!" said he, "Oh, what a handsome lad! (the boy was rather ugly) I suppose you are off to school; ah, a fine thing learning is! Now, I'll be bound you are a clever lad — as clever as you are handsome! How old are you?" "Ten, sir," replied the delighted lad. "Where do you live, my dear?" "About a mile off here, sir," said the boy. "What is your father?" "A farmer, sir." "Oh, indeed; now I dare say he keeps a grindstone?" "Oh yes, sir, and it is reckoned a very good one," said the boy. "That is just what I want, and I dare say, my dear little fellow, you would have no objection to let me grind my axe on it?" "Oh dear, no, sir!" "And, my darling — I dare say would go back with me and give it a turn?" "Why, mother would beat me if I was to turn back from school, sir; but I will tell you where the house is." "Oh, never mind that, you come with me, I'll make it all right with her!"

Overcome by the flattering carpenter, the poor boy retraced his steps, soon arrived at his home, and taking his obsequious friend to the grindstone, set to work right merrily, the carpenter stopping every now and then to praise him, and stroke his head. But lo, and behold! as soon as the axe was ground, the carpenter dismissed the poor lad with a rough kick, telling him to go to school and mind his lessons, and never play truant again!

Simple as this occurrence may seem to my readers, it was a good lesson to the boy, for, in after life, if any one began to flatter him, he always cut them short, by saying, "Stop! you have an axe to grind!" As it was with the lad, so it is with all: — you may rest assured that no one will ever flatter you without having — *an axe to grind!*

The Dervise.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, having arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace, mistaking it to be a public inn or caravansera. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the

eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place. The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansera. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansera, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during the debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansera. "Sir," said the dervise, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons who lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, "his ancestors." "And who," said the dervise, "was the last that lodged here?" The king replied, "his father." "And who is it," says the dervise, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him that "it was he himself." "And who," says the dervise, "will be here after you?" The king answered, "the young prince, his son." "Ah, sir!" says the dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is surely not a palace, but a caravansera!"

Little Harry Lee.

I HAD a little cousin once,
 His name was Harry Lee —
 And through the long, bright summer days,
 We played so merrily!

Beside the busy, babbling brook
 He 'd build a house for me;
 And I would gather shells and flowers
 For little Harry Lee.

And in the morning, blithe and gay
 As any lark was he;
 For when I heard a merry laugh,
 I knew 't was Harry Lee.

At night, he 'd say his hymn and prayer
 Beside his mother's knee —

For never lived a better boy
Than little Harry Lee.

But autumn came, and every leaf
Grew yellow on the tree ;
And through the naked branches swept
The wind, so drearily !

And then, alas ! no cousin came
To gather flowers with me :
But every day I climbed the hill,
To look for Harry Lee.

But still, throughout the weary day,
No Harry could I see ;
And echo, when I called his name,
Would answer — Harry Lee !

At last, beside the very brook
Where he had played with me,
I found a little grassy grave,
Where rested — Harry Lee.

And on this little, narrow grave,
My tears were falling free,
When from the sky I heard the voice
Of little Harry Lee.

“ My cousin Mary, cease to shed
Those bitter tears for me ;
For Jesus Christ once died to save
Poor little Harry Lee.

“ And in his arms, for evermore,
Safe sheltered I shall be ;
He loves me more than you *could* love
Poor little Harry Lee ! ”

And then I wiped my falling tears,
And smiling, turned to see,
If I could find the cherub face
Of little Harry Lee.

The clouds around the setting sun
Were sailing bright and free,
And weaving o'er the evening sky
Their golden drapery.

But far beyond the rainbow clouds,
 That danced with fairy glee,
 And far beyond the setting sun
 Was little Harry Lee.

I knew that to the Saviour's breast
 The timid dove might flee ;
 For I had heard that Jesus said,
 " Let children come to me."

So on my cousin's lowly grave
 I bowed the trembling knee,
 And prayed that I in heaven might live
 With little Harry Lee.

Intelligence in a Fish.

AT a recent meeting of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, Dr. Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. When he resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, about six pounds' weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching,) and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such a velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a deal relieved ; but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time.

A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side to the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came to his whistle, it proved also—what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.

Neatness and Order.

ARE you a little boy? Learn that good old lesson found in the maxim, “a place for everything, and everything in its place.” Your books, your pen, ink, and paper. And when you are at work, take care of your tools, and see that they are put up carefully when you have done. Do things at the right time, and you will have time to do them, and to do them right.

Are you a little girl? Learn the same lesson. Do not throw down your geography here, your grammar there, and your slate and pencil yonder. When you are at work, do it as if you were in earnest about it; and when you have finished any piece of work, do not throw things *helter-skelter*, and leave them for your mother to pick up and put away.

I have known people do everything in such a loose and careless manner, that their time was not worth more than half what it otherwise would have been. If a boy was to cut a little fuel for the fire, the axe was to look for. If the garden was to weed, the hoe was first to search for. If he was told to recite a lesson, his book could not be found without a search. If a little girl was directed to knit a little, she had to look about a long time for her yarn and needles. If she was called upon to work a simple sum in addition, her pencil could not be found. And if she laid aside but a cape or a pocket-handkerchief, ten to one if she did not have to look into every room in the house before she found it.

Now, children, let me tell you that this want of neatness, order and despatch, multiplies the troubles of life — heaps up difficulties in one's way — occasionally separates friends, and induces careless habits, which will ripen into the maturity of stubborn faults, and serious blemishes, in the character of the most honest, industrious and intelligent young persons in the land. Now just think; and while you think, endeavor to avoid the evils against which I have cautioned you.

Hear both Sides.

“MA, can't I have two apples this evening? — Charles had four to-day and would not give me one.”

“I did not think Charles could be so selfish. Where did he get them?”

“One of the boys at school gave them to him. He had four; can't I have two?”

Presently Charles entered.

“Charles, how could you be so selfish and ungenerous, as not to give your brother a part of your apples, when you had so many?”

“I did offer him as much I had, Ma, and he would not take it.”

“Yes, you offered me the half of one out of four.”

“I should certainly think, Charles, you might have given your brother a whole apple at least. You may go without any this evening, and he shall have yours.”

“Now, Ma, I’ll just tell you how it was. You know our teacher took us to walk. One of the boys bought some apples, and gave me four. I gave one to our teacher; one to a boy who had given me a piece of cake; I could do no less than give one to the boy who walked with me, and I offered Frederic the half of the one I had left. Now, do you think that I ought to have given him any more?”

“Frederic, is this so?”

“I don’t know, ma’am.”

“Have you any reason to doubt it?”

“No ma’am.”

“Did not Charles offer you half of the only apple he had left?”

“Yes, ma’am; but I think he might have given me a whole one.”

“I do not. I think he acted very properly in the distribution of the apples, and very generous in offering you the half of what he had reserved for himself. Your partial representation was most unjust, and made me judge Charles wrongfully. I regret having condemned him unheard, and for your unfair representation, I shall insist that you forfeit your apple, so that instead of getting two you will have none; and I hope this circumstance may teach you ever after, that, even in this world, honesty is the best policy.”

For my own part, I laid the lesson to heart, and regarded it as one more illustration of the obligation we are under to “hear both sides.”

THE Earl of S. kept an Irish footman. My lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge, in return, sent my lord half a dozen live partridges, with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague’s head, as he was bringing it home, he set down the basket and opened the lid of it to quiet them; whereupon they all flew away. “O,” said he, “I am glad you are gone.” When he came home, and his lordship had read the letter, “Why, Teague,” said he, “I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter.”—“Now, arrah, dear honey,” said Teague, “I am glad you have found them *in the letter*, for they are all flew out of the basket!”

My Visit to the Country.

I WAS resting myself in my old arm-chair in my quiet room not many days ago, when there entered a gentleman with two children; an intelligent boy and girl of about a dozen or fourteen years of age.

"Is this Mr. Mark Forrester?" said they.

I am known by that name, my friends, I replied.

The gentleman then said his children were my "constant readers," and feeling a desire to see the "good old man" who every year made such an interesting book for them, they had persuaded him to bring them to town and call on me. "And if," said he, "your time and strength will allow, we all should be very happy to have you accompany us home in the eleven o'clock train, and dine and spend the afternoon."

I thanked my new friends, and told them I would accept their kind invitation with pleasure. I soon found out the names of my young friends — William and Lucy —. They remained with me the hour before the cars started, while their father went to attend to some business. I showed them all my curiosities, as the best way to entertain them. I find I can easily tell how much children have studied, and how extensively they have read, by simply opening my cabinet doors. They exclaimed at sight of some stones which I picked up, a good many years ago, near Rochester, New York, filled with shells—shells that had been rolled by the waves of the sea and imbedded in earth, and which ages had petrified!

My schoolmates, most of whom are now dead, knowing my fondness for remarkable specimens and relics, have assisted me in collecting from all parts of the earth through which they have travelled, curiosities, which I value more than silver or gold.

We were all in the midst of an earnest conversation over a drawer of beautiful fossil fish, when Mr. S—— returned. After we had arrived at the large and commodious depot of the Fitchburg Railroad we found that we had a few minutes to look at the elegant building.

Shortly after we had taken our seats in the cars, we all felt a tremendous *jerk*, and were soon aware that the *fiery steed* was harnessed to our train. Now what a delightful view we had from the

cars, as, enjoying the fresh country breeze, we glided out of Boston. Fast as we came to "crossings" the steam-whistle would sound its shrill, "*Get out of the way.*" There seemed to be a peculiar sound about this whistle to-day. It seemed dreadfully *hoarse!* William asked the conductor, with whom he seemed well acquainted, if the engine had not *got cold?* "I don't know about that," he replied; "I think, however, it will *get warm*, going at this rate, before we get to Keene."

On we went, through Cambridge, with its beautiful, cultivated grounds, and elegant houses, and Waltham, where, while the cars stopped a few minutes, we heard the hum from the factories, and, having rode some distance further, to —— station, we alighted. A comfortable carriage was waiting. After a ride of a mile, I found myself approaching the home of my friends. As we rode up to the door, I discovered some young heads peering out of a window through a mass of grape foliage, which rendered the blind unnecessary.

It was not long before I had the whole company of children alone with me in the parlor, and after hearing from the younger portion an account of the chickens, ducks, &c., they begged me to tell them a story.

"Well," said I, "once upon a time"—is'n't that a good beginning? "Excellent," little Ann cried, clapping her hands.

Then before I go any further—did you watch my eyes when a young man came round the piazza to take the horse? He did not see me, and I guess you did not witness the interest with which I regarded him? They all said "No."

Now for my story:

Once upon a time, perhaps eight, perhaps nine, years ago, not longer, for I was an old man then, I remember, I was walking home from East Boston. I recollect well how beautifully the harbor appeared when we crossed the ferry that fine moonlight evening. The loose sails hanging from the shipping seemed, when distant, like the uplifted wings of snow-white swans. The peaceful influences of the night, I know, had so affected me that I was ill-prepared for what followed.

For some reasons, although it gave me a longer journey, I went through Ann street. I never had a very exalted opinion of some of

the denizens of this part of our city, for scenes of outrage upon life and property had often there occurred.

I was walking quite leisurely along somewhere in the neighborhood of *Clark Alley*, when I stopped short on hearing, in a ruffian-like voice, "*If you don't I'll kill you.*" The voice proceeded from a cellar. I listened a moment, and heard blows, and a boy crying in heart-broken tones, "Oh! my mother!"

If it had cost me my life I should not have hesitated. I dashed into that underground abode of passion and brutality, determined to know why I had heard such words. There was a man, half intoxicated, standing over a pale-looking boy, about ten years of age, whom he had been cruelly beating. A woman lay, on what I suppose they called a bed, about as insensible to humanity as her drunken husband. The furniture of the room was trifling, and seemed to embrace all the conveniences for drinking, which, by the looks of the inmates, had been considerably improved.

As I entered without much notice, cane in hand, the miserable couple turned their inflamed eyes upon me with rage. I walked boldly up in front of the man, and looking him resolutely in the face said, "What are you doing with this child?" He made me no reply, but loosening his hold of the lad, walked off towards his wife.

The poor boy, glad to be released, told me, in a low sobbing voice, his story. His mother had died about two weeks before. She was a widow, and he her only child. After her death he came to live with his uncle, who took what little property his mother left; that they had now spent it, and were enraged with him because he would not go out into the streets and steal something for which they could obtain rum. "And sir," said the little fellow, "I'll *die* before I'll steal! My mother told me *never* to take what did not belong to me."

"You are right, my good boy," I said, taking him by the hand; "come with me, and you shall no longer be dependent on these wretches for a home." They saw I was in earnest, and, perhaps intimidated by the cane, made no resistance; but, cursing us smartly, allowed us to walk out.

I soon found that my young friend was a lad of spirit, although almost heart-broken. Ill treatment, joined with grief at his mother's death, had pressed heavily upon him. I talked with him on the way

home about what business he would like to follow. I told him I would find him some situation where he would be kindly treated, and would trust to Providence for my reward. He seemed to experience a longing for the country; and if I would be so kind as to find him some place in the country where he could live on a farm, he would be very grateful.

The next day I took a chaise and rode out to W——, to a very worthy friend of mine, and telling him the story, asked him to take the boy and treat him as his own child. I believe my friends were faithful to him. They never neglected his education, but encouraged him to prepare for a life of usefulness and honor. My charity cost me but little. I gave him a few suits of clothes, but so willing and industrious did he prove, that for the last few years he has received wages from the worthy farmer, which he conscientiously thought he had earned.

I learned, a few months since, that a wealthy farmer in an adjoining town, with a perfectly good understanding with my friend, hired the young man to superintend his workmen, so great was his confidence in his skill and integrity.

I was obliged to hasten my story, towards its close, for I saw I must soon be interrupted. They all discovered I had been telling them of their father's new foreman, a glimpse of whom told me that I had accidentally come to his present home.

Their many questions were cut short by the ringing of the dinner-bell; and we all hastened to the table. Mr. S—— asked the blessing of Heaven on the bounty with which the table was spread. All were helped before any began to eat. I noticed nothing of that vulgarity of manners so common in some families. The children were respectful to their parents and to each other. I saw that their good behavior was the result of consistent and persevering effort, on the part of their parents, for which they, I hope, will yet live to thank them.

The conversation during the meal turned upon the studies of children, and the books profitable for them to read. I was asked if I would recommend Latin for William and Lucy now. I said yes, if they have mastered all their other studies. This was too general a reply, and I must be more particular. Well, then, I consider any

one or all the foreign or dead languages but appendages to an education. A person may talk in as many languages as did the builders of Babel, and yet be confused, as they were, at a simple question, which a schoolboy of twelve years should answer.

Perhaps they thought I was an old man with many whims, (quite likely,) and their guest, and it would not be civil or kind to express different opinions. I must take this occasion to say, I have some notions about the study of the languages to which I may at some subsequent time invite my readers to listen. I was pleased to discover that the parents had looked into my *Magazine*, and, with few exceptions, which were kindly discussed, approved of the intellectual aliment there provided for their children.

After our excellent dinner was over, Lucy, at my request, took a seat at the piano and played a few tunes very respectably for a girl of her years. I had missed Charles from the number since dinner. It seemed he had slipped off to gather the young folks of the neighborhood, in honor of my coming. We had walked but a little while in the orchard, admiring the fruit, with which the trees were bending, when we heard the shout of a merry company, and saw Charles returning with his recruits. Lucy now proposed that we should all go into the *arbor* and act some *charades*. To this they all agreed, and skipped along with so much life and animation, that I almost forgot that my days of happy childhood had forever gone. After we had all got seated in the arbor, Lucy took a card out of her pocket, and, writing some figures on it, went round saying, "You see, do you? Five and four make nine." Now all went to guessing what the word could be, of which this represented the first syllable. Next Lucy took a glove in her hand and showed it to all, saying, "This is a *mit*. We will call this a *mit*." Next she told a little neighbor, whom she called Eveline, to step out with her. Poor little Eveline soon returned, bearing on her crooked back a large three-legged stool. This scene was received with shouts of merriment by the whole company. Eveline again went out and returned with Lucy to the entrance, where both stood and rapped. They were let in. This scene represented the whole word. Who would guess it first? Lucy looked towards her brothers and sisters and shook her head, by which I supposed she intended to say they

must not tell if they did know. I soon made out what it was, although it was new to me, and, I thought, a capital one. I said nothing, but watched the rest of the company. Charles looked very anxious to disclose the desired word to a sweet little girl sitting near him. "May I tell?" said I to Lucy. "Oh! yes sir," she replied. Then, calling to my side the little fairy, to whose petitions Charles was about yielding, I asked her to read what was on a card which I took out of my pocket. She took the card, and all were still while she read —

Admit the Bearer.

