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ROBERT MERRY'S
MUSEUM.

EDITED BY
S. G. GOODRICH,
AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME XVII



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VOLUME XVII



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THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST



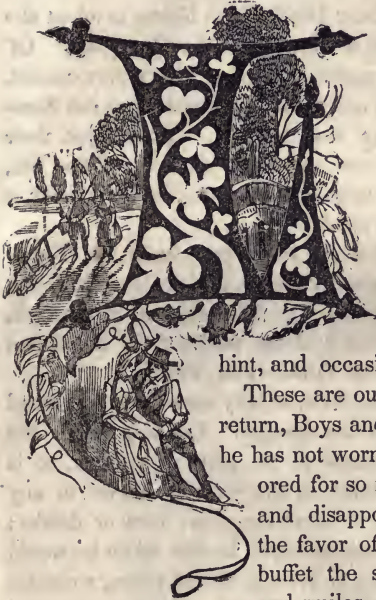
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Look on this picture, Reader! — mark the flowers,
Bright as the bloom in summer's sunny hours ;
And see, around the room, each comfort still —
Though out of doors 'tis winter — stern and chill.
Thus busy art may banish cloud and storm,
And keep the fireside tranquil, bright, and warm ;
And thus the heart exposed to passion's blight,
Kept safe from sin, may shine with cheerful light :
And while, without, the tempest holds control,
Blossom and fragrance yet may fill the soul.

Merry's Museum.

A New Year's Salutation.



ET us begin at the beginning. It is New Year's Day, and this is the commencement of a new volume of the MUSEUM. We enter upon our task with a cheerful hope that, in case our life be spared, we may continue to hold communion with our friends as heretofore; and that we may be able to tell them some pleasant stories, crack a few pretty good jokes, let off some fireworks of fancy, distribute some original and some borrowed bouquets of poetic flowers, impart now and then a useful hint, and occasionally bestow a little useful knowledge.

These are our hopes; nay, thus much we promise. And in return, Boys and Girls, let Robert Merry indulge the fancy, that he has not worn out the welcome with which he has been honored for so many years. I have had my share of sorrows and disappointments; but one good thing has been left—the favor of the young Black eyes and Blue. Now I can buffet the storms of adversity, if I may have the cheers and smiles of Boydom and Girldom. Let others strive to be favored in war, or poetry, or other proud achievements: I shall be content, if I may indulge the hope of doing good to the rising generation, and go down to an humble grave with the following inscription upon a rough stone, placed upon the spot:—

ROBERT MERRY,
A LOVER OF CHILDREN,
AND BELOVED BY THEM,
Sleeps Here.

But it is New Year's Day—and these are solemn thoughts for such an occasion. Yet so it is in this world,—the shadow will ever come with the shine; day and night chase each other in eternal succession; there is no sunshine without its cloud. And it is best it should be so. We are not made either to have or to enjoy a perpetual flow of mere pleasures. A little sober and serious thought seasons even our spor-

tive hours, just as spices give relish to food. We should find a meal insipid, were it to consist altogether of cake, honey, or sugar; and so Bob Merry's Museum would be poor enough, if it had nothing but laughter and frolic in its pages.

Yet perhaps you will say, "This is New Year's Day — a season usually devoted to mirth and amusement. Why, then, Mr. Merry, do you make it an occasion for preaching and prosing?" — My answer is, I mean no such thing: I expect you to have a good time. I desire you to be gay, joyous, happy. And therefore it is that I am going to open the door and let you out. There, I have done talking, for the present! Now you are free: go, and have your fill of fun and frolic! And when you are tired of play, why, you may thumb over this number, and see what amusement or instruction it affords.

Fakirs of Hindostan.

IN Hindostan there are many singular customs of a religious nature. The people have sacred shrines, in different parts of the country, which are frequented by pilgrims, who imagine that they derive great religious benefit from visiting to such places. These are established in the loveliest spots of the green earth; they are generally situated near the sea, the sources and junctions of fine rivers, the tops of the hills, the recesses of dim grottos, by the side of bright waterfalls, or any other place of natural delight and difficult access. Amid these spots, more sacred and inviolable than

any other, the *Fakirs*, or Eastern monks, answering to the friars, anchorites, and solitaries, of Europe, take up their abiding stations. Here they are to be found in numbers, dependent upon the bounty and beneficence of the charitable pilgrims and wealthy devotees.

Every Hindoo is at liberty to adopt this mode of life, except the *Chandalah*. Of the numerous class of which they consist, none are so much respected as the *Saniaseys* and *Yogey*s. These quit their relations, and every concern of this life, and wander about the country, unfixed in their abode.

Between these two sects, the *Yogey* and the *Saniasey*, the precise distinction is not known. The former, in Sanscrit, signifies a divine person; the latter, one who has forsaken the world.

The fakir, or holy mendicant, is named a *Purram Hungse*. Residing under the rich shade of the palm or bannian, he is insensible to the calls of nature in any way; he scarcely either eats or drinks; the position which he has taken he would remain in for a thousand years, were his life but so prolonged. He is represented as absorbed in pure and holy contemplation; his mind is fixed, and insensible to external things: he is called a *Purram Hungse* — that is, a *first or perfect being*.

The inferior sects are very many. The most numerous, perhaps, are those who deliver themselves up to severe penances and excruciating corporeal mortifications; and the torments to which they submit themselves would be unbelievable, had we not the highest and most credible authorities as vouchers. A few of their penances we shall attempt to enumerate.

Some, at the grand festivals, may be seen sitting between immense bonfires, sufficient to roast an ox, while they stand on one leg, gazing at the scorching beams of the sun, and, thus exposed to sun and fires, spend the whole day. Some, having made a vow to keep their arms constantly extended over their heads, with their



A Fakir under a Banyan Tree.

hands clasped together, so continue till they become withered and immovable. Others gaze on the broad orb of the blazing sun till their eyeballs are blasted with excess of light. Some make vows to keep their arms crossed over their breasts for the rest of their days; others to keep their hands forever shut. Some pierce themselves with iron spikes, or mangle their flesh with iron thongs, and sharp, lacerating, metal scourges. Contracted limbs, and members shrunk up, are every where to be seen. Not to move, indeed, is the general distinguishing feature of these self-inflictions, both in regard to the positions of the persons, as well as the place they occupy. Not long ago, one of these fakirs fin-

ished measuring the distance between Benares and Juggernaut with his body, by alternately stretching himself upon the ground and rising!

To what an impudent extent the system of religious begging is carried on in India, one instance, adduced by Bishop Heber, will serve to show. "Meantime," says he, "we were besieged with beggars. The most characteristic, however, of these applicants, was a tall, well-made, but raw-boned man, in the most fantastic array of rags and wretchedness, and who might have answered admirably to Shakspeare's Edgar. He had a very filthy turban round his head, with a cock's feather in it; two satchels flung over his broad shoulders, — the remains of a cummerbund, which had been scarlet — a large fan of the palmetto leaf in one hand, and over the other wrist an enormous chaplet of wooden beads. He came up to our boatmen with a familiar air; bade them salaam with great cordiality; but, in a voice as deep as a curfew, asked their benevolence. *He was a religious mendicant.* Their bounty was small, and he could not extract a single pice either from Serang or boatmen. They gave him, however, a little rice, which he received in a very bright and clean pot, and then strode away, singing, 'Illah, Illahu!'"

The fakirs are always out in the open air, except at the season the rains begin, when they retire to their houses. Bishop Heber thus describes the appearances of these eastern monks at the holy city, Benares: —

"Fakirs' houses," he observes, "as they are called, occur at every town,

and sending forth an uneasy tinkling and strumming of vinas, byyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, with their pitiful exclamations as we passed, '*Agha Sahib, Topee Sahib,*' — the usual names in Hindostan for a European, — '*Khana he waste kooch cheex do,*' (give me something to eat,) soon drew from me the few pence I had."

Nelly's Trials.

"DEAR mamma, when will you buy me a pony?" cried Nelly Edwards, one day, as she saw two of her friends ride by the house on two small Shetland ponies, not much taller than a large dog. She had been for a long time coveting one of these little creatures, and had been promised that she should have one as soon as she had conquered several troublesome habits.

Nelly's great fault was *heedlessness*. Every thing she said and did betrayed a great want of thought. She was beside very *careless*, and these two habits were more troublesome to her than my readers can possibly imagine. She was often very unhappy on this account, and had a great many times determined to correct herself. If, however, any of my young friends have ever tried to overcome some habitual fault, they will recollect how many times their resolutions have faltered, and how much perseverance is needed in such a case. Just so with Nelly. She required great patience to enable her to carry out her good resolutions for the

future ; and now let us see how she succeeded.

The morning of her eighth birthday, she arose early, and, having dressed herself, proceeded to arrange her little room. This was more of a task than she expected, and her patience nearly gave way when she opened the bureau drawers and saw the state of confusion in which every thing lay. Many articles of dress were thrown upon the lighter ones, and crumbs of gingerbread and handkerchiefs, pieces of candy and collars, nutshells and gloves, were to be seen strewn round the drawers in great confusion.

Her good resolutions were, however, as yet strong within her ; she persevered, and she had just finished her work as the bell for breakfast rang. She ran down and kissed her father and mother, and sat down to the table in great spirits. Her mother presented her with a very handsomely bound blank book, for a journal, and her father gave her a nice writing-desk. In her journal she was to note down every time she was careless, or thoughtless.

She now told her parents how determined she was to correct herself, and how sure she was that she should have very little to write against herself. She was, however, somewhat humbled when her mother bade her enter in her account of the day, "Notwithstanding all my hopes and determinations, came down to breakfast without my tire, and in consequence soiled my dress. No shoe-strings in my shoes, and reproved for going round the house with them slipping off at every other step."

For two days after this, no one could have been more careful than Nelly, and

she was delighted when she looked at the two white pages in her journal. She was continually speaking of this, and was eager to tell every body how thoughtful she was becoming. But, in the midst of her boastings, she was sometimes disturbed by the quiet, incredulous smile upon her mother's face, who, although she hoped and longed for her little daughter's improvement, could not expect her to be an entire convert, so suddenly.

A few days after her birthday, Nelly went out to ride with her father, and, in getting her gloves, scarf, and handkerchief in great haste, tumbled her things as badly as ever. She, however, consoled herself with the thought that she would arrange them the first thing she did on her return. When, however, she came back, she found her two friends with their ponies at the door, and, hastily throwing her bonnet and shawl on the hall table, ran out to meet them. The little girls staid some time ; and, after they went away, forgetting her bonnet and shawl, Nelly ran to arrange her drawers. She played some time on the way with her little sister Annie, and, when she did finally arrive at her room, found her drawers open, and her journal upon the bureau, in which were written these words : "Fourth day of my resolutions. Left my drawers open in striking disorder, much to my mother's disapprobation and to little Annie's delight, who amused herself with dressing her doll in my collars, ribbons, &c." Poor Nelly ! She could hardly go down to tea from very shame.

She went, after tea, to put away her things left in the hall, but found only her bonnet. She, however, was so thoughtless

that she forgot her shawl, nor did she think of it until the next day.

The following morning, when she was getting ready for school, no shawl was to be found. She looked for it every where, but, not finding it, went to school in her best one. She had lost so much time in searching after the other, that she arrived at school too late for the first recitation, and in consequence lost her place, and found, written by her master, on her weekly report, the good scholar's dread—a black mark. This was the first she had had.

Meantime her shawl had been found—and where? After she left it on the table, Dash, the dog, a fine fellow, but always full of mischief, much to Nelly's great annoyance,—for she left her things all round the house at Dash's disposal,—entered the hall, and, spying the shawl, seized his—as he thought—lawful prize, and made off with it, after several attempts to get at the bonnet, which was too far on the table for him to reach it.

After dragging it all round the yard, and swimming in the little pond with it, he left it a while, and amused himself with chasing the chickens. He, however, returned in a short time, and, finding the shawl nice and warm, as it had been laying in the sun all this while, dragged it into his kennel, upon which—thanks to Nelly's carelessness—he slept very comfortably all night; so comfortably that, when he was called for his breakfast, he could not make up his mind to leave it, and dragged his treasure after him, to recline on it,—after the manner of the Orientals,—while eating. The housemaid, however, saw it, and, after some snarling and scolding

from Master Dash, succeeded in rescuing the poor dabbled shawl.

Nelly felt very badly about it, and more so still when she saw with what grave faces her parents heard the story of the missed recitation and the black mark. The journal, that evening, had a page filled with a long account of poor Nelly's broken resolutions and careless behavior.

Mrs. Edwards could not procure a shawl for her daughter in the little village where they resided during the summer, and Nelly was obliged to wear her best one to school and to church. Long ere the summer was over, the once handsome shawl was very much worn, and it caused her a good deal of pain to see the other children so nicely dressed, while she had so shabby a shawl.

Nelly now began again in good earnest to correct herself, and day by day her parents could see some little improvement. Sometimes her journal would be without any thing written against her for two days; and then, again, a slight fault would cloud its fair pages. She, however, persevered. Now she studied hard, and endeavored to get no bad marks at school, and twice, within two months, brought home a perfect report. She kept on steadily, improving hourly, encouraged by the pleasure she found in pleasing her parents. She felt, too, a great deal happier for this; and now one might open her drawers, or enter her room, at any moment, and find all in perfect order. Her bonnet and shawl,—for her mother had now given her a new one—were always in their proper places, and she had learned to practise the saying, “A place for every thing, and

every thing in its place." She had made up her mind to do well — not to gain a pony, but to please her parents, and you see how she succeeded, after a time.

One bright May morning, about ten months after her eighth birthday, she got ready for school, and was running off, when she heard her father call her. She now was never in a hurry, and had plenty of time to wait a moment without missing her class.

She ran to the front of the house, where she had heard her father's voice. She soon saw her father and mother coming from the stable in a little open carriage, drawn by two of the cunningest ponies ever seen. The sprightly little fellows came galloping up to Nelly as if they knew she was to be their mistress. Her father and mother now got out. Nelly was almost in ecstasies, and, thanking them for their kindness, said she hoped she should improve a great deal more than she had done, as yet. She entered the carriage and drove round the little circle. In the carriage she found a nice whip. The latter, however, was merely for looks' sake, as a cherup was all that was needed for her lively little animals.

Just as she was thinking she must go to school, she saw all the scholars come to rejoice with her, and the master to inform her and Mrs. Edwards that their daughter had gained the prize for order and industry. Nelly drove round the circle to hide her glistening eyes, and then all the little girls took turns in driving. Mr. Edwards had begged for a holiday, and a large table was discovered set out in the arbor. Never was there such a merry dinner company, and never was Nelly happier

or more attentive to her friends. The children agreed that they had rarely, if ever, enjoyed themselves so much, and left delighted with all they had done and seen.

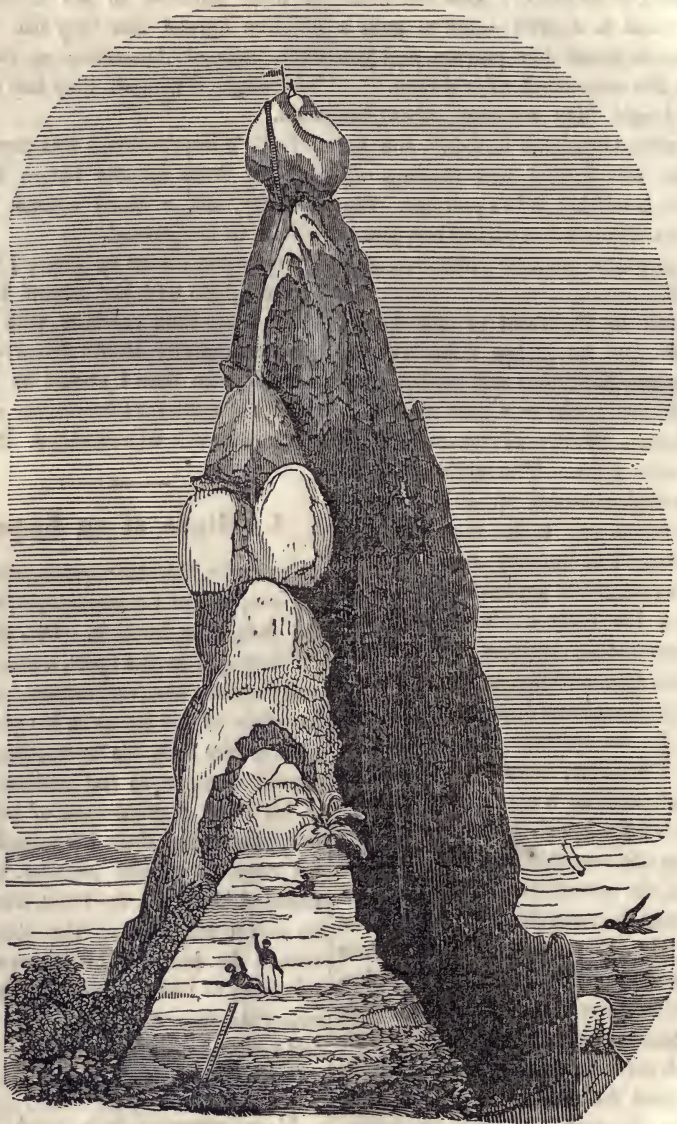
Nelly's improvement was now so rapid that for three months before her ninth birthday, not a word against her was written in her journal.

She often drives by where I live ; and I have ridden with her several times, and in the easy little carriage, with its smart ponies and pretty, skilful driver, — I enjoy myself more than I should to ride in a chariot of gold, for I remember with great pleasure how it was obtained. MEENA.

Gratitude of an Emperor.

BASILICUS, the Macedonian, who became emperor of Constantinople, took great delight in hunting. One day, while engaged in this sport, a stag ran furiously against him, and fastened one of the branches of his horns in his girdle, and, pulling him from his horse, dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life. A gentleman of his retinue, perceiving this, drew his sword, and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe what reward he had for his pains — *he was sentenced to lose his head for putting his sword so near the body of the emperor, and suffered death accordingly.*

MASSACHUSETTS is a good state ; no man is hanged here for minding his own business.



PETER BOTTE'S MOUNTAIN.

Peter Botte's Mountain.

To the east of Africa, and near the great Island of Madagascar, is a small island called *Mauritius*. It formerly belonged to the French, but it now belongs to the English.

On this island is one of the greatest curiosities in the world. This is a mountain, which rises, in the form of a pyramid, to the height of eighteen hundred feet. It derived its name from *Peter Botte*, a Frenchman, who was said to have ascended to the top, and then to have fallen down headlong, being of course dashed in pieces.

This story is not, however, well authenticated. It is generally believed that no man ever reached the top of the mountain, till, in the year 1832, a party of Englishmen ascended it, under the direction of Captain Lloyd. The adventure was attended with great difficulty and danger, but the party were rewarded by the most sublime spectacle the fancy can conceive. Immediately around lay the beautiful and fertile island, while the boundless ocean stretched out on all sides beyond.

The adventurers spent a night on the mountain, and sent up rockets in token of their triumph and success. The account they gave of the achievement is full of interest, but the danger to which they were exposed makes it almost painful.

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

MANY of these are centuries old. "A man of words, and not of deeds," is found in MS. of the seventeenth century in the British Museum; dig-

fering, indeed, from the version now used, but still sufficiently similar to leave no question as to the identity. The following has been traced to the time of Henry VI., a singular doggerel, the joke of which consists in saying it so quickly that it cannot be told whether it is English or gibberish:—

"In fir tar is,
In oak none is,
In mud eel is,
In clay none is;
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats."

"Multiplication is vexation,"—a painful reality to school boys,—was found, a few years ago, in MS., dated 1570; and the memorable lines, "Thirty days hath September," occur in the *Return from Parnassus*, an old play printed in 1606. The old song of the "Carrion Crow sat on an Oak," was discovered in MS., by Sloane, 1489, of the time of Charles I., but under a different form:—

"Hic hoc, the carrion crow,
For I have shot something too low;
I have quite missed my mark,
And shot the poor sow to the heart;
Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,
Or else the poor sow's heart will down."

"Sing a song of sixpence" is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher. "Buzz, quoth the blue fly," which is printed in the nursery halfpenny books, belongs to Ben Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*. "Tailor of Bicester" was originally sung in the game called "Leap candle," mentioned by Aubrey; and the old ditty of "Three blind mice" is found in the curious music book entitled *Deuteromelta*, or the

second part of Musicke's Melodie, 1606. And so on of others, fragments of old catches and popular songs being constantly traced in the apparently unmeaning rhymes of the nursery. We have recently seen, at an auction sale, an old copy of the nursery rhymes of "Jack Horner," in its original state; not a mere fragment, but a long, metrical history, entitled the Pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty tricks and pranks which he played from his youth to his riper years; not having, as far as we could see, any connection with the tale. — *Newspaper.*

A Mother's Advice.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood! After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he then proceeds: —

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept. Then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother; half of that only was my inheritance. She made me promise, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment.'

"I went on until I came near Hamand-nai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got. 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was

joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief was standing.

"'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

"'I have told your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

"'And how came you,' said he, in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

"'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I never will tell a lie.'

"'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief; 'be the same in the path to virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

Repentance.

REPENTANCE is the change of the heart, from that of an evil to a good disposition; it is that disposition of mind by which "the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right;" and when this change is made, the repentance is complete. — *Johnson.*

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from Vol. XVI. p. 140.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

BOSTON, April, 18—.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: When I sit down to write to you, I have so many things to say, that at first I can say nothing. My head is full of thoughts, all trying to get out at once — and so none of them get out. I think my mind is like a garret full of rats, with only one hole by which they can escape: when the rats are frightened, they all rush for the hole, and try to get out together; but pushing, shoving, and squealing, they get stuck fast, and don't get out at all. It is just so with my ideas — they are so eager to escape, that they get wedged into a heap, and there they stay. Now, if I could see you — and if I could see you looking at me — I should get along very well, even without words.

But, after all, pen, ink, and paper are good things, when one is fifteen hundred miles away from home and friends; and in spite of my awkwardness in using them, I would not, for the world, give up the privilege of writing to you.

Since my last letter, nothing of great importance has occurred in Boston, though many things have taken place interesting to me. I go regularly to school, and hope I am improving. I am studying geography, grammar, history, and arithmetic, beside reading, spelling, and writing. I love geography very much; it is like travelling all over the world, and seeing different countries and nations. I like to think of being in Europe, and seeing London and Paris, and all the great cities

and the splendid buildings. And I like to think of being in Africa, where the negroes hunt lions and elephants. But it seems to me that Asia is the most wonderful part of the world. It is there where Adam and Eve lived, and it is there where Christ also made his appearance. O, how I should like to go to Jerusalem, and see where he used to walk — where he preached his Sermon on the Mount; where he turned the money-changers out of the Temple, and where he was crucified!

And then the strange people of Asia — the Tartars, who are such splendid horsemen; the Arabs, who travel over the deserts upon camels and at night stop and tell stories to each other; and the Hindoos, who burn their widows and drown their children, thinking these things are pleasing to God; and the Chinese, who eat puppies and rats, and furnish all the world with tea; and the Turks, with their big turbans: what a wonderful thing it is, that in one little book we may learn all about these queer people.

Perhaps I like geography the more for this reason: uncle Ben has a great many pictures of different countries, with the people who live there; and when I am studying about a country, I look over these pictures. Lucy studies with me, and we learn a great deal by talking together about our studies. I don't know what the reason is, but I find that I remember a thing we have talked about much better than if I have only read about it. And, then, Lucy has a great knack at drawing pictures with a pencil, and she has taught me to draw. I find I can imitate her very well, even when I

could not imitate a book-drawing. We have just been studying about the Turks, and I send you, enclosed, a sketch of a Turk's head and turban, which Lucy

has drawn. It is very neatly done, and no doubt gives a good idea of the appearance of a bearded and turbaned Turk.

I do not like grammar so well as geog-



raphy. I hardly see the use of it yet. It seems to me almost absurd to be giving names to all the little words — as Adam did to the elephants, and lions, and tigers, just after the creation. There is a monstrous deal of fuss about *a*, and *the*, and *but*, and *if*, and *to*, and *for*. Now, it seems to me that a word means the same, whether you call it a verb, or a noun, or an adjective; and the object of words is to tell our meaning. Lucy says that there is something more in the use of words, and that precision, accuracy, and elegance, are desirable in the use of language; and that the study of grammar teaches these things. It may be so: I

do not despise grammar — but it is a kind of mystery to me. I really do not get hold of it. The ideas are always like squirrels, half hid behind the branches and leaves; I can't get a fair sight at them; and in study, as in hunting, it is bad not to have a plain mark.

I have heard a funny story about a boy who seems to have had the same difficulty in grammar as myself. He read in the book, "A noun is the name of a *thing*; as, *horse, hair, justice*." Now, he took it wrong, and read, "A noun is the name of a thing; as, *horsehair justice*!" "Well," said he to himself — "what on airth is *horsehair justice*!"

He thought, and pondered, and studied, and considered, but all to no purpose. The more he tried to puzzle it out, the deeper he got in the mire. He was like a boy in the woods of Sundown—that you have heard of—one Bill Bump—who sometimes got lost—and always found, in such circumstances, that when he worried himself, he was only the more sure to miss his way.

Well, the boy at last said to himself, "Here I am, in the bogs and fogs of grammar; and the more I study the more am I bewildered." So he gave it up as a bad job; and from nouns he went on to verbs. Now, it chanced that the boy's father was a justice of the peace; and one day, when the youth went home, the old gentleman was holding a justice's court. There he sat, straight as a mullein-stalk, on the family settee, the people being all around. Now, this settee had come down for many generations, and was cushioned with horsehair. As soon as the boy looked at his father, a new light flashed upon him. "I've got it!" said he. "My father there—the old gentleman on the settee—is a *horsehair justice*, and therefore a noun!" Wasn't that droll?

Well, dear mother, I want to tell you about history, for I like that very much; and I want to tell you about arithmetic, for I like that very much. But I must wait till another letter. I hope you are not tired of my long stories. If you are, pray tell me so in my next. I promised to speak of the Boston Museum; but it is so full of curious things, I must take a whole letter for it. The keeper of the Museum is a very queer man, and has a wonder-

ful way of getting up interesting sights. They say he is going to have a representation of Noah entering the ark, with all sorts of animals, birds, reptiles, insects, and fourfooted beasts. I guess he has creatures enough in his Museum to make it all out. I suppose he can hire Shem, Ham, and Japhet, for the occasion. I don't know whether he is to have fishes in his possession; but when I see him, I shall ask him whether the fishes were drowned in the great deluge, or whether Noah kept a supply on board. If he can't tell, I don't know who can.

Pray give my love to father. It is now coming spring. Dear me! how I should like to be at Sundown for a week! However, that cannot be, and so I must rest content.

Good-by, and God bless you,

I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

South American Indians, Fishing.

A TRAVELLER, who ascended one of the great rivers in the north-eastern portion of South America, describes the manner in which the Indians catch a fine species of fish, called *pacou*, as follows:—

The third day's journey brought the party to the Fall of Tepayco, at which, being an excellent fishing and hunting station, they halted for half the next day. Here they bought, of a party of Accaway Indians, several bundles of hai-arry, a kind of vine, with blue, clustering blossoms, and pods with small, gray beans. The full-grown root is three inches in diameter, and contains a white,

gummy milk, which is a most powerful narcotic, and is commonly used by the Indians in *poisoning the water to take fish*. They beat it with heavy sticks till it is in shreds, like coarse hemp; they then put it into a vessel of water, which immediately becomes of a milky whiteness, and, when fully saturated, they take the vessel to the spot they have selected, and throwing over the infusion, in about



twenty minutes every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand or shot with arrows. *A solid cubic foot of the root will poison an acre of water, even in the falls where the current is so strong.* The fish are not deteriorated in quality, nor do they taint more rapidly when thus killed, than by being netted, or otherwise taken.

The *pacou* fish is generally taken with the *hai-arry*, in the following manner: The Indians select a part of the falls of the river where the *weya* (an aquatic vegetable, eaten by the *pacou*, and other fish) is plentiful, and where traces are visible of the *pacou*, which is gregarious, having lately fed. They then enclose

this place with a wall of loose stones, a foot above the surface of the water, leaving spaces for the fish to enter. For these spaces they prepare *parrys*, or wooden hurdles; and about two hours before daybreak they proceed silently to stop the openings with them. The fish are thus enclosed in a temporary pond, which is inspected at daybreak; and if they are found to be in sufficient number to pay for the *hai-arry*, they commence beating it. In this way, Mr. Hilhouse saw taken, in less than an hour, two hundred and seven *pacou*, averaging seven pounds weight, with one hundred weight of other fish. The fish thus taken were split, salted, and dried on the rocks.

Tough and Rough ;

OR,

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH LESSONS.

FRENCHMAN. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty — one very strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h ?

TUTOR. *Huff*.

FRENCHMAN. Très bien, *huff* ; and *snuff* you spell s-n-o-u-g-h — ha ?

TUTOR. O, no, no ; *snuff* is s-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

FRENCHMAN. Ah, very good. 'Tis beau'ful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*. I will remember ; and c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one bad *cuff* — ha ?

TUTOR. No, that is wrong. We say *kauf*, not *cuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Kauf* ? Eh, bien. *Huff* and *kauf* ; and, pardonnez moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h — *duff* — ha ?

TUTOR. No, not *duff*.

FRENCHMAN. Not *duff* ? Ah ! oui ; I understand ; it is *dauf* — hey ?

TUTOR. No, d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

FRENCHMAN. *Doe* ! It is very fine — wonderful language ! It is *doe* ; and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, certainement. My beef-steak was very *toe*.

TUTOR. O, no, no ; you should say *tuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Tuff* ? Le diable ! and the thing the farmer uses — how you call him — p-l-o-u-g-h ? *pluff* — ha ? You smile. I see I am wrong. It is *plauf* ? No ! ah, then it is *ploe*, like *doe*. It is beau'ful language, ver' fine — *ploe*.

TUTOR. You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow*.

FRENCHMAN. *Plow* ! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow, doe, kauf* ; and one more — r-o-u-g-h — what you call General Taylor — *rauf* and ready ? No ? certainement, it is *row* and ready ?

TUTOR. No ! R-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Ruff* — ha ! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff* — ha ?

TUTOR. No, *bow*.

FRENCHMAN. Ah ! 'tis ver' simple — wonderful language ; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h ! ha ! what you call him ?

The Bible.

IT is said that in 1804, according to the best estimate that can be obtained, there were in existence only about 4,000,000 copies of the Bible. Now, there are more than 30,000,000. In 1804, the Bible had been published in only 48 or 49 languages ; in 1848, it existed in 136. In 1804, it was accessible in languages spoken by about 20,000,000 of men ; in 1847, it existed in tongues spoken by 600,000,000. During the last year, 1,419,388 copies were issued by the British and Foreign Bible Societies alone ; 400,000 more than in any year before, except 1845.

Curiosity.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress.



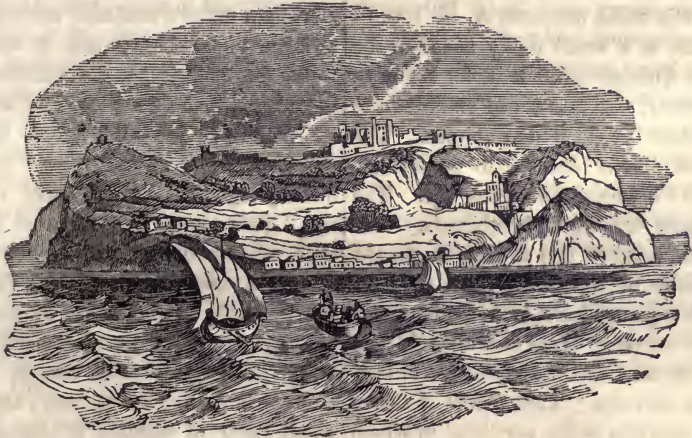
The Young Italian.

BLACKED boy of Italy,
 Stay and let us question thee !
 Thy hat, it seems, is old and torn ;
 Thy feet are bare ; thy garments worn.
 Thou art alone — a wanderer here ;
 Yet on thy cheek we trace no tear ;
 Nay, pleasant fancies seem to rise
 From thy blest bosom to thine eyes ;
 And on thy lip and brow they rest,
 Like sunbeams on a river's breast.
 Why is it thus ? Say, can we get
 The secret from thy flageolet ?
 Or is it that the skies so fair,
 The lovely landscape and the air,

So balmy in a clime like this,
 Fill to the brim thy heart with bliss ?
 Nay, 'tis not these ; thy font of joy
 Lies in thy youth, Italian boy.
 'Tis youth that turns all things to pleasure,
 And gives to life its joyous measure ;
 'Tis this which makes us love the light ;
 'Tis this which makes us love the night ;
 'Tis this which makes the bounding boy —
 Whate'er his clime — a thing of joy.
 Old age sees nought but cloud and care ;
 A youth sees sunshine every where.
 The scenes which cause the old to weep,
 Make Ben and Bill with frolic leap.

Wind, tempest, rain, hail, frost, and snow,
 All, all alike, are full of woe
 To grumbling age ; while boyhood sees
 In each a thousand things to please.

Such, gentle reader, is the truth :
 Then keep around thee joyous youth ;
 And let them, with their mirth and play,
 Strew flowers along thy weary way !



Patmos.

IN the first chapter of "Revelation," and the ninth verse, we read, —

"I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ," &c.

Now this island of Patmos is still in existence, and is nearly the same as it was in the time of St. John the evangelist. It was, at that period, used as a place of banishment by the Roman governors, who held dominion over the greater part of the known world.

John was a favorite of our Savior, and was the only one of the twelve apostles

who witnessed his death. To him Jesus Christ assigned the care of his mother, as he was about to leave the world.

After Christ's ascension, John preached the gospel, with zeal and success, in Judea, and afterwards planted several churches in Asia Minor, at Symrna, Pergamos, and other places. His chief residence was at Ephesus. At this time, about sixty years after the birth of Christ, Domitian was emperor of Rome. It is supposed that St. John's activity in spreading the gospel was the cause of his being arrested and imprisoned at Patmos ; but this is not certainly known.

There is a tradition that John went to Rome, where he was thrown into a cal-

dron of boiling oil, but, by divine aid, came out unhurt. This story, however, is not well authenticated.

It seems that after the death of Domitian, John was released, and went to Ephesus, where he spent the remainder of his days. His death occurred A. D. 100.

Patmos is a small rocky island in the Grecian Archipelago. It is, for the most part, barren, but there are some fertile spots, which produce fine grapes. The men are chiefly devoted to commerce, while all the women knit stockings. The chief town has 4000 inhabitants. The cut at the head of this article shows the appearance of this town from the sea. Near this place there is a mountain, in which is a cave. Here is a chapel, built by the monks. In this they live, and hold religious services. They show the cave and declare it to be the very spot in which St. John wrote the book of Revelation; and they show crevices in the rocks, through which, they say, the word of the Lord came to the apostle. Travellers tell us, however, that the cave is quite too small for even a hermit to live in. The story of the monks is, therefore, only a trick to excite veneration, and get credit, power, and money from the people.

Dexterity of the Hand in Manufactures.

THE facility with which certain things are done, by force of habit and practice, is quite wonderful.

The "body" of a beaver hat is generally made of one part of "red" wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up

of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman; and years of practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his "bow" to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres: these, flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior: the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and, by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking bottles, much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously, simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred in an hour.

In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking bottles, much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and thrown aside. This is done so rapidly, that the threefold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside, is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectator, the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand, ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into casks, much neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts

off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off twenty thousand to thirty thousand heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from ten thousand to fifteen thousand of these heads in a day.

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin lengths in his hand, spread open like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action. In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper three thousand in an hour!

Selah!



HE translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms of David, as they found it, and of course the English reader often

asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has very often been obliged to confess ignorance, because

it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have, by no means, been of one mind.

The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Woehler regards it as equivalent to *sursum, corda* — up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the

seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They call for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or, if not in the imperative, "Hear, Jehovah! or awake, Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, &c.

The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah itself he thinks an abridged expression used, for *Higgaion Selah*; *Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets. — *Bibliotheca Sacra*.



The Coach Dog.

About Dogs.

To us, simple sort of people, profound questions of philosophy are of no very great interest. We like dogs; their liveliness, their sagacity, their faithfulness, their attachment to home and friends, commend them to our love and favor. But who were the first dogs — the Adam and Eve of the canine family?

Whether one was a wolf and the other a jackal, as some naturalists pretend, are questions that do not trouble us, in any great degree.

The differences in dogs, however, are matter of very curious interest. They not only differ in size and form, but in disposition, genius, taste and turn of mind. An old book, published in 1498, gives the following description of the proper marks of a greyhound :—

“Headed like a snake —
Necked like a drake —
Footed like a cat —
Tailed like a rat —
Sided like a team —
Chined like a beam.”

How very different is this slender, fleet creature from the bluff, rough, tough bull dog! And how different are they both from the little silken-haired lap dog—gentle, tender, and timid as a child! How different is the shepherd's dog—a busy hard-working, anxious creature—from the *Dalmatian* dog, who seems a mere fop, only valued for the beauty of his skin and the grace of his form, and seldom used except as an appendage to a coach.

It is this diversity in the character and genius of dogs that makes them fit to be used for so many purposes. Horses, cows, asses, sheep, and pigs, are very useful; but each species is employed for a few purposes only. Dogs, on the contrary, are made to hunt various kinds of animals: some are taught to draw and some to carry burdens; some are trained to guard houses at night; some are made to fetch game from the water; some are taught to defend children; some are made to assist shepherds in keeping and

gathering the flock; some are used as companions in walking; and some are pets in the parlor.

The Song of Steam.

THE following lines strongly represent the wonderful works which steam is made to perform by the art of man :—

Harness me down with your iron bands ;
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze ;—
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;—
I could not but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! They found me at last ;
They invited me forth at length ;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength !
O, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
 The mountains steep decline;
 Time, space have yielded to my power;
 The world—the world is mine!—
 The giant streams of the queenly West,
 And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower trembling at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of the godlike mind;
 The wind lags after my going forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden caves below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow!

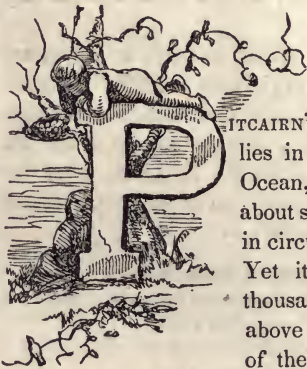
I blow the bellows, I forge the steel;
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made.
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
 I carry, I spin, I weave;
 And all my doings I put in print,
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage the world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands;
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

Geo. W. Cutter.

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear,
 Small sands make mountains, moments make
 the year.

An Interesting Island.



ITCAIRN'S ISLAND lies in the Pacific Ocean, and is only about seven miles in circumference. Yet it rises one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is famous as being the refuge of some British sailors, who went off with a ship, and finally settled here, taking with them some native women for wives.

This interesting spot, now for half a century the quiet, peaceful, well-ordered, and singularly happy residence of those mutineers and their descendants, has recently been visited by the British ship *Calypso*, Captain Worth. Recent English newspapers contain a letter of Captain Worth, giving an account of his visit, from which we make the extract below.

"We arrived here on the 9th March, [1848,] from *Calino*; but, the weather being very bad, stormy, and squally, and, as you know, there is no landing, except in a small nook called *Bounty Bay*, and very frequently not even there,—indeed, never in ships' boats, from the violence of the surf,—I did not communicate with the shore till the next day, when, having landed safely all the presents I brought for the inhabitants from *Valparaiso*, I landed myself, with half the officers and

youngsters, the ship standing off and on, there being no anchorage.

“I made the officers divide the day between them, one half on shore, the other on board; so they were gratified with visiting these interesting people. I never was so gratified by such a visit, and would rather have gone there than to any part of the world. I would write you a very long letter about them, but time presses; * * * and I will only now say they are the most interesting, contented, moral, and happy people that can be conceived.

“Their delight at our arrival was beyond any thing; the comfort, peace, strict morality, industry, and excessive cleanliness and neatness that were apparent about every thing around them, was really such as I was not prepared to witness; their learning and attainments in general education and information were really astonishing; all dressed in English style; the men a fine race, and the women and children very pretty, and their manner really of a superior order, ever smiling and joyous. But one mind and one wish seems to actuate them all. Crime appears to be unknown, and if there is really true happiness on earth, it surely is theirs. The island is romantic and beautiful; the soil of the richest description, yielding almost every tropical fruit and vegetable: in short, it is a little paradise.

“I examined their laws, added a few to them, assembled them all in the church, and addressed them, saying how gratified I was to find them in the happy state they were, advising them to follow in the steps of virtue and rectitude as they had hitherto done, and they would never want the

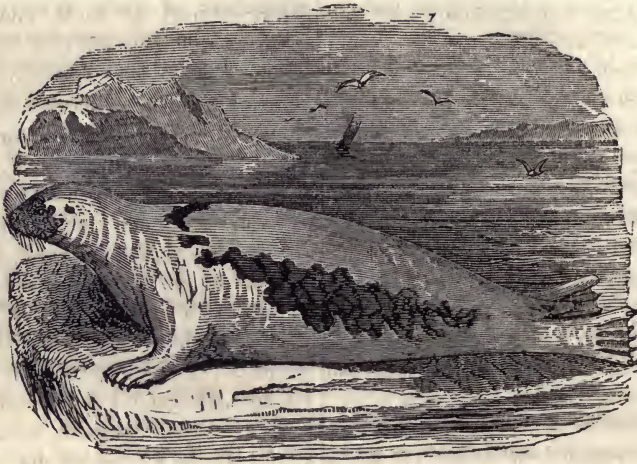
sympathies of their countrymen, the English, who were most interested about them. I added such advice as I thought useful, and such suggestions as would of course be to their advantage.

“It was really affecting to see these primitive and excellent people, both old and young, one hundred and forty in the whole, looking up to me, and almost devouring all I said, with eager attention, and with scarcely a dry eye amongst them; and, ‘albeit unused to the melting mood,’ I found a moisture collecting in my own which I could scarcely restrain, they were so grateful, so truly thankful, for all the kindnesses that had from time to time been shown them, and the interest in their welfare shown by us and our countrymen.

“I had all the men and most all the women on board; but there was such a sea on, that the poor girls were dreadfully seasick. I fired some guns, and set off some rockets, on the night of our departure, and they returned the compliment by firing an old honey-combed gun belonging to the *Bounty*. I set them completely up—gave them a hundred pounds of powder, ensign and union jack, casks of salt beef and pork, implements of agriculture of all kinds, clothes, books, &c.; and sailed, on the evening of the 11th, for *Tahiti*.”

Moderation.

It was one of the maxims of the Spartans not to press upon a flying army; and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit the field, because they knew the danger was only in opposing.



The Seal.

THE seal is of various sizes, and there are many species. But the ordinary length of the seal is from five to six feet; the head is large and round, and the neck short and thick; on each side of the mouth are several long and stiff whiskers, each hair being marked, throughout its whole length, by numerous alternate dilatations and contractions; there are also a few stiff hairs over each eye; the tongue is cleft at the tip; the legs are so short, as to be scarcely perceptible; the hinder ones are so placed, as to be of use to the animal in swimming, but of very little service when walking, being situated at the extremity of the body, and close to each other. All the feet are strongly webbed, but the hind ones much more widely and conspicuously than the fore, having considerably the appearance of fins; each foot is furnished with strong and sharp claws; the tail is very short. The hair of the seal is short and very

thick set, varying, in color, from brown, blackish-brown, gray, and sometimes pied, with fawn color and white.

The seal has a very offensive, fishy smell; and when collected in numbers on the shore, their odor can be perceived at a considerable distance.

This animal spends a great part of its time in the water, although it can live perfectly well on land. In summer, they are frequently to be seen, on some sand-bank, which has been left dry by the reflux of the tide; or on some shelving rocks, basking in the sunbeams. It is in these situations that the seal is killed by the hunters. They never enjoy a long state of repose, being very watchful, probably from having no external ears to catch the sound; so that every minute or two they raise their heads, and look round. When they observe an enemy approaching, they suddenly precipitate themselves into the water. The seal swims with

great swiftness, dives rapidly, and may be seen rising at a distance of forty or fifty yards, in the course of a few seconds. The food of the seal consists of fish, and various sea-weeds.

The female produces, in the winter, seldom more than two at a birth, which she is said to suckle on the spot for a fortnight only. When the young are fatigued with swimming, the parent carries them on her back.

The voice of a full-grown seal resembles the hoarse barking of a dog, and that of the young is like the mewling of a kitten.

Seals, when taken young, are capable of being completely domesticated; will answer to their name, and follow their master from place to place.

The skins of seals form a very important article of commerce, on which account they are eagerly sought for in many places. They are also valuable for producing oil. The time of hunting them is in October and November. It is generally done by lighting torches, and going into caverns on the sea-shore, where these animals repose during the night; the creatures, being thus surprised, endeavor to retreat in all directions, which the hunters prevent, by knocking them on the head with bludgeons.

Hunting the seal forms an important occupation of the native Esquimaux and Greenlanders. They feed upon its flesh, make oil of its fat, and clothing of its skin; and even barter the latter, to a considerable extent, with vessels which annually go to those places for the purpose.

In Finland, this is also a favorite and profitable occupation. When the ice begins to break up, a few men go to sea

in a small boat, and, in their hazardous pursuit, brave all the horrors of the northern seas, floating amid broken fields of ice, which every instant threaten the annihilation of their slender bark. The seals, in these situations, are frequently reposing on shoals of ice, on which some of the party land, and, creeping on their hands and feet, cautiously steal upon them, and kill the animals while they sleep.

About thirty years ago, a party of Finlanders, in pursuit of seals, having discovered some on a floating field of ice, they fastened their boat to a point of this little island, and having all left it, they crept towards the seals. While they were busy in their work of destruction, a sudden gust of wind separated the boat from the place where it was attached. They saw it drift amid the numerous shoals, and in a few minutes it was squeezed to pieces, and disappeared. In this deplorable situation, every ray of hope vanished; and they remained, floating to and fro, on this little island, at the mercy of the elements, the sheet of ice every hour diminishing, from the heat of the sun. Fourteen days did they suffer all the miseries of famine and despair, when they determined on ending their unhappy fate by drowning. With this intention, they embraced each other for the last time, and were summoning up their resolution of changing from time to eternity, when they discovered a sail; on which one of them took off his shirt, and holding it on the point of his gun, it attracted the attention of some one on board the whale ship, when a boat was immediately manned, and sent to their relief.

Some years ago, a seal was so completely domesticated, in England, that a gentleman kept it at a little distance from the sea. This animal seemed to know all the inmates of his family; it was frequently allowed to immerse itself in a barrel of sea-water, which it would do several times during the day. It was perfectly acquainted with its name, and would come to its master when he called on it. It was usually kept in a stable, but was sometimes permitted to enter the kitchen, where it seemed to take great delight in reposing before the fire. It was taken to the sea almost every day, and allowed to fish for itself, in which it was very dexterous; but when unsuccessful, fish was bought for it. When tired of swimming, it came to the boat, holding up its head to be taken in.

In January, 1819, a gentleman, in the neighborhood of Burntisland, county of Fife, in Scotland, completely succeeded in taming a seal. Its singularities attracted the curiosity of strangers daily. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of a dog, lived in its master's house, and ate from his hand. In his fishing excursions, this gentleman generally took it with him, when it afforded no small entertainment. If thrown into the water, it would follow for miles the track of the boat; and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquished its purpose. Indeed, it struggled so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

Seals have a very delicate sense of hearing, and are said to be much delighted with music. The fact was not unknown

to the ancient poets, and is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott:—

“Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.”

Mr. John Laing, in his account of a voyage to Spitzbergen, mentions that the son of the master of the vessel in which he sailed, who was fond of playing on the violin, never failed to have a numerous auditory, when in the seas frequented by seals; and Mr. Laing has seen them follow the ship for miles when any person was playing on deck.

It is a common practice, in Cornwall, when persons are in pursuit of seals, as soon as the animal has elevated its head above water, to holla to it, till they can approach within gunshot, as they will listen to the sound for several minutes. This method is also pursued by the fishermen at Newhaven, England.

A farmer, at Aberdour, Fifeshire, in looking for crabs and lobsters among the rocks, caught a young seal, about two feet and a half long, and carried it home. He gave it some pottage and milk, which it took with avidity. He kept it for three days, always feeding it on this meal, when, his wife being tired of it, he took it away, to restore it to its native element. He was accompanied by some of his neighbors. On reaching the shore, it was thrown into the sea; but, in place of making its escape, as one would have expected, it returned to the men. The tallest of them waded to a considerable distance into the sea; and after throwing it as far from him as he was able, speedily got behind a rock, and concealed himself; but the affectionate animal soon discovered his hiding-place, and crept

close up to his feet. The farmer, moved by its attachment, took it home again. He kept it for some time, when, growing tired of it, he had it killed, for the sake of its skin.

Utility of Toads!

THESE animals are very useful in gardens. They live on insects, which they devour without much regard to the species—the selections being made, by toads of different sizes, according to the bulk they are able to swallow. While the toad is small, he is only able to feed on gnats, small flies, the smallest beetles, &c., but when full grown will swallow almost all insects that infest the garden or field, whether in the larva or perfect state. The number of insects

which they are capable of devouring is surprising to one unacquainted with their habits.

Several years since, the writer of this ascertained that a large toad, which he kept confined for the purpose of experiments, would devour from eight to twelve grubs, the larva of the May-bug, or cockchafer, (*melalontha vulgaris*,) per day. There is another advantage which they have over fowls, in gardens—they will do no injury to any plants, their mode of taking the insects being such that the plant is scarcely touched in the act. A few boards should be laid round the garden, raised about an inch from the surface, under which the toads will take shelter during the day, as they only feed during the night. — *Southern Planter*.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE first letter that presents itself this month, is as follows, and merits our thanks: —

MR. MERRY:

Will you accept the following, and insert it in your Museum, if it pleases you?

RHYMING ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

- A. The Antelope, for gracefulness and speed so far renowned,
 ANTELOPE. . . Was hunted oft, in olden times, with falcon and with hound,
 While lords and ladies gay joined chase, to the merry bugle's sound.
- B. The Bisons roam our western plains in herds of numbers vast;
 BISON. Their shaggy robes protect us well from winter's chilling blast.
- C. The patient Camel, aptly named the Arab's "Desert Ship,"
 CAMEL. In travelling o'er the burning sands, can fleetest horse outstrip.
- D. The faithful Dog, in danger's hour, his master will defend,
 DOG. But oft gets paid in blows. How wrong, to abuse so good a friend!
- E. The Elephant of Eastern lands, so wonderful to see,
 ELEPHANT. . . Bows down, with all his ponderous strength, to man's supremacy.
- F. The Fox so sly, with noiseless step, prowls nightly forth for prey;
 FOX. Ill fares it then with goose or duck that chances in his way.
- G. The stately, timid, mild Giraffe, roams Africa's forests green,
 GIRAFFE. . . . The wonder of a curious world, — nor often to be seen.
- H. The noble, handsome Horse, — when first he yielded to man's sway,
 HORSE. The pride of man waxed very strong, the old traditions say.

- I.** The Ibez, or wild Alpine Goat, bounds boldly from the steeps,
IBEX. And falling on his long, strong horns, himself from injury keeps.
- J.** Jerboa, little jumping mouse, in grain fields oft is spied;
JERBOA. Approach him, and away he hops, in cosy nest to hide.
- K.** The Knu, a kind of antelope, 'called sometimes the "Horned Horse,"
KNU. With maned and arching neck does o'er Caffrarian mountains course.
- L.** The Lion, terrible and strong in Afric's deserts drear,
LION. Reigns "King of Beasts," from whose loud roar all others fly in fear.
- M.** The ungainly Moose, that erst did in our northern woods abound,
MOOSE. The monarch of the Cervus race, is now but rarely found.
- N.** The Nylghan, yet another of the antelope's fleet race,
NYLGHAN. To Persia's sovereigns oft affords an object of the chase.
- O.** The swarthy Hottentot, on a useful Ox astride,
OX. For business or amusement abroad does often ride.
- P.** From their numerous enemies, the harmless Porcupines
PORCUPINE. Have no other means of safety, than their thickly-bristling spines.
- Q.** The Quagga, like the zebra, is to the horse allied,
QUAGGA. And, disdainful whip or bridle, roams through Afric's realms so wide.
- R.** The huge, uncouth Rhinoceros, in Eastern lands we see,
RHINOCEROS. Armed with his long and powerful horn, a dangerous enemy.
- S.** The pretty, sprightly Squirrel toils through Autumn, night and morn.
SQUIRREL. To lay up, for the winter, his supply of nuts and corn.
- T.** The Royal Tiger of Bengal, most bloodthirsty of brutes,
TIGER. With the monarch lion, well the palm of sovereignty disputes.
- U.** Of the fierce and powerful Urus, whence comes all our tame Ox race,
URUS. In its native German forests now scarce exists a trace.
- V.** Vicuna, of the llama kind, o'er Andes' heights sublime,
VICUNA. Rich with their glittering treasures, seems fitted well to climb.
- W.** The Walrus of the northern seas, "Sea Elephant," they name,
WALRUS. Its ivory tusks, and huge, odd form, the title seem to claim.
- X.** The haughty, warlike Xerxes, o'er Persia's realms held sway,
XERXES. And, in all his pride of power, would have made the sea obey.
- Y.** The sturdy, honest Yeoman, drives the plough with brawny hand,
YEOMAN. And in this happy country is the glory of his land.
- Z.** The beauteous, striped Zebra, wild, fleet, and free as wind,
ZEBRA. In that land of living wonders, Central Africa, we find.

The next letter we insert, though it will be perceived the answers to the puzzles have been previously given.

MR. MERRY:

Enclosed are the answers to the two puzzles in your November, number one of which is in rhyme; the other is, I believe, "*Augustus Octavianus Cæsar.*" I also send you a puzzle, upon which I would like to have some of your black-eyed or blue-eyed correspondents try their skill, if you think it worthy inserting. By so doing, you would oblige one who enjoys the Museum very much. A new subscriber,

November, 1848.

U. H. J.

PUZZLE.

That *rye's* a kind of grain we know,
 And *hay* in barns the farmers stow;
 When minstrel songsters cease their *lay*,
 And autumn's *ashes* strew the way,
 Within, *Canary's* notes are heard,
 Without, the *Hen*, our barn-yard bird;
 O'er waters clear doth bend the *ash*,
 Where listening *shad* doth sprightly
dash;
 And in the distance roll the *car*,
 All laded from a *land* afar;
 Then I will take my pen in *hand*,
 While sister *Clara* doth attend,

And think how in their *folly*, strange,
Men love so well the *cash* "on change."
And now our answer — is it no or *yes*? —
For "*Henry Clay, of Ashland*," is our guess.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 13, and 10, is a vegetable substance.
My 2, 10, 14, 4, 8, is an industrious insect.
My 3, 13, 10, 15, is a disagreeable sensation.
My 4, 6, 11, is what Eve did when tempted.
My 5, 13, 14, is often used in preference to
the pure Cochineate.
My 7, 9, 11, left his native city in obedience
to a command from God.
My 8, 6, 7, 2, children love to hear.
My 9, 11, 8, 4, 5, is an animal that preys
upon fish.
My 10, 6, 1, 1, 9, 11, is a small grub.
My 11, 13, 14, 15, 7, 4, 5, we find on every
table.

My 12, 13, 10, 15, 13, 1, belongs to the bug
race.

My 13, 3, 15, 6, 5, housebreakers know
how to do.

My 14, 2, 7, 9, 3, is a fine summer fruit.

My 15, 6, 7, 7, 9, 9, and 3, is a conveyance
which every body knows of, but which is
scarce ever patronized.

My whole is a distinguished general.

The following is from one of my rosy-
checked, black-eyed neighbors — a boy
hardly ten years old. He gave it to me
himself — his face glowing like a Bald-
win apple, as he placed it in my hands.
He, no doubt, will excuse us for the
change made in the puzzle.

Roxbury, Nov. 18.

MESSRS. MERRY AND PARLEY :

Dear Sirs, —

I take your Magazine, and I like it very
much. I like the Billy Bump stories very
much, though I doubt if there is such a place
as *Sundown* in the world. I have found out
one of the enigmas; it is *William O. Butler*.
I also send a puzzle; if you think it worthy,
I should like to have you print it.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 1, 9, 3, and 12, are a liquor which Dea-
con Grant preaches against with all his might.

My 8, 2, and 7, are a boy's nickname.

My 3, 5, 9, and 6, are a hideous being of the
imagination.

My 6, 11, and 12, are the first name of
ducks and chickens, and a thing admired by
skunks and weasels.

My 8, 9, 10, and 5, are a species of vessel.

My 13, 3, 9, and 2, are what makes little
boys and girls cry.

My 1, 2, 6, 13, and 6, are much in vogue
about thanksgiving time; and it is said they
once saved a famous city from destruction.

My whole are a man much talked about,
much praised and much blamed, but who has
more friends than enemies.

J. C. F.

The following is from the writer of the
preceding: —

THE STORY OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

I hung for two years facing the wall of a
large store, during which time a spider wove
a curious web over my face; and I spent my
time in reflection. One day I was suddenly
removed from my situation, and, after passing
through an alarming operation, I was placed
in a frame handsomely carved.

I was then laid in a trunk, where I felt
very flat, and sent to Boston. I here found
that I was to decorate the parlor of a young
couple who had not been long married. My
master never failed to shave his beard before
me, and my mistress to pin her scarf.

But in six years the furniture was sold at
auction, and I was knocked down for half
price, and sent to a bachelor's hall. My new
master, after examining me, carried me to the
workman's and I was refitted in a plain
veneered frame. My master never failed to
adjust his wig before me.

In five years my master died, and be-
queathed his house to a gentleman and lady
with three children, who soon occupied it.

One day the youngest boy was swinging a piece of ivory in a string, when it slipped, and struck me in my cheek, and injured my appearance so that I was no longer considered an ornament, and removed to another room.

The following came in a neat envelope, and was written on gilt-edged paper, and at the head of the page was a colored drawing of a very pretty flower. I like this note, for it shows good taste, and a love of neatness, on the part of the writer. I should like very much to see Georgiana, when she comes my way.

MR. MERRY: *Boston, Oct. 13, 1848.*

Dear Sir,—

I am not used to writing to great men like yourself, so that I suppose this letter will not be worth much in your eyes, as it will not be a very good one. I hope you will accept the enigma below, as it is my first attempt. I have taken the Playmate ever since it began, and liked it very much before Merry's Museum was joined to it; but I like it still better now. I like the story of Billy Bump in Boston, very much indeed.

Your friend,
GEORGIANA.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 2, 5, 10, 10, 7, is a name sometimes given to a horse.

My 8, 5, 5, 1, is a covering for the foot.

My 4, 9, 1, is what if you do, you won't miss.

My 10, 9, 11, 6, is what people often have to pay.

My 9, 6, 11, is what people are when they are not well.

My 8, 12, 11, 11, is an instrument of sound.

My 4, 5, 11, 3, is what every body dislikes to see.

My whole is the most precious thing in the world.

The author of a pleasing story, in a former number, sends us the following:—

HOW PUDDING LANE OBTAINED ITS NAME.

There once resided, at the upper end of the town of Pebleton, a woman, who, on account of the improper use she made of her tongue, was, by universal consent, called Mistress Screechowl. She rendered herself very troublesome to the neighbors by meddling with their affairs, and tattling from house to house, which practice involved her in many sad perplexities, and subjected her to numerous practical jokes.

One day, as she was lifting an enormous apple pudding from the scalding liquid, the cry of fire was heard in the street, followed by the rattling of the engine.

Mistress Screechowl could stand this no longer. Grasping the pudding in her ponderous fist, she flew to the front gate, crying out, at the top of her voice,—

"Where's the fire? where's the fire? O, where's the fire?"

One of the fun-loving firemen, snatching from her the pudding, suspended it from the top of the engine, and went dashing through the town amidst the shouts of the people, leaving Mistress Screechowl to make the best of her puddingless dinner.

Having exhausted their fun, they hung the pudding upon the street lamp, crying, "Three cheers for Mistress Screechowl." The boys, who are never backward on such occasions, waived their hats, and rent the air with—"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

From that time the narrow street has been dignified by the name of Pudding Lane.

ALMIRA.

We have many other letters on hand—one from J. A. K.—one from H. P. K.—one from S. W. A.—one from J. B. T.—and several from nameless friends and correspondents. We can, however, only acknowledge the receipt of these favors.

N. B. *We cannot insert puzzles, unless the solutions are sent with them.*



Pleasures.

PLEASURES are like summer birds, —
 Light they come and light they fly ;
 Pleasures are like whispered words —
 Passing softly, swiftly by.

Pleasures are like flowers, — bright
 To-day, yet gone to-morrow ;
 Pleasures are like strips of light, —
 Fading soon in shades of sorrow.

Pleasures are like summer beams,
 A moment on the water playing ;

Pleasures are like summer streams,
 Always going — never staying.

Pleasures are like insects bright, —
 A moment here — then passed forever ;
 Pleasures are like bubbles light, —
 Now they gleam, and now they sever.

Yes, — pleasures all are frail and fleeting, —
 Light they come, and light they stray ;
 But let us give them gentle greeting,
 Lest we scare them all away !

Another Letter from New York.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY: AS the holidays approach, our city assumes a gayer appearance, and the shops have of late been so attractive, that my young cousins are undecided whether they most need an increase of spending money, or the virtue of self-denial. Miss Susy, whose ideas of debt and credit are not exactly business-like, thought she had devised a way of dispensing with both money and self-denial. She has often accompanied me to the family grocery, and never seeing me pay for any thing, one day asked if they *gave* me all I wanted. I answered, without further explanation, that every thing was charged. A few days after, I saw her bustle out with a look of confidence and mystery. Presently she returned very downcast. I found she went to a confectioner's, where she was an entire stranger, and got an extravagant quantity of burnt almonds, cordial drops, and bonbons, which she deposited in her satchel, and, turning towards the door, said, with an air of great magnificence, "You may charge these, sir." The shopman was, of course, much amazed, but told her he never dealt upon the credit system; and poor Susy, not having provided herself with the "needful," was obliged to surrender her sweet treasures.

We have been much pleased with a visit to the nursery upon Randall's Island, about eight miles from this city; and perhaps some of your little friends would like to hear about the institution.

We improved one of those genial days with which this December has favored

us, warm enough to tempt the birds from their southern homes, and the citizens from winter quarters into the open country. We left the City Hall at twelve o'clock, and after a few minutes' ride in the cars, were landed at Haerlem. Here a walk of about a mile afforded us a delightful episode from paving-stones to green grass. Blithely did Ned and Susy plant their feet upon the soft bosom of mother earth; and between skipping, running, and hopping, we were not long in reaching the small row boat that was to carry us across the East River. Ned was allowed an oar, and when we arrived, he thought the row all too short. Randall's Island is owned by the corporation of the city of New York, and devoted to the benevolent purpose of a nursery for all outcast children, whether homeless through misfortune or crime. They do not ask their parentage or place of birth. All that is necessary is to prove their need, and the naked are clothed, the hungry fed, the sick healed. This island being devoted to these purposes, there is a fine of fifty dollars if any one lands upon it without a pass. We were accompanied by one of the resident physicians, to whose kind invitation we were indebted for the excursion; and we found our "Good Samaritan" a sufficient permit to land unquestioned. The scene of interest dawned upon us gradually as we found ourselves in a swarm of young humanity just emerged from school. The spacious buildings and ample arrangements declared it indeed a wholesale establishment for a commodity no less precious than *children* of every age and size, from two years to sixteen, and num-

bering *eleven hundred* or more! The first building we entered was devoted to that most important class of unfortunates, the idiots. One poor blind one, with a humped back, stood outside, leaning listlessly against the house; and there they told us he always stands, day after day, benighted, bodily and mentally, with scarce enough of the intellectual spark to entitle him to the name of humanity. Within were about thirty, showing various degrees of stupidity, but all occupied with vacancy. One of the saddest circumstances about the whole is, that the good woman who has for years attended upon them, is herself gradually becoming idiotic, either from the force of imitation or association. The next apartment we entered, in one of the large buildings, presented quite a different spectacle. Here were sixty or a hundred little *three year olds*, under the superintendence of one matron. Each little boy had a miniature *arm* chair, and each little girl a tiny *rocking* chair. It was a funny sight, and very pleasant to watch them; for no two behaved alike. Some looked up and smiled, some looked down and blushed, some pouted, some rocked very hard, some looked curious, some turned their backs. One, when I looked at her, shut her black eyes so tight I thought they would never appear again; and another, in her embarrassment, fell over, and began to cry.

Ned and Susy would have lingered here the rest of the afternoon, and Peggy Betsey herself was reluctant to leave the happy "birdlings;" but our conductor had more in store for us, and we adjourned to the dining-hall, where another matron had collected those under her charge to sing

for us. Here were between three and four hundred girls, arranged in lines with their respective monitors, and singing with surprising correctness. As they sang, I reviewed them with my eye, and found every variety of the "human face divine," from actual deformity to uncommon beauty. Now and then a curly head looked roguish in spite of the close pinafore, and several heads seemed to promise poetical developments. The reigning expression was neatness. The multitude of little pink hands, that hung in long rows, were all clean, and no unwashed face or uncombed hair displeased even an old maid's precision. They sang a great variety of songs, comic, sentimental, and devotional, with evident enjoyment.

But we were hurried from this to another scene, the play-ground, where six hundred boys were in the full tide of sport. They had a leader, whose directions they seemed to follow with remarkable docility. I should think he was a man of fifty; but I noticed his face was as radiant with pleasure as any of the boys'. I was told he has the charge of this young army out of school hours, and possesses the perfect love and reverence of every member. He receives a salary of a thousand dollars, and spends the whole of it in amusements. The evening before, he had given them a grand treat of fireworks. While we were looking on, he reviewed them after the manner of the cadets at West Point, and they went through the manoeuvres very handsomely. After this, they seemed preparing for something further; and presently a young aid-de-camp, about twelve years old, came up and inquired if the visitors would be

pleased to listen to an oration about to be delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of their play-house. We gladly consented, and, arrived at the spot, the young orator mounted his temporary stage, and with a flushed face, but self-possessed manner, delivered a very appropriate speech. He pointed to New York, and said, "Though by death and other causes we are deprived of the care and protection of our parents, thanks to the benevolence of yonder city, we are not forsaken and forlorn. We have not only food and clothing, hospitals for our sick, schools for our minds, and ministers for our souls, but we have this our beloved play-ground, wide and spacious; and as if all this were not enough, we to-day lay the corner-stone of a building which shall shelter us in our hours of exercise and recreation, whenever storm or cold drives us from our play-ground." As he concluded, all waved their caps, and sent up three cheers, that made the air above quiver. After they dispersed, we visited the hospitals, where the arrangements for warming, ventilation, and bathing, are truly admirable. The Croton water was conveyed to this island through pipes sunk deep in the East River, at an expense of forty thousand dollars. Since its admission, the decrease of disease has been very great. In the first apartment we entered, were convalescent children, some sitting, some reclining, and all forming a most interesting group, with their transparent skins and long eyelashes. The doctor asked one little lisping urchin what had been the matter with him. "*Rubiola*, *pertussis*, and *cephalalgia*," said he,—the scientific names for measles, whooping

cough, and headache. In the fever rooms we found the restless ones receiving every alleviation possible. One bed we noticed stripped of its covering, and were told the occupant had just died, and would to-morrow be taken to Potter's Field.

Ned and Susy looked startled to find that death had been so near them. From the hospitals we went to the dormitories, where the iron bedsteads, with their white drapery, exceeded in comfort and neatness those of many respectable boarding-schools. Upon a table at one end of these rooms was an interesting collection, that made Susy's eyes brighten—neither more nor less than some scores of dolls, dressed after the taste of the different owners, and presenting a variety in uniformity, quite pleasing. The school-room, kitchens, and bake-houses, were perfect in their way. But I will not describe them. Sunset was now upon us, and we paused to look, for it was such a one as the city never sees. "The western waves of ebbing day" dyed clouds, islands, and river, with rosy red, and as we watched the deepening hues, we could not tell which his lingering beams most beautified—sky, earth, or water. Within a few minutes four stately steamboats rode by. To complete the picture, a fleet of sloops were becalmed, and, with their white sails reflected in the water, seemed to "float double," like "swan and shadow." A kind of lame steamboat, which plies for the accommodation of this and Blackwell's Island, conveyed us back to the city; and in reviewing the various humane arrangements we had witnessed, we concluded hereafter it will not do to say that "corporations have no souls."

My letter is longer than I intended, and I will only add Ned's and Susy's sincere wishes for a happy new year to Mr. Mer-ry and Mr. Parley, in which unites your friend,

PEGGY BETSEY.

A Fancy.

THIS is from a very young correspondent, and we cheerfully give it a place:—

It was May. The sun shone joyfully down upon the silver lakes, when Gertrude Leslie, a fair flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, wandered among the flowers of spring, which grew tall and beautiful in her little garden. Gertrude was an orphan left alone, exposed to the pitiless hatred of those who loved her not. Her guardians, indeed, treated her harshly, and joyfully did her little heart beat, when she escaped from them to spend a few moments in her cherished garden—the only thing she had to love.

One day, when her work was over, she went, as usual, to her garden; and with what pleasure did she water and weed her loved flowers! She remained, thinking of many things, and at last she stooped to cull a lily of the valley, when suddenly, from one of the little silver bells, a fairy appeared, and thus addressed Gertrude:—

“Fair maiden, I know thee well. Thine is indeed a hard lot, and I will grant thee whatever thou mayst ask!”

To this Gertrude replied, “Thanks—many thanks—kind fay; and as thou art so good, I will tell to thee what has long been the earnest desire of my heart.

Thou knowest that my parents have long lain in the cold grave; O fay! take me to them, show me heav'n in all its beauty and holiness, and give me a crown of joy, that I may praise my Creator through eternity!”

The fairy smiled a celestial smile upon her, took her in her arms, and bore her lightly away through the air. A long while did they traverse the ethereal regions; but at length Gertrude found herself at the entrance of a beautiful city, whose gates were made of pearls. Here her guide left her, saying, “Look upward.” Gertrude did so, and saw written on the gate, in letters of gold, “Knock and it shall be opened unto you.” Upon this she gently lifted the knocker of gold, and as gently let it fall, when the door was immediately opened, and she entered; and there she beheld her beloved parents, sitting on the right hand of God, singing to his praise. She took her seat by them, and was about to join their song, when suddenly she heard a voice, crying, harshly,—“Gertrude! Gertrude! why do you stay there idling away your time?” She started, and she awoke, and found it all a dream!

I see a Man.

I SEE A MAN.

I do not see his shabby dress,
I see him in his manliness;
I see his axe; I see his spade;
I see the man that God has made.
If such a man before you stand,
Give him your heart—give him your hand,
And praise your Maker for such men:
They make this old earth young again.



It's mine! You shan't have it.

Look, reader, at this simple cut, and tell us if there be not a meaning and a moral in it. The child is said to be father of the man; that is, the child shows the dispositions, the passions, the feelings, which go to make the character of the grown-up person. In this picture we see a child, with an apple in his hand, and by his look and actions we read his thoughts and feelings, — “*This is mine, and you shan't have it, not a bit of it!*”

Now, this seems very natural; and when we see such things in a child, we smile, and say, “It is very cunning!” But let us consider the thing a little further: let us consider this disposition to grow with the growth and strengthen with

the strength of the child. Let us go forward, into his after life, and at the end of some threescore years, we find, in place of the child cherishing an apple, an aged man, rich, greedy, grasping, selfish, and saying, in his look and manner, to all who come near, “This cash, these lands, these houses, these goods, are mine — and you shan't have them!”

All this, again, seems very natural, and certainly is very common. But is it not revolting? Is not such selfishness, such greediness, wicked and erroneous? Should a man love himself, exclusively? Does not the golden rule tell us to love our neighbor? Is not a man who thinks only of himself, who thinks only of in-

creasing his money and his property, very foolish, inasmuch as he loses the greatest joy of life — that of loving and being loved?

Certainly this is quite true — it is both wicked and foolish to be thus selfish, thus exclusive, and therefore it is that I commend it to all persons, young and old, to think of the pleasure and happiness of others, as well as of themselves. I do not mean to scold the boy in the engraving at the head of this article; he is selfish, certainly; he thinks, “This apple is mine, and you shan’t have a bit of it!” and this is not very amiable. But it is very likely he has seen his elder brothers and sisters act in the same way; and possibly Pa and Ma have set him examples of this kind; and it is quite likely that aunt Betsey and cousin Katharine, when they have seen these displays of greediness in their pet, have said, “How cunning!” and thus made the child feel as if it was commendable, nay, heroic, to be selfish, greedy, exclusive.

Therefore it is, that I speak gently of the little fellow whom we have introduced to the reader. Nevertheless, we say to all, boys and girls, men and women, instead of making this child your model, remember that the best way to enjoy the bounties of Providence, is to share them with others.

Aspersion.

WHOEVER keeps an open ear
 For tattlers, will be sure to hear
 The trumpet of contention.
 Aspersion is the babbler’s trade;
 To listen, is to lend him aid,
 And rush into dissension.

Mercury.

THE following article is from a youthful correspondent, already known to the readers of the Museum:—

This deity, according to the mythology of ancient Greece, was the son of Jupiter and Maia, (one of the Pleiades, and the most luminous of the seven sisters,) and was born, according to the more generally received opinion, in Arcadia, on Mount Cyllene. In his infancy, he was intrusted to the care of the Seasons. According to Cicero, there were no less than five Mercuries; some even assert that there were six; but to the son of Jupiter, as being the most famous and the best known, are probably attributed the actions of all the others.

Mercury’s office, in the council of Olympus, was that of messenger of the gods, but more exclusively that of Jupiter, his father. He was also the patron of travellers and of shepherds.

He presided not only over orators, merchants, and declaimers, but was also the god of thieves, pickpockets, and all dishonest persons. He seems to have been exceedingly fond of thieving himself, and gave early proofs of his craftiness in that line. The second day after his birth, he stole the oxen of Admetus, which Apollo tended; he stole also the quiver and arrows of the divine shepherd, and increased his fame by robbing Neptune of his trident, Venus of her famous girdle, and Mars of his sword. He also annoyed Vulcan by running off with several of his mechanical instruments.

He was represented not only as one of the celestial, but also as one of the infernal

deities. We, in consequence, find that to his charge were committed the souls of the dead, which he conveyed to the infernal regions, and which, according to the ancient doctrine of transmigration, he brought back to revisit the cheerful beams of the sun, after having resided, for the space of a thousand years, in the nether or lower world.

Imboldened by the amusement his larcenies seemed to afford Jupiter, Mercury ventured too far, and robbed him of his sceptre. Here he was unfortunate; for the stolen article burnt the mischievous god's fingers, and, as a punishment, he was banished from heaven, and obliged to take refuge upon the earth.

These specimens of his art attracted the attention of the gods, and Jupiter finally appointed him cup-bearer and interpreter of the assembly of the gods. The former office he fulfilled until the promotion of Ganymede.

He was presented, by the king of heaven, with a winged cap, called *Petanus*, and with wings for his feet, called *Talaria*. He had, also, a short sword, called *Herpe*. With these he was enabled to go wherever he pleased, with the greatest celerity. Besides this, he could make himself invisible, or assume any shape he desired. He was the confidant of all Jupiter's secrets.

To him is ascribed the invention of the lyre, with seven strings, which he gave Apollo in exchange for the celebrated *Caduceus*, with which the god of poetry used to drive the flocks of King Admetus.

In the wars of the giants against the gods, Mercury showed himself brave, spirited, and active. He delivered Mars

from the confinement in which he was held by the superior power of the Aloides. He tied Ixion to his wheel in the infernal regions, and carried the infant Bacchus to the nymphs of Nysa.

Mercury has many surnames and epithets, and was worshipped in many different ways. He is sometimes represented as standing upon a monument, with a cloak wound round his arm, or tied under his chin. He is sometimes represented as sitting upon a crayfish, holding in one hand his caduceus, and in the other the claws of a fish. At other times, we find him, under the figure of a young man, holding in one hand a purse, as being the tutelary god of merchants, with a cock upon his wrist, as an emblem of vigilance, and at his feet a goat, a scorpion, and a fly. Again we find him standing erect, with one foot upon a tortoise.

Offerings were made to him of milk and honey, because he was the god of eloquence, which is sweet and persuasive. The Greeks and Romans offered to him tongues, as he was the patron of speaking, of which the tongue is the organ.

He is said to be the inventor of letters, and his Greek name, *Hermes*, is derived from a word, in that language, which signifies to interpret or explain. John Horne Tooke, in his "Diversions of Purley," has considered the wings which the god annexes to his feet, as emblematical of the wings which language gives to the eloquence of men.

A CARGO of live hogs was lately on its way from New York to Liverpool. A way called them *emigrants*.



Hindoo Jugglers.

THE dexterity of the Hindoos, in tumbling, rope-dancing, and legerdemain, is so much superior to that of Europeans, that the statements of travellers on the subject were much doubted, until they were brought to exhibit their singular feats in this quarter of the globe.

Nothing is more common in India than to see young girls walking on their heads, with their heels in the air, turning round like a wheel, or walking on their hands and feet with the body bent backwards. Another girl will bend backwards, plunge her head into a hole about eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and bring up between her lips a ring that was buried in the mud. Two women may frequently be seen dancing together on a rope stretched over tressels; the one playing on the *vina*, or Hindoo guitar, the other

holding two vessels brimful of water, and capering about without spilling a drop.

A plank is sometimes fixed to the top of a pole twenty-five feet high, which is set upright; a man then climbs up it, springs backward, and seats himself upon the plank. Another mountebank balances himself by the middle of the body on a bamboo pole, fifteen or eighteen feet high. He first sets the pole upright, then climbs up it with his legs and arms, as if it were a firmly-rooted tree. On reaching the top, he clings to it with his feet and hands, after fixing the centre of the pole in the middle of his sash, and dances, moving in all directions to the sound of music, without the pole ever losing its equilibrium. He then descends, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs up the pole

again, and stands on the top on one leg.

Sometimes a boy lies across the extremity of the bamboo, and holds himself quite stiff for a considerable time. A man lifts up the pole and the boy in that state, and moves him about in all directions without losing the balance.

A still more extraordinary feat is performed by the Hindoo women. One of them will sometimes balance herself in a horizontal position, with her arms extended like a person swimming, on the top of a bamboo pole ninety feet high, fixed in the ground. In a short time, she seems to have lost her balance, and falls, to the no small terror of the spectators; but this is only one of her customary movements; she catches by one foot in a rope fastened to her, which crosses the middle of the pole, and remains suspended with her head downwards.

Broughton, mentioning the exhibition of a set of jugglers, tells us, that he was particularly astonished by the feats of a woman, who rested on her head and feet with her back towards the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, their blades also inwards, under her neck. She then traversed round in the circle with great rapidity, keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords whenever her breast chanced to be downward.

A man will balance a sword having a broad blade, with the point resting on his chin. He will then set a straw upright on his nose, or on a small piece of stick, which he holds and keep moving about with his lips; lastly, he will lay a piece

of thin tile on his nose, and throw up a small stone, which, falling on the tile, breaks it to pieces.

The Hindoos balance themselves on the slack rope with uncommon skill, by means of a long stick placed on the end of the nose. Sometimes at the top of this stick is set a large tray, from which walnut shells are suspended by threads. In each of these shells is a stick which reaches the juggler's upper lip. By the mere motion of his lips, he throws up the shells, one after another, upon the tray, without deranging any thing, and continuing to balance himself all the time. During this operation, he strings pearls upon a horse-hair by means of his tongue and lips alone, and without any assistance from his hands.

There are three feats in particular which these jugglers perform. The first is playing on the ground with cups and balls. His posture, which seems less favorable for his tricks than that of people of his profession in Europe, is no drawback to his complete success in the deceptions which he practises upon the astonished spectators.

The trick of swallowing a sword too feet long, or rather of thrusting it down his throat into the stomach up to the hilt, has become familiar to us by the public exhibitions of Ramo Samee and his companions, natives of India. Before the arrival in Europe of these jugglers, whose speculation, it is said, was most profitable, attempts had been made, but unsuccessfully, to induce other professors of the art to go to England for the purpose of exhibition.

The Hindoos are not only extremely

dexterous themselves, but they have found means to communicate their dexterity to the very brutes. They train bullocks, or buffaloes, to the performance of a very difficult task. A Hindoo lies down upon the ground on his back, and places on the lower part of his stomach a piece of wood, cut in a peculiar shape. A buffalo, at the command of his master, sets first one foot, and then the other, on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it. But this is not all: the master places a second pedestal by the side of the first; the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet on this movable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform the trick, in which we know not whether most to admire the patience or the docility of the animal.

Stanzas.

WHEN first the dove, afar and wide,
Skimmed the dark waters o'er,
To seek beyond the heaving tide
A green and peaceful shore, —

No leafy boughs, nor life-like thing,
Rose 'mid the swelling main;
The lone bird sought, with faltering wing,
That hallowed ark again.

And ever thus man's heart hath traced
A lone and weary round,
But never yet 'mid earth's dark waste
A resting-place hath found.

The peace for which his spirit yearns
Is ever sought in vain,
Till, like the dove, it *homedward* turns,
And finds its God again.

Never Despair.

WHEN storms arise,
And whirlwinds sweep,
And darkness shrou
The rolling deep,
Then, tempest-tost, we seek afar
The heaven's steady glare,
With rapture hail the welcome star,
While hope succeeds despair.

Thus, when dark clouds
Hang on our life,
And long we wage
Unequal strife,
O, never yield, but onward press:
Still boldly do and dare:
It never makes our troubles less
By yielding to despair.

What if our first
Strong efforts fail?
One trial more
May e'en prevail;
Remember Bruce and Tamerlane,
And still misfortune bear;
And failing once, why, try again —
But never more despair.

Hard is the fate
Of those who find
No sympathy
Among mankind;
Time brings no solace for their grief,
Life seems no longer fair;
But even those find no relief
Whenever they despair.

Strive to do right,
And never cease,
And hope and joy
Will find increase;
Perchance thy sorrows may be healed,
Banished afar each care;
Strive with thy fate — but never yield
Before the demon of despair.

HE that sleeps late, let him beware
Pillow of the debtor.



Curiosity in Caffraria.

IN this portion of Africa, there is an "Inhabited Tree," which travellers thus describe: "It stands at the base of a range of mountains, due east from Kurrichaine, in a place called '*Ongorut-cie Fountain.*' Its gigantic limbs contain seventeen conical huts. These are used as dwellings, being beyond the reach of the lions, which, since the incursion of the Mantates from the adjoining country, when so many thousands of persons were massacred, have become very numerous in the neighborhood, and destructive to human life.

"The branches of the tree are supported by forked sticks, or poles, and there are three tiers, or platforms, on which the huts are constructed. The lowest is nine

feet from the ground, and holds ten huts; the second, about eight feet high, has three huts; and the upper story, if it may be so called, contains four. The ascent to these is made by notches cut in the supporting poles; and the huts are built with twigs, thatched with straw, and will contain ten persons, conveniently."

Other villages have been seen by travellers, built similarly to the above; but these were erected on stakes, instead of trees, about eight feet above the ground, about forty feet square, (larger in some places,) and containing about seventy or eighty huts. The inhabitants sit under the shade of these platforms during the day, and retire at night to the huts above.

A Sabbath among the Onondagas.

MOST of our readers, doubtless, know that in the western part of the state of New York there are still some bands of Indians, which are remnants of the great tribes that once inhabited that country. Among them are a small company of Onondagas. The editor of a paper at Syracuse, in company with a friend, lately paid a visit to these people, and was there on Sunday. He says, "We attended their religious services in their new and commodious house of worship. There were about one hundred natives present, the men being seated on the right and the women on the left side of the church. It was an interesting sight to observe the neat and orderly appearance of both sexes, all being in their Sunday costume. On one side were seen the snow-white blankets, drawn so closely over and around the head as scarce to disclose the face; and on the other, the very black hair which invariably crowns an Indian's head. As we entered, they were singing a hymn in the Mohawk language. The music was sweet and simple. It was the composition of an Indian, and most sweetly did they harmonize their voices, as the air, tenor, and bass rolled up from each part of the room, preponderance of vowels making the Indian language adapted to singing.

"In the absence of the interpreter, the usual services gave way to conference meeting, in which several of the Indians took part, by making short speeches, and by offering prayer. All were attentive and devotional in appearance, and frequently responding with the Indian's amen.

"Though their words were unintelligible, there was a glow of expression from the countenance, and in the tone of voice, which addressed all most solemnly. We were in the temple of worship built for the use of the remnant of a people once powerful, but now weak; yet in their weakness they are acquiring great strength—the power that religion and learning give.

"At the close of the exercises, several prayer meetings were announced; and all dispersed, apparently grateful and happy for the privilege of another Sunday."

A Russian Wedding.

THE marriage ceremony, however solemn it may be accounted, as one of the offices of the church, is so cloaked with theatrical effect as to lose much of its spiritual sanctity. It would seem that the external senses, rather than the feelings of the heart or mind, were to be wrought upon; or perhaps it is considered that the feelings are only impressed by the agency of the senses. Be this as it may, marriage is a drawing-room scene, under priestly auspices; lay frivolities are intermingled with ecclesiastical pageantry, and the theatrical effect is enhanced by its being an evening performance. The exterior of the church is illuminated; but the brilliancy outside is eclipsed by the blaze of the interior, which, studded with chandeliers, looks more like a saloon of pleasure than a temple of worship.

The guests and friends, invited to be present, appear in full dress, and are marshalled to the respective sides of the build-

ing appropriated to them, by a master of ceremonies for the occasion; the friends of each of the contracting parties being grouped together on each side, leaving the centre free; for there are neither pews nor seats of any kind in the Russian churches. The entrance of the bridegroom is welcomed by a chant from the choristers, who take a leading part in the ceremony, no instrumental music being allowed in the Greek churches; and a bridesman immediately hurries to the residence of the bride, to notify her that her intended is awaiting her. This is often intimated, gracefully and silently, by the presentation of a bouquet of flowers. On the bride's arrival, the choristers again chant a welcome, and she takes her place among her friends.

The dress of the bride is as sumptuous as jewels and the most costly articles can make it, if the means of her family admit of such a display. She is ushered into the assembly by a kind of procession, headed by one of her own family, bearing before him the richly ornamented picture of her saint, which is destined to occupy a corner of her future apartment, and which, during the ceremony, is placed on the high altar. A small, temporary altar, or reading desk, covered with rose-colored silk, and ornamented with silver fringe and lace, is placed in the centre of the parquette, at which the priest officiates. The service is long, and consists in reading the lives of Abraham and Sarah, an exhortation to the new couple, and much singing. The rings are exchanged at the betrothal, and therefore that symbol forms no part of the service.

The pair, bearing lighted tapers in their

hands, and having large gilt crowns held over their heads, walk thrice round the altar, grasping the priest's robes; and, during the exhortation, they stand on a large piece of rich silk, which becomes the perquisite of the priest. This portion of the ceremony being concluded, the sacrament is administered, and the newly-married couple proceed to the grand altar, where they prostrate themselves, with forehead to the ground, before the various pictures of the saints, and kiss them, with many crossings and genuflections. The congratulations of the friends now follow; the line of demarcation is broken through, and all parties assembled, both men and women, kiss each other.

A brilliant supper awaits the whole party, at the house, generally, of the parents of the bride; dancing is kept up to a late hour, and not unfrequently the pleasures of the table degenerate into excesses. Superstition permits only of certain days for the performance of the marriage ceremony, care being taken to avoid the eve of any feast or particular prayer day. Previous to the marriage, the betrothed parties are naturally subject to the quizzings and sly jokes of their friends, including one singular custom, to which they are expected to conform. At the dinner table, if any one, in filling his glass, cries, "Garkoe, garkoe," (bitter, bitter,) the bridegroom elect is considered bound to remedy the alleged evil by kissing his intended. — *Thompson's Life in Russia.*

Is your man trusty? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel — putting one away?

Shakspeare.



Hens.

THE following advice, in regard to the treatment of hens, is given in the papers : —

“As soon as the weather becomes cool, hens should be provided with some warm and comfortable place in which to roost. If they be incarcerated constantly, from the first cold snap till the opening of the ground the following spring, so much the better, provided always that they have comfortable quarters, and a sufficiency of those alimentary matters which they require and obtain when at large. The better hens are kept, the more will they concentrate in the weight of their owner’s purse ; and if proper care be exercised in fitting up their quarters, supplying them with food, drink, &c., &c., they will continue to lay during a good part of the winter, and be rarely assailed by disease of any kind.

“If practicable, keep meat constantly by them ; also, lime, ashes, pounded bone, and brick. Vegetables, uncooked, such as potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, and parsnips, are all much liked by the hen,

especially when confined. By following this plan, you will find your hens a source of profit, instead of an expense.”

Practical Value of Science.

MANY ignorant despisers of science reproach learned men with wasting their time in watching or describing the metamorphosis and general economy of insects, and contend that it is only from what they call *practical* men, — that is to say, farmers’ and gardeners, — that effective means of destroying noxious species — one of the main objects of entomology, taken in its widest scope — can be looked for.

Such objectors should be referred to a paper read by M. Guerin Meneville to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in January, 1847, from which it appeared that the cultivators of the olive in the south of France, who, in two years out of three, lost oil to the amount of 6,000,000 francs annually, by the attacks, on their olives, of the grub of a little fly, (*dacus oleæ*.) were utterly unable, with all their practical skill, to help themselves in any shape. M. Guerin Meneville, though no cultivator, applying his entomological knowledge of the genus and species of the insect, and of its peculiar economy, to the case, advised that the olives should be gathered and crushed much earlier than usual, and before the grubs had time to eat the greater part of the pulp of the fruit ; and by their adoption of this simple plan, the proprietors of olives, in the years they are attacked by the *dacus*, can now obtain an increased annual produce of

oil, equal in value to 120,000 dollars, which was formerly lost in consequence of their allowing the grubs to go on eating the olives till they dropped from the tree.—*Mr. Spence's Address, January, 1848.*

The Well of Wisdom.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN Suabia there stood, of old, a town of honest fame;
A sparkling fountain in the midst had gained a wondrous name;
For in its virtues lay a power to make the foolish wise;
The Well of Wisdom it was called, a rare and welcome prize!

Free access to that stream was had, by all within the town;
No matter what their thirst might be, — unchecked they drank it down;
But strangers, ere they dared to taste, must first permission gain
Of the mayor and his counsellors, of such an honor vain.

A horseman once passed through the town, and saw the fountain play,
And stopped, to let his thirsty steed drink of it by the way.
Meanwhile the rider gazed around on many a structure fair,
Turret and spire of olden times, that pierced the quiet air.

Such boldness soon attracted round the gaze of passers by;
The mayor ran in robes of state; so quick was rumor's cry,
That man and horse were at the well, the latter drinking down
The precious gifts of Wisdom's Well, unsanctioned by the town.

Now swelled the mayor's wrath! now loud his tones, as thus he spoke:

"What's this I see? Who's this that hath our civic mandate broke?"

What wickedness mine eyes behold! That wisdom wasted so

Upon a brute! As punishment for this, you shall not go, —

"But stop, a prisoner, until our council's mind we hear."

The rider stared; but, wiser grown, his steed pricked up his ear,

And, turning round, he left the town, more quickly than he came,

While watch and ward were gone to guard his exit from the same.

Forgetting what the horse had drank, they all had gone, in state,

To keep their prisoners secure, by guarding the wrong gate.

Henceforward 'twas a law, declared by solemn wig and gown,

No rider, with a thirsty horse, should e'er pass through the town!

Wild Hogs.

IT appears, by the accounts that we receive, that some of the western prairies are swarming with wild hogs. So fast do they multiply, that it often is a matter of difficulty to decide to which farmer such a lot of hogs belongs, or such a grunting porker owes allegiance. In the woods on the margin of the large rivers, in many instances, droves of these hogs may be found, almost in a state of nature, and so wild that it is absolutely dangerous to attack them in their own dominions. It is often found necessary to shoot down the wildest of these creatures before it is possible to resubject the herd to man's use.



Paul preaching at Athens.

Paul the Apostle.

THE apostle Paul was certainly one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, a native of Tarsus in Cilicia, and originally of the sect of Pharisees. His parents sent him to Jerusalem, where he studied under a famous Jewish doctor called Gamaliel. He was an apt scholar, and became very strict in the observance of the Mosaic law, with its rites and ceremonies. He was of a rigid and zealous temper, and could not bear the Christians, who had now begun to exercise their religion. When Stephen was stoned to death, Paul stood by and took care of the clothes of those who performed the execution. In the persecutions which followed, he took a leading part, and, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, went from city to city, stirring up the people and magistrates against the Christians. These he caused

to be beaten, seized, and imprisoned. Some he compelled even to blaspheme the name of Jesus, which he hated and despised.

But, as he was going to the city of Damascus to fulfil his schemes of vengeance, he was miraculously converted to Christianity, and subsequently became the most distinguished of all the apostles in disseminating the religion of Jesus. His character seemed totally changed; his harshness and cruelty of disposition were replaced by piety, meekness, patience, and every Christian virtue. The fiery persecutor thus became the humble, devoted, patient minister of the gospel.

All the other apostles were men quite destitute of education, and appear to have possessed no extraordinary talent. Paul was a learned scholar, and was of a high order of genius. In person he was small and stooping; his appearance was

not imposing, and his voice was weak. In old age, he was gray and bald. His eyes are said to have been weak, and his nose aquiline. Yet, with all his defects and infirmities, such were the force of his mind and the power of his eloquence, that he made a deep impression upon the age in which he lived, and has ever since been placed at the head of those men commissioned by our Savior to preach his doctrine.

After his conversion, Paul devoted himself earnestly to the spreading of the gospel. He visited various places in Judea, Syria, and Asia Minor; meeting with extraordinary adventures. He was exposed to dangers, hardships, and sufferings, which no missionary of the present day would feel himself competent to endure. He suffered hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, fastings, watchings, and fatigue from long journeys on foot. He was often near death, either from the assaults of enemies, or the attacks of thieves, or accidents upon the land, or exposures in deserts. He was twice flogged with rods by the Romans; five times received thirty-nine lashes from the Jews; and was three times shipwrecked upon the sea. In one instance he was a whole day and night struggling and swimming in the waves.

It is quite wonderful to follow the travels of Paul, and to observe his activity, his diligence, and his devotion. Wherever he went, he preached the gospel, and made many converts. In one instance, he was at Athens, then filled with the most learned philosophers in the world. He disputed with them, and being arrested and brought before a high

court, called *Areopagus*, he made a most eloquent defence.

Paul was at length charged by the Jews with misconduct, and was sent to Rome to be tried. He sailed in a ship, upon the Mediterranean, but being wrecked at Malta, he staid there three months. He then went on to Rome. He was allowed to go about the city, but he had a soldier chained to him, for the purpose of keeping him from making his escape. After a time, he was set at liberty. He preached the gospel in various parts of Italy, and it is supposed in Spain also. He afterwards went to Asia, and then returned to Rome, where he is said to have been put to death, under the emperor Nero, A. D. 65.

The writings of Paul were numerous, and those which are preserved in the New Testament constitute a remarkable portion of the sacred writings.

A Yard of Pork.

IN a neighboring town, in which they were building a railroad, a party of Irishmen, who were employed there, went to the store of a real live Yankee, and thinking they would show a specimen of Irish wit, one asked for "a yard of pork;" whereupon the Yankee deliberately cut off *three pigs' feet*, and handed them to the Irishman. Pat not at first understanding the joke, asked, "And sure, and is that what you would be after calling a *yard of pork*?" "Why," says the Yankee, "yes — *three feet make a yard!*"

SWEET are the uses of adversity;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head!

Shakspeare.

Definition of Nothing.

At the Donegal assizes, in Ireland, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness is said to have caused much merriment in the court:—

Mr. Doherty. "What business do you follow?"

"I am a schoolmaster."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions."

(Laughter.)

"Are you a great favorite with your pupils?"

"Ay! troth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you, sir, this night?"

"This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man for you. *This* night is not come yet. I suppose you mean *that* night."

(Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)

"I presume the schoolmaster was abroad that night, doing nothing?" inquired the attorney.

"Define 'nothing,'" said the witness.

Mr. Doherty did not comply.

"Well," said the *learned* schoolmaster, "I will define it. It is a footless stocking without a leg."

(Roars of laughter, in which the judge joined.)

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 15.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

BOSTON, May, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER: It is not a great while since I wrote to you; yet I now send another letter, because I have a good opportunity to send it. A man by the name of Smith is going to Oregon, and he says he shall take Sundown in his way. He will deliver the letter himself, and you will see him, and he will tell you about me. I hope he will have nothing bad to say.

By the way, this Mr. Smith is a very remarkable man. He has been all over the world, and yet he was a poor boy from Vermont. He spent an evening at uncle Ben's, not long since, and told a heap of stories. It was very queer how he got his education. His father died when he was young, and he was put out to work, with a farmer. During nine months of the year, he never went to school; the other three months he went to a school on Saturday forenoons, kept by a woman named Betty Blaze. According to his account, she was as fiery as her name.

However, here he learnt his letters. He had no book but the New England Primer. During the day, he had no time to read; at night, he studied his lessons by the light of the fire, for the people never heard of a lamp, and only allowed candles when company came.

When he got to be seventeen years old, he ran away, for the farmer was very hard with him. He went to Burlington, but was afraid to show himself, lest the

farmer should be able to trace him out. He got employ on board a lumber boat for a time ; then he landed on the west side of Lake Champlain, and determined to make his way to New York. In passing the Peru Mountains, he had a terrible adventure. It was evening, and he saw, trotting along by the path, a creature like a large kitten. He ran after it, and caught it. It mewed lustily ; and immediately a huge beast, as big as seven or eight cats, came down, bang ! from the tall trees right over his head. The monster seemed to have, at least, a dozen legs — all standing out straight — with eyes of fire — and a tail as big round as a quart mug. Mr. Smith made a funny story of the scene. He threw the young creature, which was a catamount, at its mother, and ran away with all his might. The old one came bounding after him for a dozen rods, but at last she left him, and went back to take care of her child.

Smith pursued his journey. He reached New York, became a sailor, then captain of a ship, and finally got to be a rich man. He is going to settle in Oregon, which, he says, will be a great country, some time or other.

Now, isn't this a very curious story ? But uncle Ben says that it is not uncommon. He declares that his own education was so bad, that, when he was full seventeen years old, he thought the earth was stationary, and the sun, moon, and stars, moved round it every day. He said, that when a fellow told him the earth turned round, he laughed at him, and said, " Nonsense ! If the earth revolved, as you say, all the wells would be

turned bottom up, and the water would run out."

Uncle Ben told another story, to show how men of poor education get along in the world. He said that, many years ago, he knew a captain from Marblehead, who was sent to Europe with a ship. It was at a time when there was some trouble there. The owner of the ship got a letter from this captain, which had the following passage : "*Oin tu the blockhead, the wig was spilt ;*" by which the writer meant to say, *Owing to the blockade, the voyage was spoiled.*

I must tell you another of uncle Ben's anecdotes, about poor education. A rich man, who had a ship going to India, and who wrote a bad hand, among other things, ordered the captain to bring home *two* monkeys. Now he wrote the word *two* thus — *too* ; and as the captain was no great scholar, he read it 100 monkeys. Well, after a year, the ship came back, and the owner of the vessel went down the harbor, greatly rejoiced to see his ship again. But what was his amazement, as he stepped upon the deck, to see a whole regiment of apes, of every size and shape, jumping, frisking, and frolicking, along the planks, ropes, and rigging of the vessel ! He scolded the captain severely for his blunder ; but when he saw his own instructions, he perceived that he was not to blame ; so he pretended that the monkeys were brought on speculation ; and uncle Ben says that they sold well, and paid a good profit.

I could tell you many other stories of this kind ; but as I have promised to describe the *Boston Museum*, I may as well set about it. The building is very large,

and one immense room, with a gallery running all round, is filled with curiosities. These are of various kinds—stuffed birds, and beasts, and creeping things; gigantic bones; dresses and weapons of savages; portraits of famous men, and pictures of many strange and wonderful things.

It is a very queer place, altogether, and what makes it very interesting, is, that the birds and beasts are so prepared as to seem really alive. And beside, they are arranged in separate apartments, those of a kind being generally together. For instance, in one place, there is a congregation of owls, of all kinds, little and big, handsome and ugly. These creatures differ very much from each other, yet they have a droll family likeness. After looking at this group for a time, I could not help laughing, they all looked so solemn, and stiff, and starch. It seemed as if they were dressed up for a great occasion, and thought it proper to look as wise as possible.

In one place there were wild swans, and wild geese, and wild ducks; in another, there were pigeons and doves; in another, partridges, quails, &c. There was a collection of gay parrots; toucans, which seemed at least half bill; birds, shining like gems, hardly bigger than the thumb; cranes, with necks as long as a hoe handle; birds of paradise, which seemed to glory chiefly in their tails; vultures, which looked as if they could swallow red-hot poker; and ostriches, as tall as old Bottle Nose, eagle feathers and all.

Beside the birds, there were foxes, and wolves, and woodchucks, and panthers, and lions, and tigers, and other four-

footed beasts, quite too numerous to mention. Some of these, especially the opossums, and woodchucks, and coons, seemed to me like old acquaintances. When I looked at them, I was very strongly reminded of home, for I have had many adventures with these creatures in Sundown. I believe that, while I was gazing at these fellows, I looked sad; for Lucy, who was with me, said, "Why, cousin Will, what is the matter?"

"O, nothing, nothing of consequence," said I.

"But really, tell me what ails you. I insist upon knowing," said she.

"Well," said I, "to speak the truth, these coons and 'possums make me think of mother!" Lucy is a real witch, and she laughed so as to make all the people in the Museum look straight at us. I really felt as hot as if I had been simmering in a tea-kettle.

Well, we saw a lot of other things—enormous crocodiles, which really looked like cast-iron; and they had an expression about the mouth that injured their beauty very much. There are specimens of sharks which made me shiver to look at; and serpents which made the flesh creep even to think of, and tortoises, whose shells are big enough for canoes.

It is quite impossible even to name all the curiosities collected together in this Museum. I was, in truth, quite bewildered at first, and it was not until I had visited the place several times, that I began really to enjoy it. I do not know the reason, but when I am there, I always fancy myself in the ark, and imagine all these birds, and beasts, and reptiles to belong to Noah. There is one difference,

however, between these creatures and those in the ark: these are perfectly quiet; but I suppose those that were shut up, during the deluge, must have had something to say. What an uproar there must have been, with the singing of canaries, the screaming of gulls, the quacking of ducks, the crowing of cocks, the yelling of guinea-hens, the gobbling of turkeys, the whistling of quails, the growling of bears, the chatting of monkeys, the hissing of serpents, the bellowing of bulls, and the roaring of lions!

Beside the curiosities, in the Museum, there is a place connected with it where they have plays every night. It is, in fact, a little theatre. I hardly know if you would like to have me go there, for some people believe theatres are very bad. Uncle Ben has let Lucy and me go here, but he does not wish us to get too fond of the theatre. He says it would take our attention from our studies; and though he thinks pretty well of this theatre, he believes theatres, in general, are bad, because they are chiefly designed for foolish and wicked people, and therefore communicate vain and wicked thoughts.

I hope you will not blame me for going to the theatre, nor be displeased, when I tell you that I liked it very much. It seemed half like a dream, and half like a reality. I would tell you more about it, but I have not room. I remember nearly every word of all the plays. I did not know what power of thought and feeling there was in the bosom before I saw a play. It seems to me that the theatre ought to do good, for it may make us feel more deeply the beauty and value of truth

and duty, and may make us also more deeply feel the wickedness of falsehood and vice.

I still go to school, and believe I am improving. I find, day by day, that I am acquiring new ideas, and, what pleases me very much, I am getting more able to express my thoughts. I wish you could hear Lucy speak. She utters every word so perfectly that it is a real pleasure to hear her. She reads beautifully. I was never before aware of the charm there is in mere words, well spoken. Nor should I have thought of it, perhaps, had not our teacher told us about it, in giving us reading lessons. He says every spoken word should be like a piece of gold coin, distinct and clear, so that its beauty and value may be readily seen. Perhaps I think the more of this, from the fact that when I came here I had a sort of lisp, for which I got laughed at. Our teacher used to say I had a mitten on my tongue. I know, at any rate, I had a strange confusion in my brain. I hope I am improving in respect to both.

Perhaps you will laugh at me — but I have been writing poetry! Don't, pray, whisper it to any body, for I should die of shame if it was to leak out. I never write until evening, and not then till I am alone in the chamber, with the door locked. I send you my first piece. I have written it over eleven times. It seems to me pretty good. I believe I like my first poem as much as a cow does her first calf; and if I make some fuss about it to you, I know you will find an excuse. I want, dreadfully, to show it to Lucy, but I dare not, she is so knowing. Well, here it is: —

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

O glorious Luna! fair and bright!
 Thou art to me a pleasant sight.
 When I was yet a little boy,
 I thought thee but a splendid toy;
 But now I better know thy state—
 A world thou art, though not first rate,
 Because this earth of ours is bigger,
 And Jupiter cuts a greater figure.
 Still, glorious Luna, fair and bright,
 Thou art to me a pleasant sight;
 The reason why I cannot tell,
 Although I know it very well;
 I know that poets bow before thee—
 I know that lovers all adore thee;
 And oft my thumping heart confesses
 Fair Luna's silvery, soft caresses.
 While here, in famous Boston town,
 I think of thee at far Sundown,
 And often dream, with fond delight,
 Of coons I've caughted there by thy light.

O gentle Moon! Shine soft and gay
 On my dear parents, far away;
 And let thy gentlest rays fall clear
 On hills and streams to me so dear.
 This night thy dancing beams will play
 On those fond scenes so far away;
 They'll shed their light o'er that lone dell
 Where father, mother humbly dwell;
 Perhaps they'll shine upon the shed
 Where the old horse and cow are fed;
 Perchance they'll wake old cock-a-doodle,
 And make him say it's morn—the noodle!
 They'll go where father keeps his pig—
 They'll go where Bottle Nose's wig
 Warm from the hill-side's peeping,
 While snug within the warrior's sleeping!

O Moon! Could I but share thy flight
 To those dear scenes, this lovely night,
 How blest my aching heart would be!
 But, ah, such joys are not for me!
 Here I, poor Billy Bump, must stay,
 In weary exile far away;
 And only see, in dreamy view,
 The loveliest spot I ever knew.

Sweet Moon, good-by! But grant me this:
 Give all and each I love a kiss!
 Father and mother—dog and cat,
 The cow, the calf, the pig, the rat,
 The horse, the hens, the bread, the butter,
 The door, the window, and the shutter;
 And all the rest, if you have time to,
 Which I can't stay to get a rhyme to.

There, mother—that's my very first!
 I know you'll laugh, but you are a good
 way off, and I shan't hear it. Don't read
 it to father, for the world. You may say
 it all over to the horse and cow; tell 'em
 it's from me, and they'll take it in good
 part. I tried very hard to bring Lucy into
 the poem, but I could get no word to rhyme
 with her name, but *juicy*, and that didn't
 sound right. I really think my first effort
 is pretty good, considering. I intend,
 next, to address some lines to the Muse,
 but I must first find out what the Muse is.
 I have read about the nine Muses, but
 whether *the* Muse is their father or moth-
 er, their aunt or uncle, is what I am un-
 able to determine. I think the subject a
 good one, there are so many rhymes to
 it, such as *shoes, blues, ooze, noose, lose,*
snooze, &c., &c. I can bring Lucy into
 this poem thus:—

Spirit of air, they call thee gentle Muse—
 Alas! I seek thy angel face in vain!
 Forgive me then, if, thus in doubt, I choose
 Fair Lucy for the subject of my strain.

You see I got over the difficulty, arising
 from my not being acquainted with the
 Muse. Perhaps, after all, as poetry is a
 matter of fancy, the less we know of what
 one is talking about, the better. When
 you write, tell me what you think of my
 versés. It's very hard work, this writing
 poetry, and reminds me of an Indian

cutting down an oak-tree with the horn of a buffalo. There's a monstrous deal of hacking and hewing, and counting the fingers, and trying this way and that; but, yet, there's a great deal of poetry turned out every year. What the use of it all is, I can't say; probably the poets find amusement in writing, even if their verses are good for nothing. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I suspect the fun of poetry lies in making it.

Well, good-by, dear mother! give my love to all, and believe me ever yours,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Hagar and Ishmael.

THEY sank amid the wilderness,
The weary and forsaken;
She gave the boy one faint caress,
And prayed he might not waken.

But death, not sleep, was on those eyes,
Beneath the heat declining;
O'er glittering sands and cloudless skies
The noontide sun was shining.

Far, far away the desert spread;
Ah! love is fain to cherish
The vainest hopes: but now she said,
"Let me not see him perish!"

Then spake the Lord; and at his word
Sprang forth a little fountain,
Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard
Is in some pine-clad mountain.

And herb and shrub, upon the brink,
Put forth their leaf and blossom;
The pelican came down to drink
From out its silvery bosom.

O blessed God, thus doth thy power,
When, worn and broken-hearted,
We sink beneath some evil hour,
And deem all hope departed.

Then doth the fountain of thy grace
Rise up within the spirit;
And we are strengthened for that race
Whose prize we shall inherit.

When least we hope, our prayer is heard,
The judgment is averted;
And comes the comfort of thy word
When most we seem deserted.

Looking ahead.

OF all the *look-ahead* people that we have ever heard of, a certain lady, who was in the habit of buying articles she did not want, merely because she could get them cheap, bears off the palm. On one occasion, she brought home an old door-plate, with a name engraved on it. "Do tell me, my love," inquired her husband, on being invited to applaud her purchase, "if it be your intention to deal in old brass? Of what possible use can this be?" "Bless me!" replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to 'look-ahead,' and buy things against the time of need. Now, who knows, my darling, but you may die, and I marry a man with the same name as that on this door-plate? Only think what a saving there would be!" — *Newspaper*.

Pat and the Alphabet.

THE following scene is said to have occurred recently, in a private school:—
"Ah, Pat! Pat!" exclaimed the schoolmistress to a very thick-headed urchin, into whose brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you'll never learn any thing. Now, what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure I don't know, ma'am," replies Pat.

"I thought you recollected that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a *fly-speck*."

"Well, now remember, Pat, it is I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no, — not U, but I."

"Not I, but *you*, ma'am — how's that?"

"Not I, but you, *blockhead*."

"O, yis, faith, now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say that not I, but *you*, are a blockhead!"

Shrines and Pilgrimages.

THE custom of making pilgrimages to sites of reputed sanctity, prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred, at a very early period, to the Christian church. Journeys of this kind to Jerusalem are mentioned in the third century; and in the fourth, they are said, by St. Jerome, to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. The custom of worshipping the relics of martyrs also prevailed in Egypt in the same century. It was, however, much later before such practice became established in its full extent; probably, not till the time of the crusades. In England there were few shrines or relics of great repute which dated beyond this period. In some of the most celebrated, as that of the Virgin of Walsingham, and the true blood at Hailes,

the sacred *materiel* was professedly imported by the crusaders; whilst the greatest of all, the shrine of Becket, at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

The passion for visiting shrines and other sacred places, appears, in the middle ages, to have prevailed preëminently in England. In the days of Bede, (in the seventh and eight centuries,) a pilgrimage to Rome was held to be a great virtue. In later ages, the "shadow" of St. James, at Compostella, was chiefly visited by English pilgrims, and appears to have been set up to divert a part of the inundation which flowed upon Rome.

In the days of Chaucer, it seems to have been almost as fashionable to make occasional visits to the tomb of some favorite saint, as it now is to frequent the different watering-places.

In the number of her domestic shrines, England alone exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of Our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman, not regarded irreligious, invariably paid his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury, on the sixth jubilee of the translation of Becket, are said to have exceeded one hundred thousand — a number which, if correctly given, must have comprised nearly a twentieth of the entire population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when pilgrimage had much declined, it appears that upwards of five hundred devotees, bringing money or cattle, arrived in one day at an obscure shrine in Wales. These facts give some idea of the extent to which pilgrimages

were carried in this country, and impart a peculiar interest to the subject.

The pilgrimages of the middle ages may be divided into four classes — first, pilgrimages of penance or devotion to foreign shrines; secondly, pilgrimages of the same kind to English shrines; thirdly, pilgrimages to medical or charmed shrines; and, fourthly, vicarious pilgrimages, for the good of the soul of the principal. Other kinds have been enumerated; but these contain all which had any professed reference to devotion.

The professional costume of a pilgrim is usually described as consisting of a long, coarse, russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leathern belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl or bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop shells, or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm, and a long walking-staff, (the *bourdon*;) hooked like a crosier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument.

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. On a certain day, he repaired to the church, and, after making confession, he prostrated himself before the altar, where certain prayers and masses were said over him, ending with the *Gloria Patri*, *Ad te, Domine, levavi*, and the *Miserere*. He then arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff, sprinkling each with holy water, and placing the former round his neck, and the latter in his hand. If

he were going to Jerusalem, the crosses of his gown were sprinkled in the same way, and publicly sewed upon his garment. The service then ended with the mass, *De iter agentibus*; and, on the day of taking his departure, he was sometimes led out of the parish in procession, with the cross and holy water borne before him. Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses.

In Blomefield's "Norfolk," an instance is cited of a pilgrim who insured the prayers of a religious house during his absence, by a gift of cattle and corn, and gave the reversion of his estates to it, if he should not return. Such acts of generosity had, probably, a reference to the protection which the church bestowed on these devotees. During their absence their property was secured from injury, nor could they be arrested or cast in any civil process. The most desperate characters respected the sanctity of their profession, and, in some instances, have been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them.

The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled, by a law of 9 Edward III., to embark and return by Dover, "in relief and comfort of the said town;" and, in 13 Richard II., 1389, at the request of the "barons of Dover," who alluded to this ordinance, the king commanded, that all pilgrims and others, excepting soldiers and merchants, should embark at Plymouth or Dover, and nowhere else, without special license from the king himself: those, however, who wished to go to Ireland, might embark where they pleased.

From the reason assigned by the barons for their petition, it has been inferred that the restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise. At Dover, too, was founded a hospital, called the *Maison Dieu*, for the reception of poor pilgrims; a considerable portion of which building remains to the present day.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmers; a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though the name is familiar to the readers of Scott's "Ivanhoe." Their designation is supposed to have been derived from the palm, (the symbol of Palestine,) branches of which were brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as follows: "The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges;

but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he obtained his palm by death." These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved; and it would be, perhaps, difficult to determine any that were so.

The profession of a palmer was, at first, voluntary, and arose in that rivalry of fanaticism which existed in the earlier part of the middle ages. But, afterwards, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance; and by a law of Henry I., priests who revealed the confessional were punished by these perpetual pilgrimages, amounting to banishment. In some cases, a variety of severe conditions were added to the sentence. Some who were thus condemned, were made to wander about almost naked, carrying rings and chains of iron; and others were bound, in all their journeys, to kneel down at short intervals and beat the earth with the *palms* of their hands.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE think the first letter we give this month should be the following from our friend Peter Parley:—

January 13, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have received your note requesting me to furnish some articles for the Museum for February. I am sorry to make excuses, but I am getting old, and this cold weather pinches me up terribly; so pray let me off till next number. I hope to thaw out by that time.

I don't know how it is with you, but it seems to me I never knew it so cold. I see by the Canada papers, that they have heard the Aurora Borealis there, and I think I heard Jack Frost, last night, as plain as day. It seemed to me, as he came snorting around the corner of the house, pushing and shoving at the windows, and sticking his claws in at the cracks of the doors, that I heard him talking to himself. It positively sounded as if he was swearing; but I suppose this was a mistake. He was in a desperate bad humor, at any rate,

for he froze my potatoes, cracked two pitchers, and killed my neighbor's rooster. This latter event was very mysterious, for the poor creature was found in the morning sitting on his roost, as if asleep — but stiff and stark as an icicle. If such things had been done by any body but Jack Frost, they would have been considered altogether outrageous; but he seems privileged to do what he pleases, and all the world smiles. Well, what can't be cured must be endured. I am yours truly,

P. P.

We find our table full of kind remembrances from our correspondents — Merry Christmases, Happy New Years, Puzzles, Charades, &c., &c. We can only make a selection of a small part of the letters before us.

We have received the following with pleasure, and the publishers will send the Museum, as suggested:—

Flemington, N. J., Nov. 25, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

Last evening I received your Museum and Parley's Playmate, instead of the Playmate that I have been taking for the past year. I was told by the agent that he could bring me no more of the original Playmates, as the work was finished. After he left, I read your letter to the subscribers, and saw the truth. I felt inclined to sit down and write to you, to send me the Museum and Playmate; but, alas! I had no money to enclose, and it would be perhaps three or four weeks before I should be able, honestly, to send a dollar, for I should not think it right to send it before all my present debts are liquidated. Then I thought I would write some charades, and send them, and perhaps you would think them worth a copy of your work; if not, you are welcome to them. They will amuse other children, if not mine.

Yours respectfully, a village school dame,

E. B. H.

CHARADE. No. 1.

My first a little word,
Expressive of ability;
My next, as I have heard,
Means leader of gentility.

My whole an eastern city,
From whence we get our tea;
Now tell me, little reader,
What can that city be?

No. 2.

To a stream in bonny Scotland, that flows to
the North Sea,
Add three fourths of a title of old nobility;
And tell if you can find the name of one to be,
The coming year, the president of our loved
country.

No. 3.

My first is a contraction,
That means that more than one
Are joined in the transaction,
When it is added on.

My second is a female,
Who vows that she will wear
Forevermore the convent veil,
And leave this world of care.

My third a noisy instrument,
That most boys love to beat,
When soldiers, in their merriment,
They're marching down the street.

My whole now guess it if you can;
I think you won't mistake it;
If you will set your wits to work,
As I do when I make it.

No. 4.

TO MAKE A VEGETABLE.

To a whole Italian river,
Add one half of a tail,
And now half of a toad,
And you'll have it without fail.'

'Twas first among the Andes found,
And ripens well beneath the ground.

No. 5.

I am a little, tiny thing,
Quite easy to be found,
By those who know me, every where,
Upon the stony ground.

But never in the fields I'm found,
Nor the sweet-smelling hay,
Nor yet within the rustling leaves,
Where birds and squirrels play.

I'm found in every-meadow green,
And every wood and mountain,
And twice in every smiling flood,
But once in every fountain.

Hingham, Nov. 22, 1848.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
MERRY'S MUSEUM AND PARLEY'S PLAYMATE.

Sir: The following are respectfully offered as contributions for the amusement of your youthful patrons. Although I am a stranger to you, and might commit just such blunders as Billy Bump did in Beacon Street, I am satisfied that you are a good man, and will judge justly of the propriety of giving these a place in your Museum and Playmate.

Yours in the love of children,

W. A. K.

COASTING.

Hurrah! see, the first snow of winter has come;

Hurrah now, hurrah for the play!
Bring the coasters all out, and we'll off, with a shout,

To the star-lit hill-side away.
Neglected our skates may hang up for to-night;
Deserted the hard-frozen lake;
The swift race, and the bound, with a sail and go round,

For new pleasures a while we forsake.