"Now, Mr. Forrester," said several of the children, "do you propose something?"

"Well," said I, "let Charles mount that three-legged stool. Now if some one will bring me a feather, I will show you what I will do." Lucy flew to the house, and soon returned with a fine soft one.

"What do you guess he is going to do to Charley with that feather?" asked one little girl of her next neighbor. "Oh! I don't know," she replied, "without it is to *tickle* him."

I called the bright-eyed little girl who read the charade, and whispered a few words in her ear, when she took the feather and said, "Master Charles, Mr. Forrester says I must bring you down on a feather." All eyes were turned upon her, to see how she could do a thing so utterly impossible. She looked very roguishly, and walked up to Charles and said, "You see, here's some beautiful *down* which I have brought you on a feather!"

What a shout went up through the arbor! There were a few birds, stealing grapes, which flew away as if they had been shot at! When the laughter had somewhat subsided, I was besieged again, with, "Mr. Forrester, *do* tell us another."

So I told William he might get up on the old stool this time. "William," said I, "I am going to command you to *come down*. You need not obey if you can help it, but you will get off that stool before I ask you three times." William looked as immovable as the statue of Washington in the State House. Looking very sternly at him, I said, "*Come down*." He never moved. "*Come down*." Twice I had said the words in vain. "Well, William," said I, "you will come down before I ask you the third time, for I don't think of doing it before Thanksgiving."

Seeing my kind host and his lady approaching, I arose and left the arbor, to meet them. They wished to look in upon the young folks, whose glee seemed of no ordinary kind. There stood William, making a very awkward appearance, in doubt whether he ought to give up or not. At last, finding he was waiting only to provoke laughter, he jumped down.

Leaving the children for a time, I accompanied Mr. S—— to a neighboring orchard, where his men were gathering apples. I soon discovered the foreman among them, none other than that boy whom I had rescued years before. He received me with a grateful welcome. He said his duties made it impossible for him to speak to me in the house, but that Mr. S—— had promised to bring me out to see him. I told him I was glad he had obtained so good a situation, and that he would show his regard for me by being faithful to his employer.

I was pleased to notice the handy manner in which he prepared the barrels, and the cautions he gave the other men to be careful and not bruise the apples. After spending an hour in the orchard enjoying an interesting conversation, which the sight of the beautiful fruit suggested, we returned to the house.

The children were playing a curious game on the lawn, near the garden. As we drew nearer, I discovered what it was. They had driven a stake down in the middle of the lawn, on which a shawl had been thrown, and the company were trying, one at a time, to see who could walk to it blindfolded. Each one thought he could do better than his predecessor, until he had tried. One boy, stepping off, as he supposed, in the proper direction, turned a somerset over a hencoop. Another one started, and brought up against the pump. A little girl begged to try, and finished her journey in a currant-bush.

I was escorted to the cars by the whole party, receiving many invitations to "come again." As the cars whistled away, I heard their "Good-byes" growing fainter and fainter.

After reaching my home in the evening, I distributed a part of the basket of pears and grapes, they had insisted on my taking, to some little Forresters, who believed, readily, that their grandfather had "had a good time."

Iron Mines.

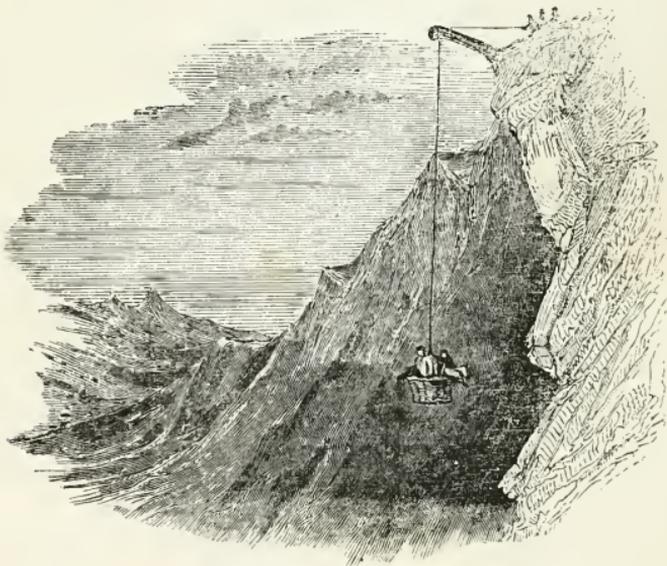
IRON is by far the most useful of all metals with which we are acquainted. Perhaps I might properly say, also, the most valuable, for how indispensable we find it in almost every kind of labor. Gold and diamonds are very scarce; and, being very beautiful ornaments to the person, they are consequently purchased only at high prices; but of what *real use* are they? Diamonds will cut glass, and the diamond powder is useful to polish with; gold forms a good currency, and is used in some other unimportant ways, and this is all the real *value* there is to them. But iron, which is found in great abundance in almost all countries, is far more valuable than both together. Look around you and find a single article in or about the manufacture of which iron was not used. Imagine, if you can, how we should manage to get along without iron. Where there is no iron, there could be no tools; no arts could be carried on successfully without it, nor could the sciences exist or the cultivation of the mind. In fact, the use of iron is the first step towards civilization. Where it is unknown, the people are savages, and so they must remain. The rusty brown stones which constitute the ore of iron do not seem to promise much of value, either as to beauty or usefulness. But the ingenuity of man has found out the means of making them of great importance, by drawing iron from them, and again refining that into steel.

There are various modes of obtaining the ore from iron, practised in different countries, though in general it is the same. In England, the brown stones containing the iron are roasted, which brings them into a state which renders their fusion a much easier and more certain operation, by expelling the sulphur or the arsenic which abounds in them in their mineral state. The ore is then brought to the smelting furnace, a huge oven, shaped somewhat like a cone, into which the workmen throw in, alternately, baskets of coal and baskets of ore. The coal is then ignited, and in the space of about two hours the melted metal begins to settle to the bottom. It is then let out into channels formed in the sand, which lead it into hollows formed also in sand, and here it settles and cools. It is then called *pig iron*.

Great quantities of iron are annually brought from Russia. The

most valuable mines are in the Ural Mountains, which separate Europe and Asia. There are above a hundred founderies here, more than half of which are for iron, and the remainder for copper. The peasants, as is common in Russia, belong to the estate, whether private persons own the land, or the sovereign. Almost a hundred thousand of them work in these mines. They raise nearly one hundred thousand tons' weight of iron annually.

Sweden also has numerous iron districts. The most important of her iron-mines is at Dannemora. These were discovered in 1488. The opening of the mine is of great extent, and in it are twelve pits, in which mining operations are carried on. The descent into them is by means of baskets, or buckets, each attached to a rope which passes over a pulley. A traveller, speaking of this descent, says :



“ The inspector of the mines accompanied me ; I was accommodated with a chair, but he seated himself on the edge of the bucket, extending his legs, in order to maintain the balance. He had a stick in his hand, with which he occasionally pushed off from the edges of the rock when we were in danger of striking against them. We were above five minutes in making this perilous journey. The distance descended was five hundred feet. I did not dare to look down, so

frightful was the prospect. About half way down, we met a bucket ascending, with three girls in it, who manifested no fears whatever."

The length of these pits, adding them together, is about eight hundred feet; the breadth varies from three to twelve, and the greatest depth six hundred feet. This mine furnishes iron in high repute, as being the finest in the world. The ore is dug in summer, and laid in heaps; in winter it is removed, on sledges, to the forges. The richest ore yields seventy parts in a hundred pure iron; the poorest not half as much.



Descent to Presbey Mines.

The operation of smelting is performed here much as in other places. One remarkable particular, recorded by another traveller, is the manner of obtaining the ore out of the rock. It is not dug out, as is commonly the case, but blown out by gunpowder. This operation takes place every day at twelve o'clock, and is a most tremendous business. The explosion reverberates among the hollow windings of the mine like subterraneous thunders. The stones are thrown up, as by a volcano, to a great height in the air; and the concussion shakes the earth all around.

This traveller descended also into the mine by the same sort of dangerous conveyance as the one just mentioned; and he owns that he shuddered, and half repented his curiosity; for in him it was nothing better. He was nine minutes in a state of suspension before he reached the bottom. The view of the mine he describes as awfully grand. Daylight was very faint at these depths; into many parts it could not penetrate; and they were obliged to use flambeaux. Frames of wood were stretched from side to side of the rock in some places; and in these, men were sitting astride at great heights, boring holes for the next blasting. Though the weather was warm at the surface of the earth, yet amid these dark brown caves it was cold. In one of these caverns under the rock was a charcoal fire, around

which were eight miserable looking creatures, eating their meal and warming themselves.

To convert iron into steel, of which cutlery is made, nothing more is necessary than to heat good pure iron in a proper furnace with charcoal, or with any substance capable of furnishing a sufficient quantity of *carbon*, which is absorbed by the iron in the process.

The Child and the Brook.

BY NILLA FORRESTER.

- “ WHERE did you come from? say, pretty brook,
And whither away so fast?”
Asked a thoughtful child of a babbling brook,
As it leaped in gladness past.
- “ Ah, ha, little girl, my mother-spring
Is upon the mountain-side;
I leaped from her lap like a truant boy,
And down through the hills I glide.”
- “ But what is your hurry? please tarry a while,
Just up in this flowery nook;
Where violets cluster blue as the skies — ”
“ I can’t,” says the hurrying brook!
- “ Fie, fie, naughty brook! just linger, I pray,
And chat a few moments with me!”
“ I can’t, little girl; I’m quite out of breath,
In running to reach the sea!”
- “ But what is the song you sing, pretty brook,
You sing so pretty and sweet?”
“ The song, little girl, is the holiday song
Of the pebbles beneath my feet.”
- “ No one will miss you, I’m sure, pretty brook
There is nothing for you to do!”
“ Nothing for me? ha, ha, little girl,
There is more for me than you.

“The flowers are drooping, down in the glen,
And long to see me appear ;
They hang their heads on their withering stalks,
While I am loitering here.

“And I turn the mill, at the foot of the hill,
Brimfull of frolic and glee ;
Then how can I stay ? I must hurry away,
For the miller is waiting for me.

“The flocks and the herds, and the beautiful birds,
Bend to my sparkling tide ;
And, darting about, the sly little trout
Beneath my waters glide.

“Good by, little girl, I have tarried too long,
To chat with a child like you ;
I must run to the sea, full of frolic and glee,—
You see I have something to do.”

“Ka Helu,” in the Sandwich Islands.

By the kindness of some friends, whose hospitality we have cause long to remember, we are permitted to look over and make some extracts from, what to us is a very novel affair, nothing less than our old familiar *Colburn's Arithmetic* translated into the most unmeaning gibberish we have ever yet had the fortune to set eyes on. It is neither Latin nor Greek, but the tongue of the Sandwich Islanders. Wonder how long you boys and girls would be in “getting to the head,” if your promotion depended upon answering such questions :—

“Ua kuai kekahi kanaka i wahi kaa, he 17 dala, uku aku la hoi ia 9 dala no ka hau hou ana, a kuai hou aku la ia iua kaa la i ua dala he 23, chia na dala i poho ?”

There, that's about as plain as “dots and marks !” Here is our good, respectable English for it.

“A man bought a sleigh for seventeen dollars, and gave nine dollars to have it repaired and painted ; and then sold it for twenty-three dollars ; how much did he lose by the bargain ?”

We have had, all along, some considerable confidence in our ability to solve mathematical problems, especially in *Colburn's*, but here, in this edition, to use a common expression, we are "hard up."

How a class of cocoa-nut-fed youngsters must look reciting the *Multiplication Table* after this fashion, or, as they have it, *Ka Papa Hoonui!*

Elua 2 is 4,	Ekolu 3 is 9,	Aha 4 is 16,
Elina 5 is 25,	Eono 6 is 36,	Ehiku 7 is 49,
Enalu 8 is 64,	Eirva 9 is 81,	Umi 10 is 100.

Suppose they were to repeat together, in a Yankee school-room, the table of Avoirdupois weight: would n't there be music? You can judge. Here it is:

"*He ana kau pouna:*

"He 16 derama	1 ia anneke,
He 16 anneke	1 ia pouna,
He 28 pouna	1 ia kuata haneri weta,
He 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ pouna	1 ia kuati pika,
He 4 kuata haneri weta	1 ia haneri weta,
4 kuata pika	1 ia pika okoa,
2 pika	1 ia pauna,
He 20 haneri weta	1 ia tona."

We have heard, before now, some young folks say, "Oh, dear! I can't understand fractions." See here:

"O ke 6 me na $\frac{5}{7}$ he $\frac{1}{3}$ ia no ke aha?" "Maloko o ka $\frac{1}{3}$ ehia $\frac{1}{15}$?"

One more easy question —

"Ua haawiiia mai ia Robeta na keneta 9, a kuai aku la ia i 2 hapa 3 o ia mau mea chia na keneta e koe?"

We are reminded, by the probable position of our young friend, of a stupid fellow, who was asked, "What would 50 lbs. of beef come to, at 7 cents a pound, and half of it fat?"

He said he could do the sum if he only knew what *rule* it was done by!

If any one of our readers will find the question corresponding to this in *Colburn's*, and send us the answer, he or she shall have two dimes credited on next year's subscription. The *first* one has it.

This little book gives us an idea of the magnitude of the obstacles the missionaries have had to contend with. They went to this far-

off country, which seems, by its remote position, to be beyond human sympathy, and found a well-formed people living without the knowledge of God, amidst the greatest abundance and plenty, produced spontaneously from a luxuriant soil. After years of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, they have destroyed the superstitious reverence of the Islanders for their idols, and awakened in many of them a thirst for knowledge, which this book is one of a series to gratify. They found there no written language; and it was with great labor that English books could be translated.

Those faithful missionaries have done wonders. By their efforts, with the blessing of Heaven, civilization has been substituted for savage life; and, where once multitudes danced around heathen gods, the "Great Spirit," now, has many faithful worshippers.

Beautiful—Very Beautiful.

NIGHT kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shined and pure dew-drops fell upon its blushing bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro, in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze—who had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errands of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived—looked up, and flung out its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away—her generous task was performed; yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a

delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity, like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flower it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

Deceptions.

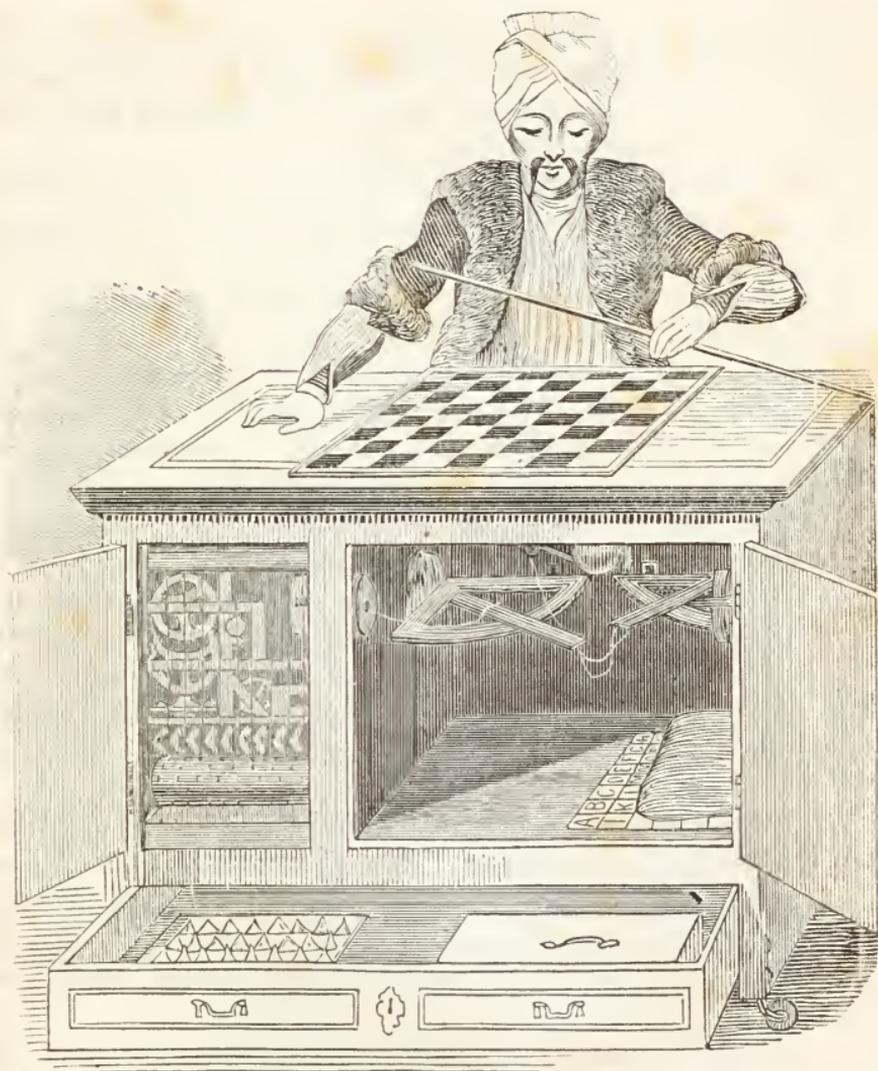
HERE opens an extensive field; but be not alarmed, we will take but a short walk this time. There are many ways of deceiving, and there are many deceivers; some are almost harmless, and some are awfully injurious.