High up to the summit our cutters we tug,
Then seated in turn, and in line,
Down, down the smooth track, with a train at our back,

O, surely no sport is so fine! —
Down, down the long slope, skill alone for our hope,

Like an Indian arrow we go,
Till, escaped in a trice, on the clear sheeted ice,
We fly o'er the meadow below.

Then up to the summit again do we tug,
And think ourselves paid in the sport, —
For with health all a-glow, how the cutting winds blow,

We give not a care nor a thought.
O let those who may choose o'er their fire-sides to muse,
And with winter's pure joys disagree;
But I love the delights of its out-o'-door nights,

Where all hearts are o'erflowing with glee!

LUCY'S PET.

Little Kitty, fond of play,
Frolics all the living day;
Running, leaping, twirling o'er,
Like one crazy — round the floor.

What is that she watches so?
Mother's thread. See, see it go! —
Now the zephyr shakes the fold,
Quick her claws the curtain hold.

Now she paws a curling snail,
Now she tries to catch her tail;
Now at nothing jumps up high; —
What is that she eats? A fly!

So she goes all through the house;
Crouching, now, as for a mouse,
Quick she springs; 'tis all for nought —
Yet she pretends the mouse is caught.

DESCRIPTION OF A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Being at present at a boarding-school which I and every other scholar think a good one, I consider it my duty, as a subscriber to the Museum, to give you a short description of it; I say a short description, because to give a full one would take up more time than I have to spare.

It is situated fifteen miles from the city of

New York, at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands a very fine view of the city and bay of New York; and on a clear day we can see the packets for Liverpool, as they pass through the Narrows. One of the boys says that he distinguished one day a butcher's cart going up Chatham Street, but, as the Irishman says, this is all "blarney."

We are surrounded with woods on all sides except the front, and on this side we have an extensive view of more than fifteen miles. About half a mile from us there is a rock called *Table Rock*, from its flatness, which is nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and from which we have a still more extensive view than that from the house.

There is also a cave about five miles from us, which has four rooms in it, though not very large ones. About two years ago, a small boy from Paterson, visited it for some purpose not known, but it is supposed from curiosity. He entered the large room with a candle, and found that there was an entrance to another room. The hole was just large enough to admit him. No one had ever entered it before to our knowledge, but curiosity led this boy on. He entered the hole and found there, in a dark corner, the skull of a human being, and close by it a musket, like those used in the revolution; they seemed to have lain there some years. From this we should conclude that some soldier or hunter had there breathed his last, without one human being by him to comfort him in his last agony.

Some distance this side of the cave, there is a rock which overlooks the Narrows. On this rock once stood General Washington, and watched the British fleet as they entered the Narrows. But they never made out to pass this mountain, and we hope they never will. In winter, the sliding down hill is not to be surpassed. We can start from the school-room door when the hill is smooth, and go as much as half a mile down the mountain, till we arrive at the old stone house, as we call it, where Washington once resided for a short time.

We have amusements of various kinds. We have a small gymnasium in which the boys exercise a good deal during their play hours, and are pretty active in their sports.

I will now tell you a little about the in-door regulations. The house is a large, four-story one, thirty feet wide and sixty-three feet deep, with rooms sufficient for forty boys or more if required. The boys dine with the principal and family, and are very much the same as members of the family. All intercourse of a familiar kind with the boys of the neighborhood is strictly prohibited.

We are taught the English and classical branches, the former by the principal, the latter by an assistant teacher. The house is one mile distant from the village, and we have every thing in such abundance on the Mountain, as we call it, that there is nothing to call us to the village. To sum up all, we are satisfied with the sport we have, and our parents are satisfied with our sport and improvement both.

Yours truly,

A STUDENT.

Cave Spring, Georgia.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I have long wished to become acquainted with you, and I have no other method of doing so than to write to you. My sister and myself take the Museum, and we are very much pleased with it. I read Billy Bump's letters with a great deal of interest; and I hope you will continue to publish them. My father lives in Tuscaloosa, Alabama; but, in order to educate us, he has a summer cottage in this place, called *Cave Spring*. It is a pretty spot in the bosom of the mountains, with the most beautiful groves, and clearest water, in the world. It is called *Cave Spring* from there being a large cave, and a beautiful spring which issues from it. I have been in the cave, and the floors of it are covered with an ashy substance, filled with saltpetre, which, my father says, is the remains of animal matter. I wish you would visit the Cherokee region. It is a delightful country, and I am not surprised the Indians did not wish to leave it.

You will do me a great favor by publishing my letter in the Museum and Playmate. I am a little girl of ten years old, but I hope you do not think that I am too small to have a correspondence with my friends, Peter Parley and Robert Merry.

Your friend,

I. D. P.

Stamford, Ct., Nov. 15, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

Knowing that your subscribers often write to you, I hope you will allow me to do the same, and perhaps you will insert my letter in your Museum.

My brother and I have taken your Museum ever since it was first edited, and we indeed find it a museum of amusing and entertaining matter. I take a great pleasure in studying out your enigmas and riddles, but I think that you keep us waiting too long a time: the Museum does not come soon enough.

I live in Stamford; it is in Fairfield county, Connecticut. I think it is a very pretty little place, and so do most people who visit it. A great many strangers from New York and other places come up here to spend the summer in bathing, fishing, sailing, and picnicking, along its various beaches. If ever you come this way, I wish that you would come and see us. I am quite sure that you would think Stamford is a pretty place.

From a blue-eyed subscriber,

M. C. D.

Slaterville, R. I., Dec. 5, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

I send a piece of poetry which I think is worthy an insertion in your very interesting and instructive magazine. It may give courage to Billy Bump and others who need encouragement.

My daughter has taken your magazine ever since it was published, and has sent you some enigmas, which you have been kind enough to publish. We have the volumes bound, except those of last year and this.

Your friend, &c.

The following stirring call, founded upon an interesting private incident, may rouse some desponding spirit to noble action:—

“COURAGE, BOY, COURAGE!”

BY REV. T. T. WATERMAN.

Yes, courage, boy, courage! and press on thy way;

There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear;

Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day;

Hold on to thy purpose, do right, persevere!

Though waves of temptation in anger may roll,

And storm cloud on storm cloud hang dark in thy sky,

Still, courage, boy, courage! there's strength in thy soul;

Believing and doing bring help from on high!

When breakers are round thee 'mid wreck and 'mid roar,

Eye closer thy compass, be fervent in prayer;

The Savior Almighty can help thee ashore,
And songs of salvation be 'sung by thee there!

Let joy light thy cheek then, and hope gild thy brow;

Ne'er parley with wrong, nor ill stay to borrow;

Let thy object be *Truth*, thy watchword be *Now!*

Make sure of to-day—trust God for to-morrow.

By deeds of the mighty, who struggled and bled,

Be incited to action, and manfully fight.—
Good is worth doing, boy!—and, living or dead,

That good shall reward thee with honor and might.

Then, courage, boy, courage! there's light
in thy sky;

Be humble, be active, be honest, be true—
And though Hosts may confront, and Hell
lift its cry,

"I've conquered!" at last shall be shouted
by you!

Cambridgeport, Nov. 17, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

I am a constant reader of the Museum, and have been so for two or three years. Having seen letters in the Museum from little correspondents, I thought that, perhaps, you would not be offended if I should write one to you.

When the last number of the Museum came, I went to school, and thought that I would tell the scholars some stories from it; but I found that they all took it as well as myself. I wish that you would give us some stories like Inquisitive Jack, or some other long ones. I like the funny letters of Billy Bump. He seems a good sort of fellow, but a genuine greenhorn, about some things.

I am your friend,

A. E. M.

Lynnfield, Dec. 12, 1848.

ESTEEMED AND DEVOTED FRIEND OF YOUTH:

Dear Sir, —

Permit me to address you by this familiar title. Though unknown to you personally, yet I am well acquainted with you through the columns of your Museum. I join with your other youthful correspondents in expressing my fondness for perusing its contents, and partaking of so rich a treat as its pages monthly afford.

The only *fault* I have to find with your Museum is, that it does not come half often enough; and this, I think, all your little readers will say, who feel interested in the welfare of their friend Billy Bump. I looked for a letter from Billy in your last, but found none. I suppose he has gone into the country to spend thanksgiving with his Pa and Ma. I hope that Billy and Tom Trotter will not enlist for California, for we want their letters.

I have written you this as my first, and shall

be happy to receive notice of its arrival in your next.

M. E. C.

Saco, Jan. 8, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I am one of your subscribers, and like your Museum very much indeed. I send you the answers to the enigmas in your January number. The first is "General Tom Thumb;" the second is "George N. Briggs;" and the third is "The Holy Bible."

I. T. H.

We hardly need to add, that our young friend from Saco is a good and true guesser, as most people *down east* are said to be.

We have a letter from C. M., also of Saco, giving the same answer as the above. If we could give it in the beautiful handwriting of the original, we should insert it.

Our thanks are due to many other friends, especially to "two constant readers, H. & S. B." We shall talk to our partner, Peter Parley, and if he has any more stories about Mat Olmstead and Bill Keeler, we shall desire him to bring them out, for the benefit of our readers.

C. H. C., of New London, N. H., has our acknowledgments. He writes a fair and neat hand, and I trust this is a characteristic of his temper and disposition.

We have to acknowledge another communication from our rosy-cheeked, black-eyed neighbor, F. We have a pleasant letter from Mary E. W., of Chicago. When we visit that place, we shall try to find her out and pay her a visit. R. W., of Middlebury, Vermont; O. G. P. of Clover Garden; Julia A. R.; Jack, — of Citsam, all have our thanks.



Stories of the Alps.

THE highest peak of the Alps, in Switzerland, called Mont Blanc, is nearly two thirds of a mile high; that is, about three times as high as Mount Washington, the tallest mountain in the

United States, east of the Mississippi. It is always covered with ice and snow, in summer as well as in winter.

Around this lofty peak are other mountains, between which there are deep val-

leys, and swift rivers, and beautiful lakes. In these regions, along the sides of the mountains and in the valleys, the Swiss people live, and here they have cities and villages.

In summer, the valleys are, like those of Vermont and New Hampshire, covered with bright verdure, and affording the most lovely landscapes. But in winter, the snow falls to a great depth, and sometimes buries whole villages so deep that the people are obliged to dig holes from house to house under the snow. Sometimes a family, with its pigs, hens, and cattle, live under the snow for two or three months, going about in burrows or alleys which they have dug in the snow.

It often happens that the great masses of snow which have accumulated high up in the mountains tumble into the valleys. A slide of this sort is called an *avalanche*. I chanced, many years ago, to see one of these, so late as the month of April. At first, when I saw it begin to descend from the high mountains, it looked only like a small wreath of mist; but it soon grew larger, and as it came near and plunged into a ravine, it made the pine-trees crack and writhe,—and fell at last with a dead, thundering sound, which made the rocks shake.

The people among the high Alps do not often attempt to travel about much during winter; but still they sometimes do it, and accordingly sad accidents have happened from persons getting lost, or frozen, or buried in the snow-drifts. These have been so frequent on the road leading over the tall mountain called St. Bernard, that some monks have built a convent there, and devoted themselves to

the saving of travellers who may be in danger of perishing in the snow.

These monks, it is said, have actually saved a great many people; and in this charitable business they have been aided by a kind of spaniel, a large, shaggy dog, much resembling our Newfoundland breed. All our friends have read the story of one of these dogs, which found a boy, nearly frozen, upon the snow. Somehow or other the little fellow got upon the creature's back, and he was carried to the door of the convent, and thus his life was saved.

Many very interesting stories of these dogs are told. It is said that sometimes, when persons have been overwhelmed by snow-drifts, and buried eight or ten feet deep, these creatures have found them, and begun to howl, and thus brought the monks to their aid. The dogs assist in digging, and work with all their might; and thus persons have often been rescued. These dogs go out on cold, winter nights, to see if they can find any body in distress; one of them has a wooden flask of spirits tied to his neck, to provide for the chance that they may meet some one who is ready to faint from cold and weariness.

One of these dogs saved the lives of twenty persons who had otherwise perished in the mountains. He was therefore honored with a medal of silver, which he always wore around his neck. But alas! this noble animal fell a victim to his charitable exertions. In the winter of 1816, the courier of Piedmont arrived at the convent of St. Bernard. The snow was falling fast, and the weather was intensely cold. The man was advised by no means to proceed, but he was anxious

to reach his family that night, and so he set forward. The monks had furnished him with two guides and two dogs, one of them the famous dog of the medal.

They all proceeded amid the snow and the tempest, but in a short time a terrific avalanche descended from the mountains, and buried them beneath its enormous masses. Every one perished; and, sad to relate, some members of the family of the poor courier, who expected him, and who had set out to meet him, shared the same fate.

It was many years ago that I crossed the St. Bernard. It was summer then, but I was on foot, and, having travelled thirty miles during the day, I was very glad to take lodgings at the convent for the night. I found the monks to be fat, easy people, and I became very well acquainted with one of them. I told him some of my stories, and he told me some of his. He gave me an account of the monastery, which I will repeat to my readers.

Now, you must know that Saint Bernard was a very famous saint. He was born in Burgundy, in France, A. D. 1091. At that time the pass of the mountains was frequented, and many persons suffered or perished from the snows. So the saint built a convent there, and spent forty years of his life on the spot. The date of his building the convent is fixed at 962 A. D., which is about one hundred and twenty-nine years before the saint himself was born. How this is to be explained I cannot tell, and need only say that the lives and actions of most Catholic saints are about as inconsistent as this.

Whatever was the precise date of the founding of the convent, it is a very an-

cient institution, and since its first establishment has been twice consumed by fire. It is built near a lake, and at the foot of mountains which are covered with everlasting snow and ice. The scenery around, even in summer, is strikingly desolate. The buildings consist of several low, irregular structures of stone, with peaked roofs.

The convent is, in fact, a kind of tavern, it being the custom for all travellers to stop there. Those who can afford it pay for their entertainment; those who are poor, and cannot pay, are taken care of gratis. The monks formerly had a good deal of property, which supported the establishment; but now they are poor. Many persons, however, give them money to aid them in their charitable operations, and the Swiss governments also contribute to their funds, so that they are well supplied with money and means.

I must tell my readers one of the stories which the gray old friar told me, for it is very interesting. One cold winter night, a short time before I crossed the Alps, an avalanche descended from a mountain near the convent. It took its course toward a small valley where a poor Swiss lived, with his wife and one child, a boy about seven years old.

As the snow descended, it struck the house, which was built of wood, and taking it off its foundation, carried it to a considerable distance. The man and his wife were at the time on the ground floor, sitting by the fire. Suddenly the house was taken off, and they were left unhurt and undisturbed, except that a drift of snow was dashed in their faces. But their little boy, who was sleeping in a bed

up stairs, was carried away with the house.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and anguish of the parents when they had recovered from the first shock of the disaster. The mother, especially, was in despair for the loss of her child. Though the weather was cold and tempestuous, both father and mother went forth and spent the night in searches for the boy. But all was in vain. In the morning they came to the convent for help. What was

their joy and amazement to find the object of their search, alive and happy, in the convent! for such, indeed, was the fact. One of the dogs had found the little fellow lying upon the snow. It seems he had been tumbled out of his bed, and crawled to some distance. The dog ran to the convent, and help was soon obtained. The child was benumbed with cold, but after a time he recovered, and seemed delighted to find himself warm and comfortable.

PETER PARLEY.



The Bearded Vulture.

As we have been talking about Switzerland, we may as well say something of a certain bird that lives among the mountains there, called *lammergeyer*. It is, in fact, a kind of eagle, or vulture, seeming to partake of the qualities of both. Its character is not, therefore, very good; but still we must say a few words about this famous robber of the mountains. The *lammergeyer*, or, as it is generally called,

the *Bearded Vulture*, prefers living victims, chiefly quadrupeds, and especially those which are incapable of making an effectual resistance, such as rabbits, hares, sheep, and lambs, or even young goats and calves; and thus proves an extremely dangerous neighbor to the peaceful flocks which graze on the declivities of the mountains inhabited by it, or in the intervening valleys.

Sometimes, when rendered desperate by a long fast, it is said to attack the chamois, or even man himself; choosing for the scene of its exploits the brink of a precipice, and descending upon its victim with such an irresistible impetus as to precipitate him headlong into the abyss below. But such bold attempts as this, although spoken of by many writers, are foreign to its usual habits, and may rather be regarded as traditions handed down from generation to generation, than as common or every-day occurrences. In the same manner it is probable that the stories current in the Alps, of children carried off by vultures to be devoured, are rather the expression of a natural dread of what might happen, than a relation of actual events. We are not aware of any authentic testimony in proof of the fact, which may therefore be classed with the narratives of the same description with reference to the condor.

It is from the character in which it is best known to them, as the spoiler of the fold, that this bird has received from the natives of the German Alps its title of *lammergeyer*, the *lamb vulture*. But although this is its food of choice, it feeds also upon carrion; and as when, in pursuit of a living prey, it emulates the eagles by soaring alone or in company only with its mate, so, in its attack upon an unburied carcass, it imitates the vultures by congregating in bands upon the spoil. In such circumstances it does not usually descend from aloft, but sweeps slowly along the ground towards its expected banquet.

Bruce relates, in his *Abyssinian Travels*, a remarkable instance, illustrative at once of the boldness and voracity of this

bird. His servants were preparing for dinner on the summit of a lofty mountain, when a bearded vulture, attracted by the smell of the goat's flesh, which they were cooking, slowly made his advances towards the party, and at length fairly seated himself within the ring which they had formed. The affrighted natives started up, and ran for their lances and shields; and the bird, after an ineffectual attempt to extract a portion of their meat from the boiling water, seized a large piece in each of his talons from a platter that stood by, and carried them slowly along the ground as he came. After an interval of a few minutes, the vulture returned for a second freight, but was shot by the traveller before it could carry its purpose into effect.

Wonders of the West.

THE Hot Springs of Arkansas are justly ranked among the wonders of creation. They are worth a travel of many hundred miles merely to look at. They are located in Hot Spring county, fifty miles west of Little Rock, on a creek which empties into the Washita River, six miles distant, in latitude $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. The creek, which rises in the mountains, some four miles above, winds its way between two hills, running north and south, with a valley between, which is in some places fifty, and in others a hundred yards wide. On the side of one of the hills—which is very precipitous, and rises to the height of four hundred feet—the springs break out, in various positions, from the margin of the creek to the summit of the hill.

The number of springs is said to be about seventy-five or eighty, within a space of five hundred yards; but the number is not uniform, as new springs break out and old ones fill up. There are numerous cold water springs within a few yards of the hot ones. The heat of the water is sufficient to scald a hog, to boil eggs, or wash clothes, without the aid of fire.

The creek is so much heated by the springs that horses and cattle will not drink of it a mile below.

It is thought these springs are destined to attract a great deal of attention for their invaluable healing properties, as well as for their curiosity. Accommodations for invalids are greatly improved within the present year.

In the same vicinity is the Magnetic Cave, a large bed of magnetic rock, and the Crystal Mountain, where beautiful crystals, of various forms, are found. In several of the mountains are found the best quarries of whetstone in the United States.

A Publisher's Soliloquy.

'Tis strange, 'tis most prodigious strange,
That our subscribers are so careless grown
In paying their arrears! They cannot think
That we alone, who publish to the world
News from all nations, and delight to spread
Useful instruction through our spacious land,
Can meanwhile live on air! 'Tis flesh and
blood

That works the press, and turns the blackened
sheet

Well stored and ready for their eager eyes.
This flesh and blood must be recruited oft,
As well as theirs, or else the press must stop.
This calls for CASH! And then how many
reams

Of paper are struck off, and scattered wide,
For which no length of credit will be given,—
And many things required by those who print,
For which our money must be answerable.
O that our readers would consider this!

And while they laughingly look our pages o'er,
And gather information from our columns,—
“Do I owe, for one, two, three, or four
Years past, the printer, who supplies me with
This sheet?” And O that they might only
add,

“I'll go, even now, and pay him!” So
should we

Well pleased receive, and with light hearts
pursue

Our useful toil, while conscience would ap-
plaud.

We may prepare. Come, then, good friends
and soon.

Dogs in England.

THE following statistics are not without
interest:—

The total number of dogs taxed in
Great Britain, in 1841-42, exclusive
of packs of hounds, was 300,386.

	£	s.	d.
Whole amount of tax,.....	159,630	16	0
92 packs hounds compound- ed for.....	3,312	00	0
	£162,942	16	0

Nearly.....\$814,710

Rates—Greyhounds, £1; pointers,
setters, spaniels, &c., when one person
keeps two or more, £14; house dogs and
others, when a person has but one, £8.

Love.

LOVE is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven whose heart
Glow's with this holy love.



The Hyena.

THIS fierce and disagreeable creature is a native of various parts of Africa and the western portions of Asia. It is larger than a wolf, and much stronger. It lives by thieving and robbery, and often carries off sheep and cattle. It even attacks man, and, as its operations are performed at night, it is much dreaded. It often lurks about graveyards, and even digs up dead bodies, which it devours.

It is natural enough that many wild tales should be told of such a creature; but we know no one more amusing than the following, related by Sherman, and which was told to him at the Cape of Good Hope.

One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them, who was trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions, not wanting him in the room with them, carried him out of doors, and laid him down by the side of the house, to get cool and sober.

The trumpeter lay there, and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and, thinking him dead, began to drag him away, so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was some time before the man awoke so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so he found himself across the back of the hyena, which was making off towards the mountain as fast as possible. Being horror-struck at finding himself in the power of the ferocious beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung about his neck, he sounded an alarm. The beast, thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet as the man was at his situation; so that, dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any man but a trumpeter would have escaped so easily.



Distant View of Mount Olympus, in Greece.

Jupiter.

THE following is from one of our young correspondents:—

Saturn, one of the most ancient divinities of Grecian mythology, in order to fulfil the treaty he had made with his brothers, ordered all his male children to be brought to him at their birth, that he might devour them. His wife, Cybele, (or Ops, as she is often called,) shocked at his cruelty, presented to Saturn, at the birth of Jupiter, a stone dressed in the swaddling clothes of an infant, which the god greedily swallowed, thinking it his son. He must have been very near sighted, for at the birth of Neptune and Pluto he performed the same marvellous feat, swallowing two more stones without ceremony.

Jupiter was conveyed to Mount Ida in the Isle of Crete, where he was nursed by nymphs and suckled by a goat called Amalthea. When he began to get his first teeth, although a god, he did not get them without a great deal of crying and screaming; and as far as that matter went,

he even beat all earthly babies. Cybele was so disturbed for fear that her husband would discover her exploits, that the priests invented a sort of dance, in which they struck at each other with shields of brass. The noise thus made prevented Saturn and the Titans from hearing the cries which would otherwise have discovered the existence of Jupiter. He thus grew to be quite large and strong before his uncles, the Titans, discovered him.

It would, however, appear that Cybele had meantime acquainted her husband with what she had done, and presented to him the youths, his offspring; and that Saturn was so struck with their beauty and hopeful qualities, that he forgave his wife and took them into favor. By this time the Titans had discovered the trick Cybele had played them, and after remonstrating with Saturn and demanding the destruction of his sons, to which their father would not consent, a fierce war ensued between the two parties.

The Titans were enemies so formidable

that we find them represented as having fifty heads and a hundred hands, each. These giants were at first completely successful against Saturn, and took him and his wife prisoners, and confined them in the infernal regions. But before the lapse of many years, Jupiter, who was from birth a hero, overcame the Titans, and, freeing his parents from their imprisonment, placed their tyrannical relations in the prison before assigned to his father and mother.

Jupiter's second exploit is not so glorious as the first: this was the defeat and exile of his father. It is true that Saturn had plotted against his life in consequence of a prediction having reached his ears that he should be dethroned by his eldest son; but still Jupiter should have treated his father with more lenity. Jupiter, now becoming the sole master of the empire of the world, generously divided it with his brothers. He reserved for himself the kingdom of heaven, gave the empire of the sea to Neptune, and that of the infernal regions to Pluto. He then married Juno, his sister.

At the commencement of his reign he made himself very popular. Virtue still reigned upon the earth, but not so universally as the age preceding, which has been called the "Golden Age." In effect, crime began to make its appearance, and Jupiter was obliged to punish it in a terrible manner. Lycaon, king of Arcadia, cruelly massacred all strangers who passed within his reach. Jupiter presented himself at his house, and demanded hospitality. Lycaon, wishing to brave the supreme power, gave to Jupiter for food the limbs of a slave. The enraged god reduced the

palace of the barbarian to ashes, and changed him into a wolf. The wolves and their cruel descendants are still to be found in the woods, carrying with them death and carnage! It is probably in consequence of this that he received his surname of *Hospitalis*. He derived his name of *Jupiter Ammon*, from the following circumstance: Bacchus, walking one day upon the Arabian sands, became very thirsty, and the god of wine could not find a drop of water. In this extremity Jupiter presented himself to him under the form of a ram, and, striking the earth with his foot, made an abundant stream flow from the sand. From gratitude Bacchus raised in this place a temple. He was here worshipped under the title of Jupiter Ammon; that is to say, god of the sands, *ammon* being a Greek word signifying *sand*.

This deity had a still more celebrated temple in the forest of Dodona. It was there that he delivered his oracles. At Rome he was called Jupiter Lapis, or Jupiter Stone, in memory of the stone that Ops had put in the place of the god, and which Saturn did not, apparently, digest. He had numerous other titles, one of which was the "God of Flies." He obtained this title in the following manner: Hercules, when sacrificing, was attacked by a swarm of flies, which were attracted by the odor of the victim; but having also sacrificed to Jupiter, the flies flew away.

But his most illustrious title is that of Jupiter *Olympus*, because Mount Olympus was his ordinary abiding-place. It was there that the far-famed Olympian games were celebrated in his honor.

The king of heaven was represented by the Greeks as seated upon an eagle, or upon a throne of gold, at the foot of which were two vases, out of which flowed good and evil. His forehead was wreathed in sombre clouds, his menacing eyes, shone under black eyebrows, his chin was covered with a beard full of majesty. He held his formidable sceptre in one hand, and with the other wielded the thunders. The Virtues are seated at each side of him.



Dwarfs.

IN all ages of the world there have occasionally been people so large as to be called *giants*, and others so small as to be called *dwarfs*. General Tom Thumb, whom every body knows, is one of the most celebrated of the latter.

Many hundreds of years ago it was the custom for kings and nobles to have dwarfs in their houses, and many of them became favorites, especially among the ladies. Even at a later period, some of the Eu-

ropean princes kept them about their courts, and Peter the Great is said to have had a great fancy for them. In his time, that is, in 1713, the Princess Natalia, only sister to the czar by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding for two of her dwarfs, who were to be married. On this occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were

summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of ninety-three.

They went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow; before them went a large open wagon drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride in a coach and six, attended by their brideman and maid, who sat before them in the coach; they were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs.

It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage conformable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princess's palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company.

Two long tables were covered, on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together. The princess, with her two nieces, Princesses Anna and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the trouble themselves to see them all seated and well attended before they sat down to their own table. At night the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the married couple to bed in grand state. After that ceremony, the dwarf company had a large room allotted them to make merry among themselves; the

entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted till daylight. The company which attended the princesses on this occasion were so numerous that they filled several rooms.

Splitting Paper.

WE have heard the expression *splitting hairs*, but imagined it to be only a figure of speech. It appears, however, that even a more delicate operation than this — that of *splitting paper* — has actually been accomplished in England. We obtain the following account from a recent London paper:—

“The governor and directors of the Bank of England having been informed of the extraordinary ingenuity of Mr. Baldwin, and that he was able to split not only a newspaper, but a bank note, sent for him in order to test his skill. That his task might be as difficult as possible, they picked him out one of the old one pound notes, which are printed on paper much thinner than the notes of the present day, and told him to split it if he could. Mr. Baldwin took the note home with him, and returned it the next day in the state he had promised. The paper was not in the slightest degree torn, and seemed as though it had but just come from the manufactory, so little was its appearance affected by the operation. The directors remunerated Mr. Baldwin for his trouble, but could not elicit from him the means he employed. The discovery is considered of much importance in connection with the paper currency of the country.”



Alexander Selkirk.

THE history of this person, who suggested to Defoe the idea of the story of Robinson Crusoe, is thus related by Sir John Sinclair: —

He was born at Largo, in the north of Scotland, in 1677. Having gone to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703 being sailing master of the ship *Cinque Ports*, Captain Stradling, bound for the South Seas, he was put on shore on the Island of Juan Fernandez, as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude he remained

four years and four months, from which he was at last relieved and brought to England by Captain Woods Rogers.

He had with him on the island his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, knife, kettle, his mathematical instruments, and a Bible. He built two huts of pimento-trees, and covered them with long grass, and in a short time lined them with skins of goats, which he killed with his musket, so long as his powder lasted,

(which at first was but a pound;) when that was spent, he caught them by speed of foot.

Having learnt to produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, he dressed his victuals in one of his huts and slept in the other, which was at some distance from his kitchen. A multitude of rats disturbed his repose by gnawing his feet and various parts of his body, which induced him to feed a number of cats for his protection. In a short time, these became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from his enemies, the rats. Upon his return, he declared to his friends that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as the thought that, when he died, his body would be devoured by those very cats he had with so much care tamed and fed.

To divert his mind from such melancholy thoughts, he would sometimes dance and sing among his kids and goats; at other times, retire to devotion. His clothes and shoes were soon worn out by running through the woods: in the want of shoes he found little inconvenience, as the soles of his feet became so hard that he could run every where without difficulty. As to clothes, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins, sewed them with thongs of the same cut into proper form with a knife. His only needle was a nail.

When his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that had been left on shore, by beating them thin and grinding them on stones. By his long seclusion from intercourse with men, he had so far forgot the use of speech, that the people on board of Captain Rogers's ship could

scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. The chest and musket which Selkirk had with him on the island are now in possession of his grand-nephew, John Selkirk, weaver.

A Melancholy Story.

West Roxbury, Jan. 26, 1849.

MR. PETER PARLEY: I saw a letter in the last number of the Museum and Playmate from you, mentioning the death of a certain individual of the feathered race, in consequence of the extreme cold weather during the latter part of December. This letter induces me to send you an account of an incident which occurred about the same time on my premises.

Perhaps you remember, Mr. Parley, during your visit to me last summer, to have noticed a very important, strutting, crowing, scratching personage with a red comb, an arched tail, and the step of an emperor: well, the poor fellow is dead, and what is very sad to say, he died in consequence of his vain pride and inordinate ambition! The facts are these:—

My next door neighbor has a rooster which set up to be the rival of mine. It is a strange thing, Mr. Parley, that creatures living side by side, instead of cultivating friendship and good feelings, should become envious, jealous, and quarrelsome. But so it is; the birds and beasts seem, in this wicked generation, to be about as depraved as human creatures.

Well, at first the rival roosters were satisfied with trying to see which could crow the loudest, and it really seemed as

if they would split their throats in the contest. Then they began to try which should wake up and crow first in the morning, and in this strife they would often begin at two o'clock at night; and lest one should get an advantage over the other, they kept boodling away till sunrise. Evil example, you know, is catching; and so, finding the roosters having a row, the dogs must have one too. First one would begin to bark, then another, and then another; and in a short time there was a bow-wowing of all sorts and sizes—little dogs and big dogs—over hill and dale, from Dan to Beersheba. Thus it is, that evil communications corrupt good manners.

But to return to the roosters. Ambition is a dangerous passion, and so our story will show. So long as things were confined to crowing, no serious evil followed; but from words the rivals came at last to blows. One day, as they chanced to be pretty near together, they began crowing at each other, and I am fearful they called each other hard names. By-and-by, my rooster got angry; so he mounted the fence which divides my land from my neighbor's, flapped his wings, and crowed a most tremendous crow. Upon this the other cock gave him a regular challenge to fight. There was no police to stop them, and at it they went. It was no boys' play; wings, spurs, and beaks—all were put in requisition. They fought, indeed, like tigers; and when neither could stand, they held on to each other's combs, and lay panting on the ground. At last they got up. One marched one way, and the other marched the other way.

Well, my rooster was nearly blind; so he could not find the way to the hen-

house. The best he could do was to get under a small cedar-tree, and there he took lodgings for the night. But alas! the weather was bitter cold, and the poor fellow's constitution was too much shattered to endure it. In the morning he was found stiff as an icicle, his feathers torn, his comb demolished, and the air of pride and triumph which once characterized him, departed forever. But a humiliation awaited him which is really horrible to relate. My neighbor's rooster saw the poor fellow lying prostrate in the snow; so over the fence he flew, and began a most furious assault upon the lifeless body! After belaboring it for about five minutes, the creature paused, looked contemptuously at the object of his wrath, drew himself up to his full height, and crowed. Then, with theatrical strides, he marched off to his flock of hens, who received him with three cheers, as the hero of all-out-doors!

Now, Mr. Parley, you may think I have been telling a fancy tale; or, as the account is somewhat like the stories about famous men in history who have fought duels and battles just out of pride, you may think I have got up a fable to laugh at such folly, but I assure you the story I tell is essentially true.

I am, sir, &c.,

MICHAEL M——.

COURAGE.—Personal courage is the quality of highest esteem among a warlike and uncivilized people; and with the ostentatious display of courage are closely connected promptitude of offence and quickness of resentment.—*Johnson.*



Frankincense.

IN ancient times, and especially among the Jews, it was a religious custom to burn *incense*, or *frankincense* upon the altar of the sanctuary. This was the peculiar office of the priests. The article used was an odorous gum, obtained by cutting into the bark of a tree called *thurifera*. Its leaves resemble those of a pear-tree. It grows in Arabia, and near Mount Lebanon. The gum was obtained in the dog days, as then only would it flow : at other seasons it was too hard.

The ancient custom of burning incense is imitated in Catholic churches, where

youths are employed to throw the censers containing the fire, and from which an aromatic smoke is diffused among the audience.



A Leaf.

A LEAF falls softly at my feet,
Sated with rain and summer heat ;
What time this leaf was green and new,
I still had parents dear and true.

A leaf — how soon it fades away !
Child of the spring, the autumn's prey ;
Yet has this leaf outlived, I see,
So much that was most dear to me.

Exemplifications of Instinct.

THE similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal.

Thus the young bee, on the day when it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season or being in any sensible way aware of its approach.

We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in a ditch very

busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam, after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous.

A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tamed and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature.

A bee which can fly homeward one or two miles in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy — if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window, which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered.

We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes.

An acute observer of animal habits remarked that a jackdaw, — which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, — was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks, of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance.

Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it by the middle in its bill; and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range; but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions. — *British Quarterly*.

Lightning.

So long as lightning is occasioned merely by the action of the clouds one upon another, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended. Thunder, being only a report, is perfectly harmless at all times. But when the electricity comes within the attraction of the earth, or sinking near the earth's surface, it passes down from the cloud to the earth, sometimes in a straight line of fire, sometimes rolling along like a large ball, clearing out in its way every thing that offers resistance to it; and thus it will often tear up trees, set houses on fire, and even destroy animal life, should it impede its progress.

This ball is liquid in a state of fusion, and not (as has been supposed by some persons unacquainted with the science) a metallic substance called a thunder-bolt. There are metallic substances sometimes precipitated from the air; these are termed *aërolites*, and have nothing to do with the electricity of storms. As soon as the clouds disperse, which is usually after a

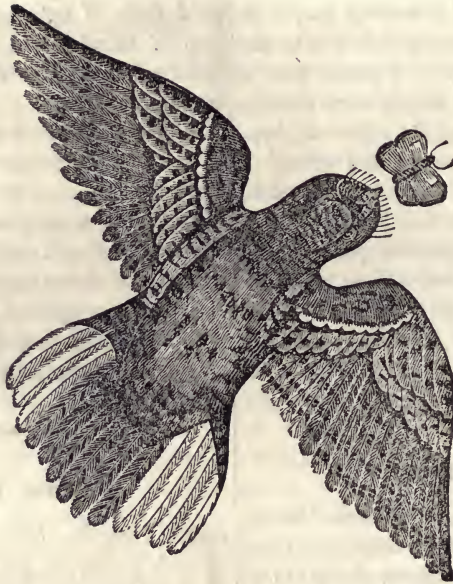
vivid flash of lightning and a very loud clap of thunder, the rain descends, the electrical power is destroyed, and the storm ceases.

Although storms arise from what may be called the accidents of nature, they are of great importance as an effort of nature, by which the atmosphere is cleared of all those impurities it imbibes from noxious vapors and other sources; and hence, despite the dangerous tendencies and the terrors to which they give rise, they are productive of much advantage. — *London Magazine*.

Curious Cargo.

THE Niagara, from Boston, brought this time, as part of her cargo, one hundred carcasses of fresh pork from America. They were preserved in ice, and were in fresh and excellent condition. On Thursday they were sold by auction, and brought from 32s 6d to 35s 6d per 120 lbs. This is the first importation of the kind from the United States. Should the experiment succeed on a larger scale, it cannot but produce a material effect upon the general provision market. — *Liverpool Journal*.

FASHION. — While Queen Victoria was in the Highlands, she one day tied the veil of her hat under her chin, as it was rather chilly weather. Forthwith every lady, "the country round," adopted the style, and in the hottest days of the season, loyalty sweltered away in honor of the royal dame.



The Whip-Poor-Will.

THIS is a very singular and celebrated bird, universally known over the United States for his favorite call in spring; yet personally he is little known. His notes seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost all with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the woods—the glen, or mountain; in a few evenings, perhaps, we hear them from the adjoining coppice—the garden fence—the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling-house—long after the family have retired to rest.

He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods, and when two or more are calling at the same time, the noise, mingling with the

echoes of the mountains, is really surprising. These notes serve pretty plainly to articulate the words Whip-poor-Will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis. When near, you often hear an introductory cluck between the notes. Towards midnight these birds generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight. During the day, they sit in the most retired, solitary, and deep-shaded parts of the woods, where they repose in silence. Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, and such insects as frequent the bark of old, rotten and decaying timber.

ACTIONS.—Things may be seen differently, and differently shown; but *actions* are visible, though motives are secret. — *Johnson.*

Stories about the Bible.

WE, who have Bibles as plentiful as other books, hardly consider the great privileges we enjoy. The following story may serve not only to show us the inestimable value of this book, but make us also feel what great advantages we have over many other people in the world.

The late Rev. Dr. Corrie, bishop of Madras, was formerly the chaplain of Allahabad. At that time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of Scripture into that language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door.

Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scripture, and his impressions of its great realities, that he put the question, "How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way of life and salvation!"

And what was his answer? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well-worn and tattered bits of paper, and said, "From these bits of paper, which a sahib distributed at my door,

whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers; which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day, till they are thus tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language; from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This is the source of my information; thus I have derived my knowledge."

The following story is also very interesting:—

Mr. Robert Aitkin, a bookseller of Philadelphia, was the first person who printed a Bible in that city. While he kept a bookstore, a person called on him, and inquired if he had Paine's "Age of Reason" for sale. He told him he had not; but having entered into conversation with him, and found he was an infidel, he told him he had a better book than Paine's "Age of Reason," which he usually sold for a dollar, but would lend it to him if he would promise to read it; and after he had actually read it, if he did not think it worth a dollar, he would take it again.

The man consented; and Mr. Aitkin put a Bible into his hands. He smiled when he found what book he had engaged to read; but said he would perform his engagement. He did so; and when he had finished the perusal, he came back, and expressed his deepest gratitude for Mr. Aitkin's recommendation of the book, saying it had made him what he was not before—a happy man; for he had found in it the way of salvation. Mr. Aitkin rejoiced in the event, and had the satisfaction of knowing that this reader of the Bible, from that day to the end of his life,

supported the character of a consistent Christian.

We have still another story of the Bible, which is quite striking:—

A little active girl, in Norfolk, England, ten years old, had for some years been nursing, with affectionate watchfulness, a sick sister, whom she expected would soon die; her mother and another sister being also great invalids. She began to feel quite worn out; and leaving her cottage one morning, in order to fetch medicine, she went along her way with a very heavy heart, and crying very much.

When she reached the village of Cromer, she chanced to hear some one speak of two poor criminals about to be executed. Her mind immediately turned to the contrast between the feelings of the friends of these poor wretches, and hers for her sister Lizzy, who, she felt, must be in the hands of God; and if she died, it must be his will, and for good reasons. She felt it was wrong in her to encourage sorrow; therefore, hastening on her business, she resolved to do all she could for the comfort of Lizzy, and leave the event to God.

Whilst returning home across the fields, she directed her mind to think of what she had learned of Scripture. A verse in the 119th Psalm came to her recollection with great force: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right; and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." She felt so cheered by this text, that her mother was quite struck by her cheerfulness on her return; and, on asking her the cause, learned from her the reasoning of her mind, and the effect of this verse of Scrip-

ture. The little girl continued active, day and night, in her attendance; and had the happiness, after some time, of seeing her sister recover. Often too, when the mother's heart was low, she would refer to some words of comfort from the Bible, and repeat them with a confidence in the peace and rest they would afford in time of trouble.

The Northern Morning.

THE *Aurora Borealis* has been very brilliant during this winter, as well here as farther north. A person living at Montreal, wrote the following account to a friend in London, by which it appears that the flashes of light are heard. The people of Lapland have often said that they could hear the Northern Lights when very brilliant; but the fact has been doubted.

"On the evening of the 17th of November, there was one of the most splendid exhibitions of the *Aurora Borealis*, that has been seen for many years, so splendid, indeed, that we read of nothing superior to it in Scoresby, Richardson, and others, who have witnessed it in polar regions. Columnar coruscations shot up to the zenith, from a luminous cloud, which was extended nearly all round the horizon, until the whole hemisphere was covered with them.

"The streamers had, as usual, at first a light and tremulous motion, and when near together presented the appearance of waves or sheets of light and flame, following each other in rapid succession, rising higher and higher, till they met at the

zenith — when the wreaths presented the appearance of a *corona borealis* of singular but ever-varying beauty and brilliancy, and tinged with various prismatic colors, in which orange and green frequently prevailed, but the different shades of red always predominated. *At one time, while*

the coruscations were brightest and most active in their motions, a slight rustling noise, similar to what is emitted by flames of fire, was heard, but not so distinctly as on a former occasion, about twenty years ago."



The Bison

California.

As a great many people are now going to California to search for gold, we give a description of it, which may be found interesting and useful. We present, also, a few pictures of the animals the gold hunters will find, either as food or as companions.

California is a country of North America, extending along its west coast from 22 deg. 48 min. to 42 deg. north latitude, and between 107 deg. and 124 deg. west; having north, the west territories belonging to the United States; east, Mexico and the Gulf of California; and south and west, the North Pacific Ocean. It is naturally divided into Old, or Lower, and New, or Upper, California, which, as they

differ widely, both as to formation and products, we shall notice separately.

In Lower California, violent hurricanes are frequent, but not earthquakes. Timber is very scarce, and by far the greater portion of the country is incapable of producing a single blade of corn. Cattle feed on the leaves of the Muscheto tree, a species of acacia. Wolves, foxes, deer, goats, several species of snakes, lizards, and scorpions, are among the wild animals; and the fertility of the sea, if properly taken advantage of, would make amends for the indomitable barrenness of the land.

Upper California comprises all that extensive portion of North America between latitude 32 deg. and 42 deg. north, and

longitude 107 deg. and 124 deg. west. discovered by Sir Francis Drake, and
 Within these limits it includes the territory named by him New Albion. The part



Rattlesnakes.

inhabited by European and other foreign settlers is merely a tract extending along the shore of the Pacific, for about five hundred miles long and forty miles in width; area, about 2000 square miles; population, in 1831, 23,000. The territory has been thus divided:—

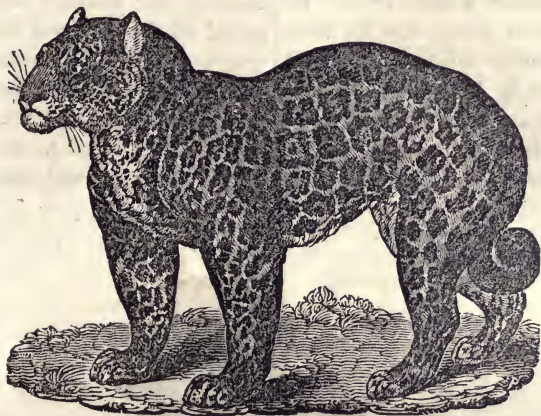
<i>Presidios.</i>	<i>Pop. 1831.</i>	<i>Chief Towns.</i>	<i>Pop.</i>
San Francisco,	6318	San Francisco,	371
Monterey,	4145	Monterey,	708
Santa Barbara,	5593	Santa Barbara,	613
San Diego,	7261	San Diego,	1575

The San Joachim and Jesus Maria are both navigable streams, discharging themselves into the Bay of San Francisco. The other streams are mere rivulets, and the general infrequency of rivers and springs is the chief defect of the country, though water may be obtained in most places by digging. The climate of California, and, indeed, of all the country on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, is considerably warmer than that of the

country in the east parts of America, in the same latitudes.

The mean temperature at San Francisco is 52 deg. 2 min. Fahrenheit. Here is a profusion of forest-trees, including oak, elm, ash, beach, birch, planzy, and many varieties of pines. In limestone and clay, and its abundance of animal and vegetable life, and the fertility of some of its districts, it strikingly contrasts with Lower California. Although many fruits are easily cultivated, few are indigenous. Among the wild animals are the American lion, or panther, the American tiger, or jaguar, buffaloes, stags, roes, elks, the wild mountain cat, bears, wolves, jackals, numerous herds of wild cattle, foxes, polecats, otters, beavers, hares, rabbits, and a profusion of other kinds of game. The elk and argali, or Rocky Mountain sheep, are domesticated. The bison is hunted for its skin, which is used in many parts of Spanish America as a bed or carpet.

Birds are exceedingly abundant. The sea contains exhaustless stores of fish. The Indians are seldom over five feet high. They have a timid carriage, are



The Jaguar.

indolent, pusillanimous, and without any of the boldness, industry, and activity evinced by the Indians nearer the pole. The potato thrives in California, as well as all green pot-herbs introduced by Europeans. The olive is produced in great



The Argali, or Rocky Mountain Sheep.

perfection. Cattle, however, have been the staple of the country. Their increase is extraordinary. There are numerous herds running wild. In the more settled

parts these are all marked, as belonging to certain owners. Any body kills one, and pays the owner a dollar or two for the carcass, beside giving him the hide. The gold miners live chiefly on the cattle killed and brought in by the Indians. Grisly bears are abundant and dangerous. In the neighborhood of the presidios are some ranchos, or national farms, set apart

for the soldiery. In November, 1836, the people of Monterey and its vicinity rose, attacked and subdued the garrison, expelled all the Mexican functionaries and troops, declared California independent, and established a congress of deputies for its future government. Upper California is duly ceded to the United States, by the late treaty with Mexico.



The Dodo.

THIS bird, instead of being designed for swiftness, looks as if it was among the most stupid of living things. It was a native of the Isle of France, and was common there many years ago, but it is now extinct. It was an enormous creature, and four dodos would have made a meal for a hundred men.

The dodo was originally found on the uninhabited islands in the Indian Ocean, and in great numbers, but from various accounts it is supposed now to have en-

tirely disappeared. The dodo, or, as it is sometimes called, the *solitaire*, was seen in numbers by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator, in 1497, and in 1514, on the Islands of Bourbon and Mauritius. He speaks of them as being very tame, and not at all afraid of man.

Leguat, who visited the Island of Rodriguez in 1691, gives a long account of the *solitaire*. Though generally represented as a clumsy and ill-formed bird, he speaks of it as graceful and dignified

in its movements, and as possessing great beauty. Though it would allow itself to be approached, yet, when caught, it was incapable of being tamed, and would refuse all nourishment. The nest was made of a heap of palm leaves raised a foot and a half from the ground, in which one egg was deposited. When the dodo finally disappeared from these islands is not known, but no traces have been found of it since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Song of Autumn.

I COME, I come; ye may hear my song;
From hill-top to valley 'tis pealing along;
The leafless bough is my wild harp string,
And loudly and long to their echoes ring.

Ye may know my path by the golden grain,
And the rainbow hues on my bordered train;
By the towering maple's scarlet tress,
And her forest sisters' gorgeous dress.

The wild flower bows her gentle head,
As she hears afar my conquering tread,
And the prince of the forest doffs his crest,
As a beggar low to a kingly guest.

Ye may see my power in the night-walk still,
When the starlight sleeps on the mountain
rill,

Where the ripples, that danced the livelong
day,

I hush in their wild and careless play,

And bind them fast with a crystal chain,
That a sunbeam's touch may break again;
While fairy Frost, with her glittering gems,
Weaves me a string of diadems.

O, proudly now I career along,
And breezes are pealing my triumph song;

While earth from her garner her treasures
bring,

To lay at the feet of the Autumn king.

But listen! I hear a note of dread,
And I see afar a hoary head;
And a freezing look, from a piercing eye,
Warns me with lightning speed to fly.

'Tis icy cold Winter; I know him well;
I have felt before his withering spell;
A grim old tyrant and lordly is he,
And he laughs outright when he's conquered
me. CORA.

The Broken Pipe.

COME here, little Willy:

Why, what is the trouble?
"I've broke my new pipe, Ma,
And can't make a bubble!"

Well, don't weep for that, child!
But brighten your face;
And tell how this grievous
Disaster took place.

"Why, Puss came along,
And said I, 'Now she'll think
This white, frothy water
Is milk she may drink!'"

"So I set it before her,
And dipped her mouth in—
When, up came both paws,
And stuck fast on my chin!"

"Then I gave her a blow
With my pipe, and it flew
Into three or four pieces:
O, what shall I do?"

NATURE makes us poor only when we want
necessaries, but custom gives the name of
poverty to the want of superfluities. — *Johnson.*

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 56.]

*Letter from William Bump to his Mother, at
Sundown.*

Boston, July, —.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have just been reading your long letter of March 7th. Like all your letters, it made me both sad and glad — sad, to think how many hardships and privations my parents have suffered, and still suffer; and glad, to think how kind and good they are, and have ever been to me. It also gives me pleasure to see how cheerful you are amid your trials; how you seem to dwell rather on the sunny than the shady side of objects, and even to draw consolation from what might be deemed misfortunes.

I should derive more satisfaction from all this, if I felt that I had deserved your kindness, and had duly profited by your counsel and example. But alas! I must confess that I have come short of my duty, and — what will grieve you more — I have even been guilty of faults, of which I hardly dare to tell you. But as I have promised to open my heart to you, dear mother, I shall never have any peace till I have made a full confession.

It is now about a year and a half since I came to Boston; — but I must go back to the first week or two after my arrival. You know, mother, I never had been to meeting or to church when I came here. I had an idea of public worship, for I had heard about it, but I did not know exactly what it was.

Well, the next Sunday after my arrival, uncle Ben took me to Trinity Church,

with his family. This is a very curious building, and, when I entered it, the scene was so strange that it bewildered me. I went along looking up at the lofty ceiling, and gazing at the people. I finally got to the pew, and sat down; but all this time I was in a maze, and quite forgot to think how I looked or acted. In fact, I kept my hat on; and so every body began to look at me. Some rolled up their eyes, and some smiled, and I saw several boys and girls titter. What it all was about I could not imagine: there I sat, my eyes staring about, and my mouth gaping like an oyster on a gridiron. But by and by I saw Lucy put her hand quietly up to her head, as a sign of something. I looked about, and then observed, for the first time, that all the people had their hats off, except me. In an instant the ridiculous figure I was making flashed upon my mind. It seemed as if I should die with shame. I was on the point of rushing out of the house and setting off immediately for Sundown, when I chanced to see a young fellow in the next pew pointing his finger at me. That made me mad, and, though it was Sunday, and the people had begun to sing a psalm, I said to myself, "If I ever ketch that fellow, I'll lick him!"

Now, it chanced that I often met this youth, as I passed through the streets of Boston; and never did this happen but I felt a rush of blood to my face, and a sort of tingling in my fist. About a fortnight ago, he came to our school, and, as ill luck would have it, he sat on a bench right opposite to me. This brought to mind my mortification in the church, and my special indignation against him for

pointing his finger at me. As I was going home from school, I overtook him, and, stepping up, hit him a pretty smart slap on the side of the head.

This was very wrong, I know, but it really seemed to me I could not help it. The fellow was as much amazed as if he'd met a catamount. He looked at me for explanation, and I replied, "That's for pointing your finger at me, and you may take it for your breakfast; if you ever do such a thing again, I'll give you dinner and supper out of the same dish." I was really wild with anger, for I'd kept my bile bottled up eighteen months, and now it bust out like ginger beer in dog days.

The fellow made his escape, and I went home. The next day, I was called up by the master, on a charge of striking this boy. He had greatly exaggerated what happened; and partly on this account, and partly because I had not courage to confess the truth, I denied it. This led to a close examination, and the result was, that the boy was turned out of school, as having told a falsehood. I triumphed and my enemy was disgraced.

At first, I felt very proud and happy; but pretty soon I began to be uneasy. I felt something heavy at my heart. I went to sleep in sadness, and when I awoke, it seemed as if all around was dark and gloomy. I had not the pleasure I before experienced in the society of my companions; I enjoyed no sports; I did not relish my meals. It seemed as if some horrible thing had crept into my breast, and was always saying, "You are a liar!" So I grew fearful, and when any body looked at me, I suspected that they

heard the voice, and saw my sin in my face. I even became jealous of Lucy, and her presence ceased to please me. Her happiness, her truth, her purity, offended me, for I felt them to be a reproach.

My manners and appearance changed. Lucy noticed this, and, I suppose, talked with aunt about it; for one day, as I was coming in from school, she met me, and asked me to go into the garden with her. I could not refuse. When we were alone, "So," said she, "you are going back to Sundown!"

"How?" said I, in amazement.

"Why, you are miserable here, and of course we suppose you wish to go back, and hunt coons and 'possums in your native place."

"Well, I am ready to go, if that is the decision. I had not thought of it, but I shall be happier any where than here."

"Indeed! How so?"

"I have lost the confidence and affection of all around me — of my uncle, and my aunt, and, what is still worse, of you."

"Of me? Heaven forbid! Am I not still your cousin? What have I done to show loss of affection, or a defect of confidence?"

I saw the tears gathering in Lucy's eyes. I felt the wickedness and folly of my conduct; but what could I do? Should I confess my guilt — humble myself in the eyes of one whose esteem I prized above every thing else? These cruel questions pierced my breast as with arrows. My pride prevailed for a moment, and I was on the point of becoming a hardened sinner. But, as I again looked at Lucy, a better thought came

over me. "I will confess all," said I, mentally.

I told her my story without disguising the truth, or mitigating my fault. When I had done, "Now," said I, "I am ready to go. Having no title to the good opinion of my friends here, nothing is left but for me to hide my shame in the far-off west. To-morrow I shall say farewell." I went to the house, and shut myself in my room. I refused to leave it, even for my meals. Night came, and I heard a tap at my door. It opened, and my aunt entered.

She sat down, and told me that Lucy had given her an account of what had passed. She spoke of my error as a sad and grievous fault; but said that my sorrow went far to atone for it. She soothed my feelings, though she did not spare my guilt. I asked her advice. She said, I must make due confession to the schoolmaster, as well as to the youth, whose character had suffered through my misrepresentation. Bitter as all this was, such was my humiliation, such the real agony of my heart, that I was glad to purchase peace at so dear a price.

I went to the schoolmaster, and told the whole story. He was grieved, yet he said, as my confession was voluntary, my repentance was, of course, sincere; he hoped therefore that my fault was not likely to be repeated. "Do you forgive me?" said I. "Certainly," said he, "certainly; for my faults in boyhood were greater than yours. And besides, this error is likely to be a warning to you, and I think you will hereafter walk more steadily and securely in the path of virtue, now that you know the danger that

besets you. Yes, I forgive you; and what is more, Heaven will forgive you, too, in view of your sorrow and humiliation. But let me call upon you to be thankful that this sin came out. Had it remained concealed, it is likely that your whole soul had been ruined, just as the body may become fatally diseased, by a concealed poison."

You may well believe, dear mother, that in writing this letter, I am discharging a painful duty. I still feel sad and humbled, though my friends here are very kind. They do all they can to make me cheerful, and to efface the remembrance of my misfortune. Lucy, good, and true, and pure, as she is, seems not to love me the less; nay, she takes every opportunity to make me feel at ease—to assure me that we are still cousins in heart, as well as in name.

Do write me soon, mother, and pray forgive your erring boy,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Great Britain.

At the present day, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland exhibits the most extraordinary spectacle of national wealth and power which the world has ever witnessed. Rome, in her brightest days, could not compare with it in these respects.

To the eye of the traveller, the three kingdoms seem almost like a mighty garden, strown over with cities, palaces, villages, and country-seats. Here are the finest roads and the best travelling vehicles in the world; railroads and canals

cross the country in every direction; arts and manufactures are carried to the highest degree of perfection; and commerce brings hither the luxuries of every clime. Such is the external aspect of things; but alas! millions of wretched paupers are suffering in the midst of all this beauty and splendor.

London, the metropolis of Great Britain, serves to indicate the character of the nation. It has 2,600,000 of people, and surpasses all other cities in wealth and population. The government of England exercises a commanding influence, not only in the countries of Europe, but upon the fortunes of the world. Within our own day, China, which has more than one quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, has been compelled to bow to the will of this Island Empire.

The colonies of Great Britain extend over the whole globe, and contain a population of one hundred and fifty millions. In allusion to the immense extent and power of the British empire, it has been said by a celebrated orator, that she "has dotted the surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The Esquimaux.

SEVERAL of the Esquimaux Christians at Nain, having been informed of the nature of the Bible Society, and its aim in the distribution of the sacred Scrip-

tures throughout the world, began, of their own accord, to collect seals' blubber, by way of making up a small contribution towards the expenses of the Society. Some brought whole seals, others half a seal, or pieces, as they could afford it. Some brought pieces of blubber, in the name of their children, requesting that their poor gifts might be accepted. They afterwards sent a collection of blubber, which yielded thirty gallons of oil, to the printers for the Bibles.

Alcibiades.

IT is said that this celebrated Greek general, who lived about 400 B. C., displayed, even in boyhood, remarkable proofs of the extent of his talents and the energy of his character. On one occasion, when playing with some boys of his own age in the streets of Athens, he saw a loaded wagon approach the place where he was; not wishing to be interrupted at that moment, he called to the teamster to stop. On his refusal, he threw himself in front of the horses, calling to the carter, "Drive over me if you dare!" The man stopped his horses, and Alcibiades, when he had finished his game, allowed him to proceed.

Deistical Historians.

GIBBON, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a con-

siderable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney, for printing his

blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures.

EXCELLENCE.—There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; and from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds.—*Johnson.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

A THOUSAND thanks — Mary, Ann, Lucy, Jane, Elizabeth, Thomas, Peter, Bill, and Ben — for your letters. They came thick as the snow-flakes, and many of them white, and clean, and pure as the snow itself. I can only print a few of them. Come, we will dip into the heap. The first that came shall be first served.

Bristol, Jan. 9, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum and Playmate six years, although I am only eleven years of age. I like it very much. Of late I have been greatly interested in the enigmas and charades. I have guessed one of the enigmas in the January number — it is "General Tom Thumb." I send you a charade, which, if you think worthy of it, you can insert.

CHARADE.

My first in making a box you will find,
Which, when carefully fitted, is with cloth
neatly lined.
My second is a plant that in gardens doth
grow;
Its medicinal qualities most of you know.

My whole is a general who fought for fame.
I shall not say any more, but you may guess
his name.

From your blue-eyed friend and subscriber,
C. E. M.

MR. MERRY:

I send you a riddle, which you may print
if you please.

RIDDLE.

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess,
Went over the river to seek a bird's nest.
They found a nest with five eggs in,
And each took one, but left five in.

A constant reader,
M. E. A.

Hudson, Jan. 6, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We have taken the Museum ever since it was first published; and I liked it very much before the Playmate was added to it; but I think it is improved by the addition. I like your monthly chat very much, and have often thought how pleasant it would be to be one of your correspondents; and now I have decided to write to you; so here you have a few words from
CORNELIA.

Fitchburg, Jan. 14, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Enclosed are the answers to the three puzzles in your January number. The first is "General Tom Thumb." The second is "George N. Briggs." The third is "The Holy Bible." I will also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy of inserting, you will please do so.

Your friend,

C. LOUISA.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 18, 9, 17, 7, is a mineral substance.

My 10, 3, 21, 8, 4, 9, is a boy's name.

My 1, 25, 22, is a vegetable substance.

My 16, 12, 1, 1, 21, 15, is an article of commerce.

My 13, 17, 11, 6, is a useful article.

My 15, 19, 23, 3, is a number.

My 16, 9, 7, 17, 8, is a kind of wood.

My 2, 9, 22, 8, 14, 13, 4, is a kind of fish.

My 16, 5, 22, 23, 9, 18, 24, 17, 13, is a precious stone.

My 20, 24, 10, is a fruit.

My whole is the cause of much excitement at the present time.

It would seem by the following letter that Billy Bump's home, Sundown, is in Illinois. I am glad to find out where it is. Will our friend, "*The Sucker Boy*," tell us the latitude and longitude of the place, so that we can have it put down on the map.

Quincy, Adams Co., Illinois, Jan. 6, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Among other stories in Merry's Museum, in which I was very much interested, was the story of Billy Bump in Boston. It seems he was very ignorant of polite manners. Now, Mr. Merry, I don't want you to think all *Sucker* boys are as ignorant of civilized life as Billy Bump was. I am proud to say, I am a *Sucker* boy, born in the *Sucker* state, on the bank of that father of waters, the noble Mississippi. I have picked corn and dug potatoes; yet, sir,

I know enough not to spit on Brussels carpets or blow my nose with my fingers.

I tell you what, sir, some of you Yankees would open your eyes wider than you ever did before, if you should see some of our big prairies—so wide that you could not see the edge of them before you. You may print this short letter if you please; but if you don't, I shall think you have good reason, and I shan't make such a fuss about it as Miss Pitchfork did.

A SUCKER BOY.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 11, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Having long wished to write you, but not quite knowing how to address so great a man as you, I have put it off until now, when I thought I would try and see what I could do. I have found out the answers to the puzzles in your January number. The first one is "General Tom Thumb;" the second, "George N. Briggs," and the third, "The Holy Bible." I believe these are the right answers. I also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy, I should like to have you print, and oblige your

Young subscriber,

R. M. M.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 6, 9, 10, is a person who does not mix with society.

My 7, 2, 5, 11, is a part of the human body.

My 14, 2, 9, 6, is one of the parts of speech.

My 7, 12, 14, is indispensable at a party.

My 11, 13, 6, is a metal.

My 3, 8, 6, is a relation.

My 4, 12, 6, is used in ice-houses.

My whole is a source of great attraction in the city of Boston.

The following letter has been mislaid: it alludes to an article in a former number of the Museum. We need not say to G. H. that *bilva* is not an English word, though found in Webster's Dictionary, nor does it at all rhyme with *silver*.

Saco, Dec. 25, 1848.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

If I write you so many letters, I cannot expect you to insert them all, and it certainly would be very selfish in me, if I desired it; for I dare say that there must be quite a number of letters that you have not seen fit to publish, remaining with you. And O, how many little eyes have looked over the pages of the Playmate again and again, in the vain hope of seeing a letter with their signature.

And so, Mr. Merry, as you have been so kind as to insert two of my letters in succession, I prefer the happiness of some other of your little friends, who may have been disappointed before, to my own.

But pray, Mr. Merry, doesn't *bilva* rhyme with *silver*, as well as *Jew sick* does with *music*? and *bilva* is in the dictionary, whether it is English or not. But my letter is growing too long; and, begging you to believe me your true friend and constant reader, I sign myself

G. H.

Brooklyn, Jan. 23, 1849.

MESSRS. MERRY AND PARLEY:

The following puzzle was written to amuse some little people under my care, and, as they have lately become subscribers to your Museum and Playmate, it would gratify them much to see it in print.

Yours,

E. S.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters only; yet out of these I can express, perhaps, as much as any five letters in the alphabet.

My 1, 3, 2, denotes a hinderance.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, are destructive vermin.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, is a bright luminary.

My 3, 2, 4, 5, serve to ornament, as well as to be useful, in life.

My 1, 3, 4, is used by boys in one of their games.

My 5, 3, 4, is the past of being seated.

My 4, 3, 2, is a substance used in rope-making.

My whole is a term applied to disagreeable little human beings.

R. S.

Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I send you the answers to the three puzzles in the January number of your Museum, as follows:—

General Tom Thumb, answer to 15 letters.

George N. Briggs, " " 13 "

The Holy Bible, " " 12 "

I also send you a puzzle, which I hope will amuse some of your numerous readers, if you think it worthy of insertion.

From one of your admirers,

LAVINIA.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 14, 6, 7, 11, 9, is a beast of burden.

My 12, 15, 5, 13, 11, is a river in France.

My 21, 12, 11, 11, 17, is a color grateful in spring.

My 19, 14, 8, abounds in high latitudes.

My 15, 11, 14, 3, 6, is a mountain in the north of Europe.

My 3, 19, 9, 13, is a fragrant flower.

My 12, 7, 11, 12, 12, 13, is a favorite with little boys and girls.

My 7, 16, 14, 11, is a choice kind of spice.

My 8, 6, 21, 9, 11, is a large bird of prey.

My 1, 12, 8, 20, is a small bird.

My 7, 16, 7, 7, 6, is a name dear to children.

My 11, 17, 16, 7, 11, 4, is a valuable substance.

My 21, 2, 17, 21, 8, 12, is a useful root.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American divine.

So, our pages are full. We have only a corner left, in which we offer thanks to F. H. R., of Woburn; C. W. S., of Taunton, whom we commend for her neat handwriting; the same to our pretty friend, Georgiana; Thomas E. W., of New York; C. G. M., of Boston; S. R. S., of —; L. L. H., of Woburn; G. H., of Saco; O. B., of Chelsea, &c., &c.

Our friends who love music, will find a song for them in the next number. Spring is coming, so it is time to sing.



Spring.

I HAVE often, very often, spoken to the readers of Merry's Museum about that pleasant season of the year called *Spring*. How charming it is, after the long winter, to see the rivers burst their icy fetters, and go leaping and frolicking

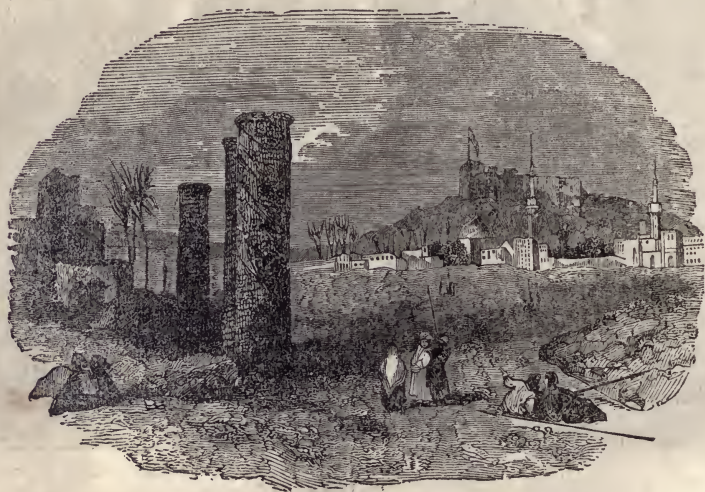
down the hills! How pleasant it is to see the bluebird, and the robin, and the sparrow, after a long absence, come back again, and sing their songs as if rejoicing to return to their birthplace! How pleasant it is to see the buds swell-

ing out their sides, as if eager to unfold their leaves! How pleasant to see the green grass springing from the sod, and the yellow dandelions and blue violets peeping timidly out, as if still half afraid of getting a nip from Jack Frost!

These things are indeed delightful, and yet perhaps all my little readers were as much charmed, last December, to see the snow-flakes come tumbling down from the skies, as they now are to see the buds, and the birds, and the flowers. What a shout there was at the first cold snap. "Hurrah for the skates! Hurrah for the sleds!" That was the song of welcome

given to old Rough and Ready, as he came puffing and bluffing, blowing and snowing, freezing and sneezing, from the north-east, last December. Old icy-bearded Winter was as much a favorite then, as Spring is now, with her balmy breath, her bird-music, her buds, and her blossoms.

Yes, so it is; this perpetual change of the seasons is a perpetual round of pleasures to the young. What kindness does this display on the part of our Father who is in heaven, for he has not only ordained the seasons, but he has made us with capacities to enjoy them!



Alexandria.

THE history of the ancient city of Alexandria is very remarkable. It was built by order of Alexander the conqueror, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ. That celebrated man,

when he conquered a country, sought to improve it. When he had made himself master of Egypt, he ordered this city to be built on the shores of the Mediterranean, not far from the mouths of the great

river Nile. His object was to make it a place where various articles of merchandise might be deposited, so as to be bought and sold. Alexander very wisely thought that trade and commerce were great benefits, and so he did all he could to promote them; and the city of Alexandria was built agreeably to these views.

The city flourished, and Alexander was buried here in a gold coffin. For many years Alexandria was as busy a place as New York is now. People of various nations were here—Jews, Greeks, Arabs, Egyptians, Syrians, Armenians, and Hindoos. The city at one time was fifteen miles in circuit, and had six hundred thousand inhabitants.

It continued to flourish till the year 666 A. D. It was then attacked by the Caliph Omar, at the head of an army of Saracens, or Mahometans from Arabia. They captured the place and destroyed many of its most noble institutions. There was a vast library here, containing several hundred thousand volumes. Had these been saved, it is probable that the history of many ancient nations, now lost to the world, had been preserved. But the Saracens took the books to make fires of, in order to heat the baths. No doubt they found them very convenient; but what a savage set they must have been! It seems that there were four thousand baths in the city, and that the books lasted six months for heating them.

From this period Alexandria declined; and now the place where it stood is a mere heap of ruins. Near by is a modern city, of considerable extent, which bears the same name; but it can never rival the Alexandria of former days.

Sports of the Fireside.

WHO does not love the hour between daylight and candlelight, the best of the twenty-four?—the hour of ruddy dusk round the fire, when the sense of home and its comforts is borne in most strongly upon the mind,—when the business of the day is ended, and the pleasures of the evening begin?

This hour, which is neither day nor night, when people can no longer see to work, and yet are reluctant to ring for light, is a sort of overture to the full concert of family harmony at and after tea. The curtains are not yet drawn, perhaps, and the last streak of day lingers about the windows; or perhaps it is frosty weather, and the shutters are already shut, and the ample curtains drawn close.

The father of the family, tired with the toils of the day, leans back in his easy chair on one side of the fire, and the mother sits opposite to him. The little ones toddle or run down from nursery and school-room; a shuffling of tiny feet is heard outside, and they peep in at the drawing-room door to know if they may come in. In they come, of course; and papa and mamma are assailed with caresses and questions; and then comes a heap of mighty trifles that have befallen the small fry during the day. Elder sons or daughters crouch down on ottomans close before the fire, book in hand, to catch the flickering light from a blazing coal. Mamma conjures them not to try their eyes by reading at firelight. O, they have only a few more words to finish that paragraph, &c. No, no; it cannot be allowed; they must shut up their books, and make them-

selves sociable and agreeable to the cadets of the family. "Yes, certainly!" exclaimed one of these last; "put away your tiresome books, and let us all sit round the fire and play. Shall we, mamma? Do let us, papa!"

Papa and mamma are very willing to consent; and the family circle is quickly formed. They begin with "cross questions and crooked answers:" "I carry a basket;" or "I love my love with an A." But these games are not sufficiently interesting to keep up attention long; and one of the company, in a kind of desperation, forces a laugh. "Ha!" cries he, looking into his neighbor's face; "Ha!" answers she, instantaneously; "Ha!" says the next, as quickly; "Ha! ha! ha!" say they all, one after another, like lightning, till the merriment, instead of artificial, becomes natural, and the forced laugh ends in a general roar.

Encouraged by this successful effort of genius, a little boy starts up from a footstool, and, looking down upon an imaginary drum, seizes a couple of visionary drumsticks, and begins to beat the tattoo upon nothing. Another, darting out his left hand, moves his right swiftly across it, and thus discourses most eloquent no-music upon the violin; another converts his two hands into a trumpet, which he blows with all his might; a young girl plays the Polka upon a phantom piano, while her sister strum-strums the back of a chair for a guitar; and even the papa, fired with the enthusiasm of art, but choosing an easy instrument, for fear of marring the concert, turns round a fictitious hurdy-gurdy *cum strepitu*. And all the while each of the band sings out, while he

plays. "Row-de-dow," goes the drum; "twang, twang," goes the harp; "toot, too, hoo," goes the horn; "tweedle dee, tweedle dee," goes the violin, &c., till mamma stops her ears and the music.

These games are too uproarious to last; and so, as they are sitting quietly down to recover themselves, the youngest child picks up a very light feather from the carpet, and blows it to his neighbor. The latter, in turn, blows it from him; and although some are indignant at the trifling nature of the amusement, not one can refrain from giving the feather a puff as it passes; and at last, when a stronger breath makes it mount into the air, it is wonderful to see the keen eyes and pursed-up lips that await its descent, and the eager competition that at last sets the whole circle puff-puffing at the same time.

"Ye smile;

I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while;"—

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff-puffing, and that competition, might be the subjects of a homily too grave for such a time as this!

A reaction, however, takes place. Some of the party (neither the youngest nor the oldest) are ashamed of having been betrayed into such silly enjoyments, and set themselves to recall to memory a newer and better game; one that requires more skill, and affords scope for the exercise of ready talent or an active memory.

"Capping verses" is an old game that seldom fails to please young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. Then there is, "What is my thought like?"—"How, when, and where did

you find it?" — "Proverbs" — and others of the kind.

The best of these, as requiring most cleverness to play it well, is, decidedly, "What is my thought like?" This is still a general favorite, and some thirty years ago it was a very fashionable game amongst the highest classes. If, dear reader, you have been so intently occupied with the *business* of life that you have had no time to become acquainted with such things, ask the first girl of sixteen you meet how people play at "What is my thought like?" and she will tell you all about it; and, unless you are a very dull individual, (which we are loath to believe,) she will make you competent to distinguish yourself in the game on the first opportunity. In the mean time, you may imagine that in a circle of young, old, or middle-aged persons, — for the number of our years is of no consequence, if we have only sense enough to enjoy — an individual has conceived the important thought on which the amusement is to hinge.

This thought he writes down in secret, and then demands peremptorily of the company, one by one, "What is my thought like?" Who can tell what an unknown thought is like? One replies, at random, that it is like the table; another, it is like a lamp-post; a third, that it is like a whale; and so on; and when all have answered, the written document is produced, and the thought declared. It is then the business of each of the guessers, under pain of a forfeit, to prove the resemblance he has ventured to suppose; and it may be imagined that some merriment is produced by the striking contrasts

and wild incongruities of the two objects. On one occasion, when a party in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be "Lord Castlereagh." How could Lord Castlereagh be like a table, or a lamp-post, or a whale? Plutarch himself, one would think, could not have told, capital as he was at parallels; but when Thomas Moore, who was among the players, was ordered to describe the resemblance between his lordship and the thing he had himself named, — a pump, — the whole company gathered round the poet, eager to witness his discomfiture. Thomas the Rhymer opened his oracular lips without a moment's hesitation, and replied; —

"Because it is an awkward thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth
sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout
away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!"

But of all these fireside games, the most charming, fascinating, tantalizing, and difficult to achieve, is the making of *cento verses*. *Bouts rimés* is very easy indeed compared with it, and consequently far inferior to it as an art. In case our readers should not know what cento verses are, we will quote, for their enlightenment, the following passage on the subject from D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." In the "*Scribleriad*," we find a good account of the cento. "A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry, it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so

as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two—one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudosa wrote the Life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil."

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of the kind of thing, we will set them down here:—

"On Linden, when the sun was low,"
 "A frog he would a wooing go;"
 "He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer;"
 "None but the brave deserve the fair."
 "A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,"
 "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;"
 "Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,"
 "Or who would suffer being here below."
 "The youngest of the sister arts"
 "Was born on the open sea,"
 "The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,"
 "Under the greenwood tree."
 "At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,"
 "And says, remembrance saddening o'er
 each brow,"
 "Awake, my St. John!—leave all meaner
 things!"
 "Who would be free, themselves must
 strike the blow!"

"It was a friar of orders gray,"
 "Still harping on my daughter;"
 "Sister spirit, come away,"
 "Across the stormy water."
 "On the light, fantastic toe,"
 "Othello's occupation's gone;"
 "Maid of Athens, ere I go,"
 "Were the last words of Marmion."
 "There was a sound of revelry by night,"
 "In Thebes's streets, three thousand years
 ago,"
 "And comely virgins came with garlands
 dight,"
 "To censure Fate, and pious hope forego."
 "O, the young Lochinvar has come out of
 the west,"
 "An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was
 he;"
 "A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,"
 "Far more than I once could foresee."

Now, I dare say it seems a remarkably easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse; we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is extremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line through all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us, by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times.

"When Music, heavenly maid! was young,"
 "And little to be trusted,"
 "Then first the creature found a tongue."

* * * * *

But if it is difficult to make cento verses, it would seem likewise to be difficult to recognize them when made. We remember hearing John Galt express some dissatisfaction with the verdict of

the Edinburgh Reviewers upon his Five Tragedies, and more especially the one entitled "Lady Macbeth." The verdict, some of our readers may remember, went the length of a finding of insanity; and it is no wonder that the author was discontented, since the tragedy in question was, as he assured us, a *cento* from *Shakespeare!*

In making cento verses, when this is done as a game, the guiding association is the rhyme; but proverbs exercise the ingenuity, and even require a certain degree of critical acumen. In the absence of an individual from the room, the party pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose judgment is to be put to the proof reënters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him, and in the answers, all must take care to introduce *the word* they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discerned to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance, that the one in question is, "All is not gold that 'glitters.'" In this case the words "all — is — not — that," introduced into respective answers, give no clew; but if the person who undertakes "gold" is not very careful to use it in such a way as to prevent its leaving any impression upon the memory of the questioner, it is easily connected with "glitters," and so "the cat gets out of the bag" at once.

Some fireside games aspire to nothing

higher than "raising a laugh," by means of sheer absurdity. Of these the "Newspaper" is, perhaps, the most amusing in practice, although but for this it would hardly be deserving of the dignity of print. The company, sitting in a semicircle, assume various trades — such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c., and when the reader of the newspaper, who usually selects an important despatch, pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or she immediately helps him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading, for instance, may take place: —

"Early in the morning the whole" (looking at one, who instantly continues) —

Dinner service

"Was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in" —

Vinegar:

"Armed citizens occupied the" —

Frying pans:

"Others had taken possession of the" —

Cotton balls;

"Planted the" —

Marrow bones;

"And surrounded the" —

Scissors,

"All were prepared to" —

Break tumblers.

"All the powder and lead which they found in the" —

Sugar hogsheads

"Were taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to" —

Make gingerbread;

"The students of law and medicine imitated the" —

Worked muslin;

“In fact, Paris appeared like a” —

Chopping block ;

“All the shops were” —

Black wax ;

“And royal guards, lancers, Swiss,
and” —

And teapots,

“Were drawn up on all sides.”

“I love my love with an *A*,” has been for many years considered as the exclusive property of children and childish persons. Strange as it may appear, that childish game was once a fashionable pastime with grown-up people ; and people, too, belonging to lordly court circles. Pepys, somewhere in his *Diary*, relates that he went one day into a room in Whitehall, which he supposed to be occupied by state officers transacting business, where he found, instead, a large party of the highest personages of the court in full dress sitting in a circle, (*on the ground*, if our memory be not treacherous,) playing, with great animation, at “I love my love with an *A* ;” “which,” adds that shrewd, lord-revering prig, “did amaze me mightily.”

The two merriest persons in that uproarious party were, it seems, the young Duke of Monmouth, then a mere boy, and his still younger bride, Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. Little did that light-hearted girl think of the melancholy fate which awaited her ; of the cruel beheading of that beloved bridegroom ; of the long, long years of dreary widowhood. Still less did she foresee that a poet of a later day would select her in her lone retirement in “Newark’s stately tower,” as the fittest lady to figure, in a romantic poem, as the patroness of genius “neg-

lected and oppressed.” But Scott’s story might have been true, and the duchess might have listened to such a lay as that of the *Last Minstrel*, in the dim twilight, beside the great fire of the state-room at Newark ; and a better fireside amusement she could not have had, for music is the very best amusement for that delicious hour between day and night. A simple ballad, well sung, with or without accompaniment, is, after all, better than the best fireside game. — *Chambers’s Journal*.

A Good Sermon.

It should be brief ; if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep ;
The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,
Attention flag, and memory’s portals close.

It should be warm ; a living altar-coal,
To melt the icy heart, and charm the soul ;
A lifeless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear ;
No fine-spun theory, to please the ear ;
No curious lay, to tickle lettered pride,
And leave the poor, or plain, unedified.

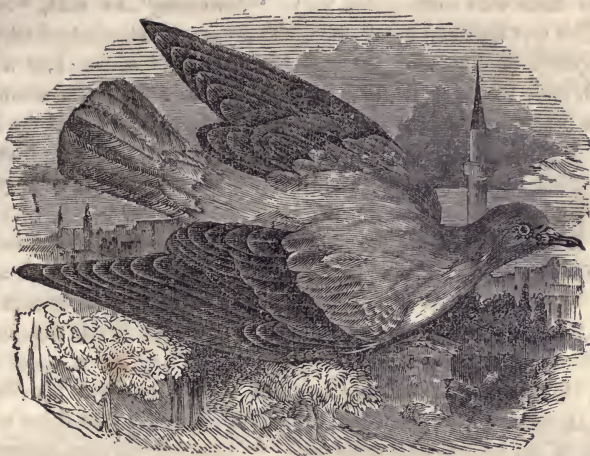
It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem’s
fate :

The fiery law, with words of love allayed,
Will sweetly warm, and awfully persuade.

Marsden.

WHY is the letter S like one who makes the life of an old royalist the subject of his narrative ? *It makes a Tory Story.*

Why is it like one who makes artillery ammunition for a besieged garrison ? *It makes hot shot.*



The Carrier Dove.

THIS interesting bird was known and employed in very ancient times, throughout the East, for conveying intelligence. Linnæus, the naturalist, gives it the name of *columba tabularia*, which is derived from a word signifying a letter.

This species of dove, or pigeon, is of a larger size than the greater part of the pigeons, being fifteen inches in length, and sometimes weighing twenty ounces. The symmetry of its form is quite striking. Those which are of a blue or a piebald color are most esteemed by pigeon-fanciers. We know not the country to which the carrier originally belonged.

Pliny, the ancient Roman writer, makes a striking remark upon the intelligence conveyed by pigeons at the siege of Modena. "Of what avail," he says, "were sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing the view, when intelligence could be conveyed by aerial messengers?"

If carrier pigeons are hoodwinked, and in this state conveyed from twenty to a hundred miles, they will find their way back to the place of their nativity. They are regularly trained to this service in Turkey and Persia. They are carried first, while young, short flights of half a mile; afterwards the distance is gradually increased, till at length they will return from the farthest part of the kingdom, and even from foreign lands, across the sea. It was customary, and it is probably the case now, that every bashaw had a basket of these pigeons, bred in the seraglio, which were used in cases of pressing emergency.

It is said that, while an army was besieging Tyre in the time of the crusades, intelligence from a distant quarter was suspected, from a pigeon being frequently observed hovering about the city. The besiegers obtained possession of the bird, and removed the billet containing useful

intelligence to those who were within the city. This billet was replaced by another, containing deceitful intelligence: the bird was liberated, and, through the false information, the besiegers got possession of the city.

Carrier pigeons have often been used, in our day, to convey intelligence between London and Paris. Not long since, a Boston editor adopted a very ingenious contrivance for getting news before any one else. A friend of his, at Liverpool, wrote down the news on a piece of paper, and sent it to Halifax by the steamer for Boston. At Halifax, it was delivered to another friend of the editor, who went on board the steamer, taking a carrier pigeon, from Boston, with him. When within one or two hundred miles of Boston, the pigeon was liberated, having the news tied to his neck. Straight he flew to his home at Boston; the editor got the paper, and thus he printed the news before any one else.

This was very ingenious, certainly, but the lightning telegraph beats even the swift-winged carriers; and hereafter these birds will doubtless be permitted to live in their own fashion.

Beauty of Jewish Women.

IT is said that Chateaubriand, a celebrated French traveller, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish nation were so much handsomer than the men; to which question he gave the following reply:—

“Jewesses,” he said, “have escaped the curses which alighted on their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, and subjecting him to infamy and the agony of the cross.

“The women of Judea believed in the Savior, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair.

“Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain and Martha’s brother Lazarus; he cured Simon’s mother-in-law and the woman who touched the hem of his garment; to the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionaté judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. ‘Woman,’ said he, ‘why weepest thou?’ His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, ‘Mary!’ At the sound of his voice, Mary’s eyes were opened, and she answered, ‘Master!’ The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess, at that moment.”

“PUT that right back where you took it from!”—as the girl said when her lover stole a kiss.



The Wild Boar.

THE wild boar is an inhabitant of the woods. It lives on a variety of vegetables, such as roots, moss, and acorns. Occasionally, it will devour animal food. It is considerably inferior in size to the domestic hog. This evidently arises from the means of its subsistence being more precarious, less abundant, and less nutritious than the means of support brought within the reach of the domesticated species. The color is a dark brindled gray, and sometimes blackish. Between the bristles, next the skin, is a finer or softer hair, of a woolly or curling nature. The snout is somewhat longer than that of the domestic animal. The principal difference lies in the superior length and size of the tusks, which are often several inches long, and capable of inflicting the most severe and fatal wounds.

The hunting of the wild boar is, at

present, one of the amusements of the great in Germany, Poland, and France. It is a chase not only of difficulty, but danger; not merely on account of the swiftness, but the ferocity, of the animal.

The wild boar was formerly a native of Great Britain. Even the Conqueror punished with the loss of their eyes those who killed one of these animals. There is reason to believe that Epping Forest, in England, was, in remote ages the retreat of wild boars, as well as stags and fallow deer.

In the eighteenth psalm, we read of a wild boar from the forest, which wasted the church, exhibited under the figure of a vine. This boar was the Philistines and Syrians, and the Chaldeans and Romans, who, with great cruelty, destroyed the Jews.

A boar brought from England, and carried to Longmeadow, in Massachu-

setts, last fall, got into the field, and liked his freedom so well, that he refused to be caught. The last we heard of him, he was still at liberty, and the hunters were having great sport in the chase.

Hogs are raised by the farmers of the far west, in such quantities that often they don't know who they belong to. Many of them run wild, and seem to think that they belong to nobody but themselves. They are often dangerous to any one who intrudes upon them.

The Little Queen.

THERE was once a good king, very much beloved by his subjects, whom he governed as a kind father governs his family. This good king had but one trouble; and that was, the ignorance and obstinacy of his only daughter, Mira.

This girl, when thirteen years old, was ignorant of the most common things; yet she could not be persuaded to read or study; for she was very proud and self-sufficient, and she thought she already knew enough to govern a kingdom. One day, some one told her father that the silly child said, things would go on better when she was at the head of the government.

The king smiled, and immediately sent for the princess. "My daughter," said he, "when I am dead, you will be queen; and I am disposed to try whether you have any talents for governing. You will not study geography, because you say it is stupid; but I suppose you know there is a neighboring island belonging to me,

called the Fortunate Island. It is a small, but thickly-populated place; the inhabitants are a cheerful, industrious race, much attached to their king. From henceforth you shall be queen of the island, and govern your subjects as you please. Tomorrow, a vessel shall be fitted out to convey you to your kingdom."

The princess at first thought her father spoke in jest; but the next day she found preparations were actually making for her departure. The king allowed her to choose her own court; that is, the people whom she wished to have go with her for advisers. Mira choose twelve young people, of about her own age; and she told her father they were so discreet and intelligent, that there was no sort of need of parents or teachers. The king thought otherwise; and he ordered that the instructors of the young people should accompany them. Mira likewise asked for a dancing-master to direct her balls, and a troop of musicians and playactors to amuse her court. On parting with her, the king said, "I shall give you but one piece of counsel; and that is, always to follow the advice of Ariste, who has hitherto been governor of the island. He is a wise and good man, and I have great respect for his opinion. You will do well to make him your prime minister." Mira made him no reply. She had already determined to make Philinte her prime minister. He was a mere boy, and as ignorant as a Guinea pig; but then he danced gracefully, sung sweetly, and always flattered her. He told her that all her father's subjects admired and loved her extremely, that they thought she was the most beautiful and most perfect prin-

cess in the world ; but he knew very well, in his own heart, that she was very much disliked, and that the people mourned because so good a king had such a frivolous and obstinate daughter.

When Mira landed in the Fortunate Isle, she was welcomed by a troop of dancing shepherds and shepherdesses, singing "Long live the queen!" They were all dressed in pure white. The girls were ornamented with roses and pink ribbons. They scattered flowers in the path of the little queen ; and every one presented a bouquet. Mira was delighted with her subjects, and ordered that money should be scattered among them.

Ariste attended her to a pretty little palace, which had been prepared for her reception. Being fatigued with her voyage, she slept early that night ; but the next day, she ordered a comedy, a ball, and a great supper. The morning following the ball, she took a walk in the village, to show herself to her subjects. Ariste asked her to remark what a cheerful, contented expression shone in the faces of the inhabitants. "It is the presence of her majesty fills them with joy," said the silly Philinte. "No doubt they are glad to see the young queen," replied Ariste ; "but I must tell you that their cheerful looks are the natural consequences of industrious habits and honest hearts. The king has governed them by such wise laws, that they are like the happy children of a good father."

The next day, Mira expressed a wish to ride in the country and her carriage was immediately made ready. Seeing a beautiful orchard, where the trees were in full bloom, she wished to ramble

through the fields ; and, hearing a continual buzzing about her head as she went, she asked the reason of the noise. Ariste told her it was the bees singing at their work ; and as he spoke, he pointed out a beehive at a little distance. Mira approached too near, and one of the insects stung her hand.

She screamed out, "O, the horrible creature ! It has almost killed me."

"What villanous things !" exclaimed Philinte : "how dare they sting your majesty's hand ! Every one of them ought to be put to death !"

"You are right," said the little queen. "It must be that these creatures do my subjects a great deal of injury, as well as myself. I will order every bee in the island to be killed."

Ariste remonstrated against such an order. "Bees very seldom sting," said he, "unless they are provoked ; and they are of immense value to your subjects ; indeed, half of them obtain their living by bees."

Philinte burst into a broad laugh, in which he was joined by the little ignorant queen. "That story is too funny," said she, "that people get a living by means of these great ugly flies. Pray what good do they do ?"

"They make wax and honey," replied Ariste : "the inhabitants of the island eat the honey, and make candles of the wax ; besides, they sell a great deal of both those articles."

This made Mira and her prime minister laugh the louder ; for they were as ignorant of natural history as a couple of blind kittens.

"Very well," said she, "I shall order

all the bees to be killed. Let people make their own honey and wax."

Ariste shook his head, and sighed, as he said, "It must be as your majesty pleases."

Philinte applauded her firmness, saying, the world had never seen so wise a princess.

The evening after her ride, Mira again gave a splendid ball, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning. Her maids of honor, who were but ten years old, had been accustomed to eat light suppers, and go to bed early; no wonder, therefore, that dancing so late, and eating so many sweet things, should make them very ill. In the morning, a physician was sent for; but they would not take the medicines he ordered, nor would they in any respect follow the wishes of their instructors.

"The queen told us to do just as we pleased," said they, "and not to obey any body but her."

The consequence was, that they could neither sleep nor eat, but lay tossing and turning upon their bed, in all the restlessness of a burning fever. The physicians told the queen that her maids of honor would soon die, if they behaved in this obstinate manner; and she was at length obliged to command them to follow the wishes of their friends. They obeyed her, and in a few days recovered their health.

One day, when the queen was walking in the garden of the palace, she observed that the caterpillars had stripped several of the finest trees of their foliage.

"Here are some more villanous insects," said she to Philinte; "see what mischief they are doing."

"If it please your majesty," replied the young prime minister, "I think you had better offer a reward to whoever destroys them."

"Give orders," said Mira, "that every caterpillar, and every thing that looks like a caterpillar, on the island, shall be put to death. Those who kill the most of them shall have the highest reward." Then turning to Ariste, she said, "You will not, of course, object to having the caterpillars destroyed; you cannot deny that *they* injure my subjects."

"I have nothing to say in favor of the caterpillars, which have destroyed so many of your majesty's finest trees and shrubs," replied the old man; "they do evil, and do not, like the bees, do a great deal of good to man. But your majesty should not give orders for the destruction of every thing that bears the name and form of a caterpillar. If such general orders are followed, the silk-worms will all be destroyed."

Philinte whispered to the queen, "Of what consequence is a name? It is plain enough that Ariste loves to contradict your majesty in every thing; he thinks he shows his own wisdom by it."

"If silk-worms are caterpillars," said Mira, aloud, "they shall all be killed. I don't see why they should be spared, because they have a little prettier name."

"But," said Ariste, "your majesty cannot surely be so ignorant that these worms furnish all the silk manufactured in the world."

This made the queen and her prime minister burst into a hearty laugh. "That is too funny," exclaimed the silly child, "to tell me my beautiful velvet robe was

spun by an ugly worm! Ha! ha! ha! And I suppose the spiders made my diamonds, didn't they, Ariste?"

"And her pearls are miller's eyes, are they not?" asked Philinte. And then the silly creatures laughed heartily again.

The good Ariste pitied their ignorance; but when he found the queen was determined to have all the silk-worms killed, he said no more on the subject.

One day, as Mira sat in her arbor, she complained because every thing in the garden was so green. "The trees, and the bushes, and the turf-walks, are all such a bright, vulgar green!" said she. "I am tired of seeing nothing but green. I do love variety dearly. I wish I could have a bower entirely rose-colored."

Philinte always tried to flatter the queen by agreeing with all her opinions, and gratifying all her whims. The next day, he ordered all the green foliage to be torn away from the arbor, and that the trunks of the trees, and all the wood-work, should be painted bright pink. When this was done, he hung the inside with artificial roses, suspended on pink ribbons.

Mira was delighted with her new bower, and immediately ordered that dinner should be served there. But the climate of Fortunate Island was very warm, and the sun shone so fiercely upon the arbor, that before the company had been fifteen minutes at table, they began to complain of the headache and a pain in the eyes. They ate nothing, and were so dazzled that they could hardly distinguish one thing from another. They were obliged to leave their dinner unfinished, and seek shelter in a cool, shady grove. Mira was convinced that

green leaves were a thousand times more refreshing to the eye than red roses; and that our heavenly Father was very kind to us, when he clothed the scorching summer in her beautiful robe of deep green.

The thoughtless little queen was so happy amid the flatteries of her court, that she did not trouble herself much about what was going on among her subjects. Her only care was to amuse herself; her only happiness in devising some new pleasure. In this manner several months passed away. At last she could not but observe that when she appeared in public, her subjects did not welcome her as they used to do. "What is the reason they do not cry, 'Long live the queen!'" said she to her prime minister. "Do not my subjects love me as well as they did?"

"If they do not love such an excellent queen," replied Philinte, "I am sure they do not deserve that you should take the trouble to govern them." Notwithstanding this flattering speech, Mira was more thoughtful than usual. Philinte, seeing her so serious, tried to draw her attention from the subject by talking of theatres and balls.

"As your majesty is tired of common balls," said he, "suppose we have a ball in masquerade, at which the lords and ladies of your court shall appear as shepherds and shepherdesses."

Mira was charmed at the idea. "But," said she, "they must not be dressed like real shepherds, in linen or cotton; they must all be clothed in white satin."

Orders for this ball were immediately given. An unforeseen difficulty arose.

The invited guests waited upon the queen, to inform her that no white satin could be procured in the island.

"And why not?" exclaimed her majesty. "The shops were full of it, when I came."

"True, madam," replied one of the ladies; "but since your majesty ordered all the caterpillars to be destroyed, the island has furnished no silk for the manufacture of satin. The shops are shut up, the silk-growers, the manufacturers, and the merchants, have all left the island."

"And what have caterpillars to do with white satin?" asked Mira.

"There is a species of caterpillar, called the silk-worm," replied her attendant, "which produces the material for making satin."

The queen, with great sadness, then ordered the guests should come in such dresses as they could procure. But a new trouble awaited her. When she entered her apartments in the evening, she found them lighted with tallow candles. "Who has been so vulgar as to place these in my room?" said Mira. "Let them be taken away instantly, and wax tapers brought."

"There are no wax tapers in the island," replied the servants. "That is impossible!" exclaimed her majesty. "Tell Ariste I wish him to come to me." The old governor soon made his appearance. "How comes it there are no wax tapers to be procured?" inquired her majesty. "Did you not tell me they made them in great abundance on the island?"

"Yes, I did give your majesty such information," answered Ariste; "and it is

true they did formerly manufacture great quantities of wax tapers here."

"Why don't they make them now?" said Mira.

"Because your majesty saw fit to have all the bees destroyed."

"And pray what have the bees to do with wax candles?" said the queen, impatiently.

"If you will please to recollect," replied the governor, "I told you these valuable insects made wax, as well as honey. When there is no wax, tapers can no longer be made; therefore the men employed in this business have left the island. If your majesty will ride through the country, as you did when you first arrived, you will find every thing sadly changed."

Philinte tried to turn all this off with a laugh; but Mira very seriously told him to be silent, and requested Ariste to ride with her the next day, that she might see whether things were really so much changed for the worse.

As she passed along in the carriage, she could not but allow that he had spoken the truth. "I see no more smiles, and hear no more songs," said she; "and nobody shouts, 'Long live the queen!' What a number of little beggars infest the road! Where do they all come from?"

"Your father established a large asylum in the island," replied Ariste, "where orphans, and the children of the very poor, were fed, clothed, and instructed, so long as they were obedient, and did such work as they were able to do. Your majesty ordered that all children should be free to do as they pleased at twelve

years old ; and a great many have chosen to leave the asylum, and even to leave their hard-working parents, for the sake of roaming about the country in idleness. Formerly there was not a beggar in the Fortunate Island." The queen was silent for some time, and appeared to be very thoughtful. As they returned to the principal village, she said, "What has become of all the crowd of people? Surely so many of them could not have been candle-makers and silk-weavers!"

"You must remember," replied the old man, "that no one class of society can be injured without injuring other classes. Killing the worms injured the silk-growers; then the weavers were obliged to stop for want of material from the silk-growers; the merchants were obliged to close their stores, because they received no goods from the weavers; and then they all left the island, taking their families with them. When they were gone, the tailors and shoemakers did not have so many coats and shoes to make; and many of them have been obliged to leave your kingdom to seek employment elsewhere. The farmers, who supplied all these people with grain, vegetables, milk, and butter, are complaining bitterly; and they, too, threaten to leave the island."

Mira burst into tears. "O, what a fool I have been!" she exclaimed. "Why did I not follow my father's advice, and obtain the information which he told me was so necessary? O, why was I silly enough to believe myself fit to govern! How severely I am punished for my ignorance and presumption! To-morrow, good Ariste, I will return to my father."

The next day, preparations were made

for her departure; and she soon after arrived in safety. As soon as she saw her father, she threw herself at his feet, and covered her face with her hands. "What! my daughter returned so soon!" exclaimed the king. "Are you already tired of being queen?"

"O my father!" replied Mira, bursting into tears, "there never was a queen deserved to be pitied so much as I do; for I have made all my subjects wretched. The island cannot be called Fortunate now; it is almost deserted. I beg of you, father, to sell my diamonds, and send the money to the poor people who still remain. As for those who have removed from the island, if I knew where they could be found, I would never rest till they were recompensed for the wrong I have done them."

"Do not be discouraged, my daughter," said the king, tenderly folding her to his bosom. "I foresaw that something of this kind would happen; for I knew you were ignorant and obstinate. I let you try the experiment, because I wished to teach you how important it is to obtain knowledge, and to listen to the advice of the wise and good. Had you studied natural history, as I wished you to, you would never have killed such valuable creatures as bees and silk-worms; and how much pain and humiliation you might have spared yourself by listening to the wise advice of Ariste! But do not be distressed. I am glad you have learned this lesson; for I am sure you have suffered too much ever to forget it, as long as you live. Nobody shall suffer by your folly. Ariste has informed me, from time to time, how things were going on. The

workmen and other inhabitants, who have left the island, are all in my employ; and next week they shall return with plenty of bees and silk-worms. Your diamonds shall be sold, and the money sent to those who have suffered by your caprices. Now, my daughter, cheer up, and be happy. I am sure you have a good heart; and you have done wrong from ignorance, not from wickedness."

Mira kissed her father affectionately; and told him he should not long have to complain of her ignorance.

From that time she tried hard to obtain information, and to govern the natural obstinacy of her temper. The wisest thing she did was to avoid all those that flattered her. Philinte was never admitted to her presence. — *Juvenile Miscellany.*



The Ephemera.

THIS is a species of fly, which lives but a day, and, indeed, often but half an hour. The *larvæ* or *grub*, lives in the water three years; but in due time it rises to the surface of the water, and becomes a winged chrysalis. It flies to the nearest resting-place, and in a mo-

ment it undergoes a second change, and becomes a perfect ephemera. In this state it continues but a few hours. It flutters and dances, during its short existence, in the sunbeams, and after enjoying a few minutes of gayety and pleasure, its life is brought to a close.



The Coriander.

THERE are two species of this plant, both of which are herbaceous annuals. The seeds are useful for the kitchen and the leaves for medicine. "Even the qualities of plants should teach us medicine. As God has given to plants properties by which they are useful to man, so he has given us talents, which, if properly employed, may be useful for the loftiest and most important purposes, namely, the benefit of our fellow-creatures, our own interest, and the glory of God."

Both species of the coriander have divided leaves, somewhat resembling parsley. But there is only one species generally cultivated: this is propagated by

seed. When an excellent, abundant crop is wanted, it ought to be sown in the month of April, either in drills a foot asunder, or by broadcast and then raked in. In the cultivation of coriander, it is proper to observe that, when the plants are an inch or two high, they should be hoed to six or eight inches' distance.

When the seeds are fresh, they have a strong and disagreeable smell. When they become dry, the smell improves and becomes grateful. They are recommended as carminative and stomachic. Sometimes the leaves are used for culinary purposes, as in soup, and also as an ingredient in salads.

It is said, in Scripture, that the manna resembled coriander seed, in respect to form and size. The two seeds together are about the size of a pea. The color is grayish; the manna was white; therefore the resemblance was in shape, and not in color.

Polar Regions.

How should you like, my little readers, to live among the Esquimaux, where they build snow houses to keep them warm, and think train-oil is a great deal better to eat than sweetmeats? It is too cold for trees of any size to grow there; and every where, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but ice and snow. For months, no sun rises to cheer and warm them; and even in the midst of summer, they come to frozen ground by digging a few feet. But God has left no portion of the world without its comforts and its beauties. Their long dreary winter night is cheered by brilliant auroras, which appear in every variety of beauty. Sometimes they scatter showers of rays in every direction; sometimes they spread out rapidly into long bands of light; sometimes they waver and curl, like a ribbon shaken by the hand; and sometimes when the winds are high, they flit about wildly in every quarter of the heavens, giving rise to the Indian superstition that they are "the spirits of their fathers roaming through the world of souls." Many other splendid meteors are caused by the refraction of the polar ice. Four, five, and sometimes six mock suns accompany the real sun; the sun and the moon are often seen

surrounded by splendid rainbows; and the edges of the horizon, at the morning and evening twilight, have a rich and fiery brilliancy, far superior to any thing of the kind seen in other latitudes. The icebergs, frightful as they are to sailors, must form a sublime picture. Sometimes they are so large, and shoot up into such a variety of turrets and spires, that they look like a frozen city, drifting on the world of waters. These immense masses sometimes appear black in the distance; sometimes they are covered with snow; and sometimes they are of a beautiful pale green, dazzling and clear as crystals, with sheets of water tumbling down their sides.

These things must be very magnificent to look upon; but I should be very unwilling to live there, or even to venture among them in a ship. Many of the bold navigators who have braved the dangers of the Polar Seas have perished; and others have returned with the most dismal account of the hardships they have endured. One of them says, "No sounds are to be heard but the dashing of the waves, the crashing collision of floating ice, the discordant notes of myriads of sea-fowl, the yelping of Arctic foxes, the snorting of the walruses, or the roaring of the Polar bears."

How do you think the little Esquimaux boys are able to live in such a cold, dismal country? And how do you suppose they can amuse themselves? Let us imagine a little boy; and see what we can employ him about. I will call his name Lliglogluck; for these people have names that sound as hard as the creaking ice. He lives in a little round hut, made

of bars of snow packed together, as you have seen in pictures. A cake of ice is put into the top of the hut, and this serves them instead of glass windows. The cold is so very intense, that for many months these buildings do not begin to melt. You think, I suppose, that the fire would melt them; but you must remember they do not keep fires in the polar regions. No wood of any size grows there; and all the heat they have is furnished by a lamp suspended from the top of the hut. They obtain oil by catching the whale and the walrus; and they make their wicks of a species of long, dry moss. They build long, covered entrances to their huts, in order to keep out the cold as much as possible; and when they wish to enter, they are obliged to lie down on the snow and crawl in. The little village, as you may suppose, looks like a cluster of hillocks; but the snow-storms will fill up the open spaces by degrees, and then it will present a smooth surface; so that the boys and the dogs can scamper over the roofs of the houses. Lliglogluck is a sad rogue; it is not possible to keep him out of mischief. As the summer advances, and the houses begin to thaw, it is his delight to run over the roofs; and the first thing the inmates know, they see Lliglogluck's feet coming in through the ceiling. This is wrong; for it is difficult to repair such holes in their houses, and the melting snow comes dripping in at such a rate, that the whole family are liable to take severe colds. His father whipped him for this naughty trick several times; but the rogue did not seem to mind it much; he said a good whipping made

him nicely warm, and he wished he could whip himself. One day, when he thought his father had gone out to hunt the white bears, he began to play his old trick of running over the houses, and stamping upon them. It so happened, that, without meaning it, he plunged through the roof of his own hut; and his father, who sat under the lamp, mending his seal-lines, saw his two feet dangling down before him. "Very well, my boy," said he, "if you like this fun, you shall have enough of it. You say a whipping gives you a comfortable warming; you shall now take a comfortable cooling." So he tied Lliglogluck's feet very tight, and made him remain in this uncomfortable position for several hours.

You would have frozen to death, if you had staid there, with your hands on the snow, icicles hanging all over your face, and your feet tied so that you could not move. But Lliglogluck was used to extreme cold; besides, he wore a bear-skin shirt with the fur inside, and a great seal-skin hood, lined with eider-down; nevertheless, he felt very cold and dismal, while obliged to hang in the snow so very still; and he did wish his father would untie his feet.

When it was time for the family to lie down and sleep, the mischievous boy was released, after he had promised that he would not stamp on the snow houses any more; for his mother was afraid the great white bears would come and eat him while they slept; and she begged very hard to have him untied. Lliglogluck said he was not afraid of a white bear any day, or in any place. It is true he had had a great many fights with them; and once

he came very near being caught. He had been sitting all day with a wall of snow at his back, watching for the seals to pop their heads up from under the ice; and having killed two seals with his own hand, he was returning home very merry, thinking to himself that the world did not contain another boy quite so wonderful. The sun was fast wheeling round to the west; I do not say it was *setting* — for the polar night was then so near, that the sun never *rose* in the sky, as it does in our climate: about two thirds of his glorious face came above the horizon, and there it rested, slowly wheeling round from east to west. Lliglogluck stopped to look at the rich clouds that skirted the horizon; to his imagination they seemed like a troop of dogs, shining in burnished gold. "I wonder whether I shall have such dogs to drive in heaven," thought he. Suddenly he heard a tramping sound behind him; and he turned and saw a monstrous great white bear very near him. Now, what would you have done, in such a case? I dare say you would have screamed, and tumbled over the ice. But Lliglogluck was very well acquainted with white bears; and he did no such thing. In the first place, he threw him the carcass of a wolf, which he had that day shot with his bow and arrow. The bear stopped to eat the wolf, and the boy ran as fast as his feet would carry him. By and by, he heard the tramping again; and when his enemy came near, he pulled off his fur mitten, and threw it at him: the brute thought it was something else to eat, and he stopped and smelt of it, and turned it wrong side out: in the mean time, Lliglogluck was running home

with all speed. Just as the village was in sight, the bear came up close behind him again: he threw his other mitten; and, while the silly creature stopped to smell of it, and turn it, he reached the village, shouting, "A bear! a bear!" On hearing this, all the men of the village rushed out with their spears, and chased the bear. Several of them wounded him; but Lliglogluck shot an arrow directly into his eye. The huge beast was dragged home by six dogs harnessed together. His skin made a beautiful warm cloak; and all the people had a feast upon his flesh.

The next week, our young hunter found in his net an arctic fox and an ermine — both beautiful little creatures, as white as the drifted snow. The ermine was very much frightened, and it died in a few days; but the white fox lived and grew tame. Lliglogluck became so fond of him that they ate together, and slept on the same bear-skin.

Besides this favorite animal, our little savage had three great dogs, which he was allowed to call his own; and in those countries, dogs answer the purposes of horses and oxen. Lliglogluck rode miles and miles on the backs of his dogs; and when a whale, a walrus, or a bear, was killed, he yoked them with the others to bring it home. These creatures are very strong, faithful, and sagacious. They will drag extremely heavy loads; in utter darkness, they will guide their masters safely over broken and floating ice; and their strength and fury are very serviceable against the polar bear.

So you see no nation is left without blessings. The Arab has his camel, the

Laplander his reindeer, and the Esquimaux his dog.

I have told you that Lliglogluck was a bold boy, rather apt to be getting into mischief. The most foolish enterprise he ever undertook, was to throw his spear among a whole herd of sea-cows that were reposing very quietly on the ice. The sea-cow is a very large and very ugly animal, called by several different names — such as the walrus, the morse, the sea-horse, &c. They would not have meddled with our young hero, if he had let them alone; but as soon as he attacked them, they began to snort and bellow at a prodigious rate. Lliglogluck would certainly have been killed by them, had not some English sailors come to his rescue. English sailors! you will exclaim. Yes, they certainly were English sailors. England has sent a great many ships to the arctic regions, in hopes of reaching the north pole; and to their brave navigators we owe almost all the knowledge we have of these strange people.

Lliglogluck was a great deal more frightened at the vessel, and the white men, than he was at the sea-cows. He ran away, and screamed with all his might; and when he got home, he told his father that there was a monstrous great bird among the ice, big enough to eat up all the whales; and that there were men on the bird dressed in such skins as he never saw before.

Upon this information, the Esquimaux armed themselves, and went to meet the strangers. At first they were afraid; but after a few minutes they pulled their noses at them. They show kindness by pulling noses, in the same way we do

by shaking hands. The English had a Greenland interpreter with them, who told them what the natives meant by this motion; and then the captain and sailors pulled their noses too. After a while, they got acquainted, and gladly exchanged their eider down and furs for hatchets, nails, and beads. Never was a boy so happy as Lliglogluck, when he received a little hatchet, and six nails, in exchange for some ermine and fox-skins. In his eyes, they were more precious than pearls and diamonds; and in ten minutes, he had thought of a hundred things he would make with them.

He soon became familiar with the English, and asked a thousand questions through the interpreter. When he first got over his terror of the strangers, he pulled his nose to the ship, and called out, "Hallo! where did you come from, great bird?" They told him the vessel was not an animal, and could not speak. Then he asked what it was made of. They told him it was built of timber. Then he wanted to know what timber was made of; and when they told him it was made of trees, he held up his hands, and shouted very loud; for he had never seen any thing but little stunted bushes in his life, and he could not believe there were such big trees in the world. He seized hold of the captain's coat, and asked what animal had such a fur as that; and whether the sleeves were the creatures' legs. He thought a woollen stocking was stripped from the back of some animal; and he was very curious to know where was the place for its eyes.

He made a great noise, when one of the sailors showed him the picture of a

white bear; and he instantly stripped up his sleeve to show where one of the fierce brutes had scratched him. He was frightened almost to death at the sight of a portrait; and though they explained to him what it was, he could never be persuaded to touch it. A looking-glass terrified him very much at first; but afterwards he was mightily pleased. He began to talk to himself in the glass, and was very angry, because his image did not answer him: he doubled up his fist, and said very furiously, "You are too proud to speak to me, are you? If you don't speak to me quick, I'll knock you down." Then the captain showed him the back of the glass, and caused to be explained to him how it reflected every body's image; whereat he was greatly astonished, thinking the English "could make men live and die at their pleasure."

Lliglogluck soon became so intimate with the strangers, that he was at his old mischievous tricks again. One day, he came behind a sailor, and struck him a violent blow on one ear, while he bellowed as loud as he could in the other; and when he saw the sailor jump, he lay down on the snow, and laughed and rolled, and rolled and laughed, till his sides ached. This was not very good manners; but you must remember he was a little savage, and had never been taught any better. For the same reason he thought he should have dogs to drive in heaven; and pulled his nose to the ship, as if it had been a man. But Lliglogluck was a bright boy for all that. Do you think you could have outwitted the bear, as he did?

In a few weeks, the English ship sailed

away; for the pale orb of the moon was seen all the time wheeling from the east to the west of the horizon, and the sailors knew that the sun had hid himself, and the long polar night was coming on.

Lliglogluck was very sorry to have them go. He sold them all he had, except his white fox. He lived to be a man, and was a most mighty hunter of seals, whales, walruses, &c. He was finally killed in a terrible encounter with a hungry bear. Let us be thankful that we live in a country where there are no ferocious animals to make us afraid.—
Juvenile Miscellany.

An Honest Beggar.

A GENTLEMAN of Albany, while reading a paper in a bar-room, one day last month, was accosted by a little half-naked girl, who asked him for a penny. He handed her half a dollar, by mistake. The girl went out, was absent a few minutes, and then returned with forty-nine cents, which she handed the astonished donor, saying, "Here is the change, sir." He immediately took measures to have the little innocent clothed and provided for.—*Newspaper, 1849.*

"PA, has the world got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father.

"No, child," replied the father, impatiently; "how could it have one, when it is round?"

"Well," persisted the heir, "why do the papers say, 'So wags the world,' if it hain't got a tail to wag with?"

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 92.]

Letter from Mrs. Bump to her Son William.

Sundown, July, 18—.

I HAVE received several letters from you since I have had an opportunity of writing. I am very glad to notice the improvement you are making. This gives me the more pleasure, from the belief that your progress is owing as much to your industry and faithfulness in study, as to your natural gifts and capacity. It is desirable, certainly, to have talents or genius; but it is still more desirable to have industry and the habit of application. The reason is, that many persons who have genius fail of success in life, while those who have industry and application are almost always successful. This truth is set forth by an ancient fable, which I will tell you.

Once upon a time, a Hare, who was on a journey, overtook a Tortoise. They entered into conversation, and it turned out that both were going to the same place — Dismal Swamp — a number of miles distant.

At length the hare said, —

“Really, Mr. Tortoise, excuse me for laughing; but positively it seems to me ridiculous, for a squat, short-legged, lumpy, dumpy, rumpy little gentleman like you, to undertake such a long journey.”

“And why so?” said the turtle.

“Because you never will get there,” said the long-legged hare.

“‘Never’ is a long day,” said Totty quietly.

“That may be,” said the other, all the

time jumping, frisking, and throwing himself about as if impatient to be doing something. “But I should die, if I had to waddle and waddle and waddle like you. Why, I can go farther at one jump, than you can in a hundred steps.”

“Nevertheless,” said the turtle, “I will get to Dismal Swamp first.”

“I’ll bet you ten thousand heads of clover of it,” said the hare.

“I do not like betting,” was the reply.

“You dare not!”

“Yes, I dare; and to humor you, I will take your wager.

“Done!” said the hare; and after some further talk, the two parted. The hare bounded forward, throwing up his short white tail at the tortoise, as much as to say, “Do you see that? Why, I shall beat you all hollow. My legs are ten times as long as yours, Mr. Waddle. I am a genius, and can do any thing; you are a drudge, and can do nothing.” With these ideas the hare seemed to sweep forward like a strip of light.

The tortoise toiled on, beguiling the time by various reflections. “That creature,” said he to himself, “seems to have great advantages; but will the gift of long legs cover the frailty of a giddy brain? After all, I shall win the wager. He knows his powers; he knows he can go to Dismal Swamp in a few hours, while it will cost me three days and nights of hard travel. His confidence will ruin him; while my sense of neces-

sity will insure my success. He will be drawn away by tempting heads of clover, and lovely little valleys by the way-side. He will stop to nibble and gambol, and now and then he will doze. Perhaps, too, as he passes through the woods, he will find companions, in whose company he will forget his wager. For myself, conscious that I have short legs, and that industry is my only strength, my only hope, I shall never forget my wager. It will be in my mind day and night, at sunrise and at sunset. Fortunately, as short-legged people have good constitutions, I need not stop long, either for food or rest."

With these ideas, the tortoise crept steadily along, and, slow as his progress might seem, it was really wonderful to see what a distance he had got by sunset. He did not stop, but went ahead. About midnight, as he was passing through a little valley, he heard a rustling sound. Peeping through an opening in the bushes, he saw about a dozen hares, having a row in the moonlight. Among them, he recognized his betting acquaintance, who was freaking, frisking, and frolicking, like the rest. The tortoise put his finger to the side of his nose, significantly, and, saying not a word, went forward.

At the end of three days, the tortoise was at the swamp, and, crawling under a stone, went to sleep with one eye, keeping a lookout with the other for the hare. At last, the latter came, all out of breath. "Whew!" said he; "what a heat I am in! I was really frightened lest that waddling tortoise should have got here first. Fool that he was to bet with me!" At this moment, the tortoise, who was

just behind, called out, "O, ho, Mr. Hare! you have come at last. Really, I was afraid something had happened to you!"

"Clover and cabbage!" said Bunn, in utter amazement. "What, you here?"

"Certainly," said Tot; "and I've been here these six hours. I have won the bet. But don't mind—I never eat clover, and so shall not claim the wager. But promise me one thing, Mr. Hare."

"What is it?"

"Never presume upon your long legs, and never laugh at people with short ones. Take a hint from past experience. Those who perform the greatest tasks, and do the greatest good in life, are not the gifted sons of genius, but the humble children of industry and toil. The Deity, who knows every thing, and judges the actions of his creatures, laughs rather at the silly and presumptuous hare, than at the patient and plodding tortoise. He sees the end from the beginning, and judges accordingly."

Such is the fable, and I leave you to make due application of it. I have read your poetry with satisfaction, for, although it would be poor stuff for a man, it is very clever for a schoolboy. It is good to exercise yourself in making verses, even though you never can be a true poet; for it gives you command of language, enlarges your stock of ideas, and serves to refine and give elegance to the mind.

I have read your account of your unfortunate difficulty at school. I will not say that your fault was light. It was wrong to strike the youth as you did, and it shows a dangerous spirit of revenge to

harbor anger so long. For eighteen months, you carried that evil thought in your bosom; and one evil thought never lives alone. It will beget others. So it was with you. You gave way to your revenge. This brought upon you the danger of punishment. To avoid this you told a lie. The lie was the natural fruit of your revenge. Thus one evil ever brings another.

But how happy am I that, in this hour of trial, the kindness and wisdom of friends, through the blessing of God, saved my son! It was a moment of great dan-

ger, my dear William, to your whole life and being. Had you been permitted to go on covering up your guilt, probably you had grown up faithless, hypocritical, and contemptible. I can never be too thankful for your escape.