On the succeeding page we give a picture of the AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER, which was, for a while, the puzzle and wonder of many in Europe and America. There was a vast and wonderful machinery which seemed to move the hands of this artificial man. Many people examined the machinery, and, as they could find no man within, or any place for him, they almost believed that, through some mysterious invention, the brains of this wooden man was made superior to their own, especially in a game of chess.

He played with thousands in Europe and America, and in the great majority of cases was successful with even the most distinguished players. There was an amusing incident between him and Napoleon. The Emperor, being a little mischievous as well as playful, made an unlawful move; the Automaton gravely shook his head and replaced the man. Things went well for a little while till Napoleon made another mis-move, then the Automaton indignantly swept the men from the board, and refused to play any more.

After a while it turned out that there was a very small man concealed inside, among the machinery. The man in charge would open one side of the machine, and then the other, and by means of some ingenious arrangement the man would succeed in escaping from one side to the other. When all was ready he would take his

position so that he could see the chess-board, and talk and act through the Automaton. The only mystery now is, how he could



so long avoid detection, and how he could beat the greatest chess-players in the world.

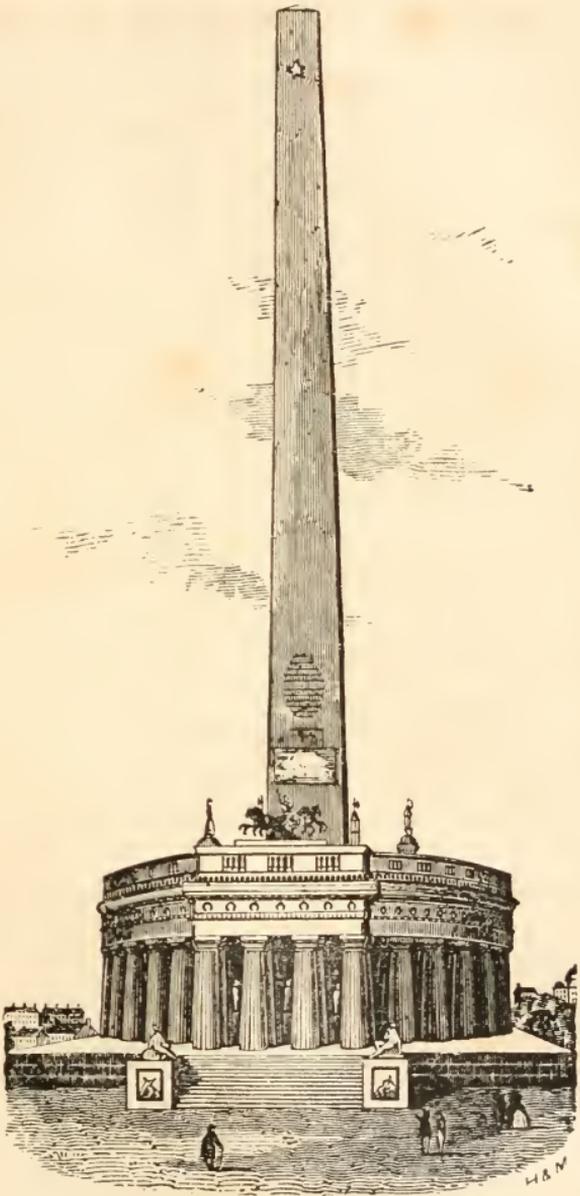
National Monument to Washington.

On the opposite page is an accurate view of the monument to Washington, now being erected at Washington city. It stands on the banks of the Potomac river, west of the capitol, and about midway between it and the President's house.

The most prominent and imposing object of the proposed colossal structure will be the obelisk shaft, rising from the centre to the height of six hundred feet, seventy feet square at the base, and forty at the top. Around this shaft, elevated on a terrace, or platform, twenty feet high and three hundred feet square, is to be erected a vast rotunda, supported by thirty massive columns, of twelve feet diameter, and forty-five feet high; enclosing a gallery fifty feet wide, sixty feet high, and five hundred feet in circumference. Above the colonnade will be an entablature twenty feet high, surmounted by a balustrade fifteen feet high, making an elevation of one hundred feet for the rotunda or colonnaded building. On the top, over the great gallery, and enclosed by the balustrade, will be a grand terrace around the great shaft, seven hundred feet in circumference, and *outside* of the balustrade a walk or gallery six feet wide, and seven hundred and fifty in circumference. The entrance and passage to the grand terrace will be by means of a railway, of easy ascent, encircling the great shaft.

This noble monument will be nearly three times as high as that on Bunker Hill, in Charlestown. Within the rotunda it is designed to place niches for the reception of statues of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; whose memory, as well as that of the illustrious Washington, every true-hearted American will cherish with affectionate regard.

The view from the top of this structure, when completed, will be grand and impressive. Those who have ascended the monument on Bunker Hill may, perhaps, be able to imagine the sublimity of the panorama. I am inclined to think others will not.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Answering Blow.

BY NILLA FORRESTER.

“WHY is your cheek so flushed, my boy,
And why is your eye cast down?”

“Why, mother, you see, that Harrison Gray
Is the ugliest boy in town!

We were out at play on the village-green;
I, with my bat and ball,
And it chanced to roll where Harry stood,
And he, like a clown, must fall!

“And what do you think he said, mamma?

Why, I did it on purpose, and so
He struck me right over my head, mamma,
But I answered him blow for blow.

His nose just bled a little, and now
He’s gone like a cry-baby home,
To make a complaint, and get me whipped —
You will see what a tale will come!”

“Oh, William, it grieves me much, to hear
A story like this, and I ——”

“But you see he struck *me first*, mamma,
And he’s a bigger boy than I!

I am sure you would not have me stand,
A coward, afraid to strike?

Papa, I know, would do as I did,
If a man should serve him the like!”

“But, William, ’t is wicked to quarrel and fight,
And cowardly, bullying boys

Run about, with their fists ready-doubled for blows,
And are known by their bluster and noise.

True courage consists in restraining the blow,
And repressing each angry tone;

’T would have shamed Harry Gray had you told him the truth,
And manfully let him alone.”

“But, mother, he gave me no time for a word,
For he struck me before I could speak;

I meant to have told, but the first thing he did
Was to strike me a blow on the cheek!

I am sure, there is no one would like to stand,
 To be beat like a dog, mamma ;
 I would not have given him a single blow,
 But he struck me the *first*, mamma !”

“ You have seen David Rice ! When a boy like you,
 He was out on the green one day ;
 When a boy much larger, and stronger than he,
 Just hit him a blow in play.
 But he never stopped to inquire the cause,
 For his temper began to rise ;
 So he raised a thistle he held in his hand,
 And struck it across his eyes.

“ The boy that David so hastily struck,
 Shrieked aloud in terrible pain ;
 And the surgeon came to examine his eyes,
 But his skill and care were vain,
 For the light went out, and the beautiful day
 To him is as dark as the night ;
 And though David wept like a penitent boy,
 Yet he could not bring back the sight.

“ Now, William, you see that David Rice
 Grew warm at the first attack,
 And thought, because he struck him *first*,
 It was right to strike him *back*.
 Whene'er you are tempted to quarrel or fight,
 Just think of this terrible woe ;
 And remember how bitterly David hath mourned
 The result of his answering blow.”



Silver Mines.

IN the year 1545, an Indian, named Hualpa, was scampering up the side of a mountain in Potosi, after a goat; when, finding that it had jumped up a steep place quicker than he could, and determining to follow it, he laid hold of a branch of a shrub to assist him in climbing. But instead of assisting him, it was torn up, roots and all, out of the earth. He was, however, repaid for his disappointment, by the appearance of something bright in the hole that the plant had come from. He soon discovered this to be a lump of silver; and he found several small bits sticking about the roots. These he picked off carefully, and right glad was he to have found such a treasure. For a time he kept the matter a secret, and returned to the mine whenever he wanted cash; and soon grew so much better in his circumstances than formerly, that his neighbors wondered at it. One of these was his particular friend; so, to stop his inquiries, he told him of his discovery, and showed him the place; and they both helped themselves to as much as they happened to want. By and by some disagreement arose between them, because Hualpa would not tell how he purified the precious metal, and then this unworthy friend went and told the whole to a Spaniard. The mine was soon taken possession of, and the poor Indians got no more. This mine proved vastly productive, and a town was soon built at the foot of the mountain. The mine is in a mountain by itself, like a sugar-loaf in shape. The city of Potosi, although at the foot of the mountain seemingly, is high up in the Andes, whose white tops, always covered with snow, glitter at a few miles' distance. The mountain containing the silver is about eighteen miles in circumference, and seems to be one mass of clayey slate, yellowish and hard. The miners do not proceed in any regular or scientific manner, but get as much silver as they can obtain easily. None of them have yet penetrated above seventy yards, though there are more than three hundred pits. All the processes for roasting or refining the ore are conducted in the most slovenly manner by the Indians, who are ignorant of the scientific modes of operation. A great deal is wasted, and from a ton of ore not more than three or four ounces of silver are obtained. Some Germans have been there lately, and

they are showing them how to conduct the works in a better manner.

There are silver mines in Mexico, as well as mines of gold. Indeed, silver, although the second in rank, is first in importance in a commercial point of view, on account of the much greater quantity obtained from the mines.

Silver, as is the case indeed with most other metals, is found in a variety of different ores. It is sometimes pure, or in veins which penetrate every crevice of the stony rock to which the metal adheres; but, more frequently, it is mixed with other matters, which must be separated from it; so that its first appearance varies much, as it is ash-colored, reddish, bluish, often black, and sometimes in pointed forms, like crystals.

The manner of refining it differs but little from the processes used with gold; except that none is obtained by mere washing, though it is cleared from earthy particles with water. The workers depend chiefly upon amalgamating it with quicksilver; but in this case there is more difficulty than with gold; as silver clings more powerfully to the mineral substances with which it is united, and the process requires more labor and care.

Silver is found also in Norway, Sweden, and in great abundance in Siberia, near Chinese Tartary; and in moderate quantities in many other countries. It forms, as you know, the principal part of the circulating coins of all countries, being a medium between gold, which is very valuable, and brass, or copper, which is very cheap. It is also manufactured into many varieties of table ware, and considerably used as ornaments to carriages, and the like.

About Railroads.

IN building a railroad, the preliminary trouble, before the first sod is turned, is no trifling task. Leaving out of the question the visionary schemes, projected for the purpose of gambling or speculation, let us consider what has to be effected before a railroad can be commenced.

These undertakings generally begin with a few individuals interested in a proposed line. A meeting is called, and the matter is

primarily talked over. An agent is appointed to visit the various towns and villages upon the route, and to hold meetings for the information of every individual. Gradually, the people become interested with the idea, and the various newspapers take up the subject.



A Viaduct.

When the road has been fully determined on, the first thing to be done is to ascertain pretty correctly the travel and traffic between the termini and along the line. This requires great care and attention. Sometimes one or more men are stationed by day and night, for two or three weeks, to count all vehicles passing a given number of points along the line. The number of passengers is also noted, and the cause of any increase or decrease on particular days. All this, and various other kinds of information relative to the subject, is entered in a book, methodically arranged, and from this book, judicious, calculating men can generally estimate what the traffic will be.

In the mean time, the surveyor or engineer is busy in taking the levels of the country, boring to discover the nature of the strata he may have to cut through, and preparing a rough sketch or profile of the ground. There are generally two or three lines surveyed, and from these the best is selected.

Matters being thus far proceeded with, an act of incorporation, or a privilege to build the road, must be obtained from the State Legislature. The plans are prepared and laid before that body, and if there is good reason to believe that the work will prove a public benefit, and that it will pay its stockholders a proper return for their money, a charter is granted. Subscriptions to the capital stock are

then opened in the various places along the line, so that all may have a chance to help the work along. When the stock is taken up, the company is regularly organized, by the choice of president, directors, and other officers, and then the work commences in earnest.

The engineer has by this time made his estimates; so much for tunnelling, so much for embankments, for bridges, viaducts, &c. The principal works are done by contract. The whole line is divided into sections of about one mile each, and one man or company of men, for instance, will contract to complete the *grading*—that is, levelling the way, filling up valleys and cutting through ridges, building the bridges, &c., ready for the rails—of one or more sections. These are again let out to sub-contractors, who, perhaps, do the same again. Assessments of so much per share of the capital stock are called in as the money is wanted, and so the work goes on, until all is graded; then comes the party to lay the rails, and now the road is ready. Clerks and conductors are appointed, the locomotives are placed upon the line, the cars are linked together, the steam is up, the bell rings, the engine is snorting and whizzing like an eager steed, and finally off they go. The railroad is now open, and the vast amount of money that has been expended in its construction begins to return slowly into the pockets of the shareholders.

The progress of railroad building in New England, since it commenced, has been astonishing, almost beyond belief. The first train of cars ever run by a locomotive was on the seventeenth of April, 1834; less than fifteen years ago. Now there are more than three thousand miles of road in operation in New England. It is almost incredible that people twenty years since were contented with the slow tumbling old stages; but so it is. The destiny of civilization is onward, higher improvement; and a few years hence we shall look back upon some of our present customs and habits with as much wonder as we now do upon the days of Uncle Sam's fast "MAIL COACHES."

* * If those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,

Have gentle words and smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

RAILROAD EXCAVATION.



Our Tommy, or the Little Errand-Boy.

BY NILLA FORRESTER.

I AM going to tell you a story about our Tommy. Like Sterne, I found out that a domestic was what I required, and, after a few days' search, a funny little specimen of humanity offered his services. I scanned him from head to foot. He looked shrewd and intelligent; his blue eye had a twinkle in it; and his nose, which was of an undefined order, ranging between a turn up and a pug, looked as though it might speak, if it would. His hair nature had intended for yellow, but constant exposure to the sun had bleached it to a rusty white. He did not appear at all abashed at my critical inspection, for his eye ran round the room scanning the furniture, and then came back to fix itself on me. His clothes in some former year might have been a fit, but now a good length of leg exposed itself below the trowsers; and his little round, fat body looked, for all the world, as though it had just been stuffed for a pin-cushion!

"Who sent you here, my little fellow?" I asked, questioning.

"Our folks heard you wanted a boy to run arrants, and do chores, and mother sent me up to try it a spell."

"What is your name?"

"Thomas Jefferson Marsh."

"Ah, indeed! then I have a second edition of Jefferson?"

Tommy was forthwith installed in his new vocation, and his busy little feet pit-a-patted to and fro, and up and down the house. He was what foreigners would term a unique Yankee specimen. Ransack New England from Calais to Waterbury, and I do not believe that you could look upon his like! Nimble and supple as a cat, he would turn somersets about the yard, stand upon his head, or, sticking his little bare toes into the bark, climb a cherry tree as quick as a monkey a rope ladder; and swinging himself round from limb to limb, pick and sing, as merry and happy as the birds and squirrels who divided the cherries with him.

Reverence to superiors was to him a thing unknown; nature had never hinted it; and education had not as yet forced upon him such an unpleasant impression. Forever out of sight when most needed, all day long our lungs were in exercise. "Tommy," sounded from

end to end of the house — “Tommy, where are you!” After a little while his round face would bob through the doorway, with — “Wasn’t it you a yelling arter me?”

No fawning menial! no, not he! On the contrary, he was an embodied “declaration of independence.” You could see “free and equal,” and “certain inalienable rights,” looking out at his eyes. *He* could see no reason why he should n’t talk, laugh, sneeze, as loud as any other mortal! If other people lounged upon the sofa, why should not he? A dozen times a day he had to be reprov’d for some such misdemeanor; when he would look up in my face with the most perfect amazement, and exclaim — “I thought ’t was made to lay on! — I saw *you* on it t’other arternoon!” No method of reasoning could make him understand our relative position.