I have no news to tell you. Bottle-nose was here last evening, and told us some curious Indian tales and fables. I shall try to send you an account of them hereafter. Your father is well. Adieu, and may God bless you.

From your affectionate mother,

ABIGAIL BUMP.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"It's the first day of April, Mr. Merry."

Yes, boys—I know it—for here is one of your tricks. On opening one of my letters, I found the following

"CONUNDRUM.

"Why is a pump with a handle like a pump without a handle?"

"Do you give it up? Then ask

"APRIL FOOL."

Well, that's a tolerable joke, but I've seen better. I let this pass; but be so kind as to remember this, my young friends—if you ever April fool me again, let it be neatly done. A middling joke is a poor thing.

Now to the other letters.

*Old Church, Hanover County, Vir., }
February 9, 1849. }*

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

In your Museum for October, 1848, page 127, is a charade composed of twenty-one letters. As we have never seen the solution to it in any subsequent number, and moreover

believe we have found it ourselves, we thought we would let you know it, as you seem to take a deep interest in all matters concerning young folks. We think that a peep into our family circle, on the evening in which we made so important a discovery, (as we think,) may afford you some pleasure.

Well, at the close of a winter's day, when all things had passed off pleasantly in the school, and a long game of jumping the rope had made us willing to sit still when we could no longer remain out of doors, we took up a former number of the Museum, (for we love it so well, that we often read it more than once;) we fixed on the before-mentioned charade, and after thinking over it a long time, we applied to our minister (who was spending the night with us) for aid; but with all his zeal to help his young friends, and all his learning, both of which he possesses a large stock of, he could throw no light on the subject. Our teacher (dear, kind Miss M.) next came to our help; but, though she consumed so much time on us, that our usual nightly reading of Homer's Iliad was omitted, (which is never done, but on great occasions,) all was of no avail.

Our mother laid down her knitting; and when we tell you that, you are to understand that all the cares and anxieties of the domestic economy were merged in the one great desire to find out the secret—for so constantly does our dear mother pursue that now neglected occupation, that, without it, "Richard is not himself." Late in the evening, our brother, who is a physician, came to our rescue; but alas! he could only sympathize with the unfortunate, for notwithstanding all this array of forces, "the City of Umbrage" remained impregnable; and we retired from the conflict, baffled and dispirited, to the supper table. Finding our spirits somewhat revived after supper, those of us who possessed the most true courage, and devotion to Comus, determined to remain below stairs, and renew the assault, while the others ascended to the parlor, to solace themselves with such employments as each preferred.

What will not perseverance, and a determination to conquer, effect! Presently the "Conflagration of Moscow" burst on our astonished vision. With scarcely less sensation (though of a different character) than on its first explosion, we rushed up to the parlor with the flush of victory on our cheeks, and found that the news had preceded us, as if by magnetic despatch! As we opened the door, the minister laid down his book, the doctor his "Treatise on the Cholera," and our father and oldest sister (who, by the way, profess to hold somewhat in contempt all efforts in the charade line, being not much gifted with that sort of discernment) looked up from their game of chess, and one united exclamation of "Have you got it?" burst from the circle. And sure enough, we had "got it." We readily produced our proofs of victory; and by reference to our slate, on which we had it all written down, corresponding to the requirements of the charade, claimed and obtained the victor's crown. It is true we had our self-complacency a little damped by papa's saying, after he had had it all made out to him, "Why, any body could have found that out." But as "nobody" had, we remembered Columbus

and the egg, and were restored to our former satisfaction!

Now, dear Mr. Merry, we must conclude this our first letter to you, which we sincerely hope may not appear as long in print, as it does in writing, for certainly we ought to have asked your permission before we ventured to write to you at all, and then have trespassed as little as possible on your time, but we judged you by ourselves, and as we dearly love to read all you write, we thought you might like to receive a letter, now and then, from us. We wish you, in conclusion, a happy new year, and a large addition to your list of
SUBSCRIBERS.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We are the two oldest sisters of a family of six, and take this method, among your many youthful subscribers, of introducing ourselves to you. We have taken your Museum for four years past, and have always been delighted with your stories and puzzles; and could you be behind the door when father brings it home, and hear the noise we make in our eagerness to get it, you would think we had found some California treasure. We found the answers to the puzzles in the January number, as given by your correspondent I. T. H., of Saco. We had a letter written to you containing the answers; but there was some delay in having it mailed in season to publish; so we thought we would wait until this month, and write you in season. We have also found the answer to the charade given in that number, and find the first to be "Canton." The second, if you take the Frith of Tay and three of the letters which spell L, O, R, D, you will have the name of our next president — "Taylor." The third is "Conundrum;" the fourth, "Potato;" and the fifth, the "Letter O." We have put our heads together and made a puzzle, which we send you, and if you think it worthy you may publish it.

From your black-eyed and blue-eyed subscribers,

FRANCES E. AND SOPHIA B. G.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of nine letters.

My 1, 5, 3, is a part of the human body.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is a kind of tree.

My 2, 8, 9, is a beast of burden.

My 3, 5, 6, are made by the thousand, and are in general use throughout all Christendom.

My 2, 8, 1, 7, 9, is a decomposed substance.

My 9, 6, 5, 4, 7, is a species of bird.

My 3, 5, 4, 7, is very useful for mechanical purposes, and is esteemed by many a great luxury.

My 1, 7, 6, is a domestic fowl.

My whole is what all mankind are in search of, but which is seldom found to perfection.

Patchogue, L. I., Feb. 12, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am a girl nearly eleven years old, unknown to you; but you appear to me (rendered so by the columns of the Museum, of which I have five volumes, bound, and soon shall have the sixth) like an old friend and acquaintance; and when I look upon its frontispiece, I half ejaculate, "My uncle Peter, with his stories, has come to pay me another visit." I reside, as you may readily discover by the Indian name above, "on Long Island's sea-girt shore;" and should your peregrinations extend this way, you must certainly call and see me, when I should be happy to feast you with some of our "*Blue Point oysters*," which we have in profusion, and some of our various kinds of fish just taken from the water. But to my business.

I have been for a long time a patron and reader of your valuable Museum, and my brothers and myself have always taken great pleasure in examining its contents, as well as solving the charades and enigmas with which it abounds. I have not formerly deemed it proper to write to you, as I was under the impression that you must be greatly annoyed by receiving so many communications, which you cannot publish, thereby giving you un-

necessary trouble; but I, for once, trespass upon your time, and probably your patience.!

The enigma of your constant reader E, in the October number, 1848, has not, to my surprise, been answered in any of the subsequent numbers. I therefore take the liberty to forward you the solution of the same, which is the "Conflagration of Moscow."

Very respectfully yours,

SARAH A. D.

☞ The writer of the above may rest assured that, if I ever come within hail of Patchogue, I shall find her out and accept her invitation. I remember that, when I was a boy, about five years old, I went to that same Patchogue, to see my grandfather and grandmother. I recollect a steep bank, and a river or creek, at the foot, with sloops and fishing smacks. I recollect, also, a large old house and some great willow trees, near by. No doubt things are greatly changed; but I shall still be glad to see the place once more, especially as I have now a friend there, who promises me "Blue Point oysters."

Cambridgeport.

DEAR SIR:

I am a subscriber for your Museum and Playmate, and enjoy it highly. I am very fond of guessing enigmas, charades, &c., though I never tried to compose one. I found the charades in the February number quite easy. No. 1 is "Canton;" No. 2, "Taylor;" No. 3, "Conundrum;" No. 4, "Potato;" No. 5, "Letter O."

Yours truly,

B. M. J.

Hingham, Feb. 25, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

If you will give this little story a place in your valuable columns, one will be obliged to you who has taken many hours' enjoyment in reading the Museum.

HISTORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

When first I awoke from my long sleep, I found myself in the ocean, dazzled by the sun's rays; but my brothers and sisters soon began to play about, and I was forced to join them.

We remained till the flood, when we all rose up in a mighty body against the wickedness of man. We were among the first to bear up the ark; and after the flood, some of my comrades and myself were drawn up into the sky by the heat of the sun. We floated about for several days in the air; but at last we became heavy, and fell in rain. I happened to fall upon a rose bud; then a gentle breeze shook me off, and I fell upon an humble violet, that grew at the foot of the rose bush.

I wished to stay here very much indeed, but was not permitted to do so long, for the sun came out again, very warm, and I was drawn again into the air.

After a time, I fell into a large river. Here I remained a great while; at one time helping to float a ship, packet, or boat; at another, I was under a steamboat, and forced hither and thither by the terrible water wheels.

But the time was now come when I was to be frozen to death! In fact, I became part of a sheet of ice, and was skated upon by gentlemen and boys for a long time. At last, there was a warmer day, and the ice partly melted. Some of us drops were drawn up into the air, and for a last time. Those that were with me, together with myself, were frozen in the air, and we fell to the earth in snow. The boys played snowball with us, and we had a rough time of it.

At last, we were melted, and run into a well. We were soon taken and put into a boiler, and, when heated, we were used to wash clothes with. As soon as we were done with, we were thrown out of doors. Running along to get some kind of shelter, we soaked into the ground, where we remained a long time.

When spring came, the roots of different flowers found us out: a tulip took one, a violet another, a rose another, &c.: at last, a

pink took me. I crept along the stem, and, after a time, I was spread out among the leaves of a beautiful flower. In this state, I attracted the regards of a beautiful young lady, and she plucked me, and I am hers.

A. O. B.

Captain's Hill, Duxbury, Sept. 25, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

I am much pleased with Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate since their union. At the same time, I have been disappointed that the late numbers have contained no "Fairy Tales." I have never written you before; but, wishing to know why you discontinued tales that, to me, were delightful, I thought I would address you. I am learning to sing, and hope you will keep up the musical department. The "charades" and "enigmas" please me, but puzzle me. Perhaps it is pleasant to be puzzled sometimes.

I shall await the appearance of the next number impatiently, in the hope of seeing a production of mine in print. I trust to your courtesy to afford me that satisfaction, and beg you to believe me

A grateful subscriber,

MARY C. S.

Newton Centre, Feb. 15, 1849.

TO MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir,

We have just begun to take your Museum, and like it very much. We have read nearly all the other Museums, although we have not taken them; and we were perfectly delighted when our mother told us she had subscribed for it. We found the answer to all those charades in the February number. We like "Peggy Betsey's" letters very much, and think the anecdote of little Susy's credit purchases very amusing. We did not laugh at Billy Bump's poetry, for we thought it very good indeed. I did not see any thing in it that he should be afraid of showing.

MARY R. AND WILLIAM M. G.

The following is from a favorite of ours, six years old. He brought it to us some time ago, and we promised it should be inserted; but it was nevertheless overlooked; whereupon he called, and with great dignity, reminded us of our neglect and breach of promise. We say this by way of confession, for we like to keep a conscience void of offence toward those whose memories are so good as that of our little friend in question.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of six letters.

My 4, 3, 2, is a troublesome animal.

My 5, 3, 2, is a four-footed animal.

My 5, 6, 3, 4, 2, is a kind of map.

My 2, 3, 4, is a sticky substance.

My 5, 3, 1, 1, is a man who is defeated.

My 6, 3, 2, is a covering of the head.

My 5, 6, 3, 2, is small talk.

My 5, 3, 2, is a kind of vehicle.

My 6, 3, 4, 2, is a kind of deer.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a heavenly body.

My whole is an article much used by housewives.

C. J. M.

S. J. M., of Albany, sends a neat letter, and has rightly solved the conundrums of the February number. Abby A. C——, of East Lyme, Connecticut, says our Magazine "pleases the girls, and if the boys don't like it, why let 'em go farther and fare worse." Jane and Ann, of Hanover, New Hampshire, like Billy Bump, and say he is a good boy, for he has improved very much. T——s G——r, of Roxbury, sends correct answers to various charades.

C. H. M., of Rutland, Vermont; A. L. L., of Hingham, Massachusetts; W. O. S., of Roxbury; J. E. F., of Woodstock, Vermont; Louisa, of Piermont, New York; "A Subscriber," of Jamaica

Plain; W. F. C., "on the Kennebec;" G. H., of Saco; J. P. S., of Proctorsville, Vermont; and Anna, of Plymouth, North Carolina, who writes very beautifully, will please accept our thanks for their several communications.

E. R. K—— sends us the following riddle:—

"I went somewhere, I didn't know where; I saw somebody, I didn't know who; they said something to me, I didn't know what; but what they said to me I never forget."

The following petition shall certainly receive attention in future numbers.

MR. MERRY:

I am very
Glad to write
On paper white,
To one like you,
So good and true—
So kind to all,
Both great and small.
Forgive, I pray,
What now I say;
I'm very young—
My little tongue
Can only spell
Small words, quite well.
And so, indeed,
I cannot read
The tales you tell—
They're very well
For Jane and Ben,
For they are ten.
But I am six:
Now, can't you fix,
Each month along,
Some tale or song,

With pleasant jokes
For little folks,
Like me, who spell
Small words quite well,
Yet cannot read
Big words, indeed?

Dear sir, if you
Will only do
This thing for me,
I'll ever be,
With feelings true,
Your

BLACKEYED SUE.

Song of Welcome.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Lively.

Wel-come, wel-come, balm-y Spring, With your breezes and your bowers;

Wel-come all the joys you bring, Ver-dant fields and fra - - grant flowers.

Welcome buttercup and pansy;
Nothing now can come amiss:
Welcome catnip, dock, or tansy;
All is fair in days like this.

Welcome lilies, welcome roses;
Welcome every garden beauty;
Welcome all the meadow posies,
Peeping forth as if on duty.

Welcome brier, welcome bramble;
Even ye have fruit and flowers—
And I love the hoiden scramble,
'Mid your wild and tangled bowers.

Welcome birds of every song;
Welcome birds of every feather,
Sing your ditties loud and strong—
We'll be happy all together.

Welcome dew and welcome rain,
Though ye come in dash or drizzle;
Showers will bless the planted plain,
And pastures dearly love a mizzle.

Welcome now the zephyr light,
To kiss our cheeks, as if a lover;
And should it smite the left or right,
Why, we will surely give it t'other!



Anecdotes of Birds.

PERHAPS there are no creatures in the world more interesting than the little feathered warblers of the woods and gardens. Their bright colors, their tiny figures, their quick movements, and their funny little ways, all conspire to render them objects of love and admiration. Small as they are, they often perform works of ingenuity that would puzzle the activity and skill of man. The reason is, because they are taught directly from God, and do not pride themselves upon their own knowledge and prudence.

The artifices by which they conceal their nests are truly wonderful. When the European wren forms her nest against a haystack, she covers the outside with hay, so that it cannot be easily perceived; if she build in a tree covered with lich-

ens, she puts the same coat on her nest; if she choose a decayed trunk covered with green moss, she covers her nest with the same material. The humming-bird patches her nest with lichen until it has the appearance of a moss-covered knot. The same precaution is shown with regard to concealing the entrances to their nests. It is remarkable that these artifices vary according to circumstances; for birds will construct their habitations very differently from their usual manner, when they find themselves in a country where snakes are very numerous.

When rooks are about to build, they examine all the neighboring trees very attentively for several days; and when they have discovered a forked branch, that appears sufficiently strong, they sit

upon it day after day, to ascertain how it will bear the rocking of the winds.

When far from the haunts of man, the ostrich carelessly leaves her eggs in a hollow place lightly scooped in the sand, and seems to take no thought for their safety; but where they are annoyed by hunters, they take every possible precaution to hide their nests; and if they think the arrangement of the eggs has been disturbed, or if they perceive footsteps in the vicinity, they break every one of the eggs, and seek a new place. The birds are careful not to be seen near the nest at the same time, and they never approach it in a direct line. The eggs of an ostrich are about twenty-four times as large as a hen's egg, and when the young are first hatched, they are as big as pullets. Each female lays twelve or sixteen eggs; and as several of them deposit their eggs in the same place, fifty or sixty are sometimes found together. The eggs are arranged in such a manner as to save space, and to give each its due share of warmth. They stand with the broad end upward, and the earth that is scooped out is placed as a barrier to keep them in their erect position. The nest is never left by all the birds, except in the middle of the day, when the sun is warm enough to keep them at a proper temperature.

It is a singular fact that the crow and the blackbird will alight on the backs of large, strong cattle; but the moment they see a man, they are afraid, because they know he sometimes carries a gun. These cautious birds are likewise much less afraid of man when he is on horseback or in a carriage, than when he is alone. This must be the result of experience

and observation; for the African birds around Lake Tchad, which had seldom seen men, and never seen a gun, stood and looked Major Denham in the face with eager curiosity.

Mr. Nuttall, in his work on Ornithology, says he has been both surprised and amused to see the blackbirds following the furrows made by the negro slaves, and feeding on the insects they disturbed in their path, with as much satisfaction and security, as a little Bantam hen following the quiet old cow as she grazes about the field; but when a white man appears, they take to flight; as if conscious that he is in the habit of using fire-arms, while the negro is allowed to carry no weapon.

Dr. Lettsom, an English gentleman, had two male linnets which conceived a wonderful affection for each other. When one began to sing, the other always joined; and at night each slept on that side of the cage nearest to his friend. When one of the cages was cleaned, the occupant showed extreme delight at the opportunity of flying into the other cage, and making a call upon his companion. During these visits, they fluttered toward each other, joined their bills, and touched tongues, in the most affectionate manner. Sometimes one was allowed to fly in the open air, while the cage of the other was hung outside of the window; and whichever one was allowed to ramble, he was always sure to return to his friend. Both of them appeared to take great pleasure in the company of wild linnets, but they could not be tempted to forsake each other. If both had been allowed to fly away together, it is extremely doubtful

whether they would ever have returned. One of these birds died, and the other absolutely pined away with grief.

An English lady had a sparrow, which she had tamed at her residence in Fulham. When the winter arrived, she removed to London, and the bird, being placed in a covered cage, was carried in the carriage. After several months, it happened that the window was left open, and the tame bird, which was often suffered to hop about the room, flew away. About a week after, the little wanderer appeared at his old residence in Fulham, very familiarly seating himself upon the chairs and tables. The following spring, he brought a little wife into the house. When she began to build her nest, he was very busy in gathering bits of rag and thread for her. While she was setting, he spent most of his time with her out of doors; but once he hopped into the parlor, wife, little ones, and all. When his family were large enough to provide for themselves, he returned to the care of his lady benefactress.

A pewee, which during the summer had become quite tame in the garden, took up its winter residence in the kitchen. He became so familiar with the dog and cat, that he was very angry if they interrupted him while washing himself in a basin of water kept for the dog to drink.

Miss Seward, of Litchfield, England, had a cat that was entirely cured of her natural propensity to kill birds. She lived on such excellent terms with a dove, a lark, and a redbreast, that they would often perch on her back, and peck the crumbs from her plate.

I have read of a tame quail that would

run about the house with a large dog, hop over his back, and sleep on the hearth-rug beside him. The dog was remarkable for destroying birds in the fields, yet he always seemed well pleased with the freedoms of his little companion.

Two chaffinches, having paired near the sea-coast in Scotland, wished to build a nest, but could not find a tree, or sheltering bush, along the cold and rugged coast. An English vessel happened to arrive, and the little creatures built their nest in a pulley, near the head of the mast. The ship tackle passed through the pulley, and it was occasionally lowered for the inspection of curious visitors; but the honest, confiding little birds were not driven away. The mother was brooding over her eggs when the vessel sailed away from the coast. Her mate saw her moving from him, and he eagerly followed. During the whole voyage, he was very attentive to her, cheering her with his tender song, to the no small delight of the sailors.

When Dr. Clark travelled in Russia, he observed a curious association between the cormorant and the pelican. The latter spreads his wings, and troubles the water, while the cormorant dives to the bottom, and drives the fish up to the surface. The pelican continues the flapping of his wings, as he advances toward the shore, where the fish is taken among the shallows. The cormorant, without further ceremony, helps himself out of the pelican's beak.

In 1803, an English lady was prevailed upon by a little boy to rear the only survivor of a nest of gray linnets. For some time, she kept the poor little

thing in her neck, in order to supply the warmth of its mother sheltering the nest. She fed it, frequently with very delicate and nutritious food, and at night kept it near her, on the pillow. In a short time, the bird was able to sit on a perch, and feed itself. Nothing could exceed his attachment to his kind nurse. He wanted to be continually perched on her head, or her shoulder, and he would not fly away though she walked in this manner with him in the garden. When she returned, after a short absence, he would fly round in a transport, singing at the very top of his voice. If she were gone for a day or two, he was dull and discontented; but he knew her voice, and even her step in the distance, and would fly to meet her with the most eager delight. Sometimes, after giving these testimonials of joy, he would seem to remember that she had left him; and then he would chatter away in a scolding tone, or sit upon his perch in a sullen humor. But the anger of the capricious little thing never lasted long; he would soon begin to flutter round his friend, perch on her shoulder, or try to feed her with some of the seeds he had shelled. This singular bird was very apt to take a dislike to strangers, especially if they were not dressed to please him. He always recognized these persons when they appeared in a different dress, and would keep up a scolding noise as long as they were in sight. Any garment of a bright red color peculiarly offended and alarmed him.

In the Shetland Islands, an assembly of birds has frequently been observed, familiarly known by the name of *crow-courts*. "A few of the flock sit with

drooping heads; others seem as grave as if they were judges; and some are exceedingly active and noisy, like lawyers and witnesses. In the course of about an hour, the company disperse; and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot."

Mr. Nuttall, in the preface to his Ornithology, speaking of the brown thrush, says, "He is extremely familiar, cheerful, and capriciously playful. He courts the attention of his master, follows his steps, complains when he is neglected, flies to him when suffered to be at large, and sings and reposes gracefully perched on his hand; in short, by all his actions he appears capable of real and affectionate attachment. He is jealous of every rival, particularly of any other bird, which he persecutes from his presence with unceasing hatred. His language of fear and surprise could never be mistaken; and an imitation of his low, guttural *tsherr*, *tsherr*, always answers as a signal to warn him when any danger approaches. I raised and kept one of these birds uncaged for some time. Besides a playful turn for mischief and interruption, in which he would sometimes snatch off the paper on which I was writing, he had a good degree of curiosity, and was much surprised one day by a large springing beetle, which I had placed under a tumbler. On all such occasions his looks of capricious surprise were very amusing. He cautiously approached the glass, with fanning and closing wings, and in an under tone confessed his wonder at the jumping motions of the huge insect. At length he became bolder; and perceiving

its resemblance to his ordinary prey of beetles, he, with some hesitation, ventured to snatch at the prisoner, between temerity and playfulness. But when really alarmed, or offended, he instantly flew to his loftiest perch, forbade all friendly approaches, and for some time kept up his low, angry *tsherr*.

The Old Man and the Flowers.

ANY years ago, there lived an old man at no great distance from our house, whom I was constantly in the habit of visiting. He kept a small garden, where he cultivated every variety of flowers; and it was my delight to wander with him through the neat little gravel walks, and listen to his conversation. He had been in better circumstances, and had received an excellent education. His knowledge of flowers was wonderful, and from him I learned all I ever knew of botany.

Never, before he came to reside in our quiet little village, did I care to know any thing of flowers; but he inspired me with an ardor before unknown. Three years we continued our studies, until one day, when I went to his cottage, he did not meet me as usual; and on going into his little room, I found him stretched, stiff and cold, upon the floor. Death, merciless, inexorable death, had taken him to himself: he had died of an attack of apoplexy.

In my grief, I scarcely remember what passed, until the neighbors, having heard the cry I had uttered, came running in. All revered and loved the old man, and sorrow at his death was universal. He was buried in the village churchyard,

where a plain marble slab, with this inscription, marks his resting place —

“HE SLEEPS TO WAKE AGAIN.”

After the funeral, I returned for the last time to his once cheerful house. I there found that, feeling he could not live long, his last work had been to write my name in several books of pressed flowers which I had often much admired. In one of them I found the following: —

“Flowers, wild and tame, have ever been my delight. As a child and as a man, I identified them with all my feelings, and considered them emblematical of the different ages of life.

“As a child, I sought beneath the ground moss at the roots of trees, for the fair and wild anemone, emblem to me of purity and goodness. As I grew older, fiery youth sought the passion flower, but oftener deserved the

‘Foxglove and nightshade,

Emblem of punishment and pride.’

“In manhood, tossed by the troubles of the world, but borne up by my great ambition, I longed to wreath the ‘crown imperial’ around my brow; but my fellow-men did not appreciate me as I did myself, and I felt that the violet, emblem of humility, taught me a useful and valuable lesson.

“In later years, the ‘heart’s-ease’ soothed me; and I felt grateful to God, that, though deprived of all else, I still had the flowers for companions. Now that I am on the verge of the grave, I look with pleasure and hope at the ‘Immortelles,’ still trusting in God’s great goodness, and looking forward to a better world.

“MEENA.”

Childhood's Home.

THERE never was a happier home
 Than that which gave me birth :
 The fields in which I used to roam,
 Seemed none so bright on earth ;
 The brook, that rippled by our door,
 My youthful limbs did lave ;
 And sweetest flowers grew on that shore,
 That ever kissed the wave.

The path that lay across the lawn,
 Where I my playmates met,
 The vine, the hedge, the waving corn,
 Are present with me yet ;
 The brown school-house adown the lane,
 The village church and choir ;
 But these will not return again,
 Nor youth my form inspire.

Though time has left us many a joy,
 To gild our earthly lot,
 Yet never have I, since a boy,
 Found here so blest a spot.

The birds sang sweetest near our cot,
 The sunflower shone more fair,
 And fond endearments, ne'er forgot,
 Sent pleasure to us there.

Though sturdy manhood 's on us now,
 And gold may use its guise,
 Time's marks will gather on the brow,
 And dimness seal the eyes ;
 But still the dream of youth's bright day
 Is ours, where'er we roam,
 To fill our breasts, though far away,
 With thoughts of childhood's home.

R. MORRIS.

Lumps of Gold.

THE largest lumps of gold recorded in the histories of gold mines are as follows : One found at the Wicklow mines, in Ireland, weighing twenty-two ounces ; one in Peru, weighing twenty-six pounds and a half ; several in Quito, *reported* to have weighed about one hundred and six pounds each ; one in

Lebanon, North Carolina, found in 1810, which weighed twenty-eight pounds ; and one in New Grenada, which weighed twenty-seven pounds and a half. These, we believe, are the largest lumps on record.

Remorse.

THE caliph Montaser, having caused his father to be put to death, was, some time after, looking over the rich furniture in the palace, and causing several pieces of tapestry to be opened before him, that he might examine them the more exactly. Among the rest, he met with one which had in it the figure of a very beautiful young man, mounted on a Persian horse, with a diadem on his head, and a circle of Persian characters round himself and his horse.

The caliph, charmed with the beauty of the tapestry, sent for a Persian who understood the ancient language, and desired him to explain that inscription. The man read it, changed color, and, after some hesitation, told the caliph it was a Persic song, and had nothing in it worth hearing. The prince, however, would not be put off ; he readily perceived that there was something extraordinary in it ; and therefore he commanded the interpreter to give him the true sense thereof immediately, as he valued his own safety. The man then told him that the inscription ran thus : "*I am Siroes, the son of Chosroes, who slew my father to gain his crown, which I kept but six months.*"

This affected the caliph so much, that he died in two or three days, having reigned about the same space of time. This singular story is perfectly well attested.



The Sea-Shore.

COME, let us walk by the sea-shore, upon the smooth sands of the winding beach. Let us search for its colored shells and curious pebbles. Let us gather the delicate blossoms of the sea-side pea, that loves to draw its freshness and tender beauty from the thirsty soil, along the edges of the yellow shore. Take up handfuls of the sparkling sands. Can we number the shining grains? No, we cannot; but God knoweth the sum of the sands of the sea, upon its thousand, thousand shores.

Let us watch the little flocks of beach birds, skimming low along the sands, keeping time with the flowing and retreating waters. Listen to their voice, low, soft, and musical, as if they sang to the waves. Here are the ringed plovers—the sand-pipers—the pures, flying in flocks, throwing alternately their dark and light plumage to the eye—the sheer-water with its curious bill—the blue-

winged teals, that love to sit together and sun themselves on the sands—and the surf and the golden-eyed duck, that swim and dive among the breakers; these, and many others, haunt the sand-bars, and the low, reefy shores. God careth for them all. He teacheth some of them to collect the drift sea-weed for their nests, and others to hollow out the sands. Though no reeds, or grass, or leaves, screen these nestlings, yet God provideth for their safety. No bright or various plumage attracts attention towards them. Colored like the sands on which they run, if danger approach, they cower down, motionless as the small stones of the beach, till the deceived eye is turned away; while the tender mother entices from them the foot of the stranger, in vain pursuit of herself.

How solemn is the lonely shore, where the sea, uplifts its voice, as it were the voice of God! No one dwelleth here.

The fisher moors his skiff, and seeks his home in the cheerful village. And we also must go away to our evening rest. But the spirit of God will still move on the face of the deep. And in the stillness of the night we may wake and listen to the waves, as they break and dash upon the distant beach. Let us not go away unimpressed with the wisdom and goodness of God. The sea obeys his will; but it is unconscious of its obedience. Let us also obey him—not as the passive sea, but with the active intelligence of living spirits, to whom he has given his written and perfect law. — *Juv. Miscellany.*

The Child's Oration.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle?
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good. EVERETT.

Return of Reason.

WE stated the other day, in general terms, the case of a man in the Newton poor-house who, after an insanity of about forty years, (thirty of which he was chained,) had recovered his reason. The name of the unfortunate man is Elisha Robbins, formerly a shoemaker by trade. He was born about the year 1786, and is therefore nearly sixty-four years of age. He was twenty-four years old when first seized with insanity. At that time, he had just lost his wife; he had two children then living. Soon after his seizure, he was so violent that it became necessary to chain him down, without clothes, save a shirt, and with only straw to sleep upon. This course was rendered absolutely necessary by his habits, which were no better than those of the beasts of the field.

At one time, the paupers were farmed out by the town to the lowest bidders. Among others was Robbins, who was chained in a barn by his keeper, where he was found one day with his feet frozen so as to render their amputation necessary. He was forthwith removed, and since that time has had every comfort compatible with his situation, his room being always kept warm. About a year ago, Robbins first began to exhibit signs of returning reason. It was observed that he paid more attention to personal cleanliness. He was encouraged, and shortly appeared, after the lapse of nearly a century, in the clothing of a man. Soon after, he was allowed to wander about the building; and at times he would turn to and help in light work, such as husking corn, &c.

Finally he began to talk of persons and places familiar in his youthful days, before reason was clouded; but beyond that period all to him is blank. He described with perfect accuracy places with which he was conversant in his earlier days; spoke of the companions of that period; one in particular whom he denominated a "gal," though, if now living, she has attained to over threescore years. He has been tried in various ways as to the verge of his memory; but it always stops at the commencement of his insanity. One day, the marriage of an acquaintance, which took place in his early days of reason, was mentioned, and the name of the bride intentionally misstated. He instantly corrected the error, and gave the right name. When asked in what year he was born, he replies, "About 1786," but still insists that he is but twenty-four years of age. At the last accounts, he continued to improve, and it was hoped that Reason was again firmly seated upon her throne.—*Boston Traveller.*

Anecdote.

A CELEBRATED divine, who was remarkable, in the first period of his ministry, for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery.

One of his hearers, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less, and lighten more, in future."

Miss Spring is Coming.

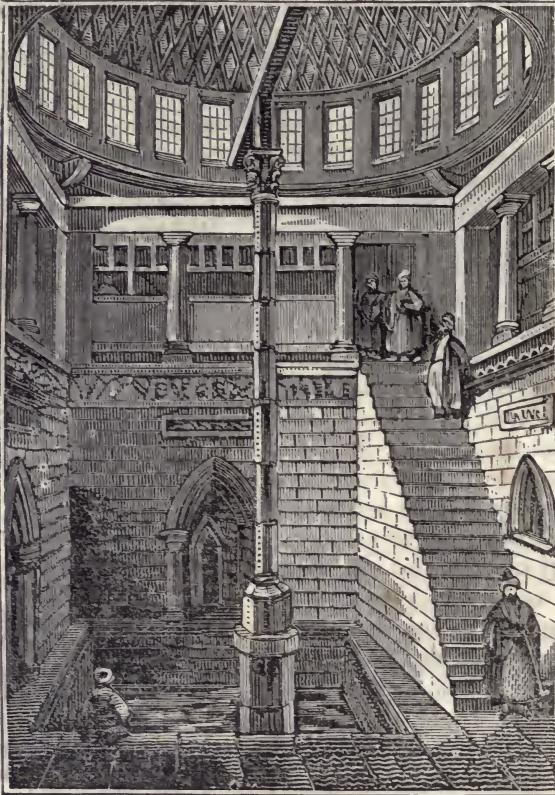
MISS SPRING is a coming
Again! again!
With her cheering smiles of mirth;
With her warming sun,
And her genial rain;
With flowers to strew
In the garden and plain;
And her warbling birds
Whose joyous strain
Shall gladden the grateful earth.

Mr. Winter is going,
Hurrah! hurrah!
What a hateful old fellow is he!
There'll be many dry eyes
When he sees his last day;
Why, he hasn't a friend
That would like him to stay!
Ha! ha! we'll be glad
When he totters away—
Good riddance, old Winter! say we.

Miss Spring is a coming,
And well we know
She's a bright and laughing thing!
And her balmy breath
Will melt the snow;
And the ice-bound stream
In her glance will flow;
And the birds will sing,
And the bright flowers grow—
Then a welcome to beautiful Spring!

THEODORE A. GOULD.

SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT AT LAST.—One of the southern papers tells us that on Christmas morning, (1848,) a negro was found fast in the flue of a chimney at Savannah, and was with difficulty extricated. He represented himself to be a runaway, and to have entered the chimney to escape detection.



The Nilometer.

THIS is a thin column, or pillar, marked in divisions to ascertain the rise and fall of the River Nile. It is situated in the midst of a round tower, on the Island of Rhoda, between Cairo and Geeza, and is built in the middle of the river. In this tower is a cistern of marble, through which the Nile flows; the bottom of the river and the bottom of the well being on the same level. From the centre of this well rises the slender pillar, which is marked into twenty divisions of twenty

inches each; the space marked on the column is somewhat more than thirty-six feet.

This column is of the greatest importance to the pacha of Egypt; it being the chief means by which he is enabled to fix the tribute or tax, according to the height of the inundation.

The tower in which the Nilometer is placed, is lighted by about eighteen or twenty windows, which form a bell round the base of the dome: immediately be-

neath these windows, and considerably above the basin or well, are rooms or apartments for those who come to see the height of the Nile, from whence a flight of about twenty-five or thirty stone steps leads to the marble pavement, which forms the top of the cistern or well, and in the centre of which the Nilometer is placed.

On ascertaining that the overflow will be such as to fertilize all the land, the grand canals are opened with great ceremony, festivity, and rejoicing. As soon as the Nile retires from the fields, they are sown with all sorts of grain, and in a short space of time, the face of the whole country is variegated with the hues of flowering plants and ripening corn.

Historical Examples of Patience.

OF all the philosophers which the sect of the Stoics produced, Epictetus is by far the most renowned. He is supposed to have been a native of Hierapolis in Phrygia, was for some time a slave, and belonged to Epaphroditus, one of Nero's life-guard. He reduced all his philosophy to two points only, viz., "to suffer evils with patience, and enjoy pleasures with moderation;" which he expressed in these two celebrated words, *Bear and Forbear*. Of the former he gave a memorable example. As his master was one day squeezing his leg, in order to torment him, Epictetus said to him very calmly, "You will break my leg;" which happened accordingly. "Did not I tell you," said he, "that you would break my leg?"

One of the most striking qualities of Socrates was a tranquillity of soul that no

accident, no loss, no injury, no ill-treatment, could ever alter. Some have believed that he was by nature hasty and passionate, and that the moderation to which he had attained was the effect of his reflections and endeavors to subdue and correct himself; which would still add to his merit.

Finding himself, on one occasion, in great emotion against a slave, "I would beat you," said he, "if I were not angry." Having received a box on the ear, he contented himself by only saying with a smile, "It is a misfortune not to know when to put on a helmet." Once meeting a gentleman of rank in the street, he saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends in company, observing what passed, told the philosopher, "that they were so exasperated at the man's incivility, that they had a good mind to resent it." But he very calmly made answer, "If you meet any person on the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think that you had reason to be enraged at him on that account? If not, pray, then, what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man of a worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?"

Without going out of his house, Socrates found enough to exercise his patience in all its extent. Xantippe, his wife, put it to the severest proof by her captious, passionate, violent disposition. Never was a woman of so furious and fantastical a spirit, and so bad a temper. There was no kind of abuse, or injurious treatment, which he had not to experience from her. She was once so transported with rage against him, that she tore off

his cloak in the open street. Whereupon his friends told him, that such treatment was insufferable, and that he ought to give her a severe drubbing for it. "Yes, a fine piece of sport indeed," said he, laughing; "while she and I were buffeting one another, you, in your turns, I suppose, would animate us on to the combat: while one cried out, 'Well done, Socrates,' another would say, 'Well hit, Xantippe.'"

At another time, having vented all the reproaches her fury could suggest, he went out, and sat before the door. His calm and unconcerned behavior did but irritate her so much the more; and in the excess of her rage, she ran up stairs, and emptied a vessel of water upon his head; at which he only laughed, and said, "that so much thunder must needs produce a shower."

Alcibiades, his friend, talking with him one day about his wife, told him, he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him. He replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets." The same disposition of mind was visible in other respects, and continued with him to his last moments. When he was told that the Athenians had condemned him to die, he replied, without the least emotion, "And nature, them!" Apollodorus, one of his friends and disciples, having expressed his grief for his being about to die innocent, "What," replied he with a smile, "would you have me die guilty?"

This sentence did not shake the constancy of Socrates in the least. "I am going," says he, addressing himself to his

judges with a noble tranquillity, "to suffer death by your order, to which nature had condemned me from the first moment of my birth; but my accusers will suffer no less from infamy and injustice by the decrees of truth." He calmly took leave of his family, who visited him for the last time in prison. When the deadly potion was brought him, he drank it off with an amazing fortitude, and a serenity of aspect not to be expressed, or even conceived. Till then, his friends, with great violence to themselves, had refrained from tears; but after he had drank the poison, they were no longer their own masters, but wept passionately. Apollodorus, who had been in tears for some time, began then to lament with such excessive grief, as pierced the hearts of all that were present. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and even reproved his friends, though with his usual mildness and good nature. "What are you doing?" said he to them. "I wonder at you. What is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I sent the women away, that they might not fall into these weaknesses? for I have always heard it said, that we ought to die peaceably, and blessing the gods. Be at ease, I beg of you, and show more constancy and resolution." Thus died Socrates, the wisest and the best man the heathen world could ever boast of.

HINT TO PRIDE.—The diadem of princes was copied from the fillet which topers, in the early ages, used to wear round their temples to check the fumes of wine. It was meant as an intimation to royalty not to suffer itself to be stupefied by the noxious incense of adulation.



The Glow-Worm.

IT is only the female of this tribe, called the LAMPYRIS, or *glow-worm tribe*, which, strictly speaking, merits the name *worm*. The male is provided with wings, and therefore has not the character of *worm*; whereas, the female generally has no wings, and is therefore confined to the earth's surface, and unable to soar above to the aerial regions. The reason of the name of this insect is obvious, namely, the glowing light, which, at a certain period of the year, emanates from its body. In a dark night, these diminutive creatures shine with such brightness, as to bear some resemblance to stars. The light is so very considerable, that the writer of these lines once, in a dark night, and under one of the ancient trees in Epping Forest, actually read a letter, with very considerable ease, by means of the rays which emanated from the body of this insignificant female insect.

Though it is often seen in the daytime, it cannot be properly distinguished till night, when it cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveller by the glowing light which issues from its body. It is commonly met with under hedges, and, if taken up with care, may be kept alive for many days upon fresh tufts of grass, all which time it will continue to shine in the dark.

The light of this diminutive insect is so strong, that if it is confined in a thin pill-box, even though lined with paper, the light will shine through.

In the daytime, this creature appears dead and sluggish; and if taken into a dark room, it shows nothing of its light, unless it is turned on its back and disturbed. Soon after sunset, its light and activity return. It never shines but when it is in motion. — *Fletcher*.

Two Sides of a Picture.

IT is a very true saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." A conviction of the truth of this old adage was forced upon me a few evenings since, while walking in Broadway with a moralizing friend. The moon was full, and seemed happy in locking down upon a mighty city, where peace and joy appeared the reigning sentiment of the hour. Impressed with the gay panorama passing before us, I exclaimed, "Why is it that people croak so much about the miseries of life, and particularly the misery within the city? I see nought but Health, Hope, and Pleasure. In the morning, manhood walks forth as if rejoicing to exercise his strength and energy. At evening, he returns well pleased with the labors of the day. Beauty is happy in the consciousness of its own loveliness, and childhood in its innocence." My friend gently reprov'd my short-sighted observation, and said, "Men are like birds: we never see a sick bird, or a dying bird, seldom an unhappy one. They fly from the greetings of their joyous companions, and from the haunts of men, and pine alone. So with the unfortunate of the human race. Poverty hides itself in obscurity. Sickness buries its pains in the retired chamber. Grief lowers its bowed head. Would you know the truth, that misery is no fable? A few steps will convince you. Opposite that brilliantly illuminated theatre, see yonder building, whose emerald lawn, and stately waving trees, indicate that those stone walls are the abode of peace and quiet. Shall we enter and learn the

length and breadth of human agony as exhibited in the City Hospital?" A few steps brought us within one of the fever wards, where the stifled groans and suffering faces of the sick and dying told tales of woe their lips could not have spoken. Can it be, thought I, that this is the same world, in whose health and happiness I a moment ago exulted? The groups of sufferers were too numerous to fix our attention upon any one, and my friend proposed to seek a case of individual sorrow elsewhere. We reached Eleventh Street, and, in the rear of a grocery, inquired for Mrs. Long. Her room was pointed out to us, and we entered an apartment whose only light was the moon. Four children lay sleeping upon beds of shavings, ranged upon the floor at one side. There was no fire, but by the window sat a woman bending over a little trunk, and weeping bitterly. She was so absorbed, she did not observe our entrance, until my friend asked her, gently, why she wept. She replied, "I have no time through the day to think of my little Henry, who died last November. There are his clothes; and although it is five months, they smell as sweet as the day I put them here. He is better off than when picking cinders for me, who have neither fire nor candle. His little sister wakes at night, and puts her arms about my neck, saying, 'Mother, have you any bread for to-morrow?' and I cannot answer. Hunger and cold are not my only afflictions. Pain racks this poor body; and the prospect that next rent-day will find us homeless has well nigh extinguished my last ray of trust in God." "But, my good woman," said we, "is

there nothing you can do? no labor by which you may earn something?" "Alas!" said she, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Before I became so destitute, I obtained shoes to bind without difficulty; but since my clothes are so shabby, no one will trust me with work, and I must beg or starve." My friend,

thinking that I had received a sufficient lesson, relieved the poor woman's necessities, and we departed. But I shall ever remember, that in this world things have two meanings, one for the common observer, and one for the deeper, higher mind of him who walks by the light of a love-illuminated heart. PEGGY BETSEY.



The Buzzard.

THIS name is given in England to a large species of hawk; it is not often used in this country, except in application to a kind of vulture at the south, called *turkey buzzard*.

The appearance of the buzzard is exceedingly drowsy and sluggish, on account of its large head, thick body,

clumsy legs, and large, lifeless eyes. It is too heavy and indolent to hunt by flight, and therefore is compelled to adopt another method for obtaining its subsistence. For hours together it will continue motionless on a tree, bush, stone, or even clod of earth, till some game passes within the reach of its spring, when it will dash upon

it in a moment, and then devour it. Its ordinary fare consists of small birds, rabbits, hares, moles, field-mice, lizards, frogs, toads, &c. When the buzzards have their young, they overcome, to a great degree, their sluggish habits; they become more active, and will soar to a considerable height, ascending in a spiral direction.

The female usually makes her nest in the fork of a tree, with large sticks, and lines it with wool, hair, or other soft substances, and sometimes takes possession of a deserted crow's nest, which it enlarges, and makes fit for accommodating her future family of young buzzards. She deposits two or three eggs; the number seldom amounts to four: they exceed the eggs of a hen a little in size; the color is a dirty white, a little greenish, and most commonly spotted with rust-color, chiefly at the larger end. The young, when in the nest, are covered with a yellowish down. In the middle of July, they begin to perch upon bushes, when they utter a cry shrill and plaintive. They accompany the old birds some time after quitting the nest. This is uncommon with birds of prey, which at a very early period show that parental affection is extinct in their bosom, and drive off their offspring from them with apparent disgust as soon as they are fledged and able to provide for themselves.

If the hen happen to be killed in the time of hatching, the cock buzzard will take its place, hatch and rear the brood. The eyes of this bird are easily dazzled by a strong light, and therefore it hails with delight the time of the setting sun.

The buzzard is found in many parts of

the earth, in very considerable variety, and is capable of being domesticated and trained to falconry.

To my Sister.

DEAR LIZZY, when in childhood's hour,
 What'er my laws, you *would* rebel;
 And I, who fancied age was power,
 Would feel my little bosom swell
 With anger infantine, to see
 My mimic frown unheeded be.
 Our tiny tongues went very fast,
 And mine, — mine always *went the last!*
 But when, at length, some childish jest
 Upon my pouting lips would rise,
 And wound my darling sister's breast,
 And fill with tears her dear dark eyes, —
 Ashamed to own my fault to thee,
 Yet grieved in heart *thy* grief to see, —
 Rememberest thou how many a wile
 I tried thy sorrow to beguile?
 O, even then, I felt that joy
 Must flee *my spirit*, — *thine* in pain, —
 And thought I'd give my prettiest toy
 To see thee smile again!

Dear Lizzy, in maturer years,
 An angry word, or careless jest,
 Too often now distills the tears
 Of sorrow from thy gentle breast;
 Yet, live, believe thy sister's *heart*,
 What'er its many errors be,
 Would never lightly pain impart,
 And least of all to thee!

O, Passion's words are faithless things,
 And Love disowns them ere they fall;
 It is the reckless *tongue* that *stings*,
 The tongue that knows not Reason's thrall,
 And satire's light and airy dart,
 Its point, its poison, *there* receives;
 O, ere the weapon reach *thy* heart,
 My own has felt the wound it gives!
 And when I see thy dear lip curled,
 And quivering with thy just disdain,
 I sigh and think I'd give the world
 To see thee smile again!

FLORENCE.



Coral.

CORAL is a hard substance, formed in the sea by collections of insects, called *corallines*. It is of three colors — *white, black, and red*. These are all used for ornaments, but the red is preferred. In the Mediterranean Sea, near the coast of Italy, there are large fisheries for coral. In many parts of the sea, coral is produced, but it is most abundant in warm latitudes. It is said that, in some places, the sailors, as they are going along in their ships, look down and see forests of coral, within which fishes of many forms are seen gliding about, apparently very happy. Hence the poet speaks of the

“ ——— coral grove

Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove.”

Though coral seems like stone, it is made by very minute, soft, insignificant creatures; and such are their number and their industry, that they build up whole islands in the midst of the sea. Many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean are the work of *corallines*.

Anecdotes of two Presidents.

“**G**ENERAL TAYLOR, while in Frankfort, Kentucky, on his way to Washington, met the schoolmaster who instructed him when a boy. ‘Well, general,’ said the old schoolmaster, ‘I reckon I am the only man who

can say he ever whipped General Taylor.' 'Ah,' said the general, grasping the honored old teacher by the hand, 'but you must recollect it took you a long time to do it.' It seems young Zach did not relish a threshing even when a boy, and resisted his schoolmaster; but he was finally forced to surrender."

Many years ago, John Quincy Adams, when a candidate for the presidency of the United States, was at a cattle-show at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was introduced to many persons, and at last to an old farmer.

On shaking Mr. Adams's hand, the farmer said, "Mr. Adams, my wife very often speaks of you. When young, she lived in your father's house, and took care of you; for you were then a child. You are a great man, but for all that, my wife says she has very often combed your head!"

"Well," said Mr. Adams in reply, "I suppose she combs yours, now!"

Aerolites.

AEROLITES are bodies which have fallen from the atmosphere to the earth. The name is composed of two Greek words, and signifies *air-stones*. The accounts of these phenomena, handed down from ancient times, have not been generally believed until within the last thirty years; but within that period there have been many recent and authentic statements to corroborate the fact.

Livy states that a shower of stones fell on the Alban Mount, not far from Rome, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, about

654 years B. C. Plutarch describes a stone that fell in the Hellespont, near the modern Gallipoli, about 405 years B. C.; and the elder Pliny, who wrote five hundred years afterwards, says that the stone was to be seen in his time—that it was as large as a wagon, of a burnt color, and in its fall was accompanied by a meteor. The fabled mother of the gods was worshipped at Pessinus, under the form of a stone, said to have fallen from heaven. At Emessa, in Syria, the sun was worshipped in the shape of a large black stone, which, according to tradition, had fallen from the atmosphere.

In 1492, a stone weighing 270 pounds fell at Ensisheim, in Alsace: for three hundred years it was suspended in the church by a strong chain. During the first French revolution, it was carried off, and many pieces were broken from it. One of these is now in the Museum at the *Jardin des Plantes*, near Paris. The remainder of the relic was carried back to Ensisheim, and placed near the great altar in the church.

In Tartary, near the River Jenessei, a large and singular mass, found on a slate mountain, was held in great veneration by the natives, on account of the tradition that it had fallen from heaven. Philosophers, who have examined it, have found that it possesses the usual properties of meteoric stones. It weighed fourteen hundred pounds. It was cellular, like a sponge, and the cells contained small glassy particles. The iron it contained was tough and malleable.

Another immense mass of meteoric iron was found in South America, about five hundred miles north-west of Buenos

Ayres. It lay in a vast plain, half sunk in the ground; and from its size, it was judged to weigh more than thirteen tons.

Another large meteoric stone has been found at the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1796, a stone was exhibited in London, weighing fifty-six pounds, which was said to have fallen in Yorkshire the preceding year.

In December, 1798, at a short distance from Benares, in the East Indies, a very luminous meteor, like a large ball of fire, was observed in the heavens about eight o'clock in the evening. It was accompanied by a noise like thunder, immediately followed by the sound of falling bodies. This meteor was visible but for a short time, during which it rendered every object as visible as the brightest moonlight. Many of the stones were buried in the earth to the depth of six inches; and some of them weighed two pounds each.

In April, 1803, about half a league north-west from L'Aigle, in France, a singular meteoric cloud was seen, which, after each explosion, sent out vapor in all directions. Throughout the district over which the cloud hung, a hissing noise was heard, like that of a stone from a sling, and a vast number of stones fell to the ground. More than two thousand were collected. They varied in weight from two drams to seventeen pounds and a half. An umbrella would be a poor protection from such red-hot showers.

During the explosions at L'Aigle, a ball of fire was seen in the air, at various places in Normandy, far distant from each other.

Aerolites are generally shaped like

prisms and pyramids, the angles being rounded. Their surface is irregular, and glazed with a black crust, like varnish.

When taken up soon after their fall, they are extremely hot. There is a remarkable similarity in all the meteoric stones found in various parts of the world. A large proportion of *iron* is always found in them, combined with more or less of the rare metal called *nickel*; the earths *silica*, and *magnesia*, and *sulphur* constitute the other principal ingredients: other metals and earths are occasionally found mixed with these, in greater or less proportion. No combination similar to meteoric stones has ever been discovered among the rocks of this world, or the products of any volcano upon this earth. The appearance of these phenomena does not seem to depend upon any particular state of the atmosphere, or of the weather. They have fallen in all climates, at all seasons, in the night, and in the day.

The only recorded instance of iron having been actually seen to fall from the air is said to have taken place at Agram, in Croatia, in 1751. On the 26th of May, about six o'clock in the evening, the sky being quite clear, a ball of fire shot along from west to east, accompanied by a hollow noise: after a loud explosion, followed by a great smoke, two masses of iron fell to the earth, in the form of chains welded together.

In numerous cases, the explosion of meteors has been attended with showers of black and red dust, which usually contains small, hard, angular grains. Sometimes a soft, red, gelatinous matter, resembling coagulated blood, has fallen;

hence there have been stories that the sky had actually rained blood. The appearances above mentioned are, not unfrequently, accompanied by a fall of stones.

In November, 1775, red rain fell around the Lake of Constance, in Switzerland, and on the same day in Russia and Sweden. The water was of an acid taste, probably owing to sulphuric acid; and when dried, the flaky precipitate was attracted by the magnet. In 1803, red dust and rain fell in Italy, which on examination proved not to be volcanic.

In 1813, red snow fell near Arezzo, during the space of several hours, accompanied with a sound like the violent dashing of waves in the distance; two or three explosions, like thunder, attended the greatest fall. This snow, being melted, yielded a precipitate similar to the meteoric stones, consisting of iron, silica, lime, alumina, and manganese.

It has been supposed that this wonderful class of natural phenomena was occasioned by distant volcanoes belonging to this earth; but this is refuted by the fact that meteoric stones are totally unlike volcanic stones; and they fall from a height, to which it is not deemed possible that any volcano could have thrown them. Others have thought that aerolites were formed in the atmosphere; but no chemical discoveries have yet shown that the air contains the elements of which they are composed. Sir Humphry Davy speaks of a great American meteor, which threw down showers of stones, and was estimated at seventeen miles high; the immense volume of atmosphere which it would require to form such a huge

mass seems to put this theory out of the question; besides, these meteors move more rapidly than the earth in its orbit, and what force exists in the air to project them with such velocity?

Some have supposed that these bodies are thrown from volcanoes in the moon, with such force as to come within the earth's attraction. La Place was so far influenced by this theory, that he calculated the degree of lunar volcanic force required for this purpose; and he concluded that a body thus projected with a velocity of 1771 feet in the first second would reach our earth in about two days and a half: other astronomers are of opinion that the velocity of meteors is too great to admit of the possibility of their being thrown from the moon.

Some philosophers believe that these meteors are fragments of the matter originally created, which, wandering round the earth, enter the upper regions of the atmosphere, and become ignited by their own velocity.

A great deal of ridicule has formerly been bestowed upon those who were foolish enough to believe that stones fell from the sky; but the fact is now proved by evidence so conclusive, that it no longer admits of doubt. This should teach us to be cautious how we treat as idle superstitions all stories that we do not clearly comprehend.

Proverbs.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, and the aim of weak ones.



The Camphor-Tree.

THIS grows naturally in the woods of the more western parts of Japan, and in the adjacent islands of the far distant Pacific. That part which smells stronger of camphor than any other is the root, which substance it yields in large quantities. The bark of the stalk has outwardly rather a rough appearance; the inner surface is smooth and mucous, and is very easily separated from the wood, which is dry in its nature, and white in its color. The leaves stand upon slender, delicate footstalks, having an entire undulating margin running out into a point: the upper surface of the leaf is of a lively, shining green, and the lower

herbaceous and silky. The flowers are produced on the tops of footstalks, which proceed from the arm-pits of the leaves, but not till the tree has attained considerable age and size. The flower-stocks are slender, branched at the top, and divided into very short pedicles, each supporting a single flower: these flowers are white, and consist of six petals, which are succeeded by a shining, purple berry, of the size of a pea. This is composed of a soft, pulpy substance, of a purple color, and has the taste of cloves and camphor—and of a kernel of the size of a pepper, that is covered with a black, shining skin, of an insipid taste.

The *camphor* is a solid concrete juice, extracted from the wood of the camphor-tree. Pure camphor is very white, clear, and unctuous to the touch: the taste is bitterish-aromatic, and accompanied with a sense of coolness: the smell is particularly fragrant, something like that of rosemary, but much stronger: it has been long esteemed for its medicinal qualities, and has been justly celebrated in fevers, malignant and epidemic distempers. In *deliria*, where opiates failed in procuring sleep, but rather increased and aggravated the symptoms, this medicine has been often found to procure it. Dr. Cullen attributes these effects to its sedative qualities, and denies that camphor has any other property than that which is antispasmodic and sedative, or composing. He says that it is a very powerful medicine, and capable of doing much good or harm.

To all brute creatures camphor is poisonous. By experiments made, it appears that in some it produced sleep followed by death. In others, before death, they were awakened into convulsions and rage.

Curious Discovery.

IN the great Pyramid of Egypt is a small opening at the top, the depth of which has never been sounded. Another aperture of the same size exists at the foot of the pyramid. It was long conjectured that these two openings communicated with each other, but no means could be devised to establish the fact, till the problem was solved recently

by the ingenuity of an Arab. He took a cat and her kittens, placed the old cat in one aperture and the kittens in another, and stopped up both with stones. The next day he opened them, and found cat and kittens all together at the foot of the long passage.

Power of Kindness.


IN Philadelphia there was a physician, belonging to the Society of Friends, who was very benevolent, and much beloved by the poor. One day, this good doctor, attempting to ride through a narrow and crowded street, was stopped by a dray, which stood in such a manner that he could not possibly get along. He asked the driver if he would be good enough to move a little out of the way; but the man was ill-natured, and he answered, in very violent language, that he would not stir an inch till he thought proper. The physician replied, with the utmost gentleness, "Well, friend, thou wilt not move to oblige me; but if thou shouldst be ill, or any of thy family in distress, send for Dr. P., and I will come and do all I can to assist thee." This mild answer gained the drayman's heart, and made him thoroughly ashamed of his bad temper. He asked pardon for the language he had used, and immediately made room for the doctor to pass.

There is hardly any body in the world so rough and violent as to resist, for any length of time, the soothing influence of kindness. Even the most ferocious ani-

mals are tamed by it. Those who acquire great command over horses, dogs, and other brute creatures, always do it by means of affectionate and gentle treatment. In this way, a man by the name of John Austin, in London, has trained animals of totally opposite natures to live together in love and peace. He is careful to keep them well fed, caresses them a great deal, and accustoms them to each other's society at a very early age. The cat, the mouse, the owl, the rabbit, the hawk, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, all frolic together in the same cage. The owl allows the sparrow to eat from the same plate, without offering to devour him; while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws, and the starling perches on her head.

From these facts little girls and boys can learn a useful lesson concerning their treatment to younger brothers and sisters. When little ones are fretful, do not take hold of them hard, and pull them along, and speak cross words to them. This will only serve to spoil their tempers, and injure your own. Speak gently to them; try to comfort them, and tell them some simple story, in order to make them forget their little troubles. If managed in this way, they will soon become as docile as little lambs; and when they are unhappy, they will come to you, as their kindest protector and best friend.

A gentle and patient temper is a two-fold blessing; it equally blesses those who possess it, and those who come under its influence. While we are striving to do good to others, we find our reward in the quiet happiness with which our own hearts are filled. — *Juv. Miscellany.*

 The Publishers of Merry's Museum wish the two following letters to have an insertion.


MESSRS. D. M'DONALD & Co., New York.

Your periodical for children, Merry's Museum, edited by the veritable "Peter Parley," cannot fail, I think, to please and instruct its readers. My own children, although very young, the oldest not quite seven, have been very much amused with some of the articles, written in the true vein for such little ones, and I shall be glad to have you send them the numbers regularly. In the mean time, they desire me to send their regards to their old friend *Peter Parley*, and hope to read many more of his nice stories.

Your obedient servant.

GEO. FOLSOM.

New York, April 3, 1849.

 The following is from a subscriber residing at the West.

By frequent and urgent entreaties from my family, I have at last been induced to subscribe for Merry's Museum; and I feel myself already more than doubly compensated for the trouble and expense in procuring it for them. I assure you it is a great satisfaction to me to see the pleasure and delight it produces on the reception of each number. I wish it might have a wider circulation through this part of the country, as the work is very much calculated to induce children to read, while strictly moral and very instructive. In fact, it is just what the rising generation want.

We have a School Library in our district, of some four hundred volumes, and among the rest some three or four volumes of Parley's magazine. While many of the books look as though they had never been touched, Parley is in a manner all to rags, from being constantly in use.

Please to inform me whether all the volumes, from the commencement of the work to the present time, can be had bound, and at what price, as I should like to procure a complete set for our school library.

GREAT DISCOVERY!

CURE FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS!

"Meriden, Jan. 29, 1849.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ———!"

"Sir, — Having read, in the newspapers, that no person was ever known to be bitten by a mad dog who paid punctually for his paper, and wishing to guard against so dangerous a disease as the hydrophobia, I send, enclosed, \$2.00 — one to pay my last year's subscription,

(which I supposed was paid until I received your bill,) and the other to pay for the present volume.

"Respectfully yours,

* * * * *

"TO HENRY R. TRACY, ESQ."

☞ If any of the subscribers to Merry's Museum have not paid their subscriptions, we advise them to do it speedily, and so get insured against hydrophobia!

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Far West, March, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Your Museum I love so much,
I scarcely know what points to touch.
But, first, the pictures, scattered through,
Are so delightful to the view,
I look them o'er and o'er with care,
And call my little sister fair,
With rosy cheeks, and curly hair,
To come, and in my pleasure share.
Then I admire the pleasing tales
Of mountains high, and lowly vales —
Of men and things throughout the world —
Of some from lofty stations hurled —
Of poor, industrious, honest boys,
Who rise to unexpected joys —
And tales of old and modern date,
Which now I can't enumerate.
The puzzles, too, I like to guess,
And scarce can say I love them less.
But best of all is Billy Bump,
The little, awkward Sundown gump,
Who makes such very queer mistakes,
That many a peal of laughter breaks
While reading his epistles o'er;
And when they're done, I wish for more.
But, after all, Bill is not bad;
Just send a little Boston lad
Into the woods of Sundown wild —
Perchance we'd call *him* silly child; —
Let him with Billy tree a coon,
Or wield the axe by light of moon,

Or let him the opossum take, —
And would not he some blunders make?
Or let him try to yoke a steer, —
Would he not rather green appear?
I think we'd have as loud a shout
As when Bill's coon-skin cap walked out.
And now I only have to say,
Where'er your Playmate finds its way,
'Tis hailed, by every girl and boy,
With real, honest, heartfelt joy.
Then let us have in every one,
Amongst the rest, a bit of fun;
For boys and girls all look for that
In Mr. Merry's Monthly Chat.

C****.

SPRING.

Again the lovely spring is here,
And nature, all in bloom,
Bespeaks the morning of the year,
Just rising out of gloom.
The little lambs, in all their glee,
Are sporting on the plain;
While to the long deserted tree
The songster comes again.
How pleasant now to walk abroad
In meadows fresh and green,
And view the handiwork of God,
Through which Himself is seen.
Each rising blade, each opening flower,
Which charms our wandering eyes,
Proclaims a resurrection power,
By which the dead shall rise.

While Nature thus attunes her voice,
 Her Maker's praise to sing,
 Will not our grateful hearts rejoice,
 And nobler tribute bring?
 For we can raise our thoughts above,
 And our Creator know,
 And sing a Savior's dying love,
 Whence all our blessings flow.

C****.

*Delta, Eaton County, Michigan, }
 March 20, 1849. }*

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have been among the happiest of boys the past year, while reading your Museum, and I have been very much afraid that you would refuse to send it to me, as I did not pay in advance. I have tried very hard to get the money to send you for vol. xvii. But we live in a new country, and father has so many ways to use all the money he can get, that I cannot have it yet. Mother has written a few lines in the form of poems: she thinks, if you knew how much I love to read your monthly tales, perhaps you would send me a few numbers for them; so I send them to you. If you think them worth any thing, you will continue to send me the Museum.

From your subscriber,

H. P. I.

Certainly, we shall.

The following is from a very young friend: —

THE UNREPAIRED SHOE.

Little Ellen's shoe had been ripped open at the side more than a week, when one day she came limping in from school.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"O, dear!" cried Ellen, sobbing, "I've run a nail into my foot."

The mother took off the shoe and examined the foot; but seeing nothing material had happened, she put it on again, saying, "It will be all well soon."

"Let me take it to the cobbler's, ma'an," said the nurse.

"No matter now, Maggie; I've something for you to do."

Two days after, nurse espied Ellen's toes peeping through the side of the shoe, the rough gravel having worn a hole through the stocking; so she said, "I will go immediately and get the shoe repaired."

The mother was going out to make calls, and wanted Maggie to take care of baby. "It will do when I return just as well." So saying, the mother went out, and little Ellen's shoe was thought no more of that day.

In the afternoon, there came up a drenching storm, the wind blew a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents. As soon as the hurricane was abated, the scholars were let loose from school, and little Ellen's foot was benumbed with wet and cold, as she made the best of her way home.

That night Ellen was taken ill of the croup. The mother sent for the physician, and did all she could to save her little daughter's life; but it was of no use. When the sun arose in the eastern sky, the angel came to convey the spirit of little Ellen to that land where wind and tempest are never known.

"All my sorrow comes from putting off to the future what ought to be attended to to-day," sighed the mother, as she laid her loved one in the cold grave!

ALMIRA.

Melrose, April 9, 1849.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I take your book, known as Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate: it is a very good book, and we have a good time finding out your puzzles. I believe the answers to the puzzles in the April number, are "Starch," and "Happiness."

My brother seems pleased, as well as myself, with Billy Bump's letters; that on p. 92 was very good, especially the poetry. I hope you will go on with his correspondence. In your last number, you tell a droll kind of fable about the rabbit and the tortoise. The rabbit was such a real brag about his long legs — and, then, in spite of them, he got beat. I

should have thought he would have staid in his burrow for a month after.

And now, Mr. Merry, you must give us a call at our house, when you come this way.

I am yours truly,

JANE G. B.

I accept the invitation, Jane, with pleasure.

R. M.

A young subscriber wishes us to insert the following story :

AN ORANG-OUTANG.

Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, gives the following account of an orang-outang, which was in the possession of a particular friend of his :—

“On its return from India, the vessel which conveyed the poor little orang to a climate always fatal to its race, stopped some time at the Isle of France, to take in fresh provisions. The orang accompanied the sailors in their daily visits to the shore, and their calls upon the keepers of taverns, and places of the like description. In one of these, kept by an old woman who sold coffee, &c., for breakfast, the orang was accustomed to go, unattended, every morning, and, by signs easily interpreted, demand his usual breakfast, which was duly delivered. The charge was scored up to the captain's account, which he paid before his departure.

“There was but one person on board the ship of whom the poor orang seemed at all afraid. This man was the butcher. The orang had seen him kill sheep and oxen in the exercise of his duty, and most probably anticipated from his hands a fate similar to that of his equally dumb, but not so intelligent companions. However, in order to conciliate the friendship of this dreadful dispenser of death, he made every advance, although it must be owned, in a very singular manner. He would, for instance, approach him with great caution, examine his hands minutely, finger by finger, and, finding no weapon, proceed by every little artifice to attract his no-

tice. With the rest of the sailors he was on terms of intimate friendship, and no doubt felt himself entitled to all attendant privileges, not unfrequently to the annoyance of his companions, from whose hammocks he took such portions of bedding as he deemed necessary for his own comfort, and which he would by no means give up without a hard contest.

“His conduct at table, to which he was familiarly admitted, was decorous and polite. He soon comprehended the use of knives and forks, but preferred a spoon, which he handled with as much ease as any child of six or seven years old.

“On his arrival in England, he soon began to sicken. During his illness, he was removed to Burton Street, where one of his favorites — I believe the cook — attended as nurse. He would raise his head from his pillow, and turn his eyes on his attendant, with an expression as if entreating him to do something for his relief. He would at the same time utter a plaintive cry; but he evinced nothing like impatience or ill-temper, and was compassionate by all who saw him.

“He lingered on a few days, and gradually grew worse and worse, till he died, not without the regret of his nurse, and the sympathy of us all.”

Monroe, Michigan, March 18, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

Dear Sir, —

If you think the following letter worth publishing in your *Museum and Playmate*, you will please some little folks, who will like to see something from a pen at home.

My little friends : I shall tell you of an expedition to California, which has busied many people in our little town for some time — several gentlemen wishing to see this famed country, which you all know lies on the Pacific Ocean west of us, and can be reached over land, as well as to go around Cape Horn. They had heard many stories of the gold found there, many stories of the delightful climate, many stories of the hunting grounds

which they would pass over; so they determined to see it.

Ten of them began to get ready for the journey. They bought new, strong wagons, had them extra ironed, for the sand plains are so long, and the sand so hot, that the irons fall off from any common built wagon. They covered them with twilled cloth, which they painted, to keep out the rain. They took four French ponies for each team, with strong, new harnesses. They also took two extra ponies, so as to be supplied if either of the others should tire out, or become lame. They took saddles and bridles; two tents, which were made of white cloth, oiled; a fine chest of carpenters' tools; a medicine chest, and a box of iron implements.

These supplies were necessary, for they will not return in two years. They were each armed with pistols, and each had a gun and abundance of ammunition, for they expect to find their own marketing after a few weeks' travel. They provided thick, coarse clothes, enough for two years, and blankets for each man.

Do you not think they will have fine times? They put up a barrel of crackers, a barrel of *permican*, which is parched corn ground fine, with dried venison. A very small quantity of this will make a meal. They put up all sorts of tin cups and pans for cooking, and a small stove, which they will find useful in order to boil their kettles at night. They will go on to Fort Independence in Missouri; there they will find *Kil Carson*. Perhaps you have all heard of him. He will guide them, and the large band of emigrants who will accompany the expedition over the long way, safely to the land they so much want to see.

Every man who goes there to live has been promised six hundred and forty acres of land as his own, by the government, as an inducement for people to go and settle there.

When the company I have spoken of were all ready to start, the whole town was gathered together to see, and bid them good-by. Most were young, unmarried men; but some left little children at home; and it was hard

enough for them to say good-by. They looked finely in their bright red flannel shirts, tarpaulin caps, and clean gray clothes. They went away with light hearts, and hope and ambition for the future. They are all first-rate young men. All wished them well, and hope they will prosper. Would you not like to hear some western stories of their adventures and those of others who have gone before them? They expect to have many agreeable adventures. It will be fine if the weather should always be pleasant—the season always bright—the buffaloes always plenty for marketing, and they never sick! We know that it cannot always be sunshine; but we will hope good things for them. If we live a few years, we shall probably be able to go over the same route on a railroad. Good night. From your friend,

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

Dobb's Ferry, Dec. 13, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

As I have taken your Museum for nearly a year without writing to you, I thought I would send a short note. The Museum for this year I received as a present from my teacher, and I consider it a very entertaining one. I shall continue to take it, with the consent of my parents. I observe that a great deal is said in it about "black eyes and blue." I don't know which party I shall attach myself to, whether to blue or gray; for I am sadly afraid mine are verging on the latter hue.

I find the historical and poetical parts of your book the most entertaining. I send you a piece of poetry which was copied from the *New York Mirror*. I don't recollect that you have had it in your Museum; but perhaps you don't approve of copying from other works. If you have no scruples on that point, by inserting it in your next, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE FADING FLOWER.

The fading flower, the fading flower,
How soon its blooming life is flown!
Late smiled it in its leafy bower,
And Beauty claimed it as her own;

Bright sunshine richly dyed its breast,
 And, near, the wood-thrush sang its lay,
 As, like a heavenly spirit blessed,
 It gave its beauties to the day.

And bright it bloomed, when stars looked
 down,

Like angel's eyes, on nature's brow;
 When every trace of earth seemed flown,
 And heaven was blessed in peace below;
 When each sweet voice that day calls out
 Had furled the wing, had hushed the song,
 And e'en the streamlet's joyous shout
 Scarce sounded as it played along.

But soon the angel of the storm
 Was riding on the rushing blast,
 To bend to earth its slender form,
 And to the ground its beauties cast;
 Dark was the hour, and winds were high,
 The scar leaves whirled upon their breath,
 When faintly waxed each glorious dye,
 And down it sank to withering death.

Thus is the heart, in early prime,
 When joy sheds down its richest ray;
 When flower-wreaths hide the foot of Time,
 And Hope sings o'er her witching lay.
 But soon the storm of sorrow lowers,
 And soon the wild winds sweep the sky;
 Gone is the bloom of youthful hours,
 And sinks the heart in gloom to die.

Madison, New Jersey, March 7, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have but lately seen your excellent Museum; but what I have seen, I like very much, especially your riddles, puzzles, &c. I see that the puzzles in the March number were not answered in the April one: will you please to print the following, if they are correct. I cannot make out the first charade, — so I will pass on to the riddle, where I think there is a little mistake. It says that Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess, found a bird's nest with *five* eggs in it; "they each took one, and left *five* in." Now I think it ought to be, "and left *four* in," for as Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and

Bess are all abbreviations of Elizabeth, and she took one egg, there must be but four left.

The answer to the next puzzle, composed of twenty-five letters, is, I believe, "The Gold Region of California;" the next, the "Boston Fountain;" the next, "Brats;" and the next and last, "William Ellery Channing."

I will also send you the answers of the puzzles in the April number. The first one is "Happiness," and the last "Starch."

I remain, dear sir,

Your juvenile friend,

A. B. S.

We insert the following, but are obliged to omit the enigma referred to.

Rome, Georgia, March 16, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Although I do not take your Museum, I intend doing so; and I send you the money, with an enigma, which, though not a very good one, may afford amusement to some little girl in trying to find it out. I am at a boarding-school in Rome, Georgia, and there is a friend of mine at the same school who takes your Museum, and lends it to me; and I like it very much. The city in which I am staying is a large one, considering the Indians have only left it for a few years. By the by, speaking of the Indians, I will tell you something about them. Although they have all left this part of the country, we often see their graves, and pick up their arrows; and even their bones and skulls are to be seen. There was a northern lady who married an Indian chief and came here; but she was very unhappy, because she was cut off from all society; but she was still more so when the tribes were ordered to emigrate to the west, and she three times tried to commit suicide, but she was detected each time. Her husband is now dead; but she is living in all the style of an Indian queen, her son being chief. Will you please to send me the books from the beginning of the year.

Yours affectionately,

SARAH J. H.

The writer of the following does not tell where the wonderful event happened which he relates. The country must have a good soil. Perhaps it was in Ireland, for they tell big stories there, if they do not raise great radishes.

MR. MERRY :

My grandmother had a radish grow in her garden, last summer, three feet and one inch in length, and four inches and a half in circumference. It was very straight, without a knot in it, and fine flavored. It was laid upon a white china dish, and placed upon the supper-table. We were eight in number, and all of us had a piece of it. My uncle, from New York, said it was the best radish he ever tasted. I should have been happy to have given you a slice, Mr. Merry.

As you publish very curious things in your Museum, perhaps you will like to put this in, if you find a place for it. I read your Museum, and like it very well.

From your friend,

MARCELLUS.

New Bedford, March 14, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY :

Among your numerous correspondents, I see none from our goodly city, though I know the Museum has many readers in this place. My sister and myself have taken it for a number of years, and we feel truly grateful to you for the amusement and instruction that it has afforded us. I hope you will never get tired of writing stories for us, and I assure you, we shall never get tired of reading them, and finding out the puzzles.

I received the March number to-day, and send you the answers to the four puzzles therein contained. The first is, "The Gold Regions of California." The second is, "The Boston Fountain." The third is, "Brats;" and the fourth, "William Ellery Channing." I will also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy of inserting, is at your service.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 7, 4, 13, 9, 8, 13, 9, is what almost every body likes.

My 6, 5, 13, 3, is a member of the human body.

My 7, 10, 13, is a near relative.

My 7, 1, 4, 3, 14, is a favorite amusement in winter.

My 7, 11, 13, is what we could not live without.

My 2, 10, 11, is a personal pronoun.

My 6, 5, 13, is what should be made when the sun shines.

My 12, 8, 13, 9, is an ornament much worn.

My whole is the name of a distinguished poetess.

M. M. G.

Flemington, March 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

I was a little frightened, when I heard, by a note from Boston, that a letter of mine was in your Museum. I did not intend to have my letter published, only the charades: however, as it was my own fault, I must needs forgive you, and send, as a proof, the following pieces for insertion, if you like them:—

CHARADE No. 1.

I am a little fairy thing — scarce one third of an ant,

Yet large enough to puzzle you, I think you soon will grant.

You'll find me in the forest trees, in every flower's tint,

I help to form the violet, the thyme, and peppermint:

You'll find me in the castle high, but never in the hovel;

I help to make the fire tongs, but not the fire shovel.

I am always in affright, in greatest consternation;

Without me there could be no chat, no talk, no conversation.

Now, if you cannot find me out, my little friend, don't cry;

For unless I lend assistance, you cannot even try.

CHARADE No. 2.

My first is a creature we frequently meet
 Tripping gayly along on a couple of feet.
 My next is a pronoun, of singular number,
 Egotistical talkers will seldom let slumber.
 My third is a place the shepherd makes sure
 When he wishes his flock to be penned in
 secure.
 My whole is an adjective expressing much
 more
 Than is usually counted by the dozen or score.

CHARADE No. 3.

My first is a creature so industrious and wise,
 Its example, our minutes might teach us to
 prize.
 My next is an action that sometimes young
 misses
 Are led to perform by soft words and sweet
 kisses.
 My whole is a quadruped, timid and fleet,
 Wearing horns on its head, and hoofs on its
 feet.

THE RECESS.

Come put all your books and slates gently
 away,
 And proceed to the play-ground, this lovely
 warm day.
 The teacher need not to repeat her last words
 twice,
 For softly the school-room is cleared in a trice.
 Lightly the grace hoop flies from its wand ;
 The mimic loop gayly skims o'er the clear
 pond.
 Joyous young creatures are every where
 round,
 Now here and now there, now away with a
 bound.
 Did you e'er in your life such a chattering
 hear ?
 Now a blithe merry laugh rings out loud, soft,
 and clear ;
 And there, with a step like a young antelope,
 Do observe that small girl — how she skips
 o'er the rope !
 Now, some others have joined her, and each
 beaming face

Tells how much they enjoy their harmless fox-
 chase.

O, here comes the teacher. "Do join us!"
 they cry :

An affectionate smile is her sober reply ;
 While a dozen or more, of the gay little band
 Spring forward to catch the much coveted
 hand.

But hark ! hear the bell : to the door they all
 turn ;

They have finished their play, they must now
 go and learn.

Gently and quickly each one takes her place ;
 Peace reigns in each heart, peace smiles in
 each face.

And the teacher's heart throbs with hope and
 with joy,

As she silently blesses each good girl and boy.
 E. B. H.

Centreville, March 17, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY :

You have so kindly opened the door for all
 the children, that a little boy in Alleghany
 wishes to step in without further introduction,
 to offer you many thanks for your valuable
 Museum. I try my skill on all the puzzles. I
 have seen no answer to E.'s enigma in the
 October number of your Museum. I think
 the answer is the "Conflagration of Moscow."
 The answer to C. Louisa's, in the March num-
 ber, is, "The Gold Region in California."
 R. M. M. is "Boston Fountain." R. S. is
 "Brats." Your subscriber,

C. H. B.

Middleburg, London City, March 22.

MY DEAR MR. PETER PARLEY :

I've been reading your nice books so long,
 that I quite feel as if you were an old ac-
 quaintance; so I don't mind writing you a let-
 ter. I send you an answer to a puzzle in
 your last Playmate.

Your hinderance is sure a BAR,

Your vermin must be RATS,

Your luminary shines a STAR,

And ARTS are used by cats.

Boys love to play with ball and BAT,

When long in school they've SAT ;

And though with TAR they spoil their hats,
'Tis wrong to speak of BRATS.

I wish you would publish more of those pretty tales and legends you used to give us last year in the Playmate. I liked them very much.

You may print this or not, just as you please. If you do not, you will not offend your friend
FANNY B. C.

Thank you, Fanny!

Connecticut, March 27, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

Although we have been subscribers for your very excellent magazine but a short time, we have been constant readers of it since its publication. Our father has been so kind as to purchase the volumes each succeeding year, as they were published.

We live a great many miles away from Boston, in rather a retired spot in the country, surrounded by rocks, mountains, streams, and green fields: still we are not without our sources of amusement, for we have many books, and among them, I assure you, our monthly visitor, Merry's Museum, is not the least instructive and amusing. We are particularly interested in the enigmas, and take great pleasure in guessing them. We send you one.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 9, 14, 8, is a cape on the Atlantic.

My 17, 14, 3, 4, 9, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 17, 15, 1, 9, is a gulf in Asia.

My 10, 11, 17, 6, is a river in Russia.

My 2, 4, 4, is a town in Iowa.

My 6, 13, 2, 14, 17, is a range of mountains.

My 4, 13, 12, 1, is a volcanic mountain.

My 9, 6, 3, 13, 14, is an island in the Mediterranean.

My 13, 11, 7, 15, 17, is a city in Africa.

My 17, 15, 16, 5, 6, 7, is a city in China.

My whole is a range of mountains.

M. A. R. and M. H. R.

Fitchburg, Feb. 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I am not used to writing to great men like yourself, and I suppose this letter will not be worth much in your eyes, as it will not be a very good one; but I hope that you will accept it for all that. I have not taken the Playmate but two months, but I like it, so far, very much indeed. I send the answers to the enigmas in the February number. The first is "Canton," the second is "Taylor," the third is "Conundrum," the fourth is "Potato," and the fifth is the "Letter O," I think. I also send a puzzle which I should like to have some of your black-eyed and blue-eyed correspondents try their skill upon. It is a curious one, and I don't know whether to call it a puzzle or not. I wish that you would call it what you think it is, and insert it in the playmate.

A Puzzler. — A man had six cars of corn, and a rat came and carried off three cars at a time: now how many times did he come to carry off the whole?

The answer to it is, *he came six times, for he has two ears of his own to each time.*

But don't say any thing about this answer, Mr. Merry, till all the boys and girls have tried to guess it; if they give it up, you may tell them.

C. H. S.

Newton, April 14, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We have taken your Museum ever since it was first published, and have always been very much interested in it, particularly since you introduced your "Monthly Chat." We always search eagerly for the answers to the puzzles, and generally are quite successful. We were very much pleased with your cento verses in the April number. We puzzled our brains for a long time to find a fourth line to the one which you inserted, and were about giving up when we found one from Burns, which we think will do very well. It is this:

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,
And little to be trusted,

Then first the creature found a tongue,
But 'tis rarely right adjusted."

H. A. and L. C. D.

Caroline W. C., of Newport, has rightly solved the puzzles in our March number; "A Constant Reader," of Middlebury, Vermont, has sent us a very beautiful note; and we may say the same of S., of Roxbury; Alma A. F., of —; A. A. R. of Perrysburgh, Wood Co., Ohio; of Marianne S—, of Bridgewater; E. R. P., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey; E. G. S., of Lowell; Abby B. L., of Hingham; "A Subscriber," of Astoria; F—s G—r, of Jamaica Plain; T. P. M., of Saco; G. A. F., of Worcester; "A Constant Reader," of Guildford, Connecticut.

Maria L. P., of Crawfordsville, Indiana, says she is a *little boy* eight years old. How is this? Well, there are very strange things in the western country.

A Yankee boy of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, sends us a letter in which he argues the question of protection to manufactures, very cleverly. I suspect he has been talking with Governor Briggs, who lives there, and who, no doubt, knows every thing.

Julia R. R. and Elizabeth S. R., of Montrose; B. G., of —; R. S. and A. C. B—; Marianne S., of Bridgewater; C. C. R., of Newburyport; Alice, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; F. J. W., of Cedartown, Georgia, and many other friends, will please accept our thanks, and excuse us for not inserting their letters. Our readers will bear in mind, that we have every month more communications than could be got into two whole numbers of the Museum. We like to encourage improvement of every kind; our letter-

writing friends will therefore recollect, that we never insert a letter that comes in *bad handwriting*; that has *bad spelling*; or that has *bad grammar*; or that is *badly punctuated*. Those who wish to appear in print will please remember all this. We like letters, particularly that give descriptions of places at a distance, such as the following:—

Spring Hill, Marengo County, Ala. }
April 5, 1849. }


DEAR MR. MERRY:

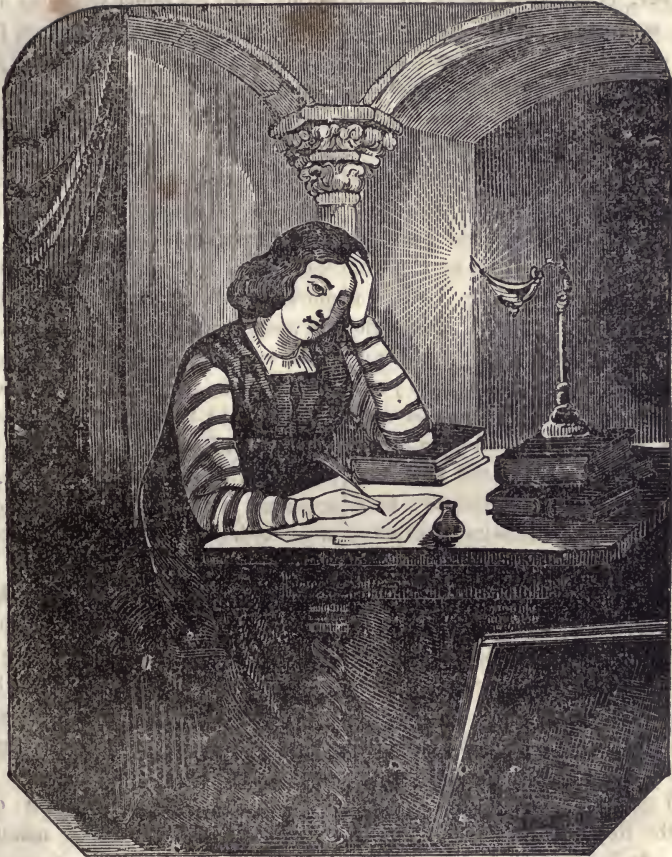
I have seen a great many letters in the Museum from different places, but don't recollect having seen any from Alabama. What is the cause? Do you have no correspondents here, or is it so *far off* that you don't consider them worth noticing? I have concluded to try it for once, and see; and if you *do* refuse to notice my letter, unless for a better reason than I have named, why I will—no, I won't *discontinue* the Museum for the *first* offence—that would be punishing *myself* more than it would you.

You cannot be under the impression that we don't have enough here to interest your readers to hear about. It is true we don't have the deep, white snows and piercing cold of your New England winters, but we have our fields whitened a good part of the year with cotton; and at this present season, our beautiful prairies are covered with pretty wild flowers and fine ripe strawberries. (I'd send you some if you could receive them by telegraph.) But I'll not tell you all now, lest I should provoke you to neglect me for being too lengthy. If you think enough of my *first effort* to print it, *perhaps* you may hear from the "sunny south" again.

Your constant friend,

SARAH JANE T.

 We have some very interesting papers belonging to the "Bump Correspondence," which are necessarily deferred till our next number.



John Philip Baratiere.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIERE was a most extraordinary instance of the early and rapid exertion of mental faculties. This surprising child was the son of Francis Baratiere, minister of the French church at Schwoback, near Nuremberg, where he was born, January, 10, 1721.

The French was his mother tongue, with some words of High Dutch; and by

means of his father's occasionally talking Latin to him, it became as familiar to him as the rest; so that, without knowing the rules of grammar, he, at four years of age, talked French to his mother, Latin to his father, and High Dutch to the servant and neighboring children, without mixing or confounding the respective languages. About the middle of

his fifth year, he acquired Greek in like manner; so that, in fifteen months, he perfectly understood all the Greek books in the Old and New Testament, which he translated into Latin. When five years and eight months old, he entered upon Hebrew; and, in three years more, was so expert in the Hebrew text, that, from a Bible without points, he could give the sense of the original in Latin or French, or translate, *ex tempore*, the Latin or French versions into Hebrew. He composed a dictionary of rare and difficult Hebrew words; and, about his tenth year, amused himself for twelve months with the rabbinical writers. With these he intermixed a knowledge of the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic; and acquired a taste for divinity and ecclesiastical antiquity, by studying the Greek fathers of the first four ages of the church.

In the midst of these occupations, a pair of globes coming into his possession, he could, in eight or ten days, resolve all the problems on them; and, in January, 1735, he devised his project for the discovery of the longitude, which he communicated to the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. In June, 1731, he was matriculated in the university of Altorf; and at the close of 1732, he was presented by his father at the meeting of the Reformed churches of the circle of Franconia, who, astonished at his wonderful talents, admitted him to assist in the deliberations of the synod; and to preserve the memory of so singular an event, it was registered in their acts. In 1734, the margrave of Brandenburgh Anspach granted this young scholar a pension of fifty

florins; and his father receiving a call to the French church at Stettin, in Pomerania, young Baratiere was, on the journey, admitted master of arts.

At Berlin, he was honored with several conversations with the king of Prussia, and was received into the Royal Academy. Towards the close of his life, he acquired a considerable taste for medals, inscriptions, and antiquities, metaphysical inquiries, and experimental philosophy. He wrote several essays and dissertations; made astronomical remarks and laborious calculations; took great pains towards a history of the heresies of the Antitrinitarians, and of the Thirty Years' War in Germany. His last publication, which appeared in 1740, was on the succession of the bishops of Rome. The final work he engaged in, and for which he had gathered large materials, was *Inquiries concerning the Egyptian Antiquities*. But the substance of this blazing meteor was now almost exhausted: he was always weak and sickly, and died, October 5, 1740, aged nineteen years, eight months, and sixteen days.

Baratiere published eleven different pieces, and left twenty-six manuscripts, on various subjects, the contents of which may be seen in his life, written by M. Formey, professor of philosophy at Berlin.

Anecdote.

A YOUNG man, riding on the top of a stage-coach, having taken a "drop too much," not being able to retain his seat, fell off into the sand. The coach stopped for him to regain his place,

which he did immediately, — when the following conversation ensued: “Well, driver, we had quite a turn over — hain’t we?” “No, we haven’t turned over at all.” “I say we have.” “No, you are mistaken; it was only you who fell off.” “I say we *have*; I leave it to the company. Haven’t we had a turn over, gentlemen?” Being assured they had not, “Well, driver,” said he, “if I’d known that, *I wouldn’t a got out.*”

The Pike.

A HUMOROUS English angler gives the following sketch of the pike: “This fellow, commonly called *Jack*, is a well known fish. He is a greedy, unsociable, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Every body attacks him with a spear, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe, — man. His voracity is unbounded, and he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe — he can fast without inconvenience for a fortnight. He can then gorge himself to beyond the gills, without the slightest derangement of the stomach.

“He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at, and if he could hide his head — by no means a diminished one — his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate

habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but, strange to say, he prefers the children of his neighbors. Heat spoils his appetite; cold sharpens it. His constitution is to be envied.”

The pike sometimes grows to an enormous size: we have seen an account of one that weighed 300 pounds. The bite of the pike is very severe. Some years since, a man was attempting to carry home one of these fishes; but it was so heavy, that he left it upon the grass. The next day, he went after it, and found that the fish had caught a fox in his teeth, and the animal was totally unable to escape.

Anecdote of Haydn.

EVERY real lover of music must be pleased with Haydn’s expressions to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer. “Yes,” said he, “it’s like, very like; but you’ve made a sad mistake!” “How?” “You’ve made her *listening to the angels*; you should have made *the angels listening to her.*”

Luther and the Birds.

WITH the birds of his native country Luther had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and often moralizing over their habits: “That little fellow,” he said of a bird going to roost, “has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow’s lodging, calmly holding himself by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him.”



Jonah's Gourd.

THE gourd has been described by an ancient writer as a kind of shrub, having broad leaves, like the vine, affording a very thick shade, and supported only by its own stem. It grows very commonly in Palestine, chiefly in sandy places; and if the seed be thrown into the ground, it germinates very soon, and grows so fast, that within a few days after the plant appears, it almost looks like a tree.

Another writer speaks of it as bearing fruit of a triangular shape, and of casting out the seeds, when ripe, to a great distance. There is, however, great doubt what particular plant Jonah's gourd really

was, and there was much difference of opinion on the subject among the ancient fathers of the church. The contest rose so high between Jerome and Augustine, that these two venerable fathers are said to have proceeded from high words to hard blows. At the same time, neither of the parties had ever seen the object in dispute.

There is a plant in Egypt called *kiki*, which some suppose to be the same as the gourd. It grows upon the banks of the Nile, to the height of ten or twelve feet, has large, shady leaves, and is not unlike the palm-tree. This plant grows spontaneously in Greece.

A Little Girl.

A LITTLE girl was passing by a garden in which were some very pretty flowers. She wished much to have some of them: she could have put her hand between the rails, and have taken them, and perhaps nobody would have seen her. But she knew this would be very wicked; it would be stealing. So, after thinking a little while, she resolved what she would do. She went to the mistress of the garden, and asked her very prettily to give her some of those nice flowers. The mistress told her she had done right not to take them, and then showed her another garden, full of beautiful plants and flowers, and gathered for her a fine, large nosegay.

Augustus.

A LITTLE boy, named Augustus, was sent by his mother to get some milk. His brother wanted to go in his stead, and when they got into the street, he tried to force the pitcher from his hand. Augustus, who had been sent by his mother, held the pitcher fast, till at last it fell on the ground, and was broken to pieces between them; and Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the street, and saw how it happened, not fearing God, told him to say, when he went home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus, wiping his eyes, and looking steadily at the woman, said, "That would be telling a lie! I will speak the truth; then my mother will not scold me: but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie."

George and his Dog.

GEORGE had a large and noble dog,
With hair as soft as silk;
A few black spots upon his back,
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,
In dull or shining weather;
For, in the house or in the fields,
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race
Through fields of bright red clover,
And jump across the running brooks,
George and his good dog Rover.

The faithful creature knew full well
When master wished to ride;
And he would kneel down on the grass,
While Georgy climbed his side.

They both were playing in the field,
When all at once they saw
A little squirrel on a stump,
With an acorn in his paw.

Rover sent forth a loud bow-wow,
And tried to start away;
He thought to scare the little beast
Would be a noble play.

But George cried out, "For shame! for
shame!

You are so big and strong,
To worry that poor little thing
Would be both mean and wrong."

The dog still looked with eager eye,
And George could plainly see,
It was as much as he could do,
To let the squirrel be.

The timid creature would have feared
The dog so bold and strong,
But seemed to know the little boy
Would let him do no wrong.

He peeped in George's smiling face,
And trusting to his care,
He kept his seat upon the stump,
And ate his acorn there.

He felt a spirit of pure love
 Around the gentle boy,
 As if good angels, hovering there,
 Watched over him in joy.

And true it is, the angels oft
 Good little George have led;
 They're with him in his happy play,
 They guard his little bed.

They keep his heart so kind and true,
 They make his eye so mild;
 For dearly do the angels love
 A gentle little child.

Flowers for Children.

Jim Dick.

Acts of kindness and soft words have an irresistible power, even over an enemy. "When I was a small boy," says Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighborhood, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my play-fellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black, by calling him 'negro, blackamoor,' and other jeering epithets. The poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us.

"We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'O yes, Robert, you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to

him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black."

A Motherless Boy.

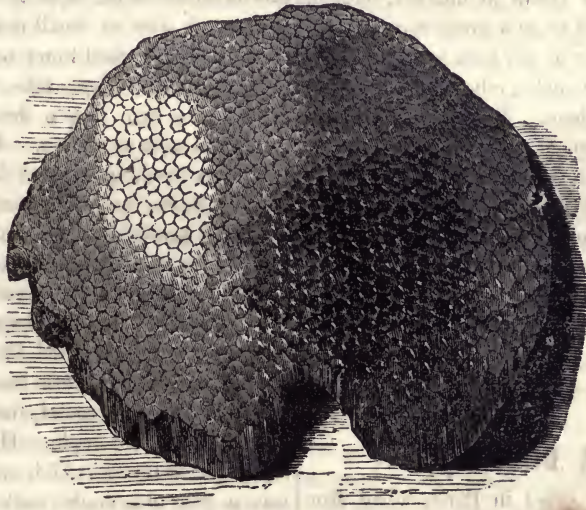
WHEN I was a little child, said a good man, my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and to place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand on my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but, when I would have yielded, that same hand seemed to be upon my head, and I was saved. I appeared to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart,—a voice that must be obeyed,—“O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.”

Little Henry.

LITTLE HENRY, when six years of age, was one Sunday reading a little book, the leaves of which became loose. "O, dear," said he, "what must I do? My book has come to pieces!" "Would it be right, do you think," said

his mother, "for me to get a needle and thread, and stitch it again to-day?" "O, no," said Henry. "Might you not pin it together till to-morrow?" said his father. The little boy looked as if he hardly thought it was quite right even to pin his book on the holy Sabbath. "Why,"

continued his father, "your mother pins her gown on a Sunday: where, then, is the wrong of pinning your book?" "I don't know," said little Henry; "but you know, she can't do without pinning her gown on a Sunday, but I could do without pinning my book till Monday."



Honey-Comb.

WHEN the bees begin to work in their hives, they divide themselves into four companies. One roves in the fields, and provides materials for the structure of the honey-comb; another company employs the wax provided by the first, and lays out the bottom and partitions of the cells; a third party is engaged in making the inside smooth from the corners and angles; and the fourth company brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their respec-

tive loads. Such is their diligence, that in one day they build and complete cells for three thousand bees.

Observe and admire their sagacity in the formation of their cells. As the compass is very limited within which their cells are formed, they use the smallest possible quantity of materials; their edifice, too, is so formed that they have the greatest degree of accommodation in the smallest space. The shape of the cells is hexagonal; that is, they have six sides. They

are joined together so that there is no loss of space, and no loss of material.

The combs lie parallel to each other. Between each of them there is a space left, which serves as a street, and is wide enough to allow two bees to pass each other without inconvenience. There are also holes which go quite through the combs, and serve as lanes for the bees to pass from one comb to another, without being required to go a great way about.

While some of the bees are employed in building the cells, others are engaged in polishing them. They remove every thing that is rough or uneven, and carry out of the cells the particles of wax which are taken off in the polishing. These particles are not lost. Bees are ready to take them from the polishers, and employ them in some other part of the building.

Man shows his wisdom, when even from the bee he learns lessons of diligence, order, and perseverance.

A Discovery.

IN a narrow street in Paris, called Rue St. Eloi, stood the shop of a petty broker. Among the articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age, that no one would give forty cents for it, being all the poor old dealer asked. Tired of seeing it so long a useless encumbrance, he resolved to beat it to pieces, and convert the horschair to some more profitable purpose. On proceeding to do this, what were his joy and surprise to find, concealed in the seat, a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 1,150 francs, or 225 dollars!

Dwarfs.

I WILL now give some account of famous little men. In 1741, one of the most remarkable dwarfs ever seen was born in Lorraine county, France. His parents were absolutely frightened at his extreme smallness. His head was no bigger than a large nut, and his cry was as feeble as the squeak of a mouse. His mouth was so small that they were at a loss how to feed him; but by means of a very small silver tube, they at last contrived to give him a drop or two of lukewarm milk at a time. He was carried to church in one of his mother's wooden shoes, to be baptized. No one thought it possible that he could live; but he did live, and grew stronger every day. His size, however, increased but little. He was never more than twenty-six inches high, and weighed fifteen pounds. His hands and feet were like those of a doll, and his little, round, fresh face was no bigger than an apple. He was a very lively and animated child, and before he was a year old, could walk very well. His mother did not dare to let him run about the house, for fear he would get lost, or run over; but his father arranged a line of boards for him, along which he would run like a squirrel.

He was exceedingly slow in learning to speak. At six years old, he could not articulate a single word. His parents were poor and very ignorant, and they thought that witches, or wicked fairies, had made him silent, and prevented him from growing. He was exceedingly sweet tempered, affectionate, and generous. He was passionately attached to

his family, and loved every little bird and lamb. As soon as he could walk, he was eager to be up early in the morning, that he might go into the lower court, with his little basket full of grain for the chickens. He would ask for bread continually, that he might crumble it up for the ducks and birds. If the greedy turkeys came after it, he would chase them away with a stick, though they were bigger than he was. An old goose and a sheep, on his father's farm, became so much attached to the kind little fellow, that they would follow him every where. The sheep would allow him to climb upon her back, and sit there by the hour together. If his mother allowed him to go to one of the neighbors to play, the goose would follow him, and watch every step with as much care as if she were conscious that such a little person was exposed to unusual dangers. She would never allow a strange dog to come near him; and even if she saw one at a distance, she would stretch out her long neck, with hisses, to drive him away.

As he grew older, his parents allowed him to run about in the fields, with his sheep and goose. Breathing the fresh air continually, and accustomed to constant exercise, his little face was blooming as a rose, and his well-formed limbs were remarkable for pliancy and gracefulness. People came from far and near to look at him; and they never could sufficiently admire his pretty little figure and lively motions.

At last, his fame reached the ears of Stanislaus the Benevolent, then duke of Lorraine, and afterward king of Poland. This prince heard such marvellous ac-

counts of the dwarf, that he sent to have him brought to court. His father packed him away in a rush basket, and covered him with leaves, as he would a rabbit. When he presented himself at court, the duke said, in a disappointed tone, "Why have you not brought your famous little son?" The villager took off the napkin that covered his basket, and little Nicholas immediately popped out his head, and jumped on the floor. The duke was so delighted with this remarkable child, that he wanted to keep him always. He found it hard to coax his father to part with him, but his very liberal offers at last induced him to consent. Thinking the prince would do more for the boy than he could, he left him at court, and went homeward with many tears.

All the lords and ladies caressed little Nicholas exceedingly, and overloaded him with sweetmeats and playthings. But the poor little fellow was very homesick: The richly dressed ladies did not seem like his own fond mother; and he liked a thousand times better to ride on the back of his sheep, than to be shut up in the duke's grand carriage. He would not run, sleep, or eat. He became sulky, and took no interest in any thing. He would not try to say a word, except "mamma, mamma;" and this he repeated, in a most mournful tone, through the whole day, and the long, long night. This continual unhappiness, with want of food and sleep, made him very ill, and they feared he would die.

He was too weak to be carried home, and the prince sent a messenger for his mother. The moment the poor child heard her well known voice, his eyes

sparkled, and his little pale cheeks flushed with joy. Feeble as he was, he sprang out of bed, and rushed into her arms. He could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment, and would sleep nowhere but on her lap. Under her affectionate care, he soon became strong and lively as ever.

He had never been to school, and his utterance was extremely imperfect. The prince offered him all kinds of playthings, if he would learn to read. He tried to do as they wished, but he never could remember any thing except the vowels. He called all the consonants *b*; and he took such a fancy to that sound, that he used it to ask for almost every thing he wanted. For this reason, he was generally called *Be-Be*, though his real name was Nicholas Ferry.

It was evidently of no use to trouble his little brain with learning; for it was not big enough to hold it. In dancing, he succeeded much better. He soon became remarkable for the swiftness of his movements, and for all manner of graceful gambols. They taught him to handle a little gun very dexterously; and large companies often assembled at the castle, to see the manikin, in grenadier's uniform, jumping, vaulting, and fencing, upon a large table.

One day, the duke made a grand dinner, and invited many distinguished lords and ladies. The principal ornament of the table was a large pie, in the shape of a citadel, with towers, turrets, ramparts, and sugar artillery. When the first course was removed from the table, a band of musicians struck up a lively tune. Up jumped the pie-crust, and out started

little Nicholas, holding a brace of the smallest pistols that ever were seen, and flourishing a little sabre over his head. The guests, being entirely unprepared for his appearance, were startled at first, but they soon enjoyed his frolics highly. When the dessert came on, he very gravely returned to stand sentinel at the pie, where he was pelted with sugar-plums, till they were piled up as high as his shoulders.

This adventure of the pie made Be-Be more famous than ever. Painters took his likeness, and poets made verses about him. Other princes envied the duke the possession of such a curiosity, and privately offered large sums of money to any one who would decoy him away. Sometimes the servants of visitors, under the pretence of play, would put him in their pockets; or the sentinel, as he ran along the gallery, would cover him with his cloak; or the postilions would coax him to creep into their great boots, which they would tie together, and sling over their shoulders. He would let them play with them a little in this way, but as soon as he suspected something more serious than fun, he would utter such shrill cries, that they were glad to release him.

Stanislaus was, however, afraid that he would be stolen, sooner or later. He therefore ordered a number of pages to follow him wherever he went. Be-Be did not like this. He had been so much accustomed to run about the fields with his goose, that it annoyed him not to be able to stir a step without a sentinel at his side. He became melancholy and ill. The duke, in order to divert his mind, ordered a little castle to be built for him on

wheels. It contained a parlor, sleeping chamber, dining hall, and even a little miniature garden, with flowers, trees, and fountains. The chairs, tables, beds, and time-pieces, were all adapted to his size. A small billiard table, and a great variety of games, were prepared for him. A collection of animals, extremely small of their kind, were arranged in this pretty little hermitage. Sparrows, linnets, and wrens hopped about in cages of ivory and silver; a little greyhound, not much bigger than a squirrel, ran from one room to another; and the empress of Russia sent a pair of snow white turtle doves, no larger than the smallest species of sparrows.

A company of well behaved little children was likewise formed for his amusement, and called the Joyful Band. These affectionate attentions made Be-Be very glad, and he chattered thanks very earnestly, in his queer little language. It was funny to see him receive his small guests at dinner, and imitate the manners of a great man. He was extremely affectionate and gay, but he had strict ideas of politeness and good order. One day, a member of his little band became too noisy in his play, and awakened the duke, who was sleeping in his arm-chair near by. Be-Be insisted that he should do penance for his fault, by sitting on a footstool in the door of his little palace, and eating his dinner alone.

On one occasion, a famous dwarf came from Polish Russia to visit him. His name was Count Boruwlaski. He measured just eight inches when he was born, and at thirty years old was only thirty-nine inches high. His mother was very

poor, and had a large family of children. She gave him to the Countess Humiecka, with whom he travelled into various parts of Europe. In Turkey he was admitted into the seraglio, and the women who live secluded there were as much amused with him as with a living doll. Every body petted and caressed him, and he was universally called *Joujou*, the French word for *plaything*.

In Austria, he visited the empress, Maria Theresa. Her daughter, Maria Antoinette, afterward the unfortunate queen of France, was then only six years old. The empress drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on the minikin finger of Joujou. At Paris, he was received with great attention. A wealthy gentleman there gave him a dinner, at which all the plates, knives and forks, and even the eatables, were adapted to his size. In the course of his travels, he visited the court of Stanislaus, and was introduced to Be-Be. In the latter part of his life, he visited Lapland and Nova Zembla, where the people crowded to see him night and day, so that he could get no chance to sleep. The savages devoutly thanked the sun for showing them such a little man; and he, to thank them, played them tunes on his small guitar. After many wanderings, he settled in England, and lived to be an old man.

Be-Be received Joujou with his customary politeness, and made his visit as pleasant as possible. It must have been a funny sight to see these little fairy men doing the honors to each other.

Be-Be was distinguished for neatness as well as courtesy. One day, when he was playing ball, he broke a glass lamp

and spilled the oil on his clothes. He tried to wipe it off, and, seeing the spot spread, he begged earnestly for a pair of scissors, to cut it out. Being refused, he sobbed out, "O, how wretched I am! What will my good friend say, when he sees me so dirty!"

He was extremely generous. He had a great many jewels and beautiful playthings given him, but almost always gave them away to the children who visited him. He liked nothing so well as a purse full of small, bright money; for he delighted to walk on the balcony, and throw it to poor children, who came there to catch it. Sometimes, he would roll up a crown in a paper with his sixpences, and throwing it to the raggedest little beggar, would cry out, "Catch it quick! it is for you."

Whenever he had a gold piece given him, he put it in a box and locked it up, to send to his native village, for his dear brother Louis; who, by his generosity, became one of the richest farmers in the country.

Be-Be was mischievous sometimes, and liked to trouble the pages, who were ordered to keep watch over him. One day, he hid himself in the bottom of the kennel with his greyhound; and there the little rogue remained eating and drinking with his playfellow, the dog, all day and all night. The page was scolded severely, and threatened with dismissal. Be-Be, hearing him weep, sprang out of his hiding-place, and embracing the knees of King Stanislaus, entreated him to forgive the page, for he only was to blame.

He was always remarkable for the loving disposition which characterized his

infancy. Among the boys who visited him was a little fellow, about seven years old, named Zizi. Be-Be was so fond of him, that he wanted to give him every thing. He made him a present of his little gold watch, not bigger than a ten cent piece, containing his miniature set with gems. This watch was marked with only five hours, because the little man could never learn to count higher than five.

His favorite Zizi died of small-pox, after a very short illness. They were afraid to tell Be-Be, for fear his tender little heart would break with grief. Every hour in the day he would ask, "Where is Zizi? Why *don't* Zizi come?" He and Zizi had often talked together about the goose and the sheep that he loved so well; and at last he took it into his head that Zizi had gone to his native village, to bring the goose and the sheep. Every day, he laid aside half of his cake, fruit, and playthings for his beloved comrade; and to the day of his death, he always expected to see Zizi come back with his old friends, the goose and the sheep.

When King Stanislaus went to Versailles, to visit his daughter, he took Be-Be with him. There, as elsewhere, he was a great favorite. The ladies caressed him greatly, and always wanted to have him in their arms; but if they attempted to carry him out of sight of the king, he would call out, "My good friend, the lady will carry me away in her pocket!" and he would struggle, till they released him, and let him run back to Stanislaus.

The poor dwarf never seemed like himself after he returned from his journey. He became very sad, wanted to be

alone, and wept much. Sometimes he would sit for two whole days, without even changing his position. He lost his appetite entirely. One lark was enough for two dinners; and in a short time he could take nothing but a little weak lemonade and burnt sugar. His round, blooming face wrinkled very fast, and though not yet twenty-two, he looked like a very old man. He begged most earnestly to see the king before he died; but his benefactor was then absent at Nantz, and they could not gratify his wishes. He repeated his name almost every minute; and as he lay in his mother's lap, and raised his dying eyes to hers, his last words were, "O mother dear, I wish I could kiss once more the hand of my good friend."

When Stanislaus returned, he was deeply affected to find that his little favorite was dead. He caused his body to be embalmed, and buried with much ceremony.

There was a famous English dwarf, named Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619. When seven years old, he was only eighteen inches high; and he grew no taller than this till he was thirty years old; when he suddenly attained the height of three feet and nine inches. The duke of Buckingham presented this dwarf to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First. At her marriage feast, he was brought upon the table in a cold pie, from which he sprang forth at a given signal, to the great amusement of the queen and her guests. He did not bear the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, so well as Be-Be did. He became very petulant and tyrannical, and disposed to quarrel with

every one who laughed at him. Being once provoked at the mirthfulness of a young gentleman, named Crofts, the foolish little fellow challenged him to fight. The young gentleman, being much amused at the idea of Jeffery's fighting a duel, came armed with a squirt, instead of a pistol. This was merely intended for fun; but the bad tempered dwarf became so angry, that he insisted upon a real duel. They met on horseback, to equalize their height as much as possible, and at the first pistol shot Mr. Crofts fell dead. Poor little Jeffery was not wise enough to know that this was much more like dogs or game-cocks, than like men endowed with reason and conscience. In the time of Cromwell's revolution, he escaped to France, to follow the fortunes of Queen Henrietta. He met with a variety of adventures. He was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers, and at another time by a Turkish pirate. He returned to England, in Charles the Second's time, where he was imprisoned on suspicion of being employed in some political intrigue. He died in prison, at the age of sixty-three.

Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and a very little woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburg, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.

The most remarkable dwarf of modern times is Charles S. Stratton, called General Tom Thumb. He was born at

Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1832. He was a healthy, vigorous babe, and weighed nine pounds two ounces when he was born. At five months old, he weighed fifteen pounds; but at that time, for some unknown cause, he ceased to grow; and now, at the age of twelve years, he is a little miniature man, only two feet and one inch in height, and weighing but fifteen pounds and two ounces. His head is rather too large for his body, but his limbs are well proportioned, and he has the prettiest little feet and hands imaginable. He has been taught to perform a variety of exploits, and has been exhibited at nearly all the museums in the United States. He has a great variety of dresses, military, naval, &c. It is extremely droll to see him dressed up like Napoleon Bonaparte, and imitating his attitudes and motions, which he does to perfection.

Dwarfs generally have feeble voices. Tom Thumb's is weak and piping, like a very little child; but he sings a variety of small songs in a very agreeable manner. His boots and gloves are about large enough for a good-sized doll, and his little canes would answer for a small monkey. He has a little carriage, about big enough for Pussy-cat to ride in; and into this a small dog is fastened, with a very complete little harness. He has a house, too, about three feet high, into which he walks to rest himself, when he is tired of dancing a hornpipe for the amusement of spectators. He is a very lively child, and very winning in his manners. He makes a bow, and kisses his tiny hand, in the genteel manner possible.

A few years ago he went to Europe,

where he was very much caressed. Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, no bigger than a shilling; and Queen Victoria was so pleased with his performances, that she gave him a beautiful mother-of-pearl toy, set in gold, with flowers worked in enamel, and adorned with precious stones. — *Flowers for Children.*



Riding Crocodiles.

AN English traveller, named Waterston, gives an account of his mounting the back of a crocodile, in Guiana, as he and the Indians drew the monster from the water by a rope. This seemed a wonderful feat; and so it was, for the creature was wild and savage. But in Siam, which is a country in Farther India, it is said they tame crocodiles, (which are very much like alligators,) as we do colts. Being plentifully fed with fish, and treated kindly, they become very docile, and will submit to have a bridle put in their mouths, and be guided about according to their master's pleasure. It is no uncommon thing to see the Siamese children, with a whip, riding on the back of these terrible looking monsters, or playing under their feet.



Dragon-Fly.

THIS is a genus of four-winged flies, sometimes called *adder-flies*. There are twenty-one species. The mouth is furnished with jaws, and the tail of the male terminates in a kind of hooked forceps. All the species are provided with two very large eyes, covering the whole surface of the head. They fly very swiftly, and catch, while flying, innumerable flies. Their voracious appetite, and the multitude of lesser winged insects which they destroy and devour, fully entitle them to the name given them of *dragon* flies. To the insect tribe they are indeed dragons.

In the months of August and September, they are found in our fields and gardens, especially near places where there are stagnant waters. The eggs from which they are produced are de-

posited in the waters, where they are hatched by the warmth of the temperature, and from which they come fully formed, and provided with all their voracious instincts. The large species live all their time about waters; but the smaller frequent hedges and gardens. The larger kinds are almost always upon the wing, so that it is very difficult to take them.

The eye of the dragon-fly is very curious, and, by means of the microscope, presents an astonishing assemblage of wonders. The colors with which they are adorned are brilliant and various, consisting of green, blue, crimson, and scarlet. In some cases, all these colors are beautifully blended in the same individual. The wings are of the most delicate texture, admit of great expansion,

and cannot be looked upon by the careful student of God's works without admiration and delight.

These flies are exceedingly ravenous, and fall with the greatest fury on all their fellow-insects and devour them. The fact of their having a forked tail has led many to believe that they are provided with a sting. Hence, too, they have received the name of *horse-stingers*.

The great dragon-fly is remarkable for the celerity and vigor of its flight. On one occasion, one of these insects was observed gently flying near a pond in search of its prey, when, on seeing a butterfly, it suddenly caught it, and then sat down composedly on a twig, and ate it piecemeal.

A Sagacious Dog.

A DOG of a mongrel breed, known in Aberdeen by the name of the *Doctor*, used to beg pennies from all with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. He did not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spent it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronized with his custom was that of a baker, who only gave him a biscuit for his halfpenny; but he has now changed his place of business, not from any political feeling, but simply because, in mercantile phraseology, he "can do better." The *Doctor*, having become rather epicurean in his eating, began to frequent a cook-shop, kept by a black man, who gives him good money's worth — one day, perhaps, a piece of potted head; another, a slice of cold meat, or something dainty. At

last, this animal struck up an acquaintance with several gentleman, at the Athenæum, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. While this acquaintanceship was amusing to one party, it was very profitable to the other. One trait of the *Doctor's* character was, that, when not hungry, he gave the children, who were his favorites, the halfpennies given to himself. One afternoon, he gave a little girl twopence that he had collected in small coin. — *Scotch Paper*.

The Mistle Thrush.

THIS pretty bird is a native of England, and is the largest of all the tribe. It builds in a low bush, and lays four or five eggs. It feeds on insects, and on the berries of the holly and mistletoe, from the last of which it takes its name. Its song is very melodious, and is more heard during a thunder-storm than at any other period. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. It is popularly known by the name of the *storm cock*, because he is supposed, by the loudness of his tones, to foretell a storm. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements. The following pretty lines speak of this curious fact: —

"And in the thunder's roar,
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,
Sweet sings the mistle thrush amid the crash,
The bursting tempest o'er."



The Mandrake.

Of this plant there are eight species, which differ materially in their properties. Some are wholesome, fragrant, and agreeable; while others are filled with the most deadly and destructive qualities. The *mandrake* belongs to the first class, and the *belladonna*, or *deadly nightshade*, belongs to the other.

The mandrake has been divided into male and female. The male has a large, long, and thick root. It is generally divided into two or more parts. When parted into two, many have been struck with the resemblance it bears to the body and thighs of a man. From the root

rises a number of very long leaves, broad in the middle, and obtusely pointed at the ends. They are about a foot in length, and about five inches in breadth. It grows in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Levant.

This plant is mentioned twice in Scripture. Great numbers of it grow in a valley below Nazareth. The fruit there is of the size of an apple, ruddy, of an agreeable odor, and wholesome. It ripens in the month of May, at the time of the wheat harvest. The Jews attached many superstitious notions to the mandrake, probably originating in its

resemblance to the human form. They considered it sufficient to expel evil spirits, because they could not themselves endure its smell.

Sir Walter Scott.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was a school-boy, between ten and eleven years of age, his mother one morning saw him standing still in the street, and looking at the sky, in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm. She called to him repeatedly, but he did not seem to hear. At length he returned into the house, and told his mother, that if she would give him a pencil, he would tell her why he looked at the sky. She acceded to his request, and in a few minutes he laid on her lap the following lines: —

“Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll!
 What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
 It is thy voice, O God, that bids them fly;
 Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky:
 Then let the good thy mighty power revere;
 Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.”

Gentle Rebuke.

A WORTHY old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing along, and, when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and, with a pass of his hand, knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret

at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and, giving him a look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, “God forgive you, my son, as I do.”

This touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, repentant. The tear started in his eye, and he felt that he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and, thrusting both hands into his pockets full of change, forced the contents upon her exclaiming, “God bless you, kind mother. I'll never do so again.”

Newton's Absence of Mind.

DR. STUKELY, an English physician, one day visiting Sir Isaac Newton, by appointment, the servant told him that he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but, as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in—a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed; Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and, covering up the empty dish, bid them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added, “Give me but leave to take my short dinner—I am fatigued and faint.” Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned round to Stukely with a smile. “See,” said he, “what we studious people are! I forgot I had dined.”

Good Resolutions.

"I HAVE read the 'Well-Spent Hour' over twice, mother, and thought about it, as you desired me to; but I can't be like Kitty Nelson."

"Why, Mary?"

"Because, ma." Mary looked down, and was silent.

"Say, Mary, why you cannot be like Kitty Nelson. She did nothing that any well-disposed child would find any difficulty in doing, if she really desired to be good."

"But, ma, Mrs. Nelson was rich, and had a sewing woman; and you do your own sewing and are busy all day, and can't find time to sit down and teach me, because you sew in the evening, when I am in bed, and at school."

"But, my dear Mary, do you really desire to spend each hour well?"