Cleaning knives was one of his duties; but they often run about all corners of the house and yard, in the process. His favorite position was the gate-post; there he would sit, rubbing and singing, and taking an observation up and down the road at the same time. Once, when, out of all patience at his remissness, I said — “Tommy, it is more trouble to get you to scour the knives than it is to do it myself,” he looked up with the most imperturbable gravity, answering — “Why don’t you do it, then?” He had no intention of impertinence! He knew not that his words could be so construed. With him, it was simply a question asking a reply.

Always good-natured, one could not have the heart to scold him; and if you did, ten to one whether he would realize what you was aiming at. There was a happy unconsciousness of wrong about him, and, at heart, he was nearer right than most of us, for he always looked you fair in the face, and always told the *whole* truth with downright simplicity. If guilty of any mischief, his frank — “I done it,” half excused his misdemeanor.

One trait of the true Yankee he had in perfection, and that was curiosity. Every box cover must rise and be looked under; the very doors were swung back and forth for him to discover where the creak was put in. But above and beyond all, men and women were what he studied. Not alone their countenances, but their dress. He knew the color of the frock and shawl, and whether the

gaiters were tipped with French kid or patent leather ; and watch seals and keys were to him especial objects of attraction and admiration. With open ears he would crouch under the parlor windows to listen to the conversation ; and one day, as I was reading Tennyson's "May Queen," his round face, like a full moon, rose above the window sill, and his interest in the touching story got the better of his caution — "I say — you ! could n't the doctor cure her ?" After a reproof for eaves-dropping, which he bore with the most perfect "*sang froid*," I called him in and read him the whole of the beautiful poem, and never did a poet have a more honest or hearty admirer.

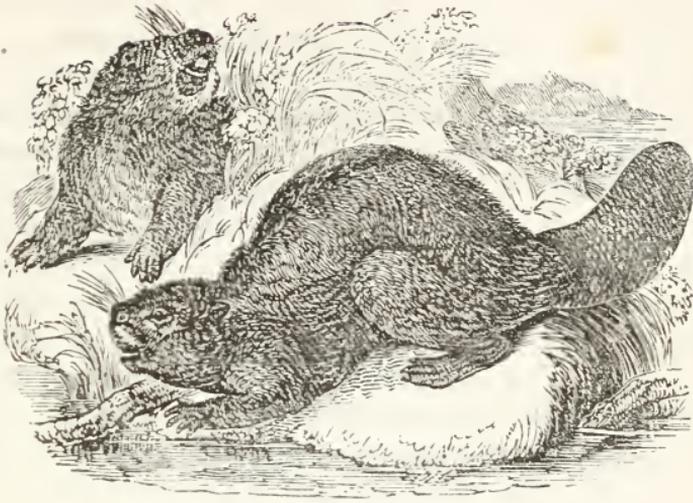
"Well now, aint that are pretty ? I wish you'd give me a copy of them ere verses when I go home, to show to Mother ?"

I have not time to tell you anything more about Tommy for the present ; one of these days, perhaps, you shall hear more of him.

Little Items on Important Matters.

THE Chinese invented gunpowder about the time of our Saviour and used it in cannon. — The microscope enables us to detect animalculæ the ten thousandth part of an inch in length. — The Royal Library at Paris contains a Chinese chart of the heavens, made about six hundred years before Christ, in which one thousand four hundred and sixty stars are correctly inserted.

The organ was invented by a barber of Alexandria, about nineteen hundred years ago. — The pianoforte was invented in London by a German, about seventy-five years ago. — The first voyage around the world was completed in fifteen hundred and twenty-two. — The army with which Napoleon intended to invade England was composed of one hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, ten thousand horses, seventeen thousand sailors, and a fleet of thirteen hundred vessels. — Napoleon was conquered and sent into exile, but he said, "When I am dead, my spirit will be in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of heaven, and throb with ceaseless life in new revolutions."



The Beaver.

The beaver, when fully grown, does not exceed two feet in length, and scarcely one foot in height; and, in general appearance, it bears a considerable likeness to the rat. The chief exception is its tail, which, unlike that of other quadrupeds, is covered with scales. The hair of the animal is of a light brown color, and of two different kinds — short and long: the former fine and silky, the latter coarse. The teeth of the beaver are like those of the rat, sharp and well-fitted to cut wood — a qualification of no small value to the animal, as will be seen hereafter. Its fur is so much esteemed, and commands such a price, that the hunters have almost destroyed the race in the vicinity of their settlements, and they are now found only in the less thickly settled regions of country, and principally in the more northern parts.

The sagacity and ingenuity of the beaver are exhibited in its modes of living, and in the construction of its habitation. It is one of the most sociable of all animals, and, in the beginning of summer, large numbers assemble to form themselves into a community, and to establish a settlement, or, more familiarly speaking, a village.

The place selected for their home is always upon a pond or river. The latter is generally preferred by them, perhaps because it affords

them peculiar facilities for floating the timber they make use of in erecting their houses. The site chosen, — let us suppose that it is a river or creek, — the first step is to build a dam across the stream, and this is always made at the shallowest part. To build, they make use of small trees and the branches of larger ones, which they cut down with their teeth as easily, if not as rapidly, as men do with a saw. If a large tree is nigh the spot where the dam is to be made, they proceed to fell it across the stream; and having done this, they trim off those leaves and branches which are in the way, and use them as occasion demands. It is an exceedingly curious sight, a community of beavers, perhaps two hundred in number, all busily employed in this work of building a dam — some cutting down trees, others floating them to the desired spot, and others again twisting boughs together to strengthen the work, or throwing in stones and mud to effect the same object. When they have adjusted a portion of their work, they hammer it hard with their flat, strong tails. They exhibit great ingenuity, also, in adapting the shape of the dam to the nature of the current. If it be gentle, they build straight across; if it be swift or violent, they make a considerable curve, — thus proving themselves to be wise builders.

These dams are so strongly built that they last for many years, and remain even long after their architects have disappeared. When the dam is completed and perfectly tight, the whole community proceed to the labor of house-building. Their habitations are built upon the edge of the pond created by the dam, and are sometimes three stories in height. The walls are composed of sticks, grass, mud and stones. The ends of sticks and logs projecting inward are cut off by the animals, and used as material to carry up the fabric. They continually hammer the work with their tails. Their huts are not square, but rather oval in shape. The rooms all connect with each other, and every one has two openings, to allow of entrance and exit; and also to enable the beavers to remove everything that could defile their houses, for they are as clean as they are ingenious.

It takes the industrious animals most of the summer to complete their building operations, and in the autumn they proceed to gather in their stores for the winter. These stores consist of branches of trees — the birch and other varieties — which they soften

by soaking in water, and thus render them more agreeable to their taste. During the summer they luxuriate on plants and shrubs, and the green young limbs of trees.

The pond is indispensable to the beaver, for it is an amphibious animal — and, although its fore feet are like those of other four-footed creatures, its hinder ones are furnished with the web, which enables it to swim at pleasure. When the beaver is sporting in the water, he directs his course by the capital rudder which he possesses in his curious and useful tail.

In the cold winters of the north the beavers seldom leave their habitations, except to search for green food ; and the hunters often lure them out with this tempting bait.

Not to add to this account MARY HOWITT'S beautiful lines, would be unpardonable.

Up in the north, if thou sail with me,
A wonderful creature I'll show to thee ;
As gentle and mild as a lamb at play,
Skipping about in the month of May ;
Yet wise as any old learned sage
Who sits turning ever a musty page.

Come down to this lonely river's bank ;
See driven-in stake and riven plank :
'T is a mighty work before thee stands,
That would do no harm to human hands ;
A well-built dam to stem the tide
Of this northern river so long and wide.
Look ! the woven bough of many a tree,
And the wall of fairest masonry ;
The waters cannot o'erpass this bound,
For a hundred keen eyes watch it round ;
And the skill that raised can keep it good.

And yonder, the peaceful creatures dwell
Secure in their watery citadel.
They know no sorrow, have done no sin ;
Happy they live 'mong kith and kin —
As happy as living things can be,
Each in the midst of his family !
Ay, there they live, and the hunter wild,
Seeing their social natures mild,

Seeing how they were kind and good,
 Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued ;
 And the very sight of their young at play
 Hath put his hunter's heart away :
 And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept,
 As he thought of his own dear babes, and wept

I know ye are but the beavers small,
 Living at peace in your own mud wall ;
 I know that ye have no books to teach
 The lore that lies within your reach ;
 But what? Five thousand years ago
 Ye knew as much as now ye know ;
 And on the banks of streams that sprung
 Forth when the earth itself was young,
 Your wondrous works were formed as true ;
 For the All-Wise instructed you.
 But man ! how hath he pondered on,
 Through the long term of ages gone ;
 And many a cunning book hath writ,
 Of learning deep, and subtle wit ;
 Hath compassed sea, hath compassed land,
 Hath built up towers and temples grand,
 Hath travelled far for hidden lore,
 And known what was not known of yore ;
 Yet after all, though wise he be,
 He hath no better skill than ye !

Billy Egg.

“CAN you direct me to Mr. William Egg's?” said I one morning to a smart shopman, who was loitering at the door of a showy haberdasher in the principal street of a town in Ireland, in which, for a few months, I once resided. I had been told by two or three persons, that Billy Egg's was the best shop in the place ; for that he being a general dealer on a very large scale, I should be sure to get “everything in the world there.” Moreover, I had been instructed that he sold good articles at a cheap rate, and being a stranger, I felt truly glad that I had been recommended to a tradesman on whom I could confidently rely. “Can you direct me to Mr. Egg's?” I repeated,

seeing that the smart shopman was so much occupied either in admiring his window or his own person, that he had not at first attended to my question.

“I know no such person, ma’am,” he replied rather sharply; and as I now perceived that the house bore the evidence of fresh paint and recent alterations, it occurred to me that the smart shopkeeper might be a new comer and ignorant of the old residents. Nothing daunted, I next entered the shop of a neighboring bookseller, and repeated my inquiries, but with no better success. I then made my way to that of a milliner; and though a young girl, who was busily engaged at her needle, looked up for a moment with an arch smile, and then turned away, as I plainly perceived, with a hearty laugh, her mistress dismissed me with the expression of her opinion, “that no such person lived in that town, nor, she believed, in any other.” I felt a little puzzled to know what the girl had found so ludicrous in my simple question, and wondered if my repeated disappointments had given me a forlorn air. “At any rate,” thought I, “this Mr. Egg is not so generally known as I expected to find him. I had better walk up the street, and try if I can discover any outward indications of his abode.”

I spent a weary half hour in this endeavor, and as it now seemed evident to me that no considerable shop could belong to the object of my search, I lowered my tone in addressing an old apple-woman, who sat behind a table covered with her stores, at the corner of the street. “Pray, can you direct me to Billy Egg’s?” I asked, dropping the Mr. altogether, and adopting the familiar term that had been used to me.

“Och, then, to be sure I will, an’ welcome, if it was a mile off; but there it is, just furnint you — that big, grand shop there, wid de big letthers gilt wid goold over de big windees.”

“My good woman,” I replied, “I’m afraid you must be mistaken; the name there is William Carter.”

“Och, don’t I know that? but they call him Billy Egg, because all he has, and it’s half the town that is his, came out of an egg.”

An exclamation of surprise escaped me, and the old woman continued, “Och, but well he deserves it, for he is a dacent man, and good to the poor, God bless him every day he rises, and make the heavens his bed at last.”

As I took part of her speech as a hint to myself, I gave her sixpence, and believing there was some story worth the hearing, I begged my new acquaintance to call on me in the evening and relate it, instead of hindering her business and mine by listening to it at that moment; although I suspect she would have been nothing loth to have given me the full and particular account there and then, for she told me she knew every circumstance "concerning him and his."

I proceeded without further delay to the "big, grand shop," where I saw in the master the veritable Billy Egg. He was a fine, portly personage, with a good open countenance, and it was evident he could not have acquired his nickname from bearing even the most remote resemblance to an egg. He served me himself with zeal and civility, and my purchases were soon completed.

In the evening my old apple-woman was true to her appointment, and from her I gathered the following particulars:— William Carter was a poor boy, the eldest of a large family, who, with their mother, were left destitute by the death of their father. Their poor neighbors were charitable, as the poor, to their credit be it spoken, so often are; and one took one child, and one another, until something could be thought of and done for their subsistence. William had made the most of the scanty schooling his father had afforded him, and could read a little. He was, moreover, a steady, hardworking boy; yet the only occupation he was able to obtain was that of tending a cow on the border of a large bog. In return for this service, he was comfortably lodged and fed, and for a time the clothes he had were sufficient. He was in the habit of saving any scraps of printed paper, which fell in his way, and by means of these he somewhat improved in his reading; for while the cow was munching away, little Billy had ample time for his studies, without neglecting her either, for he made it a point of looking out for the sweetest grass, and leading her to it.

By his care and attention, he gave such satisfaction to his employer, that by the time his clothes were worn out, he was allowed wages sufficient to replenish them; and his good behavior gave such confidence and respectability to his family, that a neighboring farmer engaged one of his younger brothers in a capacity similar to his

own. One day this farmer gave Billy a newly laid goose's egg, thinking it might make him a good meal, and be something of a dainty, and as a sort of return for an act of good nature and watchfulness on Billy's part; he, having noticed that a certain gate leading to the kitchen garden had been left open, took the precaution to close it, thereby preventing the incursion of a greedy sow and her interesting family, which undoubtedly would have played the part of the Goths in that flourishing spot. It is very likely that Billy's first impulse was to boil the egg and eat it; but a moment's reflection convinced him that such conduct would be very like that of the boy in the fable who slaughtered the goose that laid golden eggs. But how to hatch his egg, for this was what he thought of, became now the question. The good woman of the house noticed that Billy was unusually silent at supper, and thought at first that some disaster must have happened. She learned, however, that the cow had her bed of customary soft heather, which it was Billy's pride to pick for her, and had been as carefully attended to as usual in every particular. We ought to mention that Billy was a great favorite with his mistress; and perhaps he had won her heart by the care and attention he bestowed at every spare moment on one of her little ones, who was a very sickly, fretful child, but who, somehow or other, was always most quickly pacified by Billy. She soon learned the cause of his thoughtful silence, and kindly offered to remove two or three eggs from under a duck which was then sitting, and give their place to her cow-boy's single treasure. This was the foundation of William Carter's fortune; and it is worthy of remark, that both the gift of the egg, and the opportunity of hatching it, he owed to acts of thoughtful good nature on his own part.

In due time the gosling appeared, and Billy fed it from his own scanty fare, taking it with him when he was herding. By Christmas it became a large fat goose, and its owner was offered half a crown for it. But he had a higher ambition for it than this, and he was not to be tempted from his purpose by the prospect of present gain. The following spring he set her on twelve eggs, which she had herself produced, and by and by twelve goslings appeared. Our hero was now obliged to exercise some ingenuity in finding food for so large a family of dependents; but he accomplished his end by

bartering away three of them in exchange for permission that the remainder should feed in his master's yard until they should be old enough to pick up their subsistence in company with their mother and the cow upon the common, and indulge in swimming there in the abundant pools. At the proper time he sold the young geese for the largest sum he had ever seen in his life; for, though to have kept some of them might have proved an additional source of profit, he knew that he had only accommodation for one to hatch. A portion of his money he gave to his mother, but he placed a one pound note in the safe-keeping of his kind mistress, and when spring again came round, he bought a year-old heifer, which he sent to graze on the mountains, paying a small sum, the remnant of his money, which he had reserved for this purpose. Old goosy again presented him with young ones, the sale of which enabled him to purchase fodder for his cow, when she was sent home at the end of the season. And now he built a little shed for her with fir sticks from the bog and heather sods, so that perhaps she was better cared for than many a rich man's cow. We may be pretty sure, however, that Billy never neglected his master's business to attend to his private affairs, or he and his wife would not have encouraged him in his plans, as they evidently did. It is not worth while to follow the details of the good fortune of the industrious little fellow, or to declare precisely how he dealt in cows and geese. It may be enough to say, that at the end of six years he quitted servitude, a richer man than ever his father had been, on which occasion he presented the venerable goose to his mother, to whose necessities and comforts he had for some time constantly contributed. So soon as he was comfortably established in the world, he married, but not till he had provided a neat cottage for his parent, who had the happiness to enjoy for many years the prosperity of her son, and who lived to see the poor cow-boy a man among the most respected and esteemed in his native country.