"Yes, mother, I do indeed; but I can't; for sometimes one thing vexes me, and then another, until I get cross and impatient; and then I am punished, and that makes me crosser. But Kitty Nelson had only a few to vex her: she had a pretty garden to run in, a nice play-room, and every thing to make her good. We have a great family; and the little ones get my playthings, and sometimes tear up my doll's frock, and even my tables and chairs; and when I come down with my good spirit, as you call it, mother, and see the mischief the little naughty things have done, the bad spirit comes, and I feel just as if I wanted to whip them."

"Mrs. Nelson, it is true, had a small family; and as they were rich, Kitty

could not exercise her feelings of charity and benevolence sufficiently at home, Mary; for the heart requires exercise as well as the body. You, my child, have a large field, or garden, where you can cultivate and improve all that is beautiful and good in your feelings and affections."

"A garden, mother?"

"You may call our large family a garden, Mary. Now, in your father's absence, I am the only gardener. Children are often compared to plants. In the Bible, — I believe in your last lesson, — it said, 'his children, like olive-trees about his dwelling.' You have the opportunity of showing the real worth of your good resolutions all the time; for each moment there is something useful for you to do. How much you can assist me by showing your young sisters the way they should go! — by training these tender plants, (for we will still consider our family a garden :) your older brothers are trees that will shade and support the young plants and vines; and as they grow straight and comely, and bear pleasant fruits, you must also try to imitate them; for the gardeners are growing older, and will, by and by, be unable to rear the plants, and will wish to retire into some shady bower, where they can look upon their pleasant garden, and see all the twigs growing properly into trees and bushes."

"I understand you, mother. You wish me to try to help you cultivate the garden, by being good myself, and teaching the younger ones by my example, just as you wish me to follow that of my older brother."

"Just so, Mary. Now tell me if you have not enough to do."

"O, yes, mother; but it is not like working in a real pleasant garden, full of fruits and flowers, and making shirts for a poor sick woman."

"Is there any poor, old, or sick woman, or little girl, that you love as well as Caroline, Mary?"

"No, mother; O, no, no!"

"Then, if you can really incline her little heart to goodness, can assist in forming her mind, and fixing good habits now, while she is so easily led astray, would you not feel pleased to do it?"

"O, yes, indeed; but you know, mother, I am only a little girl, and they don't think of minding me."

"I do not wish you to exercise any authority over them, Mary; you are indeed too young for that; but you are old enough to teach them by example. For instance, when I say, 'Mary, get your work,' if you obey cheerfully, will they not imitate you, and think it the only way? But if, on the contrary, you look sour, and say, '*I don't want to sew,*' and obey reluctantly, will they not be inclined to do so too? And when you come in from school, and toss your bonnet on one chair, your shawl on another, and your books on a third, will they not be inclined to wrong habits? When you speak cross, they will answer in the same way; but when you are kind they will be; and though, as you say, I am continually engaged, I send you to an excellent school, where a kind instructress is ready always to teach you all that you are capable of learning. Do you spend *each hour* well while you are with her, listen

patiently and attentively to her explanations, and learn all your lessons perfectly?"

Mary looked thoughtful and sad, but made no answer.

"I know, my dear child, it is much easier to wish to be good than to be so. We cannot choose in what way we would be useful, but must, if we would obey the commands of our Father in heaven, do all the good we can in the situation wherein he has placed us. If your parents are poor, you can show your generous feelings by aiding them; your industry and goodness will lighten your mother's cares; and be assured, my dear Mary, the charity that seeks to find objects abroad, and neglects its home duties, is of a *doubtful character*. Do you understand me, Mary?"

"I believe I do, mother. You mean, if I had money enough, and gave it to clothe the poor, and was a bad daughter and an unkind sister, I should not be good, or deserve the name of charitable."

"Just so, Mary; and though you have no money or clothes to give the poor, and no time to devote to making shirts, like Catharine Nelson, you have the power of doing much good, young as you are."

"O mother, if I were ever so good, you would scarcely notice it, there are so many of us."

Mrs. Talbot smiled, and said, "Try it one week, Mary, and see if uniform gentleness, kindness, industry, and forbearance are not noticed, not only by your mother, but by all the members of the family."

"Well, I will try, mother; and if I

am kind, and dutiful, and affectionate at home, and am not spoken to for bad behavior for a week, shall I be as good as if I made a shirt for little Nancy?"

"Better, my dear; for it requires more real goodness, more command over your temper, more forbearance and gentleness, to be always amiable and obliging in a large family of all ages and dispositions, than to give shirts, or to make them for the poor. It is the motive, the real wish of the heart, that God sees, and not the action itself."

While Mrs. Talbot was speaking, Caroline came bounding into the room, dragging her new *toach*, as she called it.

"Look, Mary, look at my new pretty *toach*, with my dolls in it; an't it pretty, Mary?"

"O, you little mischief," said Mary, catching up the box; "you have been to my baby-house and taken my doll's trunk for a coach, you naughty rig." Mary stopped, and looked at her mother, who said nothing, but quietly pursued her work, only looking once impressively on her. She stood beside her sister, with the toy in her hand. It had been the fruit of much labor and patience; and the big tears stood in her eyes, as she saw the neat little red morocco hinges torn off, and the nice fastening displaced. After viewing it a moment in silence, she said, "O Caroline, how could you tear up my nice little trunk? I am so sorry!"

"Are you sorry, Mary? Well, don't cry: I didn't mean to plague you. Here are all the pieces: can't you sew it up again?"

"No, Caroline." The little girl looked grieved, and, throwing her arms round

her sister, said, "You don't call me an ugly thing; but I'm very sorry, and won't tear any more of your playthings, Mary."

"Well, dear, I hope you won't; and I will make you a nice little cart."

"O, what a good Mary," said Caroline, clapping her little hands, "to make me a cart! Isn't she a good Mary, mother?" continued Caroline, leaning on her mother's lap.

"Yes, dear, a very good Mary; and I hope, when little Ann tears your things, you will be as kind to her."

"So I will, mother. I won't call her a naughty, ugly thing, as I did this morning; but I'll say, 'Don't do so again, Anne, and when I'm big enough, I'll make you a little cart too.'"

"I hope," said Mrs. Talbot, "you will learn not to meddle with your sister's things, Caroline; if you do, I shall be obliged to punish you, which will make me very sad."

"I am sure I won't pull down sister's things again, mother. I love her now dearly."

Sally came in to take the young children to walk, and Mary was again alone with her mother.

"You see, my dear child," said Mrs. Talbot, "how much you can do for your little sisters by your example; and you must feel that such conduct will always make my heart glad, and assist me much in the government of the family; for all who learn to do right and govern themselves, are no longer a care to me, but a great source of enjoyment."

"I do wish to be good, mother; and when I read such stories as the 'Well-Spent Hour,' the 'Black Velvet Brace-

let,' and others that I often read in the Miscellany, I make good resolutions, and step up one round of the moral ladder; but down I come again, ashamed and vexed that I have not more strength to persevere, or hold on, as Harry would say."

Mrs. Talbot looked tenderly on her child, and replied, "Every step you take is so much gained; and He who sees all you do, and knows all your thoughts, will give you strength, if you ask it."

Francis, the eldest son, came in while they were conversing. He had been detained late in the counting-house, and his dinner was set by for him. Mary busied herself in placing it on the table neatly for him, saying, "You look weary, Frank. I will wait upon you: do you want any thing more now?"

"No, thank you, Mary, nothing but some water, which I see you are getting."

After Francis had dined, he called Mary to him, and placing some pretty pictures in her hand, said, "Now you can make the trunk you were wishing for so much last week."

Mary's eyes sparkled with delight. The pictures were very handsome, and exactly what she wished for. She took them to her mother, who said, "I am glad you have received a double reward for your forbearance."

"A double reward, mother?"

"Yes, Mary, the reward of your own happy feelings, and those pretty pictures; and though you may not always be so fortunate, of this you may always be sure,—that good conduct will ever bring its reward to your own bosom."—*Juv. Miscellany.*

To the May Flower

I LOVE thee, pretty nursing
Of vernal sun and rain;
For thou art Flora's firstling,
And leadest in her train.

When far away I found thee,
It was an April morn:
The chilling blast blew round thee;
No bud had decked the thorn.

* * *

Thou didst reward my ramble
By shining at my feet,
When over brake and bramble,
I sought thy lone retreat.

As some sweet flower of pleasure
Upon our path may bloom,
'Mid rocks and thorns that measure
Our journey to the tomb!

John Randolph.

THE mother of the celebrated John Randolph taught his infant lips to pray. This fact he could never forget. It influenced his whole life, and saved him from the dangers of infidelity. He was one day speaking on the subject of infidelity, to which he had been much exposed by his intercourse with men of infidel principles, to a distinguished southern gentleman, and used this remarkable language:—

"I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing—the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and causing me to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

How to be contented.

LITTLE Mary Manning was rich, and her cousin Jane Loring was poor. Mary's parents could afford to buy her any thing she wanted, if it were possible to obtain it with money; but little Mary was not very happy with her playthings, while her cousin Jane was almost always cheerful. Mary wanted every thing she saw, and was never willing to make any thing for herself. One day her mother bought her a very beautiful large doll, dressed in the French style. Mary admired it extremely, and went directly to show it to her cousin Jane. "It is a sweet pretty thing," said Jane; "I wonder whether I could not make one like it." Her mother told her she thought she could; and she gave her some pretty rags to make and dress the doll, offering to paint the cheeks and eyes for her, when it was finished. Jane employed all her leisure moments, for four or five days, in making this doll: during this time, she was very happy,—for busy people are generally happy,—and when the doll was completed, it was really extremely pretty. The face, to be sure, was not quite as handsome as her cousin Mary's doll; but the dress was sewed so neatly, and fashioned with so much taste, that every body liked it. It served to amuse Jane and her young companions for months afterward.

Do you think Mary Manning had so much pleasure with her beautiful new doll? No; she did not have half as much. It was entirely dressed when she bought it; and after she had looked at it again and again, she had nothing more to

do. It was none of it the work of her own industry or ingenuity; and she soon grew tired of it. One of her friends, two days after it had been bought, showed her a remarkable large doll, that could open and shut its eyes, when a spring was moved for that purpose. This made Mary unhappy. She did not like her own beautiful doll, because she had seen one which had moving eyes. "I must have a doll that can open and shut its eyes," said she. "I get so provoked with my doll; for when I sing 'Lullaby, lullaby,' there she lies in her cradle, with her great bright eyes staring wide open all the time. I must have a doll that can go to sleep." Her mother bought the new doll, for which she gave a very large price; and for a week or two, Mary was satisfied. But at the end of that time, she said she was tired of her doll, because it would not open and shut its eyes of its own accord. "I have to pull a string to make her shut her eyes," said Mary; "and I don't call that going to sleep at all. I am dreadful tired of the stupid thing. Mother, why can't you buy me such a beautiful little musical box as we saw at Mrs. Gray's? You know a little bird came jumping out of that, and opened and shut his eyes of his own accord, and sung just as if he were alive. There was no need to pull a string to make him open and shut his eyes. Mother, I want such a bird." "That musical box, my dear," replied her mother, "cost several hundred dollars. I cannot afford to indulge you in such an expensive present. Besides, the bird's eyes were opened and shut by little springs inside the box: he could not open

his eyes himself, any better than your doll can."

"Well, it *seems* as if he did it himself; and that is what I want," said the little teaser. "I never want to see my stupid doll again, with a string to pull her eyes open." "You are never content, my dear Mary," answered her mother: "I wish I could always see you as happy as your cousin Jane." "She don't have half as many things as I do," said Mary; "and they are not half as pretty; but she always likes them. Mother, may I go to spend this afternoon with Jane?" Mrs. Manning gave her consent, and Mary went to her cousin, to complain of her expensive doll, that could not open its eyes without having a string pulled. She found Jane very busy, pasting pictures upon a small white box, which her mother had given her. "O, that is a sweet pretty box," exclaimed Mary; "I will ask mother to buy me one just like it." "Why don't you make one?" asked Jane. "O, mother can afford to buy me one; and I don't want the trouble of fixing it." "But you don't know," rejoined her cousin, "how much pleasure I have taken in fixing it. I like it a great deal better than I should if it had been bought for me." "You always like your things," replied Mary, sorrowfully; "I wonder what is the reason I don't take as much comfort with mine."

"I will tell you, my dear," replied her aunt Loring. "You are not happy because your time is not occupied. You buy every thing already made, and then you have nothing to do but to look at it. This soon gets tiresome; and besides that, you have no chance to improve your

own taste and ingenuity. I advise you to make your own playthings and utensils, and never to want an article merely because you see somebody else have it."

Mary followed this advice; and at the end of a year she told Jane she had found out the true secret of being contented and happy.—*Juv. Miscellany.*

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 123.]

Letter from Mrs. Bump to her Son William.

Sundown, May 18—.

MY DEAR SON: I did not expect to write you again so soon, but a good opportunity is offered by a party going from Oregon to New England, to send letters, and so here you have another. I promised to send you some of Bottle Nose's Indian Tales, and so I give you some of them. I shall first tell you the story of

THE HAUNTED CHIEF.

Many winters ago, there dwelt a small tribe along the banks of the Susquehanna, who were so famous in war, that they acquired the name of the *Grisly Bears*. Every chief was above the ordinary size; they had such strength that they could rend the trees of the forest, and such speed that the wild deer could hardly escape from their pursuit. In battle they had no fear; and terrible was the slaughter they made of their enemies. Their arrows were not only swift, but aimed with deadly certainty. Fierce and fatal were their tomahawks—as the talons of the eagle when stooping upon

the partridge. Keen was their eye to see the foe afar off—as that of the crow when he searches amid forest and thicket for his food. Terrible was their war-whoop—as the scream of a thousand panthers!

Near the abode of the Grisly Bears dwelt another tribe, who were so famous for their cunning, that they received the title of the *Double Faces*. These people were often at war with the Grisly Bears; but so artful were their chiefs, that they often got the advantage, even in battle.

At length, after a long interval of peace, a quarrel arose among these tribes, and they had many skirmishes with each other. In one of them, the Grisly Bears rushed suddenly into the village of the *Double Faces* and carried off the daughter of the head chief. She was a girl of sixteen, and such was her beauty, that she captivated all the young Indians who gazed upon her. When once an Indian had seen her, it was said that he could not help dreaming about her; and in his dreams, it was believed that the maiden won his heart by magic. At the same time, she was so swift and light of foot, that, as she sped through the forest, she resembled a bird, rather than a human being. For these reasons, she became known far and near, and received the title of *Neena Moneka*, or the *Dream Antelope*.

Well, the Grisly Bears had made a capture of the famous *Neena Moneka*, and great was the joy of the young chiefs in the possession of such a valuable prize. The old chiefs shook their heads, and seemed to fear that some mischief would accrue from the arts and wiles of the

beautiful *Double Face*. “Wisdom,” said they, “is the gift of age, and folly is the companion of youth.”

The very morning after the *Dream Antelope* had been taken to the village of the *Grisly Bears*, every young chief in the tribe awoke desperately in love with her. The old chiefs and the old squaws hereupon declared her to be a witch: the facts were proof positive. After long deliberation, it was determined, in grave council, to put her to death. Accordingly, she was tied to a tree, and the best bowmen were summoned to perform the execution. A young chief was called upon first. He was never known to miss his mark: even the flying swallow fell by his fatal arrow. The whole tribe were assembled—the grave warriors, the women, and the children. An Indian values his fame above life; and surely the young chief who is now called upon for a display of his skill, though he may love *Neena Moneka*, will not disgrace himself, even to save her. He draws his bow, while a breathless silence reigns around. The string twangs, but no one sees the arrow. Where is it? The maiden is unharmed. Surely she is a sorceress!

Another chief is called. He sends his arrow, but it flies wide, and goes sailing on, till it is lost in the distance. Other arrows are sped, but still *Neena Moneka* is safe. All the young chiefs have tried their hand. “They are bewitched!” said an aged warrior named *Stony Heart*: “let an old man try his skill!” He seized his bow; he drew the string to his ear, but it snapped at the instant the arrow was about to leave it. Amazed and

ashamed, Stony Heart retired, and Fire Demon, the foremost chieftain of the tribe, took the stand, and prepared to try his skill. His arrow whirled through the air; it grazed the head of the maiden, and stood trembling in the bark of the tree. The young warriors smiled; the old men and old women shook their heads.

Several other arrows were now tried, and with no better success. At length Neena Moneka spake. "Warriors of the Grisly Bear," said she, "listen! You are strong against men, but feeble against a woman. Your arrows will not touch the heart of a maiden. Unbind me, set me free, and I will be the bride of the chief who captures me!"

A yell of joy burst from the crowd. They all desired to see the race. The girl was unbound; she was set free. Away she flew; but it was not the young warriors only that joined in the chase. The old warriors seemed as much fascinated as the rest, and away they scampered, each one striving to get possession of the beautiful maid. Up hill and down hill, over plain and through thicket, puffed and panted full fifty warriors, some gray with years and scarred with a hundred battles. In vain did their wives scream, jeer, and gibe; their clamor was soon lost in the distance. Light and swift sped the Dream Antelope, always near to her pursuers, always seeming about to be snatched by the eager grasp of one of the foremost, yet, always escaping; and often, when it was fancied that she must inevitably be taken, she would suddenly bound away, leaving her followers far behind.

Over hill and valley flew the chase. Shout, and yell, and halloo at first awoke the forest. But the warriors grew fatigued, and nothing but the crushing shrub, and the panting bosom was heard. On flew the maid—on flew her pursuer. Over mountain and stream, over cliff and cataract they sped. The morning dawned; the noonday passed; the evening came; the night was gone. Another day, and another, and another—the Dream Antelope fled, and the chiefs still pursued. But one by one they fell off. In a short time, but a single chief followed the flying maiden. He seemed to know no fatigue. For some days and some nights, he continued the chase. They came to a broad stream, where the water was rushing onward at a fearful rate. The maiden plunged into the wave. Close at hand, the chief plunged after her. Down the hurrying tide they were borne. They came to the brink of a fearful cataract. The waters broke over it in foam and thunder. In the mist was lost the maiden, and in the mist was lost the warrior also. It was said that their forms were seen a moment in the snowy bubbles below. But death could not divide them. They are now in the land of spirits. On flew the maid, and on flew her pursuer. And thus, still they continue the chase. She is beautiful, but dim and dreamlike, with the form of the lovely Neena Moneka, but ghostly as a strip of moonlight, or a group of stars seen through the summer mist. He, the youthful chieftain, has still the fire of the warrior; but he is rather a shadow, gliding over the land, than a man planting his foot upon the earth. Day and night, summer and

winter, the Dream Antelope speeds onward; and day and night, summer and winter, the beguiled Indian follows the entrancing shadow.

But what became of the other warriors? After many wanderings, one by one, they returned to their village. But, alas! their wigwams were a heap of ashes; and the bones of their women and children were bleaching upon the sod. The Double Faces had taken advantage of the absence of the warriors, and had made their homes a scene of desolation. Such was the fate of the Grisly Bears; and it shows that cunning is an over-match for strength. Such is the legend of the Dream Antelope; and it teaches this lesson—that the beauty of woman is the most fatal of all witchcraft.

This is a long story; but I must tell you another, for it is very curious.

Far away to the south is a land of perpetual summer. Here, in the midst of a beautiful plain, a mountain rises to the clouds. On the top is a forest of flowing trees, which are constantly in bloom. The air is ever fragrant with odors; and the songs of singing birds may be heard by day and by night. No tempests ever visit this lovely plain. Here winter is unknown, and fruits, ever ripe and ever ripening, furnish a constant repast. The ground is soft with mossy turf, and no thorn or prickly pear springs up to injure the foot. And what is most wonderful is, that the inhabitants of this paradise are immortal. Subject to no disease, they never die; time flows on, and they continue from age to age in a perpetual enjoyment of indescribable bliss.

Such is the lovely land, which, among

the Indians, bears the title of the *Happy Hill*. But how is this mountain top to be reached? Ah, that is the question! Seen from a distance, its sides look smooth and gentle; but when the traveller ascends, he finds it encircled by dizzy precipices and dark ravines, filled with hideous serpents. Here, in the deep recesses, the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and the adder, collect in heaps, and fill the air with their hisses. Panthers, wolves, and vultures infest these horrid regions. Grisly shapes of monsters, with long black wings, are seen flitting in the mouths of the caves, or along the deep, shady hollows of the mountain.

It would be madness to attempt to pass such awful barriers, set by the demons to keep mankind from this lovely paradise. One only chance of reaching this mountain top is presented. This is by a bridge, consisting of a single thread, strung across a wide and roaring torrent. It is a terrific feat to cross this airy line, and demands not only great courage, but long and tedious training. And even this is not enough. The adventurer must come to his work with a pure heart. If he has ever been false to his friend, or his tribe, his doom is terrible; he falls into the torrent, and is borne within the bowels of the mountain. Here he lives forever, roaming amid gloomy caverns, hating every thing, and hated by every body. His hair is by degrees turned into the writhing tails of serpents; his tongue becomes a serpent's head, and when he would speak, he can only hiss. Every finger shoots into a hooked claw, and he goes on all fours, like a beast.

Such is said to be the doom of the

treacherous. But who can paint the joys of those who succeed in gaining the top of the Happy Hill! It is true no one has ever come back, either from the mountain top or the cataract, to reveal his experience; but faith supplies the want of evidence, and every day, and every hour, adventurers are seen on the airy bridge, striving to reach the land of immortal bliss.

Such are some of the tales which our old Indian neighbor has lately told me. They are at least curious, because so different from our own fables and fairy tales. Nor are they without good intention; for after all, the Indians have a conscience, and seem to set a high value upon rectitude of conduct.

I have filled my sheet so full as only to have room to say that we are all well; and may Heaven bless my dear boy.

ABIGAIL BUMP.

Anna and her Kitten.

LITTLE Anna had a pretty gray kitten. She loved the kitty very much, and the kitty loved her. Sometimes, when Anna is playing with her doll and her ninepins, kitty puts out her paw, and rolls all the playthings about the room. But Anna does not mind that; she knows the little pussy does it for play.

One day, when little Anna was alone with the kitty in the parlor, she made scratches on the window; and that was a very naughty trick. When her nurse came into the room, she said, "Who made these scratches on the window?" Little Anna felt ashamed of the mischief

she had done; and she did not speak a word.

The kitten was asleep in the chair; and the nurse said, "I suppose this naughty puss did it. I must whip her for it." Then the nurse took the kitten out of the chair, and told her she must box her ears for scratching the window. But little Anna began to cry, and ran up to her nurse, saying, "O, don't whip little kitty. She did not scratch the window. I did it."

The nurse did not strike poor little puss; and Anna took the kitty in her arms, and stroked her soft gray fur, and made her very happy. Anna's father, and mother, and her grandmother, and her nurse, all loved their little girl very much; because she told the truth, and was so kind to her poor little kitten.

Sponge.

OPPPOSITE Rhodes is a little island, called Himia. At the bottom of the sea, sponge is found in greater abundance than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make a good living by fishing for this sponge, of which an immense quantity is bought by the Turks, to be used in their baths. In this island, no girl is allowed to marry before she has proved her courage and dexterity by bringing up a certain quantity of sponge.

A MAN who quarrels with himself is sure to be a loser.

ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

Mr. Prescott

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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WATERMARK OF THE GREAT BRITAIN



MASTER THOMAS ADVERTISER.



Youth and Flowers.

Youth, and flowers, and summer bright,
 Things of beauty, things of light;
 Sisters gentle, sisters fair,—
 See them wreath a sister's hair!

From the valley, from the hill,
 From the bank of laughing rill,
 From the woodland, from the heath,
 They gather blossoms for their wreath.

See their busy fingers twine
 Buttercup and columbine,
 Daisies sweet and blue-bells fair,
 Deftly in a sister's hair.

This is pleasure, this is play,
 This is youth's gay holiday;
 And more than this the scene may tell,
 If we but read its meaning well.

What brings this gentle group together,
And makes them gay as sunny weather?
And why as bright as costly gem
Is every simple flower to them?

'Tis love that makes these children meet;
'Tis love that makes these blossoms sweet;
'Tis love that makes that wreath so fair —
So charming in a sister's hair.

Love is the sunshine of the heart;
This bids a thousand flowers start
Along the varied paths of life,
With bloom and fragrance ever rife.

Manners and Customs of the Jews.

IN the early ages of the world, the habitations of men were little better than the dens of wild beasts, being merely natural caves, or excavations made by art in soft rocks, or in the sides of hills; the genial nature of the climate in the East rendering it agreeable to pass most of the time in the open air.

But as men were in the habit of migrating, with their flocks and herds, from place to place, caves were not always to be found: tents therefore were invented, which were easily portable, quickly erected, and in many other respects more eligible.

When men began to form communities, and to remain stationary in one place, they erected habitations of more durable materials. These were of wood, mud, or bricks, baked in the sun. It was not, however, till refinement had made some progress, that burnt bricks and stones were used.

Habitations constructed with mud walls

were in use among the poorer inhabitants of the city of Israel for many ages; and to these the sacred writers allude, when they speak of thieves digging through a wall, and of breaking through and stealing.

The houses of the opulent appear to have been built in ancient Judea, as they are at present in the East, namely, quadrangular; having an open court in the middle. In fine weather, this court was covered with mats, carpets, &c., and used as a place for entertaining large companies on extraordinary occasions.

The roofs of the houses were flat, with a balustrade or parapet, breast high, surrounding them to prevent accidents.

The furniture of the Jewish habitations consisted in general of only a few necessaries. The beds of the poorer sort were merely mats or skins, on which a mattress was laid. These served them, likewise, as couches, on which to recline at meals. The rich, however, had fine carpets, couches, and sofas, ornamented with ivory, and overlaid with embroidered and perfumed coverlets.

It appears from Scripture, that the Almighty designed to point out to man the skins of beasts as a covering and a guard against the inclemency of the seasons. It is in the present day the kind of covering principally used among uncivilized nations. But in the process of time, the art of manufacturing wool and flax was discovered; and as men considered dress not only useful, but ornamental, they dyed these materials of various colors, and adorned them with embroidery of gold, silver, and silk, with jewels of gold and precious stones.

The most ancient and simple dress, next to that of undressed skins, was a tunic, or close coat, made of cloth or linen, reaching to the knees, and bound about the waist with a girdle. In the girdle was usually a pouch to carry money. Over the tunic, the middling and higher classes wore an upper garment, and mantle of a square form, which was either wrapped round the body, or, being fastened round the neck, hung loose, like a cloak. This garment was sometimes richly embroidered.

The common people seldom wore any thing on the head; but the better sort had a kind of mitre or turban. The hair and beard were cherished with great care, and the feet were defended by sandals.

The female dress differed but little from that of the men, except in the delicacy and richness of its materials, and in the addition of a veil. The women wore rings, necklaces, pendants, bracelets, and other jewels, and tinged their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. This Jezebel did, who is said to have also painted her face.

The nations of the East have always been remarkable for the practice of ceremonious politeness. Among the Jews, the usual form of salutation was laying the right hand on the heart, and saying, "Peace be with you;" but if the person addressed was of high rank, they bowed to the earth. Thus Jacob saluted Esau. When extraordinary respect was intended to be shown, the person saluting kissed the hem of his superior's garment, and even the dust on which he trod. Relatives and dear friends, of both sexes, kissed each other. When the common

people entered the presence of the king, they prostrated themselves before him. Visitors were usually received and dismissed with great respect. On their arrival, water was brought for their hands and feet, and their heads were anointed with oil.

The Jews were in general early risers, to enjoy the cool freshness of the morning; yet that they were accustomed to take repose in the heat of the day, may be gathered from the circumstance of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, being murdered as he lay on his bed at noon.

They were in general abstemious in their diet, feeding chiefly on bread, vegetables, milk, &c., taking animal food only on extraordinary occasions, as at sacrifices, festivals, &c. Their ordinary beverage was water, though wine was not forbidden; and it seems the women did not appear at table with the men on days of public entertainment.

Before luxury had made progress among them, the Israelites sat at table as Europeans do at the present day; but in process of time, they adopted the custom of reclining on beds or couches. Thus, at a banquet given by Esther, and at the Pharisee's house, where Mary Magdalene anointed the Savior's feet, the company lay on beds.

In journeying, it was usual for a number of persons to travel together: these were either the household of the traveller, or a company associated for mutual convenience and defence, called a *caravan*. On these journeys they carried such necessaries as were required on camels and asses; and they even took tents for their accommodation, as inns were then

unknown. When only one or two persons travelled, they depended for accommodation on private hospitality. On their arrival at the end of their day's journey, it was usual for them to wait in some public place, till invited to enter a house. The story of the Levite, in the nineteenth chapter of Judges, elucidates this custom.

Agriculture being the chief employment of the Israelites, trade was much discouraged among them; and they held their fairs and markets, on these accounts, contiguous to the heathen temples.

To compensate them, however, for the prohibition they were under against participating in the joyous festivals of the surrounding nations, feasts were held three times in each year, to commemorate, first, their emancipation; secondly, the giving of the law; and thirdly, their abode in the desert; and at these festivals all Israel was compelled to attend, that the bonds of brotherhood might be kept up among the tribes by sharing in social enjoyment.



The Caravan.

IN Asia and Africa, there are extensive sandy plains, called *deserts*. Some of them are several hundred miles in extent. When people travel across these deserts, they generally go in companies called *caravans*. Camels are often used instead of horses, because they have large, spongy feet which do not sink into the sand; because, too, they can live on the poor, coarse herbage of

the deserts, and can go for a long time without water. Caravans, with horses, are, however, common.

The people travel in caravans for the sake of security, for the desert plains of Asia and Africa are frequented by wandering Arabs, who live by robbery, and if they meet with a weak or timid party, they are sure to fall upon it and plunder it. Sometimes travellers in these regions carry valuable and rich merchandise; for a great deal of the trade of the East is conducted by merchants, who go from place to place, transporting their goods with them. It often happens that a single merchant will have about him, in rich shawls, silks, gold ornaments, gems, and jewels, articles to the value of a hundred thousand dollars. If the Arabs come across such a person, they get a very profitable prize.

Now I must tell you, gentle reader, a caravan story, which may amuse you, and give you some idea of the way in which caravans are managed. Well, once upon a time there lived in Bassora, a great city on the western borders of Persia, a poor but honest man by the name of *Kedaya*. He was a servant of the pacha, or governor, and lived in his palace. He became a favorite, and the governor made him a sort of counsellor and companion.

Kedaya had a son named *Dairak*, who, at the time of reaching manhood, was alike renowned for the beauty of his person, for his great learning, and his various accomplishments. The pacha had a daughter, so lovely that she was called *Zulema*, or the Pearl of the Palace.

Though *Dairak* and *Zulema* dwelt in the same building, they had never yet

seen one another, for the women are never allowed to mix with men, unless of their own family. But *Dairak* had often heard of the lovely Pearl of the Palace, and *Zulema* had heard also of the handsome and accomplished *Dairak*. Strange as it may seem, therefore, they fell in love, and according to the custom of the country, they had secretly sent each other flowers expressive of their affection.

All this, at last, came to the ears of the pacha; and in great anger, he had his daughter imprisoned in a strong castle of the city, while he ordered *Dairak* to be sent with a trading caravan to Damascus, a city of Syria, eight hundred miles to the west of Bassora. The young man's heart was sad at the idea of this exile from his home, and this separation from the object whom he loved with great devotion, even though he had never seen her. But the time for his departure came, and, joining the caravan, he set forth upon his journey.

The company consisted of about four hundred persons, with two hundred camels. The chief people rode, but many went on foot. Some were merchants, some were travellers, some were priests, and some were servants. There was one group consisting of a black slave and two figures whose faces were veiled, and who were therefore supposed to be females. One day, as *Dairak* was walking along, he chanced to be at the side of the two females, when one of them raised her veil, and looked upon him with a smile. Never was there seen so lovely a face, and never was there an expression so bewitching.

Dairak's heart beat violently, for he knew that this act of the young lady was

a great favor bestowed upon him ; and besides, she was beautiful as a Houri. For a time, the youth was enchanted. He saw, by the strings of pearls and diamonds upon the young lady's hair and beneath her veil, that she was rich, and he said to himself, " Surely she is a princess in disguise ; and yet she has cast looks of favor upon me. After all, perhaps I am born to good luck, even though the old doting pacha has sent me away, hoping that I shall get killed by the Arabs, or die of a fever. Who can tell ? Such things have happened before. Am I not handsome ? Am I not accomplished ? Are not half the girls in Bassora in love with me ? Is not Zulema — " But here his voice faltered, and the thought of his duty to her, now shut up in prison for her love of him, made him very sad.

He pursued his journey for two days, with a pensive air, avoiding the presence of the beautiful lady. But at last, through accident, no doubt, he again came near her camel. He looked to her face, perhaps hoping once more to see it unveiled. But he was not thus favored. As he was about parting, he saw something fall from the lady's hand. He picked it up. It was a portrait of a beautiful and youthful lady, having the air of a princess. It was set in gold and gems, which formed the circle of the border, gave her name. The youth read it with amazement — " THE PEARL OF THE PALACE."

" It must, indeed, be she ! " said the youth, in a transport. " She has escaped from prison, and is determined to share my journey and my perils. " From that hour, Dairak was inspired with a new existence. He found opportunity to be

often at the side of Zulema's camel, and though he did not dare to speak, he contrived various means of expressing his feelings. At length, during one of the evening halts, he was permitted to enter her tent, where the lovers poured out their hearts in a thousand vows of love and fidelity.

Seven days had now passed, and the caravan was in the midst of a wide desert. It was level as the sea, with here and there a tuft of thistles, and, at long intervals, a group of palm-trees and a well of water. The heat, during the day, was intense, and therefore the travellers journeyed by night, guiding themselves over the trackless waste by the stars.

They were, at last, in the region of the wandering Arabs, and knew themselves to be in danger of assault. They were very watchful, and all were prepared for defence in case of attack. Dairak, well armed, as well as the black slave, kept close by the side of Zulema and her attendant. Events showed that this caution was not useless. One morning, just before sunrise, a group of men on horseback was visible on the verge of the distant horizon. They instantly disappeared ; but, in the course of half an hour, two hundred horsemen came sweeping over the waste, from a different point in the view. For a long time they seemed like insects creeping over an illimitable plain ; but they gradually came nearer, and, at last, with a terrific rush, burst upon the long line of the caravan. In a moment all was terror and dismay. Swords were flashing in the air, pistols were fired, groans and shrieks filled the ear. The dead and the dying lay pros-

trate on the earth, and the ready hands of the robbers were seen in the rich bales and boxes of the merchants.

But where was Zulema, and where was Dairak, during this hurried conflict? Dairak defended Zulema bravely; but the black slave was killed, and he was himself felled to the earth by a pistol shot. In this state of things, the fair lady was taken from her camel, placed on a swift horse, and borne away. In a brief space, the robbers had fled, and the scattered remains of the caravan were once more collected together. Seventy men were killed, and as many more were wounded. Several camels were also dead or disabled.

The party moved forward as soon as possible, and, at the end of fifteen days, reached Damascus. Dairak had been borne the latter part of the way, in a litter, as he was unable to ride or go on foot. At Damascus, he recovered his health, but his heart was torn with anxiety for the fate of Zulema. Yet, what could he do? It seemed in vain for him to attempt to search for her, as she might have been carried to the extremities of Arabia by the robbers who had taken her. While he was deliberating upon this subject, and racking his brain for some scheme that offered a gleam of hope, he chanced to meet a man in the streets of Damascus, dressed like an Armenian merchant. The moment he saw his face, he fancied he had seen him before, and, after a little reflection, was persuaded that he was the Arab who had captured Zulema.

Full of this thought, he followed the man at a distance, and at last saw him enter the governor's palace. Waiting in

the street, Dairak saw the person come out, and wending among the suburbs of the city to a small tenement, which he entered. After half an hour, he came out; but the Armenian merchant now appeared in the costume of a Bedouin Arab. He went straight to one of the gates of the city, mounted a horse, and sped away at a gallop, toward the desert.

Returning to the palace, the youth bribed one of the servants to procure him an interview with the governor's confidential minister. This was accomplished, and Dairak was admitted into the presence of the man of authority. He was an Ethiopian, his skin black as soot; but his face was wrinkled so as to resemble a piece of crumpled silk. His turban was a rich shawl of cashmere, but ornamented with enormous pearls. His robe was scarlet, edged with velvet, and studded with diamonds. Nothing could exceed the contrast between the little withered form of the prime minister and the gorgeousness of his attire.

Dairak bowed before the great man, and, after many turnings and windings, and making a present to the minister of a rich jewel, he inquired upon what errand the Arabian merchant had just visited the palace. "He is a dealer in slaves," was the reply; "and he has come to offer to the pacha a woman who, as he says, surpasses the fairest Houris of Paradise in beauty and accomplishments."

"And what was the reply of the governor?" said Dairak, in great anxiety. "He has consented to purchase her for twenty thousand dollars," was the answer. "And when is she to be here?" said the youth. "In three days," said the minis-

ter. Dairak now bowed, and took his leave. His plans were soon formed. With a chosen band of four persons, well mounted and fully armed, he departed from the city on the third day, and following the route pursued by the pretended Armenian merchant, at the distance of two leagues, they came to a thicket of palm-trees. Here they halted, and determined to wait the coming of the Arab, not doubting that he would soon pass the plain on his way to fulfil his promise to the pacha. But the best schemes are often vain. The day waned, and the Arab did not appear. At last, it was evening, and Dairak, whose anxiety amounted almost to despair, resolved to return to Damascus. He and his companions mounted their horses and set out. They had not gone far when they saw three horsemen coming along the path from the city.

The moon was shining, and in the clear atmosphere objects were almost as distinctly seen as during the day. In a moment Dairak recognized the leader of the party as the Arab for whom he had been waiting. It was evident that he had carried Zulema to Damascus by a different route, and that he had accomplished his design of selling her to the pacha. This conclusion was formed in the mind of Dairak in an instant. Without hesitation, he gave orders to his men to charge, and in a twinkling the cimeters of the two parties were clashing in deadly conflict. Two of the Arabs fell, and their leader, seeing no other hope, turned his horse to the desert and fled. The other party followed, but Dairak alone kept near to the flying horseman. Like two spectres, the pursuer and pursued seemed

straining over the waste in a race for life or death.

For a full hour, they maintained the race. At last, Dairak had so far gained upon the Arab as to bring him within pistol shot. Drawing his piece, he fired. It was evident he had missed his aim, for the Arab continued his flight. Again Dairak fired, but without effect. A moment after, the Arab wheeled, and waiting till the youth was within a few paces, he discharged his pistol. Dairak slid from his horse, and fell to the earth. His enemy uttered a yell of triumph, and, checking his flying steed, dismounted and came to his side. The youth lay upon his back, and the moon shining upon his face seemed to give his countenance the ghastly pallor of death.

The Arab was too familiar with scenes of violence to be disturbed. He stooped upon his knees, and his hands were soon rifling the pockets of the prostrate youth. But suddenly the scene was changed. Dairak bounded from the earth with the spring of a tiger, and in a moment his grasp was upon the throat of the Bedouin. The latter was paralyzed by amazement for a single moment; but his faculties rallied, and he grappled his antagonist with such vigor that his limbs seemed made of steel. The conflict was like that of panthers in the mountain or the desert, where there is no witness and no arbiter but strength. Feet, hands, arms, teeth,—all were put in requisition in the mortal struggle. They groaned, they gasped, they rolled upon the earth, so close in their embrace as to seem one living, agonized being.

The Arab was an overmatch for Dairak

in experience ; but instinct often supplies, in moments of emergency, the place of practice. The youth yielded not for an instant the clutch he had made upon the throat of his enemy. Closer and closer was his clasp, and at last the Arab seemed yielding from suffocation. He sought for his dagger, sheathed in the lining of his tunic. He grasped it. It glittered aloft in the moonlight. It fell ; but, missing its mark, was planted in the sand. A moment after, the Arab yielded and Dairak, his knees planted on his breast, was his master.

An explanation followed. The Arab had completed his compact with the pacha ; he had received the ransom, and the gold pieces were hidden in the tissues of his sack. Zulema was a slave in the palace of the pacha.

“ Dog ! miscreant ! ” said Dairak, “ I would spill thy venomous blood upon this heath, as I would crush a serpent, but that my plans require me to spare thy life. ” Saying this, he bound the Arab’s arms behind his back, caused him to mount his horse, and turning toward Damascus, conducted his prisoner to the city. It was late when he arrived, and the gates were shut. A piece of gold, paid to the porter, caused them to be opened.

The next day, a person attired as a prince, and with a retinue of twelve persons, appeared at the palace, and demanded audience of the pacha. After long delay and vast ceremony, the prince was admitted to the presence of the mighty and magnificent governor. The prince, having saluted him, announced his errand.

“ I have come, ” said he, “ on the part

of Geiber el Geiber, the sublime ruler of the rich and mighty city of Bassora, to demand of you the princess Zulema, the Pearl of the Palace, his beautiful and beloved daughter. ”

The pacha looked bewildered.

“ Nay, majestic sovereign of Damascus, ” said the seeming prince, with a lofty and defiant air, “ nay, do not pretend ignorance : you know full well that you have intrigued with a Bedouin robber, and have pretended to purchase Zulema as a slave, though she told you her high birth and name ! ”

The pacha was troubled, and looked around to see if his guards were near. For a moment, he hesitated. Then he answered : “ You charge me unreasonably. It is true I purchased a female slave of an Arab yesterday ; but it is impossible that she is the daughter of the mighty Geiber el Geiber. ”

“ Did she not tell you so ? ” said Dairak. “ Yes, ” was the reply ; “ but I deemed it a piece of maiden craft or coquetry. ”

A dark frown gathered upon the brow of the pretended prince. “ This passes all patience, ” said he. “ I will carry this tale to Bassora ; and Damascus will rue the day that her pacha has been guilty of such base perfidy. ” Saying this, the prince was about to depart.

“ Stay ! ” said the governor, turning pale, “ stay, and let us reason upon this matter. Who are you ? ”

“ The messenger of the pacha, Geiber el Geiber. ”

“ What evidence have you to offer of your authority and your mission ? ”

“ This. ” And the prince handed to the governor a portrait set in pearls, and stud-

ded with diamonds. The latter gazed at the picture. "It is indeed her portrait," said he; "I acknowledge your mission."

"Then deliver to me the princess, for I am required instantly to take her back to Bassora."

"Stay, stay," said the governor; "take her not back; let her rest with me. She shall be the first in my harem. I have set my heart upon it. She shall have a hundred servants; she shall be queen of the palace; she shall have gems and jewels, and rich shawls to her heart's content."

"It cannot be."

"I will give to her father fifty thousand piastres; I will give to you as many more. I pray you, let it be so arranged."

The prince seemed to hesitate.

The governor added, "Let it be arranged, and I will double the fifty thousand piastres to you."

"I will make you a proposition," said the prince, after reflection. "Let the lady go free upon the road toward Bassora, two leagues from Damascus; give her the presents; and then if she, of her choice, will be your wife, you shall take her back to Bassora; if not, she shall go with me."

"I accept your offer," said the governor. "And now, when shall the bargain be ratified?"

"This day."

"That's sudden," said the chief; "but to-day it shall be. At four o'clock, I will meet you at the Place of Palms, a league from the city. Zulema shall accompany me, and I will submit to her decision."

The affair was now arranged, and at the appointed hour, the governor, with a guard of twenty men, reached the place of

meeting. Dairak, — for he was of course the disguised prince, — with his twelve attendants, was already there. Zulema was brought forward, her face being closely veiled. The pacha was about to open the conference, when Dairak interposed. "Your excellency," said he, "seems to have forgotten certain important preliminaries. This lady, the daughter of the mighty Geiber el Geiber, pacha of Bassora, was taken by an Arab robber, and sold to you for twenty thousand piastres. I come to reclaim her on the part of her father. You have consented, first to give her rich jewels, shawls, turbans, robes, sandals, rings, bracelets, amber, boxes, and bijoux, suitable for the queen of the palace of Damascus. Having done this, you have consented to give me a hundred thousand piastres for myself, and fifty thousand for the father of the princess, the renowned Geiber el Geiber. Having done these things, then you have agreed to leave the fair princess to choose whether to return to Damascus as your wife, or to go with me to Bassora."

Dairak spoke in a clear and distinct voice, and though the face of Zulema was veiled, he could perceive that she heard all, and readily comprehended the state of things. His heart beat with some anxiety, lest she might decide to accept the pacha's offer; but a significant glance through the openings of the lady's veil allayed his fears.

When Dairak had finished, he paused for the pacha to fulfil his promise. The latter, however, wavered, and glanced at his guard. At this signal, they gathered close around the governor and Zulema. Dairak gave a signal, and his twelve guards

encircled the governor and his party. The pacha looked anxious. Dairak laid his hand upon his cimeter, and his men did the same. The governor was overawed, and with a discontented look he ordered the presents to be given to Zulema. They were received by her maid and two male attendants. They were indeed magnificent.

Again the governor hesitated. "Time is precious!" said Dairak, significantly. Immediately the one hundred and fifty thousand piastres in gold pieces were handed to Dairak's servants. The question was now put to Zulema. A breathless silence followed, for all were anxious to know the decision. The lady gazed first at Dairak and then at the pacha. Her lips moved: "I will go to my father!" This was her decision.

Nothing could equal the mingled emotions of the pacha. It was impossible for him to imagine that a lady's heart could withstand such presents as he had given and such a destiny as he had offered. His astonishment soon turned to rage, and, calling on his men to strike, he rushed furiously at Dairak. Sudden as was the attack, the latter was prepared. The governor's sword was shivered at the hilt, and the governor himself, swerving in his saddle by the blow, was soon tumbled upon the earth. His men were disconcerted; and, taking speedy advantage of the confusion, Dairak and his party, forming a *cortége* around Zulema and her attendants, bore her away in triumph.

Dairak had already formed his plans; but we must leave him for a short time, and turn our attention to Bassora.

When the pacha heard that Zulema

had escaped from her confinement, he was greatly agitated. He caused the attendants of the princess to be scourged, alleging that they had been careless, or had betrayed their trust. He then sent messengers in every direction, in search of his absconded daughter. But several weeks passed away, and no intelligence of her could be obtained. At last, on the arrival of a caravan from Damascus, the pacha learned that Zulema had fled toward that city, but that she had been captured by a notorious Bedouin robber. The rest of her story was not told.

The pacha was now in a state of great distress. He loved his daughter, and her presence seemed necessary to his happiness. He reproached himself for his harsh conduct toward her, and his grief was increased by the consciousness that all this trouble was the result of his own folly. Yet what could be done? Where was Zulema? What was her condition? Was she the slave of the Bedouin, or had she been carried to some distant market, and there sold into slavery?

These were sad thoughts; but there seemed no relief at hand. All that the pacha could do was to send messengers to Diarbekir, Damascus, Cairo, and other great cities, in the hope of obtaining some information respecting the lost Zulema. But several months passed, and no such information was obtained. At length, a messenger arrived at the palace, and desired to have an interview with the pacha. He was soon admitted. He had the dress of an Armenian: his hair, visible beneath his tall cap or turban, was white as snow, and his beard, which hung down to his chest, was also white. He had

an aged and venerable appearance, though his step seemed still firm and elastic.

The stranger's message was soon delivered. He had heard of the pacha's distress on account of his daughter, and, being a sorcerer, had come to offer his services, to aid in finding her.

"And by what means do you propose to assist me?" said the pacha, after the Armenian had told the object of his visit.

"I must put a question in return," said the conjurer. "Have you faith in the power of magic?"

"No," said the governor; "but I might have, if I could see it restore to me my child."

"That is more than I can promise; but one thing I can do: I can enable you to see her."

"And on what condition?"

"Five hundred thousand piastres."

"Impostor! you know that is more than my whole treasury can supply."

"As you please."

"But name some reasonable terms."

"I have no other to propose."

"Five hundred thousand piastres? Why, this is monstrous. But listen: restore my daughter, and I will give you a hundred thousand."

"If she be dead?"

"Dead? Tell me, cruel man, is my daughter dead? Let me know the truth: if she be dead, tell me, and let me also die."

"You ask a secret hidden in the mysterious bosom of my art. Accept my terms, and you shall see your daughter; but I promise not that she be living."

"Well, well, let me see her, and I will

give you the hundred thousand piastres. I cannot endure this suspense. Now to your work."

"Be not impatient: we, who deal with the stars, must learn to be patient. This night, at the hour of twelve, I will call for you."

"And whither must we go?"

"To my laboratory, without the walls of the city."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"You may betray me — you may be an impostor."

"I asked if you had faith: if you have it not, our interview is vain. Decide quickly, for I must depart."

"Well, come at twelve: I will accompany you."

At the appointed hour, the Armenian came, and, after some hesitation, the pacha accompanied him. They passed out of the city, and entered a pavilion which stood alone, encompassed by a thick group of palms. Not a light was visible, and the whole place seemed wrapped in night and silence. After some strange ceremonies, like those of a juggler, all performed in darkness, the Armenian placed a bandage over the eyes of the pacha, now agitated and trembling from a mysterious sentiment of awe.

The conjurer, having repeated some words in a strange tongue, suddenly removed the bandage, and the scene which broke upon the vision of the pacha was wonderful indeed. He was in a vast saloon, of amazing splendor and beauty, lighted up by a thousand lamps. The air was filled with delicious perfumes, and sweet music stole softly upon the

ear. The pacha could hardly restrain the expression of his delight, though the sorcerer laid his finger on his lip in token of silence.

In a few moments, a rosy tint was diffused over the saloon. Sweeter perfumes and still softer music regaled the senses, and then a lovely form, robed in white, was visible at the extremity of the apartment. She approached, and at last came near to the pacha. She then lifted her veil: it was Zulema! In an instant the music ceased, the lights vanished, and darkness and silence reigned over the scene. The pacha, overcome with emotion, fell to the floor, where he remained for some time in a state of insensibility. When he recovered, he found himself in his palace. By degrees, he recollected what had happened, and requested the Armenian to be sent to him. The latter came.

"I am satisfied," said the pacha, "that you are no impostor; or, at least, that your power is equal to your pretensions. There is the hundred thousand piastres; but surely, one who can do so much, can do more. I have seen my daughter; let her be returned to me."

"On what condition?"

"Such as you may name."

"I will name none. Go with me again to the pavilion this night: you shall speak with Zulema, and she shall prescribe my fee." To this the pacha agreed.

At midnight, he and the conjurer again visited the lonely mansion encompassed by palms. Again the magic ceremonies were performed, and again the gorgeous saloon rang with music, and glowed with

its thousand lamps. Zulema appeared: she flew to her father's arms, and both were long absorbed in emotions too deep for utterance. But after a time they spoke, and the pacha demanded of his daughter the explanation of the mystery in which she was involved.

"I will explain all," said Zulema, "as far as I may. You know I was captured by a Bedouin."

"Yes."

"Well, I was sold as a slave to the pacha of Damascus. I was delivered from this terrible condition by the arts of a conjurer."

"The Armenian?"

"The same; and in recompense for this service I have given myself to him."

"You are his wife?"

"I am."

"Who is he?"

"You have seen him."

"He is in disguise. Tell me, who and what is he?"

"Let him speak for himself. Here he is."

The pacha turned, and instead of the Armenian, he saw at his side a young man of distinguished mien. It was Dairak. The pacha instantly recognized him. He frowned for a moment, but a smile soon passed over his face. "I understand it all," said the pacha. "So this is the conjurer, and two children have duped a man of experience and the governor of Bassora. Well, well, we will make the best of it. Dairak shall be acknowledged as my son, and since he has shown so much skill in getting a wife, I doubt not he will be able to take good care of her. I am not rich,

but Zulema shall have a suitable dower."

"Nay, nay," said Dairak, "you have given me the Pearl of the Palace, and I ask no more. I was fortunate in my ex-

pedition to Damascus, and have three hundred thousand piastres!"

This increased the satisfaction of the pacha, and all the party went forthwith to the palace.



The Double-Horned Rhinoceros.

Most of our readers have heard of the rhinoceros, a huge animal of Asia, almost as large as an elephant, and having a horn upon his nose. In Africa, where there is an assortment of queer animals, a species of rhinoceros is found which has a double horn. We give a likeness of one of these fellows, standing in the water, which these creatures are fond of. One of the most curious things about the rhinoceros is, that when he is quiet, his horn is loose; but when he is in a rage, it is firm and strong, nature having thus given him a mode of fixing his weapon for combat, quite as effec-

tual as that by which a soldier fastens his bayonet for close battle.

Bruce, a famous traveller in Africa, says that in the regions frequented by the rhinoceros, there are trees of a soft and juicy quality, which form the principal food of these animals. They have a long lip, something like an elephant's trunk: with this they reach the leaves, which they eat first. Then they apply the horn, and, ripping up the trunk, soon reduce it to shreds. This they easily crush with their teeth, and thus leaves, limbs, and trunk are devoured by these greedy animals.



The Flying Horse; or, Riches and Poverty.

A poor boy was once going by a large, fine house, when he saw another boy of his own age, riding about on a beautiful horse. The boy was handsomely dressed, and the horse pranced gayly along the path that wound among tall trees and grassy lawns.

The poor boy sighed, and said to him-

self, "Why could not I have a beautiful horse, and be dressed in fine clothes, and ride about among pleasure-grounds? How happy that gay fellow must be, and how miserable am I! He has nothing to do but enjoy himself, and I have to work for a living, and be dressed in mean clothes, and eat brown bread, and got

hardly enough of that." And then the poor boy went on his way; but all the time he was thinking of the rich boy, and contrasting his condition with his own poverty, and his heart grew sad; and after a time, he sat down and wept, and then, as the weather was mild, he fell asleep, and had a dream.

He fancied that he was pursuing his way, until at last he came to a forest; and there he heard a voice, which seemed to call him. He followed this, and it led him into a wild and lonely dell. Here the voice grew more distinct, and seemed very near. Pretty soon, he saw the mouth of a cave, and he entered. It was dark at first, but he could see light within. Passing along, he came to a lofty temple, whose ceiling was high as the clouds, and shining as if made of silver. While he stood looking around in wonder and delight, a lovely being, dressed in green, with the form of a maiden, yet with wings like a bird, came to his side, and desired to know what he wanted.

The boy was confused at first; but recovering himself, he said, "I am poor and unhappy. To-day I saw a rich boy, finely dressed, and riding a beautiful horse along lovely pleasure-grounds, and I thought to myself, 'Why is this difference? Why is he so much better off than I am?'" And these thoughts have made me wretched, and I wish to die."

"This is very wrong and very foolish," said the maid in green. "You are born in poverty, and the boy you speak of is born to riches; but it is not poverty or riches that make people happy."

"What then?" said the poor boy.

"Good sense, good feelings," said the

fairy, "are the sources of contentment, and contentment brings happiness. One who is poor may have good sense and good feelings, and therefore be happy; while one who is rich may be deficient in these things, and consequently be miserable."

"All that may be," said the boy; "but I wish I was rich, and had a beautiful horse, and fine clothes, and could ride about when I pleased. I'd risk being happy or unhappy if I was rich."

"Well," said the maid, "you shall make the experiment. Come hither." So she took the boy to a splendid edifice, that looked like a palace. The door was opened, and within was a collection of the finest horses that could be seen. The maiden directed the boy to choose one. He looked from one to another. At last, he came to a horse which had wings. This creature was very beautiful, for his skin was black, sleek, and glossy: his mane and tail were long and flowing, like silk, while his eye was bright and sparkling, seeming almost like the intelligent eye of a human being. The boy was enchanted as he gazed on this splendid animal. He hardly dared to ask for this one; but the fairy knew his thoughts, and said, "You can take *him* if you please."

"Really?" said the youth: "may I take this one?"

"Certainly," was the reply. And the maid added, "If you ride so fine a horse, you must have a fine dress. Here is the suit of a knight; it is superb, is it not?" The boy put it on, and impatient to try his horse, he leaped into the saddle. He was about to depart, when the maid in green beckoned him to her side, and said,

“Remember, I warned you that happiness is not the gift of riches, but of good sense and good feelings. These may as well belong to the poor as the rich. But you desired to try riches. You have them! I have given you a horse that will carry you from one place to another with the speed of the wind. I now give you a purse full of gold. Go and try your fortune. But remember, if you do not find happiness, it is not my fault. I have warned you that this springs not from external things, but from the mind and the heart. Farewell.”

The boy and fairy parted, the former galloping away in ecstasy. The horse seemed hardly to touch the ground. On he sped, with a swift and easy motion; and at last, starting from the top of a lofty hill, he spread his wings, and flew like an eagle over the landscape. Nothing could surpass the joy of the rider, as he swept over hill and valley. “This is indeed happiness,” said he, mentally. “How foolish that girl in green was, to talk about being happy without being rich! Poh! poh!” and with these thoughts he spurred his horse to a quicker and still quicker pace.

For some hours he continued his flight; but at length he grew weary, and by and by he had a sense of hunger. “After all,” said he, “I suppose one may get tired, and must eat, even though he may have a flying horse and a purse full of gold.” Upon this, he looked about for some place to stop at. Far down in a valley, at some distance, he saw a town, and concluded to stop here. So he pulled in the reins; but the flying horse did not mind the bit. The boy pulled harder and harder; but

the horse, so far from checking his gait, only sped on with a more rapid flight. The boy pulled, but the horse still flew. On, on he went, and in a short time the town below was left far behind. Hour after hour, the horse pursued his swift career, and the rider, at length, weary of his efforts, yielded to despair. “What will come of all this?” said he, thinking almost aloud. “Will the beast never stop? Will he go on till I drop from his back through hunger and fatigue? Am I doomed to be crushed to the earth, and made the prey of vultures and wolves? Really, this is too horrible. After all, perhaps that green woman was right. I’ve got a flying horse, but I don’t know how to manage him. I’ve plenty of gold, but this is useless to one who is carried away by a demon. What on earth shall I do? Upon my word, I wish I was safe back to the ground in my brown clothes and bare feet, toddling along, as I was this morning. I was happy enough till I saw that rich young fellow prancing about on his fine horse. It must be true what the green girl said — that happiness springs from a contented mind. Alas! I have learned wisdom too late. I see that the power which riches confer are not only useless, but fatal to those who have not the training and the wisdom to use them. If I could manage this horse, he would be indeed a treasure; but not having been taught to govern him, he is my master, and I must perish, as the penalty of seeking what was not fairly within my reach.”

While the boy thus mused, he became so weary that he could not sit upright. He leaned forward, and swaying in his saddle, he fell. Down, down he went,

and as he struck the earth with a terrible bang—fortunately it was only a dream—he awoke! He rubbed his eyes, and went on his way. And long, long after, he

thought of the flying horse, and the folly of being envious of those whose condition in life is different from our own.



The Dipper.

THIS bird, on account of his curious habits, has attracted a good deal of attention. In England, he has as many names as the greatest burglar or counterfeiter, being called *water ousel*, *water crane*, *water crane*, *water colly*, &c. In this part of the country, the dipper

is rare, and we dare say that many of our readers have never seen it, or heard of it. We shall therefore give some account of it. It is shaped like a wren, but it is nearly as large as a robin. The back is nearly black, and the belly brown. It lives in hilly or mountainous tracts, and

frequents streams and rivulets. The nest is built under projecting stones and in crevices of rocks. The young dippers are ravenous eaters, and their cries frequently lead people to their discovery.

The dipper feeds upon the spawn of fishes, and upon young fishes themselves; also upon insects that are found in streams. Its great peculiarity is that, although it is not webfooted, and cannot swim, it *walks in and under the water as well as on the*

land! Its feathers are very compact, so as to prevent the bird from being wet; and, consequently, it pursues its food along the bottom of streams with perfect ease. It is a hardy bird, and is often seen, in England, plunging into the rivers as soon as spring has come and the ice is gone. While the ground is still covered with snow, the dipper is often at work in the water, fishing for his daily feast.