"And so, you see," said the old apple-woman in conclusion, "it is a foolish thing to despise small beginnings. True as I am telling it ye, this is how Mr. Carter got the name of Billy Egg—though, d'ye see, he never was called Billy Goose—no, never."



The Whale.

The whale belongs to that class of animals denominated cetacea; for, however strange it may appear to you, and however at variance it may be with your general ideas of this monster, he is literally an animal. While they inhabit the mighty deep, and in various other ways resemble fish, yet they have warm blood, and breathe the air like other animals. Like the seal, to which, as I have told you, the whale bears a strong resemblance, they can remain a long time under the water, sometimes even an hour, yet they must come to the surface, or they would die, or more properly speaking be drowned. Fish have cold blood and gills, and you cannot drown them. The whale has no gills nor anything of a similar nature.

Formerly, there was a great deal of exaggeration in regard to the size of whales, some writers having declared that they frequently exceeded two hundred feet in length. Now the Greenland, or *right* whale, as it is sometimes called, and of which our knowledge is more extended than of any other, very rarely or never exceeds seventy-five feet in length, while the common or usual size for a full-grown whale is from fifty to sixty feet. Scoresby, an eminent navigator, was personally concerned in the capture of three hun-

dred and fifty-two of these animals, not one of which exceeded sixty feet in length. The sperm whales are somewhat larger, being frequently found seventy-five feet in length.

The usual rate at which a whale swims is about three or four miles an hour. They are capable of rushing through the water, in time of danger, with the velocity of the fastest ship under sail, and of ascending from the bottom of the ocean with such rapidity as to leap entirely out of the water. Sometimes they throw themselves into a perpendicular position, with their heads downwards, and moving their tremendous tails on high in the air, beat the water with awful violence, which, cracking like a whip, resounds to the distance of two or three miles. They feed upon shrimps and minute crabs, lobsters, and sea snails, which they gather from the surface of the water while swimming.

The proceedings in capturing the whale are highly interesting. A ship of about three hundred and fifty tons is required, and a crew of fifty men. The ships generally arrive in the polar seas about the end of April. As soon as they reach the haunts of the whale the crew must be every moment on the alert, keeping watch day and night. The instant a whale is seen by the look-out, he gives notice to the crew, and the first boat is put off, followed immediately by a second. Each boat has a harpooner and other subordinate officers, and is provided with an immense quantity of rope, carefully coiled and stowed away in various parts of the boat, the different parts being spliced together so as to form a line of sometimes a mile in length. To the end is attached the harpoon. The boat is now rowed towards the whale with the greatest possible speed, in the deepest silence, cautiously avoiding giving alarm; and sometimes a circuitous route is adopted in order to approach it from behind. Having reached within a few yards, the harpooner darts his instrument into the giant, who, in the surprise and agony of the moment, makes a convulsive effort to escape. This is the moment of danger, for the boat is exposed to the most violent blows of the whale's head and fins, and still more of its tail, which sometimes sweeps the air with such tremendous fury, that both boat and men are exposed to a common destruction.

The moment that the wounded whale disappears, a flag is dis-

played in the boat, on the sight of which, those on the watch in the ship give the alarm by stamping on the deck, accompanied by the shout, "A fall! a fall!" At this signal the sleeping crew are aroused, jump from their beds, rush upon deck with their clothes tied in a string in their hands, and crowd into the boats, intending to dress themselves at leisure.

The first effort of the whale is to escape from the boat by diving under water, and the greatest care is necessary that the line to which the harpoon is attached may be run off readily along with him. Should it become entangled for a moment, the boat would be drawn under the waves. Sometimes, however, to retard its motion, a turn of the rope is cast around a kind of post, called the *bollard*, which is fixed near the stern of the boat for that purpose; and such is the velocity and friction of the line, that it frequently envelopes the harpooner in smoke, and if the wood were not frequently wetted, it would set fire to the boat. The line is frequently run out in eight or ten minutes, and its end is then attached to the line in another boat, and even that of a third is sometimes necessary. When the crew of a boat see a prospect of their own store being exhausted, they make signals to the vessel for more, for if none should arrive there is only one resource left, which is to cut the line and thus lose it, fish and all.

After remaining under water for some time, the whale is obliged to return to the surface for air. On his appearance all the boats hasten towards him, and each harpooner plunges another weapon into his back. He is then actively plied with long, sharp lances, which are thrust into his vitals; and at length, when exhausted with numerous wounds, he indicates the approach of dissolution. The final capture is sometimes preceded by a convulsive and awful struggle, and in dying, it turns over on its side or back, which joyful circumstance is announced by three loud huzzas, and the striking of the flags. No time is lost ere the tail is pierced and fastened with ropes to the boats, which drag the carcass to the ship amidst shouts of triumph.

An Attractive Picture.

THE three children in the picture were named Gustavus, Herman, and Annie. Their father owned a large estate, and they went forth one day, to gather flowers in his fields. They were very happy in their sports, because they loved each other, and each sought to minister to the enjoyment of the others.

After playing awhile, they agreed to separate, and to collect each one a bunch of favorite flowers. When this was done, they met again beneath the branches of a noble tree.

"I have chosen the violet," said Gustavus, "because it is fragrant and modest." And he gave his violets to Herman and Annie.

"I have chosen the lily, because it is the emblem of innocence. I love it, because it reminds me of a pure heart, and of the love of my Father in Heaven," said Herman, and he gave his beautiful lilies to Gustavus and Annie.

Annie produced a bunch of forget-me-nots, and said, "I have chosen the blue forget-me-not, because it is the flower of love and tenderness." Then Annie gave her forget-me-nots to Gustavus and Herman.

After this, these lovely children agreed to weave their flowers into two crowns, which they carried home and placed on the brows of their father and mother. This affectionate conduct delighted their parents; and thus by innocence and love was this family made happy and joyful.

How strangely some children's conduct would contrast with this picture of love. I have seen brothers and sisters who lived only to tease and to fret each other. They never studied each other's pleasure, but each looked after himself alone. Consequently they were all miserable, and their parents were made unhappy. Boys and girls, which class of children do you love best? If the former, prove your sincerity by trying to resemble them.



Gustavus, Herman, and Annie.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Young Mathematician.



TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD was born in Royalton, Vermont, in the year 1836. He was a frail and delicate infant, and but for the peculiar tenderness and care of his very affectionate and skilful mother, his life could not have been saved. So feeble and sickly was he the first year of his life, that he passed most of its nights in wakefulness and weeping. After he entered upon his second year of life, his health improved. He showed more vigor; and seemed, by the strong affection he exhibited, to be desirous of repaying in love the toil and care which had cherished his doubtful life.

He very early gave evidence that his mind was superior to that of other children. He was always asking curious questions. When only twenty months old, he learned the alphabet from blocks, each of which had a letter upon it, and which were given him for amuse-

ment. When he was three years of age he could compute the time by the clock.

About this time he was sent to school. His teachers were puzzled. They had never seen such a boy to learn. One Tuesday morning they placed Adams' New Arithmetic in his hands, and by Friday evening he had completed all the sums it contained! Such ciphering as this by a child was truly wonderful, and his teachers could only look on and wonder what it meant.

One day, when in the sixth year of his age, he said to his mother —

“Mother! if I knew how many rods it is round our meadow, (his father was a farmer,) I could tell you its circumference in barley-corns.

His mother not knowing the size of the field, he waited until his father came in, to whom he made the same remark. His father replied by saying :

“The field contains 1,040 rods.”

The boy thought a few minutes, and without using a slate or pencil of any kind, answered —

“Then its circumference is 617,760 barley-corns!”

You will certainly think this a wonderful act in a little feeble boy of six years old.

Before Henry was *nine* years of age, he could multiply four figures by four figures *in his mind*, as rapidly as it could be done on the slate by a good arithmetician. When he was *nine*, he could equal the celebrated ZERAH COLBURN'S greatest feat, which was to multiply five figures by five figures mentally.

Among his recreations about this time, was that of surveying his father's farm, which he did accurately, aided only by his younger sister.

Nor was his power to acquire confined to mathematics alone. His mind grasped all kinds of knowledge with scarcely any effort. He seemed to see through every subject to which he directed his attention. Hence he took great delight in a copy of “Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences” which was obtained for him. He soon mastered its topics, and acquired from it that taste for the higher mathematics which has made him so distinguished.

One day he went to his father and said :

“Father, I want to calculate eclipses and to make an almanac! But I need some books and instruments. Will you get them for me?”

His father, hardly knowing what to do with such a request, put him off. But Henry persisted, and followed his father into the fields, begging affectionately and earnestly to have his wishes gratified. His perseverance won the victory. His indulgent father took him to Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, to obtain the required books and instruments, if possible.

On arriving in sight of the college, young Henry's heart beat high with enthusiasm and hope. His eyes glistened with excitement, and he cried out :

“O there is the college! There are the books! There are the instruments!”

Having secured the much desired books and instruments at Dartmouth and elsewhere, our little mathematician returned home, and proceeded to calculate eclipses with all the skill and correctness of a learned astronomer.

In 1845, before he was ten years of age, he did what no child had ever done before him. He prepared an almanac! How surprising! A boy only nine years and a half old making an almanac! The next year he calculated four more, for Vermont, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. They were done with remarkable accuracy. LIEUT. MAURY, to whom a copy was sent, wrote that his “almanac would not do discredit to a mathematician of mature years. Young Safford is a prodigy; I have never heard of his equal.”

There is one very striking fact about these almanac calculations. He did not confine himself to the old rules for making them; but he made new rules for himself by which he very materially abridged the labor of difficult calculations. He was several days in making one of these rules, and seemed to be “in a sort of trance.” But one morning he flew down stairs in his night dress, seized his slate, and exclaimed in a voice of ecstasy —

“O father, I have got it — I have got it! It comes — it comes!”

I have not space to write you all the details of Henry's progress. But his rare powers continued to improve, and the attention of learned

men was called to him. Professor Dewey examined him when he was nine years old, and was astonished. When he was ten, the Rev. Henry W. Adams examined him for three hours, on questions involving the higher branches of mathematics, and was amazed at his performances. Among some *arithmetical* questions, Mr. Adams asked :

“ Can you tell me how many *seconds* old I was last March, the twelfth day, when I was twenty-seven years old ? ”

In an instant young Safford replied :

“ You were 85,255,200 seconds old.”

Another sum given him by Mr. Adams to perform mentally, was this : “ Multiply,” said that gentleman, “ *in your head*, 365,365,365, 365,365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365 ! ”

According to his common habit at that time, Henry flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, and seemed to be in an agony for a minute, when he said :

“ 133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225 ! ” and he added, “ This is the largest sum I ever did.”

An account of this examination being published, the attention of men of eminence was drawn more particularly to Henry’s wonderful powers. The result was, that some benevolent gentlemen of Boston offered to provide for the residence of Henry and his parents at Cambridge, and for his education at the university. Accordingly, in 1846, the whole family removed to a pleasant locality about two miles from Cambridge University. Since that time, Henry has pursued his studies under the direction of Messrs. Everett and Pierce, in such a manner as not to injure his very delicate health. Under their judicious instruction, his mind has continued to unfold its marvellous powers ; he has mastered the most difficult branches of the higher mathematics, and made rapid advances in other branches of knowledge. His health has improved, and, in all probability, he will live to be a man, and to realize the high promise of his childhood in the quiet walks of scholastic life. What he will accomplish for science cannot of course be foretold. But that he will add materially to its treasures, especially in his favorite branch — the mathematics — there is little doubt.

One thing is worthy of remark and admiration in Henry. He is

not lifted up because God has given him such great powers. This trait in his character is very beautiful ; and I hope my readers will all try to imitate it, and never be proud of any thing in which they may seem to be superior to others.

[The following narrative is very interesting and strictly truthful. It was written by a lady of my acquaintance, who was residing at a hotel in this city.]

Johnny Leonard and his Mother.

At the close of one of the coldest days in the winter of 1835, an old lady called at our house to pass the night. She had come, that day, from B——, in the southern part of this state — was cold, fatigued and hungry, having tasted no food since she left her own desolate home.

Upon entering the room, I was attracted by her appearance. Sixty-five years could scarcely have told the length of her life's pilgrimage, yet she seemed afflicted with few of the infirmities usually attendant upon such age. Her dress, somewhat fanciful, was of Scotch plaid, and the large, bright checks of scarlet, green and black, made rather an unbecoming contrast with the deep traces that time had graven on her face ; her little starched cap, in full trim, set daintily up ; and the high-heeled shoes which she had slipped from her feet were lying, toe to toe, at prudent distance from the fire ; all seemed the carefully preserved relics of former taste and years.

As she drew up her small figure more erectly in the chair, and glanced her black eyes familiarly round the apartment, I thought I had never seen the face of years so bright with animation ; as if she had either never known the many disappointments allotted for the threescore years and ten — or that such trials had been happily forgotten ; her whole countenance, indeed, indicated that she had just set out in life with new hopes, new joys.

After she had taken supper, I drew my seat towards her, and she soon revealed to me the following simple story. I will endeavor to 'tell the tale as 't was told to me.'

* * * * *

“ In the northern part of the State of Maine, in the small town of —, I lived many years with my husband. We had no family, and hard work enough it was, upon a poor farm which scarcely paid for tilling, to get an honest livelihood.

“ My husband was always poor, and almost always unfortunate. I would not be ungrateful, but Providence did not smile upon him, so we *almost* thought, as upon those who needed his smiles much less. Yet I can now look back and see it was all for the best. I was not a Christian then, though my husband was. His health was very poor, and with an aching heart I have often watched him from the window of our home, raking the scanty hay, or hoeing the sandy loam. I’ve seen him lean upon some tree to wipe the sweat from his pale forehead, and his wearied arms would fall heavily beside his trembling body. And sometimes, as he came in, he would say, “ If it were not for you, Nelly, and the baby which Heaven has given us, how glad I should be to go to my rest — or if it might please him to call us all together ! ”

“ But such was *not* His will. Ere our baby had passed its first year, my husband did *go to his rest*. He left me peaceful in God, yet ‘sorrowing’ as he said, ‘for the lonely walk which might be mine,’ — and oh, *how lonely* it has been ! — ‘before we should sit down together in our Father’s kingdom.’

“ Six years I struggled on with my little boy, desiring nothing for myself, but much for him ; and a brighter lad than John you never saw. But my health failed at last, and unable longer to maintain us both, I concluded to put him out to work as well as he could, (and he was quite *handy*,) to some farmer.

“ For some time I heard of no one who would take so young a boy. At length Mr. ’Lijah Baker, a miller, happened in the place on business, who lived about fifteen miles from there ; hearing of me, he called where I was, and agreed to take Johnny home with him. As he had never been to school any, Mr. Baker promised to send him three months of the year, till he was ten years old, on condition that till then I would furnish him with a new hat and pair of shoes once a year.

“ I could have but little information of the man’s character, yet, as it was the only way before me, I consented to let him go.

“ Bitter was the hour of our parting. He had always been a good boy, and was all the world to me—my daily companion, my only, affectionate little son. Now in his clean clothes, his light glossy hair parted and brushed one side—though his round blue eyes filled with tears, yet he never looked so well, or seemed so dear to me before. He clasped his little arms tight around my neck; really, I was more a child than he, for I sobbed and wept—I could hear his little heart beat quickly as he tried to comfort me. ‘Mother, don’t cry so,’ said he; ‘I will be good. I shall soon be old enough to earn some money, and you shall have it *all*. I will buy you some *glasses*, and then you can sew in the evening. And I will get you a *pound* of tea. Eben Wood loved me; he will hold the thread for you to wind, and pick up chips for you now, sometimes, I guess.’

“ But the moment came for him to leave. I looked upon them as the wagon rolled out of the yard and jolted slowly up the hill, and watched them, till the top of his little blue cap disappeared, as they descended the other side of the hill; and then I entered the house and wept anew.

“ I could not afford to ride; so, when the year came round, I walked to Mr. Baker’s to see my boy, with the shoes and hat. My spirits were never lighter, or my steps more nimble, than while on my way; they were less so coming home, perhaps, but I could have gone any distance to meet him—my heart was very tender for him. I found him well, and a good boy still.

“ The second year I went, and he was much improved. His kind feelings made him a little gentleman to everybody and everything. He would not give a moment’s pain to bird or chicken, bug or fly; and everybody loved John.

“ The third year I went. He was ten years old, that day—it was the nineteenth of June. It was dark when I came to the house. No person or creature was in the yard—no light gleamed from the windows. I knocked, then opened the door—all was dark and empty; there was no sound, but the crickets chirping in the hearth, and the wind rustling in an apple-tree behind the house. Turning away, I came and stood by the stream; the water still poured over the dam, but the wheels of the mill were motionless. Sitting down upon a log, I wept.

“It was a mile to any neighbor’s house. Overcome with fatigue, I could scarcely rise, yet the thought that he might be there encouraged me, and I walked on.

“The people seemed kind, pitied my sorrow, but knew nothing of my son. They said Mr. Baker had failed, and left the town suddenly — no one knew where he was gone. I went from place to place, and wore out three pair of new shoes in search of him. Once I traced him to Newport, and learned that a man had there put such a boy on board a vessel to go to France; but could ascertain nothing more, and returned home broken-hearted.

“Two years passed away. Unable to support myself — without money and without friends — but one thing remained for me. I went to B—— and cast myself upon the provision of the State, and became an honest, industrious inmate of the alms-house.

“Year after year came and went, without bringing me any tidings of my son. I learned to live without him, and only thought of him as a spirit in heaven.

“I became tired of my companions in the *poor-house*, and hired of Mr. Ford, our overseer, a little room over his corn-house. As it was of no use to him, he let me have it for sixpence a week. The State allowed me but little more than this for my support; however, I managed to get along. I could knit stockings for my neighbors, and used to gather herbs for the sick. Besides, I did not need much, — tea, sugar, coffee, butter, and such like, I gave up long ago. Two meals a day was all I allowed myself.

“Cold weather was rather hard upon me, sometimes, it is true, when the sleet covered my window, and the loud winds shook the building around me. At such times, when I was most lonely, the image of my little John was ever present with me, till it almost seemed as if he were *really* there, sitting upon his low stool close by my side, rubbing his thin hands (softly, that I might not hear him) to keep them warm, and instructing me into the plans he had formed for taking care of me when I should be old. But these thoughts would soon vanish, and give place to happiness more abiding. The widow’s Friend forgot me not. His smile kindled gladness in my room, till even the rough, knotted boards of my apartment seemed to join in praise with my heart.

“ But though I could talk, without ceasing, of his mercies to me — for such words are ‘ honey to my taste ’ — yet I will not detain you. I will tell you of them in ‘ the general assembly and church of the first born in heaven.’ ”

“ Seventeen years had passed away. It was just a week to-night, two gentlemen came to Mr. Ford’s about eleven o’clock at night; they were well dressed, fine-looking men as you will see — with a handsome horse and chaise. They asked if Mrs. Leonard was there. Mr. Ford pointed them to where I was, said I was probably asleep, and invited them to stay till morning with him; but one of them replied, he must see me then — that he was *my son*.

“ Mr. Ford came over with them. They knocked at my door; I awoke, wondering, and let them in. Wishing to see if I would recognize a son in a stranger, they merely bowed as they passed me, requesting permission to look at the room — talked as if they purposed buying it, occasionally glancing towards me, as I was sitting wrapped in my old cloak, shivering, upon the side of the bed. I thought they had taken a strange time to purchase a building, almost midnight! I had heard of *speculators*, and of their being *about crazy* with business, and concluded these were some of them.

“ One came toward me, and asked me if I lived there all alone; and if I were not very lonesome. I replied, I had been so at first, but was now accustomed to it. He then asked me if I had no family. I replied, ‘ *None.* ’ ‘ Have you *never* had any?’ he asked. This was always a *hard question* for me. I paused a moment to control myself, and could only say, ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken *them* away.’ No one spoke. I looked up — suddenly the bargain had been forgotten — tears were in the eyes of each. One of them turned away and leaned over the fire-place, while the other, (who had not before spoken to me,) throwing his arms around my neck, said, ‘ Mother — mother — *I am your little Johnny!* ’ ”

The old lady wept, and said to me — “ I tell you what, I felt *pretty sinky.* ”

The son, since he was ten years old, had been almost constantly at sea; what little time was allowed him in any New England port he had employed searching for his mother, but knew not where to find her till now. He had then given up the chances of a life upon the deep, and established himself in business at S——.

“And now,” said the old lady, “I am going, and expect to spend my days with John. I think I am not unthankful for this great blessing, nor have forgotten God, whose love and providence protected my boy in a world full of danger, and has made my ‘heart sing for joy,’ because ‘my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.”

“If ever you should go to S——, you may see where he lives. His name is John Newton Leonard — on his sign it is John *N* Leonard, but his name is John *Newton* Leonard.”

H. M. T.

Little Edmund.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“Be good, little Edmund,” your mother will say,—
 She will whisper it soft in your ear, —
 And oftentimes repeat it, by night and by day,
 That you need not forget it, my dear.

And the ant at its work, and the flower-loving bee,
 And the sweet little bird in the wood,
 As it warbles a song from its nest on the tree,
 Seem to say, “Little Eddy, be good.”

“Be good,” says the Bible — that volume of love —
 And the wisest are bound to obey —
 For the truths that it teaches will lead us above,
 When death calls the spirit away.

For as sure as the brook to the river doth run,
 And the river to ocean’s broad wave,
 This rule, if well learned from your cradle, my son,
 Will prove your best wealth at the grave



A Residence among the Indians.

BY MILES HAWTHORNE.

I HAVE never found any subject more deeply interesting than the contemplation and study of the manners and customs of the North American Indians. In my youth, when my winter evenings were sometimes spent in reading about the cruelties practised by the ruthless savages towards the early settlers of New England, I used to think that there could not possibly exist a more wicked and treacherous race of beings than the Indians.

As I grew in years, and in knowledge, and, with the excellent opportunities I have had, examined their true characters and dispositions, my foolish youthful fears vanished, and I was led to look upon the poor Indian as a human being like myself, gifted with reason, though ignorant; the nobleness of whose nature would compare favorably with many other wiser nations. In our own comfortable homes, by our own cheerful firesides, surrounded by all the benefits of civilized life, we are too apt to forget the wrongs of the

red man. We are too apt to forget that God has not given to him the learning and intelligence with which we are blest. His mode of living, his ideas of honor and of a Supreme Being may not appear right in our eyes, yet he is acting according to the light he has received, and we are not to judge him.

The history of the red man, as I have before said, is a fruitful subject for contemplation. From the moment when Columbus was first welcomed to the shores of the New World, by the hospitable Indian, until the present day, it is full of interest. Though their origin is, and ever must be, a mystery, yet I think no one can reasonably doubt that, at the time when this country was discovered in 1492, the Indian nation was in its prime and glory. They roamed through the pathless forests, at pleasure, and their hunting and fishing grounds were undisturbed. The mountains and rivers, the lakes and valleys, of this wide country were all theirs.

But the white man came among them, and their sovereignty was gone. For nearly three hundred years they have been passing away. The term of their existence as a distinct nation has nearly expired. More than three quarters of their fairest lands have been grasped by the avaricious white man, and more than twelve millions of their race have been swept away from the face of the earth. A very small band now remains, and very soon these will have been swallowed up by the advancing tide of civilization. As I have lived among these people a considerable portion of my life, I propose to give my young friends, in a series of sketches, an account of what I saw of their habits, manners and customs, while among them, with such information respecting their homes and haunts, as I can find room for, to illustrate their wild, roving lives.

Many years ago, while making a short stop at the city of St. Louis, in Missouri, which you know lies upon the Mississippi river, a few miles below the mouth of the Missouri, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with the captain of a small steamboat, who was about ascending the Missouri river into the very heart of the Indian country, a distance of more than two thousand miles. Knowing that I was very fond of travelling about the world, he very kindly offered me a passage on his boat, provided I was willing to encounter the dangers of the long passage. This was the first

steamboat that had ever attempted a voyage up that great river, for any considerable distance, and consequently would be continually in danger of being sunk by the *snags*, which abound there. Now, thought I, here is a fine chance for me to study, at my leisure, the characters of the red men of the west. I had often wished for an opportunity of this kind, and I at once accepted the captain's offer and set about preparing for my jaunt. I brought my business in St. Louis to a close, sent to Louisville for my old rifle, which I used to call "Speaker," and having laid in a sufficient quantity of powder and balls to last me a year—for my readers must remember that in the Indian country these things are very scarce and sell for a high price—I stepped on board the boat, and bid farewell to the tall spires and busy streets of St. Louis, for aught I knew, forever.

After ascending the Mississippi for a few miles, we turned the bows of our steamboat into the mouth of the Missouri, and we were fairly started upon our dangerous voyage, far away, as the Indian in his thrilling language would express it, "towards the going down of the sun." Our destination was the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, which the captain told me was in the middle of the Indian tribes, which inhabit the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

For the first five hundred miles of our journey nothing of great interest occurred. We were obliged to move slowly and cautiously, for fear of having our boat sunk by the snags. We frequently ran aground upon the sand-bars, and the cry of "Shoal ahead! back her!" was heard so repeatedly that, at last, it caused no fear at all among the passengers.

The Missouri river is entirely different from any other stream of water which I have ever seen. Its waters are always muddy, being most of the year exactly the color of a cup of coffee with sugar and cream stirred into it. Now I am not very fond of coffee, but, if I were obliged to drink a cup of coffee or a cup of Missouri river water, I think I should choose the coffee, and I have no doubt my readers would. Well, I will tell you how this muddy water is made so. The Missouri river, for a greater part of its length, runs through an immense level plain with a great depth of rich alluvial soil, and, being a very large river and the current strong, its channel is continually changing. As the water rushes along, the banks fall in

and are soon mixed with the water, and hence the turbid appearance of the river. I suppose that, when these waters are tumbling down the sides of the Rocky Mountains, they are as pure and limpid as any trout brook you ever saw. But the falling banks, like the milk and sugar in your coffee, soon color the whole and make it thick and dirty.

The shores upon both sides of this river, for five or six hundred miles from its mouth, are well wooded with large and fine trees. As the banks cave in, these trees become undermined and fall into the stream. Their roots become fastened to the bottom of the river, by the weight of earth clinging to them, while the tops are floating upon the surface, pointing down stream, and presenting to the boatman a most frightful prospect. In some places the whole bed of the river was completely filled with these snags, as they are called, and you would have supposed, from their appearance, that no boat could possibly get by them; yet by going slowly against them many are so loose that they will swing round like the buoys in our harbors. After a while these wooded shores and snags began to trouble us less and less, and, at the mouth of the Platte river, they entirely disappeared. Here the eye is relieved by resting upon the green carpeted prairies, gracefully sloping to the water's edge. At almost every bend of the river, herds of buffaloes, elks, antelopes and sneaking wolves, upon the banks, became frightened by our steamboat, which came puffing and blowing along, and, after receiving a volley from our hunters, they scattered and bounded over the hills out of our reach. This furnished us rare sport, and I found "Speaker" a useful companion.

The Indians, too, having never seen or heard of a steamboat, exhibited the greatest wonder at our approach. Some threw themselves upon the ground and called upon the Great Spirit to protect them; some set out in running, and did not stop until they had got well out of our sight, while others would approach the banks of the stream, and peep cautiously over. One time, when a considerable number had approached pretty near to us, our captain, who was fond of a joke, let off a large quantity of steam by the waste pipe, when, head over heels, men, women, and children, dogs and all, rushed away, tumbling over each other, in the most admirable confusion

We had a hearty laugh at their foolish fears, but we saw no more of them that night.

After being nearly three months upon our voyage we arrived at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, the place of our destination. There is a fort built here upon the shore, opposite the Yellow Stone, which was erected by the "American Fur Company," partly as a store-house for the fur traders, and partly as a protection against the Indians. Upon our arrival at the fort, we fired some cannon, that we had on board, and here was another wonder for the savages, who supposed it was the boat which caused the noise. Directly in the rear of the fort is a large Indian village, and so great was the fear they had of our "big thunder canoe," as they always afterwards called it, that in a short time not an individual could be seen. The next day, however, several of the boldest sachems ventured on board, while the "*medicine*," as they called our cannon, was fired. Everything that the Indians here do not understand, they term "*medicine*."

This fort was to be my head-quarters for a twelvemonth. I assure my readers, that the appearances of comfort were anything but cheering, yet I am one of those persons who do not like to give up for trifles. The boat was to return in a few weeks, or as soon as the merchandise, which had been brought up to sell to the Indians, could be landed and stored in the fort, and the winter's stock of furs and buffalo skins put on board, and I should be left almost alone, in the middle of a nation of savages. Never mind, thought I it is of no use to be discouraged. I will try to live peaceably with them, and deal fairly, and give them a good price for their furs, and, at any rate, I shall have a chance to study their habits well. I had engaged with the captain of the steamboat to assist in trading with the natives for their furs, during my leisure hours. In the mean time the crew of the steamer made all possible despatch to get ready for her return home.

While the captain was waiting for the lading of the boat, a party was formed to visit the Elk Horn Pyramid, a picture of which you will find on the other side of this leaf. This pyramid is situated at the mouth of "Two Thousand Miles river," which joins the Missouri, two thousand miles from its junction with the Mississippi.

Here there is an extensive prairie, covered with bushes of artemisia, filled with elk and deer paths in all directions. This prairie extends, without interruption, as far as the eye can reach, and is called, 'Prairie à la Corne de Cerf,' because the wandering Indians have here erected a pyramid of elks' horns.

About eight hundred paces from the river, the hunting or war parties of the Indians have gradually piled up a large quantity of elks' horns, till they have formed a pyramid sixteen or eighteen feet high, and twelve or fifteen wide. Every Indian or hunter, who passes by, contributes his part.



At length, late one afternoon, a few days after our excursion to the "Elk Horn Pyramid," the boat having been laded and all things got in readiness for her departure, the captain and those who were to return with him took an affectionate leave of us, and, wishing me all manner of good luck, they all went on board the steamer, and the bell was rung for the last time. The fastenings were loosened,



and the boat pushed off from the shore, and, after firing a salute, which was answered from the fort, she dashed proudly down the stream. Hundreds of savages, from all parts of the surrounding country, had gathered upon the banks of the river, rending the air with their deafening yells, each one decked and painted in their customary gaudy manner, and apparently highly delighted to witness the departure of the "Big Thunder canoe." Some were gazing intently upon the departing boat; some were playing at ball upon the plain, while others, in little groups, were indolently reclining before their wigwams. I ascended a little hillock a short distance from the fort, and, seating myself upon the ground, watched the departing vessel, which was rapidly bearing away from me almost the last vestige of civilization, as she grew fainter and fainter in the distance, until at last a bend in the river intervened, and she was entirely hid from my view. The prospect from this lovely spot was entirely beyond description, and although the charming landscape is even now fresh in my recollection, still it would be in vain to attempt to convey to my young friends anything like a correct idea of its splendor. Before me lay the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters," while far to the north, over the boundless desert, rose one above the other, a succession of gracefully sloping hills, covered at that time with herds of grazing buffalo. The sun was just sinking behind the hills, and a cool autumn wind moaned among the

tall, thick grass of the prairies. In despite of the magnificence of the scenery, or of my better judgment, a feeling of loneliness came over me, such as I have never felt before or since. I have travelled over many foreign lands in my life, far, far away from my happy home. I have stood upon the summits of the pyramids of the Nile — those imperishable monuments of ages long since past and gone; I have witnessed the idolatrous worship of the poor Hindoo upon the banks of the Ganges; I have wandered over the ruins of the great city which saw the miracles and sufferings of our Saviour while upon the earth; and I have stood alone, and at night, and contemplated the thundering crater of Mount Vesuvius; yet never do I remember such a sad feeling weighing down my spirits as I now felt creeping over me. Perhaps it was the first attack of home-sickness which I had ever experienced, or perhaps it was fear of the savages, by which I was surrounded on every side, or, what is more probable, the solemn feeling that these screaming sons of the forest were, like the setting sun, surely passing away from the face of the earth; that the advancing tide of civilization would soon utterly extinguish their whole race; and that the sword and the “fire water” of the white man would ere long blot them out from among the nations. I have lately seen some very pretty verses, written by Eliza Cook, the poetess, which truthfully express the thoughts of the poor Indian, as he contemplates the encroachments of the white man upon his hunting grounds. I will recite them:

THE LAMENT OF THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Oh! why does the white man follow my path,
 Like the hound on the tiger's track?
 Does the blush on my dark cheek waken his wrath?
 Does he covet the bow on my back?
 He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze
 Bear riches for him alone;
 And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood
 Which the white man calls his own.

Why then should he come to the streams where none
 But the red-skin dare to swim?
 Why, why should he wrong the hunter-one,
 Who never did harm to him?

The Father above thought fit to give
To the white man corn and wine ;
There are golden fields, where they may live,
But the forest shades are mine.

The eagle hath its place of rest,
The wild horse where to dwell ;
And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest,
Made me a home as well.
Then back, go back from the red man's track,
For the hunter's eyes grow dim,
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.

How long I should have lingered on that lovely spot I cannot tell. I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the renewed yells of the Indians, and, casting my eyes towards the village, I observed that the greater part of them were gathered together in a circle, in the open space, which is surrounded by their wigwams, apparently awaiting some game, or ceremony, about to be performed. I immediately started for the spot, and, upon arriving there, I learned the cause of the uproar. A party of Blackfoot Indians had just returned from a buffalo hunt, bringing in the mangled and bleeding body of one of their number, who, in a desperate charge upon a large herd of buffaloes, had been thrown from his horse, and trodden down by the infuriated animals, and so dreadfully wounded that he was just breathing his last. Although it appeared absolutely impossible for the poor fellow to survive but a very short time, yet I found that a "*medicine man*" was about to perform his mysteries over the dying man, as a last resort, in the vain hope of saving his life.

Perhaps I ought to inform my readers, before relating this singular ceremony, what a medicine man is, and also the origin of the word. *Medicine*, in all the Indian country, means *mystery*. Anything, or any operation, which an Indian is unable to understand, is always called "*medicine*," or mysterious. Most of the fur and other traders are French, and in their language a doctor is called a "*medecin*." Now the Indian doctors, of which there are a great many, pretend to be magicians, or mysterious people; hence they are called

“medicine men,” and in this way the word has become common for anything strange or unaccountable. Besides this, every Indian, in his primitive state, must have a “medicine bag,” and under all circumstances and at all times, he must carry it about him. They look to these medicine bags for protection from harm through life, and they are always buried with them when they die. It is, as my readers will see, a kind of idolatry. The bags are made of the skins of various kinds of animals, birds, bats, and sometimes toads, or lizards. They are obtained in the following manner :

When an Indian boy is ten or fifteen years of age, he wanders off into the woods, and is sometimes gone several days without any food. The first bird, or animal, he dreams of, or pretends to have dreamed of, in his sleep, is to be his medicine ; and on returning to his home, and after satisfying his hunger, he sets off to kill the animal or bird, and of the skin the bag is made. Sometimes they are very neatly trimmed and attached to the dress, so as to become quite ornamental, and at others, they are very small and entirely concealed about the dress. They are never opened, never sold, never given away, as this would bring a lasting disgrace upon them. If an Indian loses his medicine bag while fighting for his tribe, no matter how bravely, the disgrace is the same, and he can never recover his lost honor until he rushes into battle, and, after killing and scalping his adversary, captures his medicine bag, and brings it home in triumph.

My young friends may be inclined to laugh at these foolish fancies, and well they may ; but they must not forget, in their mirth, the ignorance of these savages. Perhaps, if they had the advantages and the knowledge of those who read my Miscellany and Magazine, they would be as free from these laughable superstitions as civilized people are. But their minds are in darkness, and yet I have never seen the slightest reason to doubt, that they were sincere in the belief that their medicine bag contained their Good Spirit, or protector. I have known them to go fasting for several days, and to punish themselves in various ways, to appease their medicine bag, which they imagined they had in some way or other offended. But to return to my narrative.

We had not waited long before a slight and mysterious rattle gave notice that the medicine man was approaching, and presently, an

opening having been made for his entrance, he crept cautiously along, during the most profound silence of the spectators, towards the wounded man, who was even now in the agonies of death. I will give you a picture of this curious looking individual. On his head was the skin of an enormous bear, the head of which served him as a mask. Attached to this, on every side, were the skins of various kinds of animals, and to each of these an immense number of rattles. In his hands he carried a spear, gaudily trimmed, and a rattle somewhat like the head of a drum, which he alternately shook over the dying man, dancing



about from side to side, and occasionally uttering the most horrible noise, and chanting, in a peculiar style, an address to the Good Spirit for the safety and life of the sufferer. In a few minutes the man died, and the medicine doctor bounded away to his tent, and no more was seen of him. Thus ended one of the most ridiculous performances I have ever witnessed, and yet every Indian present was perfectly serious and believed, no doubt, to the fullest extent, in the wonderful mysteries of this enchanter.

I soon found that my daily intercourse with the Indians gave me many chances to gain their good will, and also to study their habits. About a month after the ceremony of the medicine man, above alluded to, I went with a party of their young warriors to hunt the buffalo. They were disappointed, however, for the immense herds which had but a few days before covered the plains, had entirely disappeared.

These animals are continually roving about over the immense western prairies, and sometimes there is so great scarcity of buffalo meat, which is the Indians' principal food, that they resort to the "buffalo dance" (which I shall explain hereafter) to bring the animals back again. On our return, however, we fell in with a troop of the

prairie antelopes, a little animal peculiar to this country. They are excellent food, and I was greatly amused at the method of taking them. Our whole party secreted themselves in a little hollow, and upon the level ground, a little way off, a stick was driven into the ground and a white handkerchief hung upon it. So full of curiosity are these animals, that they came bounding along towards our flag, as you may see in the cut, and we were lucky enough to kill several before they could get out of our reach. This was a very welcome prize, and our party returned home in high spirits.



ELL, the autumn passed swiftly away, and the drifting snows of winter soon began to be piled upon the plains. Not like the storms upon the sea-coast, a foot of snow and then a high wind to whisk it about a little, fill up the roads, and crawl into the farm yards; but long, steady, deep snows, covering up everything sometimes six or seven feet deep, and ending either hunting or travelling, except upon snow-shoes, next

to impossible. I watched the falling flakes with considerable regret, for I knew that during the winter, which, in that country, is usually long and severe, I should be kept pretty closely within the fort, and that, until spring again returned, I could not expect a renewal of my excursions about the prairies. However, sighing and regrets could not mend the matter, so I resolved to make the best of it.

Notwithstanding that we were kept pretty closely in doors, I found abundant amusement and various methods of passing my time pleasantly. Hardly a day passed during which there were not more or less of the Indians with us, either trading for their furs, or lounging about, watching for a good opportunity to steal something from us. The Indian thinks it no disgrace to steal, provided it is done cunningly, and without exposure; but if, as frequently happens, the culprit is detected, he is subjected to the jokes and laughter of his comrades for his failure.

Among the Indians who daily visited our fort, I noticed one day a young half-breed, about twenty years of age. His father was a Canadian trapper. He was called by the Indians, Jol-lie-kin-i-wet, or "the *great bear trap*." At the fort he went by the nickname *Jollie*. He was a smart, active, bright-faced young man as I ever saw, and was an especial favorite with all who knew him. Trained up among these red men, and probably possessing a full share of their native cunning, he was almost perfect in every accomplishment deemed important among their wise men. If a council of war was called by the "medicine men" in the village, Jollie was sure to be consulted. If a buffalo hunt was in preparation among the young warriors, none but Jollie could head them. With his rifle Jollie was certainly wonderful. I have seen him often shoot the eyes from the head of a duck, while flying, without apparently any extra exertion. With this young fellow I soon became intimate, and we had many a pleasant day together during that long, tiresome imprisonment. I sometimes sat for hours together listening to Jollie's adventures, many of which almost exceeded belief; and, had I not subsequently seen him accomplish feats which were almost equal to his stories, with apparently no self pride, I am inclined to think I should have looked upon him as a story-teller. Yet an acquaintance of many years has convinced me that in all things, his word could be de-

pended on as true. Rough and uncultivated as he was, I soon discovered that within his manly heart dwelt that scorn and hatred of deliberate falsehood, which at once gave me implicit confidence in his assertions. And so it should be. If there is one sinful habit, which may be looked upon as especially mean and characteristic of the enemy of all good, it is lying.

About the middle of the winter, when the snow was the deepest, a large herd of buffaloes was seen approaching the fort, from the opposite side of the river. Of course there was a great stir in the village among the Indians, as, for many months, no herds had come near their dwellings. Every warrior armed himself with his spear, his bow and quiver, and, having fastened a pair of snow-shoes upon his feet, the company sallied forth to meet the huge animals, which were wallowing through the snow, bellowing and snorting in a most furious manner. The snow-shoes of the Indians are made in a great number of forms, from two and a half to three feet in length, and one foot in breadth. Hoops are bent round for the frame, and underneath is stretched the skin of a buffalo like the head of a drum, while the frame over this is woven across with strings of raw hide, on which the feet rest, and to which they are fastened like a skate. By the aid of these light shoes, the Indian runs over the surface of the snow, while the great weight of the buffaloes sinks them down to the middle of their sides, and almost stops their progress, which renders them certain victims to the spear of their pursuers.

As soon as the herd which I have mentioned arrived opposite the village, the whole party of warriors rushed towards them, with the most frightful and terrific yells, and, for the space of half an hour, a sad butchery took place among them. No less than forty of the poor beasts were destroyed, and after the Indians had stripped off their hides and a very small portion of their flesh to dry, their carcasses were left to be devoured by the wolves. It is painful to witness the waste that is made of these noble animals. It is true the present numbers in which they roam over the whole of the country is almost incredible, yet it is also true that thousands upon thousands are slain every year merely for the *tongues*, which are cut out, and the rest of the animal left to decay upon the prairie. The cut

below will give my readers a good idea of the manner of taking buffaloes in winter.



The buffalo belongs to the ox species, though many of them attain a much larger size. The buffalo bull often grows to the enormous weight of three thousand pounds. The horns are short, and the head and neck are covered with a profusion of long dark-brown hair, or mane, not unlike that of a lion. They roam about over the prairies, from west to east, subsisting in the winter, in the more northern latitudes, where the snows are heavy, upon the grass on the tops of the hills, from which the wind drives the snow away. I have in many instances seen them poke the snow away with their noses, in order to get at the dry grass underneath.

In the chase of the buffalo upon horseback, the rider generally strips himself and horse by throwing off his shield and quiver, and those parts of his dress which might be an encumbrance to him in running, grasping his bow and five or six spare arrows in his left hand, ready for use. These hunting or chasing horses are so well trained that no bridle is necessary. They always approach the buffalo upon the right side, giving their riders a chance to throw the arrow to the left. In chasing the buffalo, the Indians, when mounted, have a very queer guard against any danger which might arise

from being thrown from their horse. In catching their horses the Indians use a *lasso*. This is a long thong of raw hide, ten or fifteen yards in length, made of several braids or twists. Upon one end is constructed a noose, which they throw over the head of the running horse, and "*choke him down*," as they term it. Now, in chasing buffaloes, this lasso is fastened to the horse's neck, and drags along upon the ground some yards behind. If the rider is thrown from his horse during the conflicts with these herds of roving buffaloes, which are sometimes very severe, he can grasp this dragging lasso, and, in a few seconds, regain his seat.

These and many other methods are resorted to by the Indians to kill the buffaloes. Sometimes the hunters draw the skin of a wolf over themselves, and creep along towards the animals with their bows and arrows concealed. As the wolves are very plenty in that country, the buffalo manifests no fear at their approach, until the deadly shaft has flown, and then it is too late. Sometimes the herd is driven off a high precipice, and hundreds are killed, or so much wounded that the spear of the Indian soon despatches them. Even the prairie wolves will surround an aged or wounded buffalo, if he can be separated from the herd, and worry him to death.

One fine morning, about the middle of spring, I was pulled rather roughly out of my bed before I was awake. As soon as I had rubbed my eyes open, and recovered the use of my memory, I saw my friend, Jollie, standing over me with his rifle in his hand, and his powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and knap-sack, slung over his shoulders.

"Come, Miles," said he, "there's a hunt afoot. Wake up, my boy, and follow us. Come, hurry!"

I felt in rather bad humor on being so suddenly waked out of a sound sleep, and began to mutter out a drowsy refusal to go with him, but my companion would take no denial. He seized my arms, and for a minute or two danced me about my little apartment, in double-quick time, notwithstanding my entreaties for a parley.

"Come, hurry!" said he, flourishing his bright rifle about my head. "You are not half awake yet. Open your peepers, pocket a biscuit or two, and we will be off. Now imagine those beaver-pack across the yard to be the real thing — here goes for a shot."

Now, I loved hunting, and the eagerness with which my spirited companion went through his imaginary exploits quite aroused me.

"Well," said I, "I will go; but why this hurry? You'll give me time to dress myself, wont you?"

"Hardly," responded my tormentor, "unless you are handy, for Mah-to-he-ha and Jack Sanford are now waiting for us in the canoe. The rest have been gone an hour or more."

"The rest of the party?—why, where are we going?"

"O, up the creek."

Jollie always called the Missouri river "the creek." Before I was ready, I learned that fifteen or twenty of the best hunters in the village had left early in the morning upon horses, and that we were to follow up the river in a canoe, and to come ashore at night and remain with them. By pretty constant labor we could easily go as far in the canoe before night-fall as the men upon horses, and Mah-to-he-ha and Jack were the best boatmen in the vicinity. I hurried on my dress, and equipped myself for several days' absence up the river, and in a short time we were on the smooth, unruffled surface of the great Missouri river. We set out in high glee, and our frail bark canoe glided over the water with the swiftness of a bird.

Nothing of importance, or worth relating, occurred during the day. We occasionally shot at game upon the banks of the river, or stopped to admire the charming landscapes which almost every bend of the river revealed to us. The further one ascends the Missouri river, the greater variety he will find for his admiration. Just at sundown we spied the red flag upon the banks, the signal agreed upon, and we paddled our canoe ashore, and found the party already encamped for the night. Early the next morning, we set off again as before.

As we hauled up our canoe the fourth evening after our departure, I found, by the preparations which were being made in the camp among the hunters, that something was going to be done. The rifles were examined, tomahawks and scalping-knives sharpened and put in order, and a watch stationed, for the first time since we left home, about our tents. Besides, I saw three or four of the bravest warriors in "secret session," as legislators say, deeply engaged in discussing some important matters. The next morning,

however, we set off as usual, and I could not understand why we were to go on, if, as I had surmised, we were near the place of our destination. So, after we were quietly seated in our canoe, I commenced conversing with my companions, hoping to learn something about these, to me, extraordinary proceedings.

"Jollie," said I, "don't you think we are pretty near the buffalo's range?"

"Oh," he replied, "guess not. May be though, may be not — come on 'em soon."

"But," I continued, "did you not observe our hunters last night examining their rifles, preparing their powder, and making other similar preparations? and don't that show that *they* expect the game is at hand?"

Jollie turned a glance full of meaning at me, and in his characteristic manner replied: "Fish don't sleep out of water. Thieves never beat a drum when they go to steal. The Blackfeet rifles are straight!"

In an instant the truth, painful as it was, flashed across my mind. We were in danger. We were now on the hunting premises of the Blackfeet and Crow Indians, and were liable, every moment, to a surprise. However safe I had felt at the fort, however free from danger I had flattered myself I should be in the Indian country, I now saw that, unless Jollie was *joking* with me, which I really hoped, my life was in danger. All my former dread of the murdering savages returned in a moment, and it seemed to me that I actually trembled. I would have given anything to have been safely back to the fort; but that was impossible. I did not dare to exhibit the least fear to my companions, who seemed to care very little about the matter, for a coward could never live among the Indians with any safety or comfort to himself. How much I thought of, that day, besides my own preservation, my young readers can judge. A hundred times did Jollie put me to the torture, by recounting some of his hair-breadth escapes from his enemies, exhibiting the marks of knives upon his person, and speculating as to what we had reason to expect before night; and I found that he would consider the party lucky if, provided we were attacked, one half of our number escaped. In short, I had the "horrors" dreadfully all day. The

least noise upon the banks of the river aroused and terrified me exceedingly. However, I managed to keep my fears to myself, and by and by, not hearing any guns, I began to suspect that Jollie was making fun of me. So I became, all at once, remarkably courageous, and once actually suggested a plan to entrap and kill any offensive savage which we might fall in with. My readers may naturally think that, considering my fears, the "offensive savages" were not in much danger. At any rate, *I* thought so.

The afternoon now began to warn us to be looking on shore for the usual signal, the red flag. We searched until the sun had nearly set, but could not obtain the least indication of the encampment. At length we discovered a smoke rising over a hillock at a short distance from the river, which we at once concluded must be our companions. We hastily drew up to the shore, and ascended to the top of the hillock, where, as soon as we had shown ourselves, we were greeted by a startling and horrid yell, from a band of fifty or sixty savages, encamped at the foot. What was to be done? The whole party started after us, and several bullets whistled about my ears. Without waiting for a consultation in such perilous times, I took to my heels, and ran for the boat. "Don't go there, Miles," shouted Jack Sanford. "They'll kill you if you do. Run for the thicket." Regardless of his advice, which may have been very good, I continued on, threw the canoe into the river, and, with all my remaining strength, gave it a powerful drive into the stream. I had just time to give one or two additional strokes with the paddle, and to throw myself into the bottom of the canoe, when I heard the savages running down the hill towards the river, screeching and yelling like so many maddened fiends. I expected, of course, that they would swim after me, and that I must soon be, at least, their prisoner, and subject to all the cruelties they could devise. However, I kept perfectly still, being determined, as there were three or four tomahawks in the canoe, to sell my life as dearly as I could, if they did swim after me. I had not lain many minutes, when I heard the noise of some one near the canoe, apparently swimming. I grasped a tomahawk, and in a perfect agony of suspense, heard the noise approaching nearer and nearer, while the outcries of the Indians upon the shore now, at some considerable distance from me, as

I judged by the sound, were redoubled. Presently a hand grasped the edge of the canoe, and before I had time to strike at it, an individual had thrown himself completely into the boat, by my side. Judge of my surprise when I saw that, instead of an Indian, it was Jollie! I made a motion as though I would speak, but he cried out, "Lie still, for your life; keep close to the bottom of the boat." In another instant a shower of bullets whistled over and around us, several of which pierced our frail vessel through and through. "Thank you," said Jollie, raising his head and peaking through one of the apertures; "you've made me a good window. There are more than fifty of the black varmints and several are now preparing to swim for us. Miles, my boy, hand me your jack-knife." I readily passed my companion the knife, with which he cut a large hole in the side of the canoe furthest from the savages. With a bit of the bark he gently and gradually paddled our boat further and further from our persecutors, though now and then the shot from their rifles would scatter around us, and we were for some time in much danger. The river being very wide here, we were shortly out of the reach of harm, and soon reached the opposite shore, where we could watch the manœuvres of the savages in safety.

"Well, Jollie," said I, fixing my eyes upon him, "we got out of that scrape pretty neat."

He turned towards me for an instant, evidently to ascertain if I was in earnest, and then said, "*Out of it* — *into* it, you mean."

"No, I mean *out* of it. The rascals are on the other side of the river, and we are on this, entirely out of their reach. Pretty soon it will be dark, and then we can move off unseen, and cut for home."

"That is all very well, Master Miles," said my comforter, "but you forget how far we are from home. You forget how many red faces may be cruising on the river after us. You forget our two companions. Would you go off without them? Let us wait a spell."

It was now so dark that we could see but a very few rods upon the water distinctly. The dim outline of the hills could just be traced, and to complete our interesting situation, a thunder shower began to gather in the distance. Presently a large fire was kindled on the opposite shore, which cast a perfect damper on all my favorite plans. Every object on the water could be distinctly seen, and

we could perceive the whole band of savages busily employed in making preparations probably to catch us.

"See there, Miles, my boy," said Jollie, as he pointed to a thicket a little way down the river; "do you see that light?"

I did indeed see a faint glimmering light on the other bank, which seemed to be making frequent and circular motions.

"That's Jack," said my companion — "that's Jack; and he has seen us land here, and is endeavoring to attract our attention. If that shower approaching only proves a regular drencher, we are fixed. There's the light again. Hurrah!"

I saw nothing in the light to take courage from, yet I was glad to see Jollie so elated, and I felt sure he was a better judge than myself. In the mean time the storm came on, and it proved, as my companion had hoped, a "regular drencher." The thunder and lightning were truly terrific, and the rain poured down in a perfect torrent. Jollie kept his eyes steadily upon the light until the rain prevented it from being seen. We drew our canoe ashore, and having turned it bottom upwards, crawled under it to prevent getting wet.

The rain continued to come down for more than an hour, when the cloud passed over, and it grew light again. We had managed to keep our rifles perfectly dry, and after examining our little stock of dried buffalo meat, we came forth from our shelter. To my surprise, the fire upon the other shore had almost entirely disappeared, and we could occasionally hear a stifled yell from our enemies.

"Now, Miles, ship your traps, and we must be off. We have no time to lose. Have you got everything? Push off? Take care and speak low, and sit on the bottom of the boat."

Jollie, as soon as we were afloat, seized a paddle, and keeping for a short time close to the shore, silently urged our frail canoe over the water. When nearly opposite the point where the flickering light had been seen, he turned the prow of our boat across the river, and pulled for the spot. We landed without being molested, but heard no one. Jollie gave one of his peculiar shrill whistles, which, to our great joy, was answered. In a very few minutes Jack Sanford was with us. He had been wounded in his leg, but not severely, and crawling into the thicket, he had escaped notice.

“Where ’s Mah-to-he-ha?” said Jollie.

“Gone under,” said Jack, sorrowfully. “He ran with me a little ways, but he was hit and fell. The oarwards lifted his hair and left him dead.”

“Well,” said Jollie, “*our* hair is in a dangerous spot just now; let’s be off.” We jumped into our canoe, and with all our exertions crowded the boat down the stream. Fortunately, we had another shower a short time after we started, and under cover of the extreme darkness of the night we escaped. We paddled with diligence until near the break of day, when, not deeming it prudent to show ourselves in public, we landed and drew our canoe into a thicket, and having devoured the remaining portion of our dried meat, we spread our blankets and went to sleep.

How long I slept I hardly know, but when I awoke the sun was high above the horizon, peeping cheerfully through the trees. My companions sat conversing together at a short distance from me, seeming cheerful and free from care. I soon joined them, and after bestowing a few compliments upon me for my early rising, we began to think about a breakfast. We were yet many miles from home, and on the hunting grounds of our enemies. I proposed that we should lie still and close all day, and at night pursue our journey. This, however, did not please Jollie, who said he must have his breakfast. We accordingly climbed the bank, and with our guns proceeded to search for game.

On our way we came across what, to me, was a most interesting sight. This was the numerous villages of prairie dogs. These animals dig their holes on the level prairie, throwing up the dirt in a conical form, upon which they sit and bark upon the approach of danger. We passed thousands of these little hillocks, upon the tops of which sat the little dogs, hardly as large as wood-chucks, which, at our approach, sent forth the most noisy demonstration of anger at being disturbed, that can well be imagined. As we came within gun-shot, they would dodge down out of sight, and as we passed by their little huts nothing could be seen of them. When we got away about the same distance, the little heads would appear again, snarling and yelping as before. These little communities are exceedingly numerous upon the prairies, and when they occur in large

numbers together, as they frequently do, they form an interesting appearance. The dogs are very harmless, but very impudent and saucy. Their "bark is worse than their bite."

About mid-day we fell in with a small herd of buffaloes. We were fortunate enough to kill a nice fat cow, and Jollie immediately cut out the tongue, which is the most delicious part of the animal, while Jack loaded me with other choice bits of meat, from various parts of the carcass, which he seemed to know where to find readily, together with several marrow-bones; and we retraced our steps towards our canoe. We built a fire, and round it placed our beef, to be cooked. We then seated ourselves upon a green spot, and partook of our repast, a feast that to me tasted far better than the most dainty morsel I have ever eaten.

Night soon came on, and as soon as it was sufficiently dark, we again pushed off down stream. We toiled hard all night and all the next day, and just at nightfall we arrived in sight of the fort. I was glad enough to get into my old quarters again, and determined not to leave them again for a single night if I could possibly help it.

The next day I learned that the party upon horseback had returned a few hours before us. They had been surprised and attacked near the spot which had nearly seen us destroyed, and seven of their number killed. They had in return killed and wounded a considerable number of their enemies, and had succeeded in bringing home several scalps. I confess that these bloody knots of hair looked any thing but pleasant to me, and I almost involuntarily raised my hand to ascertain that my own top-piece was safe. I was reminded of my youthful fears. Then, when the wind whistled around my father's dwelling, I almost instinctively examined the door fastenings, and drew my chair closer and closer towards that of my elder brother. I knew very well that there were no murdering, scalping savages about, yet so great were my prejudices against the whole race, awakened, no doubt, by reading about their bloody acts, that, in spite of my better feelings, a thrill of horror would come creeping over me. I have no doubt that many of my young readers have experienced moments of terror similar to my own; and they will hardly believe me when I tell them that not-

withstanding the many barbarous practices of these savages, and though so far from home and friends, I soon mingled with my new associates freely and without fear.

Summer passed rapidly away, and already autumn was close at hand. Time did not hang heavy on my hands, for almost every day some new species of amusement or recreation was brought forward; and I found that I had gained many friends among the savages of the village. Jollie was my constant companion, and the more I saw of him the more I loved him. His heart was a large one, and in the right place. Once, indeed, he came home to the camp, after a few days' absence, with his hands covered with blood, and a terrible-looking tuft of hair in his girdle. It was the scalp of a "Crow" Indian, whom he had slain. I turned with horror away from the sight, and thought I should never forgive him for that cruel act of butchery. Yet when I reflected that it was the habit of the Indian to scalp his defeated enemy, that it was in fact a part of their religion, and that hardly a single month had passed, since my arrival at the fort, during which time some bloody, cruel act of aggression had not been committed among his tribe by the "Crows," I felt that it was the result of ignorance and a bad habit, rather than a bad heart. Nor is the simple act of scalping so cruel as civilized people generally imagine. An Indian never scalps his enemy until he has killed him, or left him for dead, and then it is done in order to show his companions the trophy of his victory, rather than a desire to torment his victim. It brings him honor among his tribe, as a brave warrior; and he who can show twenty scalps has reached the very pinnacle of fame among them. In our own country, when a premium is offered by the magistrates for killing bears, foxes, wolves, or dogs, when they are troublesome, the *ears* are cut off and brought in, and this being deemed a sufficient proof of their destruction, the premium or bounty is paid. So with the Indian's scalp,—with this difference, that they receive honor instead of gold. There are various other peculiarities, touching this cruel practice of scalping, which I will mention. The following anecdote, which is said to be true, will show you how strong this habit is, when once implanted in the human breast.

An American infant was carried off by the Indians, and reared by an Indian mother as her own. Of course he grew up in all the savage customs, especially in their admiration of the scalps of an enemy. By and by, he was brought back to civilization, was educated, and became a clergyman. He acquitted himself honorably, and seemed happy in his vocation. But, some years after, he was located near the seat of war between England and the United States, and went out, on one occasion, in his professional black and white, to witness a fight. When he returned, a gentleman noticed his flushed look and hurried manner, and remarked to him that there was blood on his shirt. The young man crossed his hands firmly upon his breast; and his friend, supposing it was to conceal a wound, pulled open the shirt, and saw between it and the breast a bloody scalp. "I could not help it!" cried the victim of habit, and ran instantly back to Indian life, and never more appeared among the whites.

An Indian *never* scalps one of his own tribe, no matter how much of a traitor he may have been. He may have escaped and joined the enemies of his tribe; he may have killed his wife, his children, his chief and king; yet it is just the same. No provocation can induce an Indian to scalp one of his own people, if he knows it. He may kill him in a moment of anger,—an occurrence which is by no means rare,—but to scalp him would be a blot upon his fame which time could never efface.

So jealous are these red men of their honor, that sometimes the least provocation will destroy all care for life in a moment. An instance of this, which occurred while I was among them, will illustrate this point. An Indian in our village, named Mah-ton-wiss, had killed a "Crow" and scalped him, and returned in triumph to his home. It soon became known, however, that his victim was not quite dead when Mah-ton-wiss left him, and that he had been discovered in a critical state by his friends, taken home, and that eventually he entirely recovered. When this became known, the mortification of Mah-ton-wiss can hardly be imagined. He burned all his scalps,—and he had several,—among which was that of his still living enemy; and for several days would eat nothing, but sat with his head down upon his knees, a complete picture of misery. At

length one morning he was missed. All his friends, knowing that in such cases they could never expect to see him again, gave him up as dead. Several weeks had elapsed, when one day Mah-ton-wiss returned to the village on horseback. He had a frightful wound upon his face, around which he had bound a strip from his mantle, so that his friends did not know him. On his neck there hung *six fresh scalps*, one of which had the ears and part of the forehead of the victim. In short, I need hardly say that it was the second scalp of the "Crow" Indian, who had survived his first scalping. Mah-ton-wiss had gone alone, — had watched night and day for his enemy. He had tracked him on his excursions into the wilderness, living upon almost nothing, until he had finally succeeded in completing his revenge; and not only that, but he had obtained five scalps besides. A shout, such as savages only know how to raise, went up from the village, and a day of feasting was appointed. Of course Mah-ton-wiss was ranked as a great warrior forever afterwards.

An Indian of most tribes will never scalp a woman or a child. Perpetual dishonor would be the result, should he dare to present such a trophy to his tribe. So that you will find many rules among savages, concerning this cruel act, which cannot but be commended by everybody. Do my bright-eyed friends still think that scalping is a very cruel act? Why, a few years ago, two men at Washington, the capital of the civilized part of this hemisphere, went out and deliberately shot at each other with rifles. One of the men was killed upon the spot. Both of these men were members of Congress of the United States. If we hold the poor, benighted, ignorant Indian accountable for all his acts of cruelty, *what* must be said of some of the "customs" of our own land and times? However, perhaps we had better leave such questions to be settled by others, and go on with our story. I only mention the circumstance, that you may see that the best of us may have bad habits, and that it is best to be charitable towards those who are ignorant, and have not been blessed with the light of the everlasting Gospel.

One day Jollie sauntered carelessly into the fort, and bid me good-by. "Where are you going?" said I, thinking he was going away himself. "Nowhere," he replied, "nowhere; but you had

better be packing up your traps, for there's a big smoke coming up the creek."

Just at that instant I heard the booming of cannon, across the water and upon running to the banks of the river, I soon learned the cause of my friend's remark. A steamboat was in sight, ploughing her way up the stream, her steam-pipe roaring, and her guns announcing her arrival, as if they bid us prepare for news from home. She drew nearer and nearer, until among the crowd of adventurers, upon the deck I plainly distinguished the countenance of my old friend, the Captain.

"There," said Jollie, "you see your time has come. You must prepare for your journey to the home of the pale faces. Go, but do not forget that you leave stout-hearted brothers behind." "You are not certain that I am to return in this boat," I replied. "It may be otherwise. At any rate, I shall not for several weeks." I comforted him against hope, for I knew that I must return with the boat, whenever it went.

In the mean time the men at the fort were busy in preparing the boat for her departure. Bales of goods were trundled out of her hold, carried up the bank, and safely deposited in the fort; and heavy bundles of buffalo and other skins taken on board, and stowed away. The Indians, ever on the alert, when anything new or curious is going on, were standing idly about, ready to pick up and carry off any little trinket which might come in their way. Though I was preparing to go off with the boat, and leave them forever, not the slightest notice was taken of the fact by my Indian friends. I have often wondered why the Indians should, as a general thing, care so little about absent or departing friends. Among white people, it is an especial time for shaking hands, bidding farewell, and often, very often, the silent tear will course down the cheek at the parting of relatives, or old companions. Not so among the savages. They look upon the matter with the most careless indifference. Perhaps it is because they are separated so often, that it becomes a second nature to them. Yet it would seem that some generous words would be given to an old friend at parting, some expression of hope for his future happiness. It ought to be so.

One morning, all preparations for our departure being completed

the boat was "fired up," our crew and passengers' names were called over, the fastenings were unloosed, and our craft quietly floated away down the river, being saluted by a volley from the fort, and that never-to-be-forgotten yell of the assembled multitude of Indians on shore. I must say that I was glad to get on our voyage down stream, and yet I left many things with real regret. It had been, at any rate, an interesting home to me, and I had learned and seen many characteristics of the Indians, which to me were valuable, and worth much toil and privation. I had learned to look upon the cruelties of the ignorant savages with considerable more charity than disdain, to remember the amount of light which has been shed into their homes and haunts, and to compare their religion with that of the white men. I can now value, as I never valued before — because I could never realize their true dispositions before — I say, I can now value the advantages of civilization, which fall so profusely among the youth of the United States; and they ought to be thankful that it was their lot to be born in a civilized land.

I will not tire my readers with a description of our voyage home, inasmuch as everything seemed to be exactly as it appeared on my trip up, one year previous. Almost every bend in the river was remembered, and I found I could tell the names of most of the rivers that emptied into the Missouri, as we passed their mouths.

Nothing of a serious nature happened to our boat during the whole voyage, and at the end of five weeks we arrived at St. Louis. There we took another boat, and in a few days reached home, after an absence of nearly a year and a half.

m. w. j.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building

SEP 17 1976