Russian Bed.

A RECENT traveller in Russia describes a bed which he slept in, and which seems to be common in that country.

It is very much like an old-fashioned meal chest. The preceding cut will give a good idea of it. One would think that such a bed was invented for a country where the people get tipsy, and are afraid of rolling upon the floor in their sleep; or where they have earthquakes, and are afraid of being tumbled out of bed by the heaving and swelling of the earth; or where it is

necessary to shut the people up at night, like rabbits in a box, to prevent their running away. At all events, it is a kind of bed not suited to our taste, and we hope the use of it may be confined to Russia for a long time to come, especially if they like it.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not know how to keep them.

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 188.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, July 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have received two letters from you since I last wrote, and pray accept my thanks for them. They were very amusing, and contained some excellent advice. I suppose, by your story of the rabbit and tortoise, you fear that I may have some self-conceit, and be likely to rely upon my own superior abilities, rather than my own industry.

Perhaps I am naturally vain, but I think I am getting cured of this. When I first came from Sundown, I thought I knew almost every thing, and could do almost every thing. I felt as tall as a church steeple when I left home, but a month after I got here I seemed as flat as a pancake. Ever since that, I have been growing less and less in my own estimation.

I believe the more a person knows, the more he is aware of his real ignorance and littleness. Why, mother, there is a library here, called the Athenæum: in this there are forty thousand volumes, and some of them are as big as a good-sized baby. Most of them are in English; but some are in Greek, and some in Hebrew, some in Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, &c. They tell about all sorts of subjects—history, geography, astronomy, chemistry, and a thousand other things I never even heard of. I was in this library one day with another boy, and he saw a book entitled *Numismatics*. "Well," said he, "I've heard of *Matthew Mattocks*, but I never heard of this *New Miss Mattocks* before!"

Well, you see, mother, if I came from Sundown very conceited, it was because I did not know how many wonderful things there were in the world. I have learned better now, and hope, as I gain more knowledge, I shall be still more modest. Uncle Ben told a story, the other day, that touched my case. He said that, some years ago, a famous Indian chief came from the Rocky Mountains to Washington. He was a great warrior, and when he was introduced to the president of the United States, he made a speech. "I am the Big Buffalo," said he. "What hunter can roar so loud as I? What Indian is so swift of foot? Whose arrow is so true as mine? Who knows so well as I how to hunt the grisly bear? Who can follow the trail of a skulking enemy like me? I am indeed a great Brave. Who can compare with me in skill? Who is so wise in council as the Big Buffalo?"

Well, mother, when I first came here, I was a kind of Big Buffalo. I believe all Indians imagine that they are the greatest and wisest people in the world; and I am sure that all boys think they know more than any body else. They are all Big Buffaloes till they become wiser.

It seems to me one of the objects of education is, to find our true position, to estimate ourselves aright, and, with the increase of knowledge, to acquire an increase of modesty.

You may think I am talking very wisely, but I am telling what I have heard our teacher say. He not only makes us learn what is in books, but he talks to us, gives us good advice, and tells us stories, so as to make us understand and remember what he says. He told us, some time ago,

that we ought to be modest and humble, and he gave this as one of his reasons. "No one," said he, "who thinks he is on the top of the hill, will attempt to climb higher. He fancies that there is nothing more to be done; he is above every body else. But if you can show him that he is in fact on a very little, low mound, and that there are lofty regions above him, from which he may see sights the most glorious, — cities, nations, kingdoms, empires, — there is some chance that he may be roused to new efforts, and climb higher and still higher in the path of life, usefulness, duty, and glory."

I was very much pleased with old Botle Nose's fables, which you sent. How I should like to see the old fellow! It is near three years since I left home, but it seems twice as long. Yet I remember every thing as clearly as if I was there yesterday. I often dream of you, and father, and old Trot, and every thing else at Sundown. You can't conceive how sad I am when I wake, after such a dream, and find that I am still in Boston. Pray, mother, did you ever read some lines called the "*Soldier's Dream*"? They represent a soldier, far, far away from his wife, and his children, and his home. At night, after a battle, he lays himself down to rest, surrounded by the dead and the dying. He falls asleep, and then, in a dream, he seems to return to his home. The story is beautifully told, and is very affecting.

"When reposing that night on my pallet of
straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,

And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it
again.

"Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
array,

Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed
me back.

"I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom
was young,

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

"Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly
I swore,

From my home and my weeping friends
never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times
o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness
of heart.

"Stay, stay with us, — rest; thou art weary
and worn;'

And fain was the war-broken soldier to
stay;

But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away."

Is it not a sad story? Perhaps I feel it the more, because it reminds me of my own case. I have written a poem in which I have tried to tell one of my dreams. I send it to you, though, by the side of the one I have just repeated, it will seem very flat.

A DREAM OF HOME.

Far, far from home, my heart oppressed,
I laid me down and sought for rest;
I slept, but longing fancy drew
A lovely vision to my view.

Methought I roamed by wave and wood,
 When, lo ! my home before me stood.
 The scenes familiar to my gaze
 Seemed lovelier than in other days ;
 The elm that o'er the humble shed
 Its leafy boughs protective spread,
 The moss-brown roof, the clambering vine,
 The window where the roses twine,
 And O, that blest old open door,
 With narrow, beaten path before ! —
 So dear, so truthful seemed the view,
 No shading doubt my bosom knew.
 As nigh the door, with listening ear
 And beating heart, I paused to hear
 Those voices, more than music dear —
 I heard my name, and O, how blest,
 When, to my mother's bosom pressed !
 With ardent lip my love I spoke !
 And lo ! the glorious vision broke !

Now, mother, don't laugh. The poetry is no doubt foolish enough, but still, I feel so much what I am writing, that I cannot keep the tears out of my eyes. My heart is sadder than usual, for something bad seems to hang over this family. Uncle Ben is very gloomy, aunt is thoughtful, and cousin Lucy looks anxious and pale. What all this means I don't know. I hope nothing bad is going to happen. But to tell you the truth, dear mother, I wish I was at Sundown. Pray give my best love to father, and believe me your dutiful son.

WILLIAM BUMP.



The Swiss Char-a-banc.

THIS carriage, of which the engraving gives a good idea, is a light vehicle employed by innkeepers, and residents in the various cantons of Switzerland, for the safer conveyance of parties making excursions through such districts of that mountainous region as are accessible to carriages.

The mule is the favorite in all countries where footing is insecure, and this

sagacious, though stubborn race is to be found ; but this description of equipage is fitted out with horse or mule, as may be convenient. The general appearance of the whole, the driver and the driven, the conveyance and conveyed, is as singular and picturesque as any of the droshkies, sledges, or sedans of Russia. They are peculiarly well adapted to meet the dangers of a route abounding with precipices, ruts, and ravines, not to mention the fearful impediments cast from time to time in the way, by avalanches or overwhelming masses of detached snow from the mountain sides, by vast fragments of rock, or suddenly rushing torrents, that force their way through fissures occasioned by the riven mountains' side having afforded free passage for the springs.

On occasions of peril, when, from the unevenness of the track, the passenger feels in dread of an upset, he has only to place his foot on the step, and encounter the difficulty as a pedestrian, putting, occasionally, his shoulder to the wheel, or grasping the spokes so as to lift the carriage dexterously into a smoother space, and thus, by doing his best to preserve the balance, resume, after a brief interval, his cushioned seat in the car. There are leather curtains, which draw at will, and folding aprons, buckling to the sides, which, in case of snow or rain, afford sufficient protection from the weather ; and the ride, with these equipments, and tolerably fair roads, is for the most part very agreeable, and often accomplished with a rapidity quite unlooked for among the Alpine cliffs and crags.

The best chars-à-banc are on elliptic

springs, as represented in the engraving, after the fashion of low four-wheeled phaëtons, and they carry three passengers. The rate of fare is about fifteen cents a mile.

The driver is a most fanciful personage as to costume. His equipments consist of a striped vest or short jacket of woollen or calico, according to the season, with very full sleeves, terminating at the wrist in a black silk or velvet band ; plush velveteen small-clothes, white ribbed stockings, and small black cloth boots ; a broad-brimmed or high-peaked hat of straw, garnished with artificial flowers and ribbons, a pipe in his mouth, and a tinder-box and a flask of Swiss whiskey in his pouch.

The Potato Disease.

THE following directions, derived from practical experience, are well deserving of attention : 1. Let all early potatoes that are ripe be immediately taken up ; 2. Examine the stalks of all others every day ; 3. Whenever you find any stalk diseased, put your feet one on each side of it and pull it up, leaving the potatoes in the ground — do not cut the stalk off, but pull it up by the roots ; 4. Then tread down and harden the ground over the potatoes, and trench it up ; 5. Burn the diseased stalks ; do not on any account leave them on the ground ; 6. All the late potatoes should remain in the ground, and be dug up only as wanted, for when the disease has once made its appearance, exposure to the air is found to increase it.



The Nimble Lizard.

THIS beautiful little creature, found in almost every part of the temperate regions of Europe, has this peculiarity, — that it is the most gentle and inoffensive of all the lizard family. Though fond of basking in the sun's rays, it cannot bear excessive heat, and seeks for shelter in the hottest weather.

This creature may sometimes be seen, in beautiful spring weather, stretched out on a sloping green bank, or extending itself on a wall exposed to the sun. It shows the great delight which it enjoys under the influence of the sun by the gentle agitation of its slender tail, and by the animating pleasure which sparkles in its lively, brilliant eyes. As it subsists on animals of a very minute size, if any of them come within its reach, it will dart

upon them with astonishing rapidity; and if any danger is near, with equal quickness, it will escape into some safe place of retreat.

On account of its rapid movements, this little creature receives the well-merited name of the *nimble lizard*. It deposits its eggs, in May, in some warm situation, often at the bottom of a wall fronting the south, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. They can remain a long time without food; indeed, some have been kept in a bottle without nourishment for six months. They change their skins annually, and remain all winter in a torpid state.

HOW TO PRESERVE APPLES. — Lock them up in a dry cellar, and hide the key.



The Hoop.

SEE this boy, driving his hoop! Who is happier than he? Round and round goes the toy, swift and swifter does it leap, glide, and tumble over the ground.

Let us consider this matter. The boy is delighted, in the first place, to see this hoop circling so gracefully along. The thing is, in itself, pleasing and beautiful.

Every child, capable of understanding it, is delighted to see it. Its form is beautiful and its motion is graceful.

But there is a higher delight when the boy says to himself, "This is my hoop!" The enjoyment is again increased when he feels conscious that its motion is given by his hand. The glory of an eloquent

orator, or a victorious general, is of the same nature as that of our hero at the head of this article, who seems to say, "See how *I* make *my* hoop go!"

The boy, then, is father of the man; that is to say, the boy resembles the man; he shows, even in his sports, the principles and motives which form the ma-

chinery of human life and human society. But there is one thing in which boys have the advantage over men: their pleasures are generally innocent. If they learn to love what is evil, they have, too often, bad counsel or bad example from older people to teach them. Let fathers and mothers think of that!



Figs.

THE fig-tree is a native of most warm countries, and in Asia, Africa, and Europe, around the Mediterranean, its fruit has long been not only a luxury, but an important article of food. The tree grows to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, the trunk being twenty inches in diameter. Its branches are numerous, long, twisted, and pliant. The leaves are

as large as the hand. The fruit, when fresh, has a purplish color, with a soft, sweet, fragrant pulp. In this state, it is a great favorite in the countries where it grows, and for five months of the year, is brought constantly upon the table. The figs which we get here are dried, and are very different from the fresh ones we have described.

The fig-tree, in its wild state, is a low, distorted shrub, producing fruit without any agreeable flavor. The trees which yield the fruit which we have described are the result of cultivation. In countries where figs are raised in large quantities, as Italy, Greece, Turkey, &c., the people employ great skill in obtaining large crops, and in bringing the fruit to perfection. A great many dried figs come from Smyrna, in Turkey, to this country: most of those we see are from that place. Dried figs, with barley bread, are almost the only food of the common people in parts of Greece and many of the Greek islands.

Figs are cultivated in Georgia; and if any of our readers ever go there, they will find that the praise we have bestowed upon them is well deserved. They grow farther north, and sometimes they grow in the hothouses of Boston; but these are by no means so delicious as those of more southern climates.

There are many kinds of figs. The *sycamore fig* is eaten in Egypt, and along the coast of Asia Minor; but it is not so greatly esteemed as the other kinds. The tree is, however, a great curiosity. It is sometimes so large that the trunk measures fifty feet in circumference. It seems that the fruit, instead of growing upon limbs, grows on the body or trunk, and ripens, not at any particular season, but at all seasons of the year. The wood is said not to rot; and hence the cases of the mummies, in Egypt, are made of it. Some of them, two or three thousand years old, are found undecayed. This tree is the one called *sycamore* in the Bible. It belongs to the same class as the famous *banian-tree* of India.

Birds.

O, THE sunny summer time!
 O, the leafy summer time!
 Merry is the bird's life,
 When the year is in its prime!
 Birds are by the waterfalls,
 Dashing in the rainbow spray;
 Every where, every where,
 Light and lovely there are they.
 Birds are in the forest old,
 Building in each hoary tree;
 Birds are on the green hill;
 Birds are by the sea.

On the moor, and in the fen,
 'Mong the whortleberries green,
 In the yellow furze bush,
 There the joyous bird is seen;
 In the heather on the hill;
 All among the mountain thyme;
 By the little brook sides,
 Where the sparkling waters chime,
 In the crag, and on the peak,
 Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
 There the bird, with wild wing,
 Wheeleth through the air, —

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
 Singing, screaming in his flight,
 Calling to his bird mate,
 In a troubleless delight;
 In the green and leafy wood,
 Where the branching ferns up-curl,
 Soon as is the dawning,
 Wakes the mavis and the merle;
 Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
 Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
 Wakes the mother ring-dove,
 Brooding on her nest.

EVERY fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

LIVE to learn and learn to live.



The Squirrel.

A GENTLEMAN went into the woods to stay all day. He took with him two ears of roasted corn and some bread for his dinner. After a while, he sat down under a tree to rest himself, and a little squirrel came capering about. The ears of roasted corn were lying in some clean paper on the ground. I suppose the little squirrel liked the smell of them. He acted very much as if he wanted to carry them off. He looked at the corn, and then he looked in the gentleman's face. When he saw him smile, he took hold of one ear of corn with his little sharp teeth, and tried to drag it away; but it was quite too heavy for him. So he nibbled off the kernels, and stuffed his mouth as full as he could. Then he trotted off to his house under the ground, and put the corn away for his dinner. He came back again, and stuffed his cheeks as full as they could hold.

He looked up in the gentleman's face, as if he wanted to ask whether he would whip him for taking his corn. But the gentleman loved the squirrel, and he did not make any noise to frighten him away. So the pretty little creature came to the tree again and again; and every time he came, he carried off as much as his mouth would hold. He did not leave one single kernel of corn on the ears. I wonder his little feet were not tired before he got it all stowed away in his house.

I should love to go into the woods and have a little squirrel come and look up in my face and carry off my dinner. —
Flowers for Children.

It is an old saying of Epicurus, "A fool is always just beginning to live."

MEN often tire themselves in pursuit of rest.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Thanks, girls and boys, for your plentiful favors this month. See what abundance we have!

Michigan, June 1, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

As you were pleased to print the letter sent to you by Sammy Sassafra, I send you another, and shall tell you something about the emigrants to California.

They went on their way in fine spirits, encountering bad weather, rain, and quantities of Michigan mud, till they reached Peru, in Illinois. There, finding it best to save their own and the ponies' strength, they shipped on board a steamboat for St. Louis. The river was very high, in many places being two or three miles wide, submerging fields and houses, and presenting to the eye new and peculiar scenery. They reached the busy city for which they embarked in safety, and so crowded was the levee — as the river bank is there called — that the boat had to shove for a place for her bows; and it was a day and a half before they could land, so many hurrying on, bustling and busy. From St. Louis to Independence it would take them nine days to travel by land, as the roads were very bad still; therefore eight of them again took passage up the river for that place, leaving the captain and purser to arrange for some further supplies.

They bought another wagon and two mules, and another span of horses, and furnished themselves with a large quantity of ropes, and more tools; pulleys and tackling; powder and shot; and 1000 lbs. of flour; and 1200 lbs. of bacon; and coffee and sugar; tea and chocolate; and rice; and a long list of articles for their comfort; some barrels of crackers and sea bread. Each man bought a buffalo robe for his bed, and then moved on up the river. They reached Independence landing in three

days; found the company camped out, three miles from town. There they wait till the grass shall start up on the plains, that they may find pasturage for the horses and mules. They were glad to meet their comrades, for they now feel like a band of brothers interested in each other's welfare. They keep guard all night, sleeping on the ground in the tents, and relieve the guard every two hours. It is very pleasant in the fine nights, but when it is raining coldly, and the wind blowing, they think of the comforts of home, and hope all is well with those they love there.

The town of Independence is built on a beautiful site; is of brick, and is a thriving frontier town; and all things necessary for an outfit can be purchased there, except wagons and harness. Mules are kept for sale. Here they found about three thousand people, out on the same cause. They grind their axes, repack their goods, oil their tents and wagon covers, and get quite ready, not forgetting to load one wagon with corn and oats, for the ponies and honest mules, for fear that the grass will be short for the first few days, as the season is very backward.

Here they were joined by Mr. S., who was taken sick with a disease just as they were ready to leave Monroe, and it proved to be that awful one — the small-pox! But he was well enough to meet them there, though changed so much that his companions hardly knew him. They remained until the 20th of April, when they set off for the plains, under the guidance of Colonel Russell, and were in the *first train* with forty wagons and one hundred men. They are at this time in the region of the Rocky Mountains; but we suppose that they will stop at the great Salt Lake, at the Mormon settlement, where they will see many strange and new things. The men had fine health, though unused to cook for themselves or to endure hardships.

The ponies were strong and in good condition.

Many of your readers, Mr. Merry, have friends on the way to the gold region. All go HOPING. May all be spared sickness, and trouble, and death in a strange land.

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 22, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Never having written to you before, by way of introduction I will merely state that I live in the dear, little, old-fashioned town of Fredericksburg; which, notwithstanding its being so old-fashioned, is the very place for the exercise of true Virginia hospitality.

My father has been taking the Museum for some years. I used to take delight in "The Leaves for little Readers;" but in the last year or two, my tastes have changed, and now I like your poetry, such as "Childhood's Home," and the piece "To my Sister;" although I have several *little* brothers, whose bright blue and black eyes grow brighter when they see the Museum, and who immediately begin to say, "Now, papa, mayn't I read the Museum first. I want to read the Playmate."

Now, Mr. Merry, I have a favor to ask. Won't you insert a piece of poetry for me? My sister addressed it to me on my birthday, and I want to get a good copy of it. It has never been printed, and the copy I have is in a very dilapidated condition. It is rather long, but if you will waive that objection and insert it, you will oblige

Your black-eyed subscriber,

M. S. H.

TO MY SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

What, sister dear, what shall I say
To thee, on this thy natal day?
Shall I wish thee joy, and lengthened days?
The music sweet of human praise?
Ask that the eye, which now is bright,
Shall ne'er be quenched, or lose its light?
Ask that the heart shall know no fear?
Nor cheek be sullied by a tear?

The form and features, now so fair,
Ne'er bear the marks of eating care?
Hope that through life each joy that's sought
By thee, may be as quickly caught?
That flowers around thy path may fling
The sweetest odors of the spring?
That thou mayst never know decay,
But revel on through life's sweet day;
Each shadow from thy spirit cast,
Each moment brighter than the last?
That life, with thee, may pass away
Unclouded as a summer's day?
All this, and more, my sister dear,
I'd ask for thee, thy life to cheer.
I'd have thee lift thy thoughts above,
Where dwells alone a God of love.
To him devote your early youth,
In trusting words of holy truth.
O, sister dear, could I now tell
But half the thoughts that in me swell,
I'd ask of blessings such a dower
As he, and he alone, could shower —
A gentle spirit, meek and kind,
From all of passion's dross refined;
A voice whose tone is ever mild,
A heart whose thoughts are undefiled;
Which will not turn a deafened ear
To sorrow's plaint, but dry the tear,
Soothe and console the deep distress,
Joyful to have the power to bless.
The curls are fair that cluster now
In rich luxuriance o'er thy brow;
But I would have the soul within
A rarer loveliness to win.
I would before thine eyes unfold
The page whose wealth is yet untold.
I'd have thee of its riches seek
A store which thou through life shouldst keep.
I'd have thee grasp the gem thou'lt find,
And quickly on thy forehead bind.
I'd have thy fairy form arrayed
In robes which ne'er on earth were made,
And round thy footsteps, which now cling
To earth, immortal flowers fling.
Such are the joys, my sister dear,
Which I would bring, thy life to cheer;
Joys which in age more freshly spring;
Joys which behind them leave no sting,

But on the path, which else were dark,
 Cast their own bright and heavenly spark.
 And though I would not have thee fling
 Away the wealth that earth doth bring,
 Though I would have thy mind a store
 Of modern learning, ancient lore,
 Yet thou shouldst think these graces fair
 To heavenly light but handmaids are;
 And learn that she whose heart was fraught
 With love for thee, and early taught
 Thy lips to pray, hath to thee given
 The blessing richest this side heaven.
 Then let us turn our thoughts to-day
 To him who is the truth, the way;
 Upwards, O, let them wing their flight,
 Till they are lost in Heaven's own light.

C. H.

*Winton, May, 1849.***MR. MERRY:**

I have been very much amused with your Museum since I have been taking it. I borrowed it from one of my cousins, and I liked it so well that I determined to take it. I liked the last number of the Museum better than any other I have got. I have only taken it four months. I was very much disappointed, however, not to find the answers to the puzzles in the March number; so I went to work to find them out. I find the answer to the one with twenty-five letters to be "The Gold Region in California." A lady told me that the one with five letters was "Brats." That with twenty-one letters, I found out to be "William Ellery Channing." But it is wrong somehow. Either the printer made a mistake, or the little girl wrote it wrong, for the letter No. 10 is left out. The puzzle composed of fourteen letters I think must be wrong too, for we cannot make any thing of it, though we certainly found some parts of it right.

The puzzle in the April number, of nine letters, is "Happiness;" that of six letters, "Starch."

I live a good way off, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in Queen Anne's county.

I do not live in a town, but on a farm, which is beautifully situated on the Chester River, which is remarkable for its clearness;

and it has a very pebbly beach. There are a great many old Indian curiosities, which we get principally from immense shell banks; and I, with two other little children like myself, are making up a cabinet.

I have two cousins, who live up in the mountains, on the western shore, where they never saw a large river. They opened their eyes very wide when they saw the Patapsco, at Baltimore; but they would open them wider if they saw our river, which, though not equal to your Connecticut River, is three miles wide in front of our house.

My letter is no great thing, Mr. Merry; but I am a little boy, only nine years old. In another year, I hope to be able to write one better worth sending.

From your sincere admirer,

R. T. E.

Middleburg, May 24.

MY DEAR MR. PETER PARLEY:

I think I must have felt something like the man who woke one morning and found himself famous, when I saw you had not only published my letter, but said, "Thank you, Fanny."

Papa has just returned from attending the Medical Convention in Boston, and saw and heard a great deal to delight him with your city; but the most wonderful sight of all he did not see; and that was "Peter Parley." If he had taken me with him, I should have hunted you out the first thing.

Your stories about birds, this month, are very interesting, and remind me to tell you of something that came under my own observation. We had a martin-box on top of our porch, and for many summers, the martins had built in it. But, six years ago, the cat one night got at the box, and killed all the young ones. Mamma was wakened by the distressed cries of the poor old birds, and got to the window just in time to see the cruel cat spring in, her face besmeared with blood. Next morning, the birds all left, and never returned. Every spring, a few would be seen examining the box; but none would settle.

Last summer, we moved to another part of the town, and carried our box with us; and this spring, we have a fine colony of martins established in it. Now, Mr. Parley, how do you account for this? It would seem as if the birds had some means of handing down the bloody story from father to son; for if, as we first supposed, some marks of blood on the box, or other traces of the cat's visit, had frightened them off, a mere change of position would not have remedied that. Please explain this, for we children think you know, like Solomon, every thing; from "the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall."

I hope you are not tired of this long letter. I wish you would come to Virginia this summer; but when you come to see me, it must be in "London county," and not "London city," or you will not find your little friend,

FANNY B. C.

Somerville, N. J., May 17, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

It has afforded much pleasure to all of us children to read the interesting stories in your Museum, and solve all the puzzles and conundrums; and we, brother and sister, thought we would try and give you a specimen of something Jersey children can do.

We are regular readers of your little magazine, which our father is so kind as to take for us; and we hope you will not think us rude in writing to you. Please insert the accompanying enigma, if you think it suitable.

Yours, &c. H. M. M. & S. D. M.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.

My 11, 10, 14, 22, is a river in Europe.

My 20, 9, 5, 11, is the name of a flower.

My 11, 12, 5, 21, 9, 13, is the name of a locomotive very celebrated in Somerset county, N. J.

My 7, 8, 20, 9, 13, is an article much worn.

My 8, 9, 10, 10, 5, is a place much prized by the Americans.

My 14, 11, 22, 21, is a vegetable.

My 5, 4, 5, 21, 11, 20, is a near relative.

My 8, 9, 18, 22, is the deposed head of a church.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a boy's name.

My 10, 4, 13, 22, 16, is an article much used by housekeepers.

My 7, 18, 8, 10, 22, is a fruit generally liked.

My 8, 15, 21, 19, 21, 9, is a vegetable in daily use.

My whole is the name of a prince who has made considerable stir in the world.

Farmington, May 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum for four years, and every number has made me like it more. I have for a long time thought how pleasant it would be to be one of your correspondents, and have at length mustered courage enough to write you. I live in one of the prettiest valleys in Connecticut, which, I believe, has the honor of being your native state. I have found out the puzzles in your last number. M. M. G.'s is "Lydia H. Sigourney;" Charade No. 1, is the letter "T;" No. 2, is "Manifold;" No. 3, "Antelope;" the last puzzle is the "Alleghany Mountains."

Middlebury, May 25.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

Although I have taken your Museum but a short time, I have become deeply interested in it; especially in your "Monthly Chat" with your friends. I take the liberty to send you the answers to the puzzles and charades in your May number.

The first, is "Lydia H. Sigourney;" the second, is the letter "T;" third, "Manifold;" fourth, "Antelope;" fifth, "Alleghany Mountains."

I am yours, truly,

R. A. B.

Our friend Emma sends us the following neat riddle: —

"When you have nothing else to do,
Make some stockings of your shoe."

We have many letters on hand, but we must reserve them for another number.



Tom Titmouse.

GENTLE reader, allow me to introduce to you one of my friends, named *Titmouse*. Here he is! Mr. Titmouse, these are my friends—John, and James, and Susan, and Lucy! Now you may go, my pretty bird!

Well, as Titmouse is gone, we'll have a little talk about him. But remember, boys and girls, never say any thing bad of a neighbor who has just made me a call. Some people, as soon as any one has turned his back, fall to picking him to pieces. How they do make the feathers fly! But this is not my way. I tell you all, Black Eyes and Blue, if you come to see me, I shall say nothing but good of you when you are gone; and for

this plain reason—I shall feel nothing but pleasure in thinking about you. Other people may do as they please. They may think it witty, and smart, and racy, and spicy, and clever, and every thing else, to say sour things of other people. I think just the contrary. Why, what is so easy as to pick flaws and find fault with people who are absent? This is called *backbiting*; and to mean and vulgar minds, it is just as natural as it is for a rattlesnake to bite those who come in his way.

But we'll not trouble ourselves about backbiters and rattlesnakes; for as I have said I am going to tell you of my friend, Thomas Titmouse. Now, you must

know that Tom had a father and mother ; and, as to that matter, most people have fathers and mothers, at one time or another. I remember one fellow,—his name was Bob Berry,—a freckled, curly-headed, blue-eyed chap, who insisted upon it that he never had any father and mother, but that his aunt Biddikin was both, to him. By the way, this Berry (or, as we used to call him, Bobberry) was a genius. He was famous for always eating chestnuts, and for always having his pocket full, at the same time. He could run faster, throw a stone farther, fly a kite higher, shoot an arrow farther, than any other boy at West Lane school, always excepting Bill Keeler. I cannot say much of his book learning ; for, to tell the truth, he was no great student. The moment he put a book before him, he became cross-eyed : one eye turned up to the wall, and the other squinted down at the floor. The master, whose name was Peppery, tried to whip Bob's eyes straight ; but the more he whipped, the more crooked they grew. One thing was very curious. As soon as the master began to lay on the birch, Bob always began to eat chestnuts ; and he went on till it was all over. Master Peppery grew tired, at last, and gave it up.

Well, as I said, Bob was very clever in ———

Really, I must beg your pardon, gentle reader. I had nearly forgotten my pretty friend Thomas Titmouse, whose portrait is hanging up before me, and whose history I am going to tell you. You will, perhaps, excuse an old man's rambling, especially as this has always been my way. When I was a boy, I often set out

to do one thing, and actually did another. I remember that when I was about eight years old, I was directed to take two bags, and go, on the old mare, to Burt's mill, four miles off ; there get two bushels of rye, have it ground, and bring the flour home in one bag, and the bran in the other. That was the way in R—— forty years ago.

Well, at Burt's mill, there was a famous fish pond, and so I calculated to fish while the grist was grinding. If you will believe it, I set out with a capital hook and line, and a box of worms for bait ; I mounted the mare ; I travelled the four miles ; I reached the mill ; but I had forgotten the bags ! What a scarlet fever I had for about two minutes ! However, it was too late to go back ; but the sun was two hours high, and so I went to fishing ; and — and —

But about this Tom Titmouse ! I must go on with his story, particularly as it is a very good story. I am sorry to set such a bad example of waste of time — but we all have our failings. The fact is, that when I was a boy, nobody had watches or clocks, and so we took things easy. We had three great epochs in the day — sunrise, noon, and sunset. The first and the last were easily settled, in fair weather. When it was cloudy, we guessed at it. Noon was determined by a crease cut on the south door-sill. When the shadow got to that, it was twelve o'clock. This was a well-defined point, for then we had dinner ! Dear me, how nice it was ! — pork, and cabbage, and greens. Alas ! we don't have any such now. And the water — clear as crystal, cool and refreshing as nectar. What

would I not give for a drink out of the old iron-bound bucket! Never shall I hear such music again as that old thing made against the stones, as it went rattling up and down. But I was talking of the time of day. As I said, nobody had watches. We did not say it is nine o'clock, or eleven o'clock, &c. Not at all. We went by the sun in those glorious old days: he was our timepiece. We did not regulate the day by a little French machine, no bigger than one of Kelt's crackers. No, indeed! We used to say, "The sun is an hour high;" or "The sun is two hours high." Those were great times. Every thing then was grand. Why, a ten foot pole seemed longer to me then, than a magnetic telegraph does now. A raccoon, in the woods, was equal to a grisly bear; and a wild turkey was as tall as a giraffe!

"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

But really, this Tom Titmouse. What shall I do? I have used up my paper, and must leave you, gentle reader, to wait till the next number!

The Wreck of the Royal George.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a large English ship of war, the Royal George, was sunk in the English Channel, and nearly all on board were drowned. A

few years since, the hulk of the ship was raised, and it was proposed to have a billiard table made of some of the wood, for the Queen. On this occurrence, a newspaper, called the London Punch, which is full of wit and satire, had the following article. Such was the effect produced upon the public mind by it, that the proposed billiard table was given up.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS
MAJESTY.

Although of an humble stock, and although my wife, Madam Judy, has not been presented at your Majesty's court, yet we humbly declare, that the whole court doth not contain two more loyal and duteous subjects.

May it please your Majesty, we are very old; we have been in the custom of mixing, for centuries past, with every class of the people of this kingdom, and we are enemies to no manner of sport wherewith they amuse themselves.

Billiards, among others, is a good sport. It has the privilege of uniting many honorable gentlemen daily together, of the army, of the universities, and of the swell mob, at the watering places. It has the eminent merit of leading to the detection of many rogues and swindlers; it keeps many ingenious markers, brandy merchants, and soda water vendors, in honorable maintenance, and is a great aid and patron of the tobacco trade, thereby vastly increasing the revenues of your Majesty's government.

With that sport, then, we are far from quarrelling. But there is for this, and for all other games, a time and place. Thus, in the late Mr. Hogarth's facetious print,

(I knew the gentleman very well,) the beadle is represented as caning the "Idle Apprentice" for playing at marbles;—no, not for playing at marbles, but playing on a gravestone during Sunday service. In like manner, were I to set up my show before St. James's Church, during service hours, or under your Majesty's triumphal arch at Pimlico, or in the bishop of London's drawing-room, it is likely, not that the beadle would cane me,—for that I would resist,—but that persons in blue habiliments, oil-skin hatted, white lettered, and pewter-buttoned,—policemen, in a word,—would carry me before one of your Majesty's justices of the peace. My crime would be, not the performance of my tragedy of "Punch," but its performance in an improper manner and time.

Ah, Madam! Take this apology into your royal consideration; and recollect that as it is with Punch and marbles, so it is with billiards.

They, too, may be played at a wrong place. If it is wrong to play at marbles on a tombstone, is it just to play at billiards on a coffin—an indifferent coffin—any body's coffin? Is such a sport quite just, feeling, decorous, and honorable?

Perhaps your Majesty is not aware what the wreck of the Royal George really is. Sixty years ago, its fate made no small sensation. Eight hundred gallant men, your royal grandfather's subjects, went down to death in that great ship! The whole realm of England was stirred and terrified by their awful fate. The clergy spoke of it from their pulpits; the greatest poet then alive wrote one of the noblest ballads in our language,

which, as long as the language will endure, shall perpetuate the melancholy story. Would your Majesty wish Mr. Thomas Campbell to continue the work of Mr. William Cowper, and tell what has now become of the wreck? Lo! it is a billiard table, over which his Royal Highness, the Prince de Joinville, may be knocking about red balls and yellow, or his Serenity, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, may be caram bolting with his coat off. Ah, Madam! May your royal fingers never touch a cue; it is a losing hazard that you will play at that board.

The papers say there is somewhere engraved in copper, on the table, a "suitable inscription." What is it? I fancy it might run thus:—

THIS BILLIARD TABLE

IS FORMED OF PART OF THE TIMBERS OF
THE ROYAL GEORGE MAN-OF-WAR,
OF ONE HUNDRED GUNS,

Which went down on the 29th of August,
1782.

Eight hundred seamen perished on board, in the service of their Country and their King. Honor be to the Brave who die in such a service.

As a fitting mark of her sense of
THESE BRAVE MEN'S MISFORTUNES,
as a testimony of sympathy for their fate, as an encouragement to Englishmen to brave their lives in similar perils, in hopes that future sovereigns may award them similar delicate sympathy;

above all,

AS A STERN MONUMENT

of the vanity of military glory, the uselessness of ambition, and the folly of fidelity, which expects any reward but itself,

HER MAJESTY,

QUEEN VICTORIA,

Has graciously caused this play table to be made from

THE TIMBERS OF THE FAITHFUL, USELESS,
WORN-OUT VESSEL.

* * * * *

We stop the press to announce that the billiard table out of the ROYAL GEORGE has been countermanded, and that the remaining cart-loads of timber have been purchased to decorate the new chapel at Windsor Castle!



Skating and Sliding in Different Countries.

WE suppose none of our young readers require to be told what skating and sliding are in our latitudes. But in the northern countries of Europe, where, during many months, the land seems bound in iron, the skate and snow sledge become of an importance which they perhaps do not dream of. In Holland, Lapland, and Norway, the winters are so severe, the waters seeming permanently converted from a rapidly moving fluid into a marine though transparent solid, that boats become useless, and all canal and river communication is performed on skates and sledges. Reindeer are harnessed to the sledges, and often perform one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles a day. The inhabitants, both male and female, while mounted

upon skates, often carrying heavy burdens upon their heads, glide along the rivers and canals with nearly equal velocity.

The engraving represents a Laplander descending a mountain pass, with the assistance of his snow skates, or, as they call them, *skies*. The following is a curious account of the manner of using them: "In northern countries, after the snow has fallen a few days, the frost gives it such a consistence, that it is firm enough to support the weight of a man. The surface becomes hard and glazed, and the Laplander can then make his way in any direction he pleases across the country, which before was impassable. Nothing is capable of stopping him, and he skims with equal ease and rapidity the

whole expanse of land, lake, and river. In ascending the sides of mountains, he is of course obliged to proceed in a zig-zag direction; and although the ascent be long and steep, he accomplishes it in an exceedingly short space of time, considering its difficulty. When he begins a descent, he places himself in a crouching posture, his knees bent, and his body inclined backwards, to assist him in keeping his position. He holds in one hand

a staff, which he presses on the snow, which serves to moderate his speed when too great. In this manner he will shoot down the steepest declivities. So great is his dexterity, that if he should meet suddenly with a fragment of rock or other impediment, he takes a bound of some yards to avoid it; and such is his alacrity, that it may be compared to that of an arrow, a cloud of snow being formed by the impetus of the descent."



During the former wars with Sweden, the Norwegians formed a military corps, which was provided with skates or snowshoes, and armed with rifle and sword. It was almost impossible to attack them with any success, while their efficacy in harassing and annoying the enemy was really extraordinary. Cannon shot could produce but little effect upon them, dispersed, as they were, at the distance of two or three hundred paces; and their movements were so rapid, that at the moment when you expected to see them a second time, they had already disappeared,

to break out again when least expected. If an army halts, fatigued and weary, after a long march, they find it impossible to protect themselves against an enemy which has no need of path or road, and traverses with equal facility marshes, lakes, rivers, and mountains. Even in those parts where the ice is too feeble to bear the weight of a man, the *skielober* glides safely over by the mere rapidity of his motion.

In a region of England, known as the Lincolnshire fens, the inhabitants have become renowned for their extraordinary

performances as regards velocity. Skating-races are as common there as horse-races at Epsom. A mile was several times made in one minute four seconds, and the great skaters used to challenge all England to a match for one hundred and fifty guineas. Of late years, however, the winters have been too mild for the success of those out-door sports; and, since 1838, but little has been heard of this most agreeable of all cold weather amusements.

The Dancing Mania.

IT is well known that many diseases existed in ancient times, a recurrence of which is no longer to be feared. The leprosy, and the sweating sickness, live only in the pages of history; and the ailment called St. Vitus's Dance, which is a very rare and by no means dangerous disease, is all that remains of an epidemic that once afflicted thousands, and spread terror and confusion over large districts.

In 1374, an assemblage of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany; they formed circles, hand in hand, and continued dancing in the streets for hours together, in a wild delirium, till they fell from sheer exhaustion. They seemed to be haunted by visions; their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they continually shrieked out. When they fell to the ground senseless, they soon sprang up again, and began the dance again amid strange contortions. In a few months, the

mania spread over the Netherlands. The dancers often wore garlands in their hair, and had cloth round their waists, which were tightened when the fit was over, and seemed to give them relief. Many, however, were more benefited by kicks and blows, which the bystanders were commissioned to administer without stint. These pranks were universally attributed to demoniacal possession.

Still later, in 1418, Strasburg was visited by the dancing plague, where the aid of St. Vitus was invoked for the cure of the patients. St. Vitus was a Sicilian youth, who had suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, in 303. It is said that many were cured, who commemorated his birthday, and fasted upon its eve. History records earlier instances of dancing mania than these. In 1237, more than a hundred children were seized with the disease, and continued dancing, jumping, and screaming, for hours together. Many of them died, while the rest were afflicted with a permanent trembling for the rest of their lives. This singular mania has not been heard of in Germany since 1648, at the expiration of the thirty years' war.

Grace.

DR. FRANKLIN, when a child, found the long graces used by his father, before and after meals, very tedious. One day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father," said he, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time."



The Raccoon.

THIS animal is found in almost all parts of the American continent. Including the head and tail, it may be said to be about thirty inches long, the length of the body being from eighteen to twenty. Its color is grayish-brown, with a dusky line running from the top of the head down the middle of the face, ending below the eyes. The tail is very thickly covered with hair, and is marked by five or six annulations of black on a yellowish-white ground.

The raccoon, when tamed, is a very playful and very curious animal. In the wild state, he is sanguinary and vindictive, committing great slaughter among both wild and domesticated birds, as he always destroys a great number without consuming any part of them except the head, or the blood which flows from their wounds. He has the destructive traits of the old Roman emperors, who used to have a hundred peacocks killed for their breakfast, eating nothing but their tongues.

Before eating, the raccoon always plunges its food in water. It is droll enough to see him catch a chicken, take it in his mouth to the nearest pond, and souse it in head first. This immersion he repeats several times, till the chicken may be supposed to be thoroughly purified, when he condescends to eat its head. He is a good climber, and, from the form of his claws, is enabled to adhere so firmly to a branch of a tree, that it requires no slight exertion to disengage his hold. When inclined to sleep, he rolls himself up into a ball. In this position, he sleeps so profoundly as not to be readily disturbed. The fur is valuable, and forms no inconsiderable article of traffic.

The raccoon is tamed with ease when young, but is apt to become intractable and dangerous as it grows older. In the domesticated state, it is extremely restless and inquisitive, examining every thing. He puts his head into this box, smells at that cupboard, and trots about with his

ears erect, on a continual *qui vive*. He delights in annoying and killing insects. In this sport he spends hours. When engaged in this occupation, he seems to be saying to himself, "Ha! what's that? Spider? No. Snail? Yes. Whang! Dead. Hallo, here's another. No, it's an earwig. All the same,—so here goes. Whew! there's a grasshopper. Don't he hop? Ha! have I got him? No, not yet. There he goes: up and at him. Stuboy!" and at it he goes, and seems never to be tired.

The raccoon has one failing, however, which we are obliged, against our will, to mention. He loves liquor, and often gets intoxicated. This, however, is more a fault of his education than a natural defect in his character; for, till man made whiskey, raccoons never got drunk. There is nothing to intoxicate them in the woods, except wild honey, which only makes them sleepy. When man took it into his head to tame them, however, and give them a civilized education, the effect was immediately visible. They were often seen to totter, and lean against a henroost for support. We have no doubt that the raccoon, when in this position, has the same idea of his situation, as a man in the same state. He thinks that the henroost goes round; and more than probable, if he could speak, his words would be, "Why don't you stand still? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're drunk, and don't know what you're doing!" This may be amusing enough in a poor brute, but who would like to imitate him?

Let conscience guide when you decide.

The Hand Organ Business.

THE hand organ business has increased in Boston, lately, to a wonderful degree, as most of our musical and anti-musical people can amply testify. The quality of the instruments upon which these surreptitious serenades are given, has also materially improved, along with the increase in the number of *grinders*. Few persons, however, know that nearly all these hand organs are owned by one man, in the vicinity of Fort Hill,—a Jew,—and that each one is regularly let out daily, for a share in the profits of the person who totes it about town. Between forty and fifty of these instruments are deposited every night in the domicile of the owner; and if the profits of the day's work of any one of them, as returned to him, does not come up to his avaricious notions, he has no organ to let next day to the same person. He says that his best customers are young girls from eighteen to twenty-five. Either they are more honest in returning to the *musical director* the result of their day's labor, or more successful in drawing pennies and sixpences from the pockets and reticules of the charitably disposed. This old Jew has accumulated a snug little sum by his investment.

Franklin's Toast.

WHILE Washington's renown was in its zenith, Franklin dined with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk. By the British ambassador:

“England — the *sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.” The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank, “France — the *moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations.” Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, “George Washington — the *Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still; and they obeyed him.*”

Cryptography, or Secret Writing.

VARIOUS methods have been tried, from time to time, to convey information of importance in such a manner that no one but the person for whom it is intended may understand it. Officers who wish to communicate with their generals, and fear that their messengers may be intercepted, and their information read by others, used to employ the well-known expedient of writing a letter on some indifferent topic, and then interlining it with invisible ink. This may be nothing more than the juice of an onion, or even milk. On holding the letter before the fire, the part thus written turns brown, and becomes easily legible. Other modes, dependent upon chemical affinities, have been invented, and the inks thus used are termed *sympathetic*. Though ingenious and amusing, these plans are very unsafe, as the means of discovering them are few and simple, so that, in the case of suspicion, detection is almost certain. In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, one of

the principal characters receives a letter, in which are the words, “The messenger is to be trusted.” It having been agreed between the parties, that in any case of emergency they would resort to the use of invisible ink, the recipient of the letter held it before the fire: immediately the word *not* appeared in the sentence, which now read, “The messenger is *not* to be trusted.” A very simple sympathetic ink is starch, which, if dissolved in water, and employed as a writing fluid, will remain invisible, till washed over with a weak solution of iodine, when it assumes a bluish hue, and of course becomes legible.

The ancients often adopted the following curious method of conveying intelligence when there was danger of detection and discovery. This was nothing less than to shave a slave's head, to write, with a stain or color not easily obliterated, on the crown, and allow the hair to grow; the slave was then sent on his errand; if he arrived safe, the writing could be read by again removing the hair. Another method was, to wind a very narrow slip of paper, in a spiral manner, round a stick of determinate size, and to write on the paper from one end of the stick to the other. The paper was then unwound, and sent to the person intended, who is supposed to be in the trick, and to be furnished with a stick of exactly the same size as the first. Upon re-winding the paper upon this stick, each letter assumes its proper place, and the writing becomes legible. If the paper is wound upon a stick a hair's breadth larger than the original one, it remains confused and illegible.

The method, however, which we are about to describe is, perhaps, the safest yet known, and may be said to be perfectly secure from discovery. It is worked by means of a table like the following, and a key, which is a simple word, that can easily be retained in the memory.

Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A
B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B
C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C
D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F
G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y
Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

It is supposed that each of the two persons communicating together, are furnished with a table of this sort, and have agreed upon the word to be used as a key ;

for instance, IRON, or any other word foreign to the subject. The sentence to be transmitted is to be written out in full, with the key word over it as many times as necessary, thus :—

IRON IR ON IRO NIR ONIR ON IRON I
MEET ME AT THE YEW-TREE AT SEVEN.

We then look for the first letter of the sentence, M, and find it in the table in the column the farthest to the left: then,

looking for I, the first letter of the key, in the horizontal column at the top of the table, we bring the finger down till it reaches the line beginning with W: there we find the letter V. The next letter in the sentence is E, and the corresponding letter in the key, R. The letter in the angle formed by these two letters is W. Proceeding in this way, we have the sentence thus:—

MEET ME AT THE YEW-TREE AT SEVEN.
VWTG VW PG CZT MOO HEOW PG BWKSW

This second line is the message to be sent, and is utterly unintelligible to any one who does not possess the table and the key. The party receiving the communication, in order to decipher it, writes the characters thus:—

IRON IRON IRON IRON IRON I
VWTGVWPGCZTMOOHEOWPGBWKS

with the key word above them; he then looks in the upper row for I, and down the column at the head of which that letter stands, until he arrives at V, the first letter in the communication; then, casting his eye to the left, he finds, in the extreme left-hand column, the letter M, which is the first letter in the original sentence. Proceeding in this way, he soon finds himself invited under the yew-tree at seven.

The advantage of this method is, that the table may be known, yet the writing still remain a secret, without the help of the key; and this key it is utterly hopeless to attempt to guess out of the tens of thousands of words in the English language. The same table and different keys may be used with different correspondents, and one will never be able to decipher what was meant for another.

Another method of secret writing, equally impossible to discover, is the following: The parties corresponding are provided each with a piece of paper of the same size, in which numerous holes are cut, the holes being exactly similar in each paper. The party about to convey information, takes his pierced paper, lays it over the paper on which he is to write, and writes the words of his communication in the openings. He then removes the pierced paper, and completes the letter by filling up the spaces between the words already written. This must be done skilfully, so that the letter may read freely, and without awakening suspicion. The person receiving this has simply to place the first opening in his pierced paper over the first word in the letter, which should always be also the first word in the sentence containing the information: this done, all the other openings come immediately over the important words, which, when read consecutively, form, of course, the original phrase. If, in correspondence of this sort, the pierced paper should be lost, the communication would become unintelligible.

We will suppose that the person who was to be at the yew-tree at seven, wishes to return an answer; for instance, "*Pll be there at seven, spite of bad weather.*" He puts *Pll* in the first opening in his paper, *be* in the second, *there* in the third, &c., till all is written. He then proceeds to fill up the letter, which might read thus:—

"*Pll* endeavor to *be* punctual, as you request; *there* will be a race *at* six, and another *at seven*; and even in *spite* of disadvantages of broken roads and *bad*

cradle-holes, I mean to beat if the *weather* is tolerable. My horses are in good case, and if plenty of oats and a good rubbing down three times a day can win a race, they'll do it."

It is evident that nothing but the pierced paper will enable any one to believe, from this disquisition on horse flesh, that the writer will be at a certain place at seven o'clock, spite of bad weather.

A very original method was once resorted to by a young lady who was married to an old, ugly, and jealous husband, to inform her friends of the disagreeable life she led. Being afraid of discovery, she wrote the following letter, which, on the face of it, contains nothing but the most complimentary allusions to her jealous lord. If, however, the first line, and every other line after the first, only are read, the sense will be entirely different. It was in this way that the letter was deciphered by the lady's friends, who were in the secret.

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am, in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you, my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think, by confining, to secure a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or a menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,

a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us. She is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood around — generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than a glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband; my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu!"

If any of our young friends should be inclined to try their hand at composition of this sort, and will send us a letter bearing, like the above, two distinct interpretations, we will insert it. They must remember, however, that as every thing depends upon the relative position of the lines being preserved, they must endeavor to put as much in a line of writing as will make a line of print; and, to do this, it will be well to find out the average number of letters in a line of the type in which our correspondence is printed. There, Black Eyes and Blue, which speaks first? Which can write the most ingenious, the most mischievous, and the funniest letter? For mischief and fun, we believe that black eyes always carry the day. As well as we can remember, — for it is a long time since we used to think of such things, — blue eyes used to prefer yew-tree invitations, and meet-me-by-moon-light-alone sort of letters. However, we don't wish to anticipate, and wait what time and the mail may bring forth.



Hot Cockles.

WE suppose all our readers are acquainted with the game of Hot Cockles, or, as the French call it, *Hot Hand*. It is better played with a number of persons, but may even be played by two, as the following old dialogue between two brothers, who were at a loss how to amuse themselves, will show.

Charles. Brother, all our friends have left us, and yet I am still in a playing humor. What game shall we choose?

Henry. There are only two of us, and I am afraid we should not be much diverted.

Charles. Let us play at something, however.

Henry. But at what?

Charles. At blind-man's-buff, for instance.

Henry. That's a game that would

never end. What do you think of Hot Cockles?

Charles. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

Henry. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

Charles. With all my heart. I will be hot cockles first, if you like.

Henry. Do. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair. Now stoop down and lay your face close upon it, that you may not see. (*He does so.*) So far, so good: now your left hand on your back. Well, master; but I hope your eyes are shut.

Charles. Yes, yes. Don't be afraid.

Henry. Well, master, what have you to sell?

Charles. Hot cockles! hot!

Henry. (*Striking him with his left hand.*) Who struck?

Charles. Why, you, you little goose!
Henry. Yes, yes; but with which
 hand?

Charles. The — the — right.
Henry. No, it was the left. Now
 you are the goose.



The People of the Landes.

THE Landes is a department in the south-east of France, and, both from the character of the inhabitants and their manner of living, is a very curious region. They obtain their livelihood principally by making charcoal, and tending flocks. The soil is sterile, and the produce of the land small. The peasants live in solitary cabins. The head of the family engages in the cultivation of the soil, where its sterility is diminished by nature, or counteracted by an

abundance of manure. The younger branches go perhaps twenty miles from home, to make charcoal in the forest, or to attend their flocks. They traverse the desert on long stilts, that they may pass dry-footed through the many morasses which intervene. The shepherds watch their flocks, mounted on these stilts, and resting on their staffs, by which they support themselves for a long time in one position. They even knit woollen stockings in their moments of leisure, and the neighboring markets offer for sale a great deal of this merchandise, manufactured at an elevation of six feet in the air. They can walk, run, turn round, stop, and begin again, as easily as other people with the two legs which grew up with them.

They seem to be a happy people, though they live in a miserably unproductive country, and have no intercourse with the more civilized part of the kingdom. They live in a half savage state, clothed chiefly in sheep-skins, on which, or on straw, they usually lie at night. Their food is principally maize or rye bread, with now and then some millet porridge, or pea soup, with a little sour lard, or tasteless spice. They are grossly ignorant and degraded, both physically and mentally.

Travelling Incident.

WHEN Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, reached Segou, in Bambarra, he found that the negro king was suspicious of him, and forbade him to advance and cross the

river. Under these discouraging circumstances, he was obliged to lodge at a distant village. But there the same distrust of the white man's purposes prevailed, and no person would allow him to enter his house. He says, "I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food, under the shade of a tree. The wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of resting among the branches of the tree.

"About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me. Perceiving that I was weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she went out, and soon returned with a very fine fish, which, being broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The women then resumed their task of spinning cotton, and lightened their labor with songs, one of which must have been composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a kind of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: —

'The winds roared, and the rains fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.

CHORUS.

Let us pity the white man.
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.' "

The reader can fully sympathize with this intelligent and liberal-minded traveller, when he observes, "Trifling as this recital may appear, the circumstance was highly affecting to a person in my situation. I was oppressed with such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons remaining on my waistcoat — the only recompense I could make her."

The duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty and talent gained such extensive celebrity, was so much pleased with this African song, and the kind feelings in which it originated, that she put it into English verse, and employed an eminent composer to set it to music.

"The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He set him down beneath our tree,
For weary, faint, and sad was he.
And ah! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

"The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;

But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care."

Butterflies.

OF this beautiful insect there have been counted and classified, more than seven hundred and sixty different kinds; and the catalogue is still very incomplete. Almost every collection of butterflies can show undescribed species; those which are produced in warm latitudes being much more brilliant than the natives of cold climates. Their wings present the following curious details: In the first place, there are four of them; and if two are cut off, they still fly with the two remaining. We would not advise our young naturalists to try this experiment, however; let them take our word for it. The wings are, in themselves, transparent, owing their beautiful colors to the thick dust with which they are covered. They are studded over with a variety of little grains, of different dimensions and forms, regularly laid upon the whole surface. The wing is very strongly constructed, and its weight does not seem to be increased by these thousands of scales or stars.

In the eye of the butterfly may be discovered the various colors of the rainbow. When examined closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass; having a great number of sides or facets, in the manner of a bril-

liant cut diamond. Six thousand of these facets have already been counted in the eye of a flea. There are probably many more in the eye of a butterfly. These animals, therefore, see not only with astonishing clearness, but view every object multiplied in a surprising manner. A distinguished naturalist once adapted the eye of a butterfly, so as to see objects through it by means of a microscope. A soldier thus seen through it appeared like an army of pygmies; for



while it multiplied, it also diminished the object. The arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform. The flame of a candle seemed a beautiful illumination. It still remains a doubt, however, whether the insect sees objects singly, as with one eye, or whether each facet is itself a complete eye, exhibiting its own object distinct from all the rest. The butterfly, when flying in the air, distinguishes its mate at a distance of two miles; and it is difficult to conceive by what sense they see such distances; for a butterfly is imperceptible to the strongest sight at an eighth of that distance. It can scarcely be by the sense of smell, since the animal appears to have no organs for that purpose.

The different species of the butterfly vary greatly in their sizes; the least of the tribe being not more than half an

inch from the tip of one wing to that of the other, while some of the larger species measure ten inches across the wings. In form and color, they vary so infinitely, that any description we could give of them would be less instructive than a walk across the fields any warm day — such a day as this, for instance, the first of August, when the cows are standing up to their waists in water, and when the laborers in the fields are wiping, for the fiftieth time, the perspiration from their faces.

Butterflies often fly in swarms; and in Switzerland, in the summer of 1826, a column of them, from ten to fifteen feet broad, was seen to pass over Neufchatel. The passage lasted over two hours, without any interruption, from the moment when the insects were observed. Perhaps some butterfly Xerxes was marshalling his hosts for an attack upon some Swiss Thermopylæ — a clover field, or a bed of daffadowillies being the subject of dispute. Or perhaps it was some gigantic system of emigration that was going on through the air; some California of fruit and flowers had been discovered in the far west, and thither they were hieing, bag and baggage — placers of buttermilks and honeysuckles weighing seven ounces. Whether they took the Isthmus or the Horn route, history saith not. Peace be with them!

Episodes in the History of Rome.

THE Romans were a very superstitious people, and whatever the priests commanded, was implicitly performed. They submitted to their requisitions

with the best possible grace, and even encountered death itself at their command. The case of Marcus Curtius may be instanced in proof of this. During an earthquake, a yawning gulf opened in the forum, threatening to swallow houses and temples in its abyss. Burnt-offerings and prayers were of no avail: the gulf continued gaping in the heart of the city. The augurs — persons who consulted omens, and derived, or pretended to derive, from them a knowledge of the future — declared that it never would close till the most precious thing in Rome had been thrown into it. Marcus Curtius, — who believed that patriotism and military virtue were the most precious qualities a state could possess, and that to offer up these at the shrine of his country could best appease an offended deity, — arrayed himself in armor from top to toe, mounted his finest charger, and in the presence of the priests, the senate, and the people, leaped boldly into the gulf. The abyss, says the historian, closed upon him, and he was seen no more.

When Manlius, who had saved the Capitol of Rome, was accused of sedition, and of aspiring to the sovereignty, his trial took place in the vicinity of the Capitol he had saved. The only defence he consented to make, was to turn and point to the edifice, to put the people in mind of what he had done for his country. They refused to condemn him as long as he was in sight of this building; but when he was brought from thence to the Palatine grove, where the Capitol could not be seen, they, without further hesitation, condemned him to be thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock.

The Fairy Mignonne.



THERE was once upon a time — Was it yesterday? I know not. Was it at the commencement of the world? I am ignorant. All that I can affirm is, that the events of this story took place upon one of the pleasant banks of the Danube. Well, then, there was, once upon a time, a charming young girl, who, toward the end of Christmas eve, was dancing with a tall, handsome youth, with dark hair and flashing eyes; while standing in the cottage was a little musician, who was watching the waltzers, and blowing sadly his clarinet.

The young girl was called Ioula; an harmonious name, in which four vowels sing round one isolated consonant. The handsome youth was called Hermann, and the poor musician, Wilhelm.

Both loved Ioula. And who would not have loved her? I have already said she was charming; but I did not speak of her eyes, blue as the forget-me-not, nor of her teeth, so white as to make one believe that the snow fell daily upon them. Her cheeks were of that brilliant color one sees upon the cheeks of sleeping infants, and her mouth was always smiling. She delighted to dance. O, the

girl knew very well all the graces she displayed.

Hermann and Wilhelm both adored her, and many others would have done the same, ourselves among the first; but Hermann and Wilhelm were the only young men in this village, composed of, at most, six or eight German huts.

The waltz stopped, like a top which ceases to turn after having spun a long time, and the coquettish Ioula threw herself upon a stool at the feet of Wilhelm, who was still blowing his clarinet. But as she stopped waltzing, she whispered

to the happy Hermann, "Be at the door of my room at the first crow of the cock."

Hermann nodded fondly his head. At the same time, while Wilhelm was leaning down to offer his assistance in lifting her from her lowly seat, she whispered, lower still, "As soon as the first cock crows, be at my chamber door."

Joy shone in Wilhelm's eyes, and his clarinet sounded like a triumphal trumpet.

O, how charming is the night before Christmas in a German village!

As soon as the day disappears, the toilets begin. Then, 'midst various occupations, midnight is anxiously looked for. Then, in the churches, are heard the sacred hymns, which cause the window panes to clatter with their vibrations. Soon it is the turn of feast and frolic. Then come singing and dancing. O, why does not this night last the whole year through!

Meanwhile the children, assembled in a neighboring room, dance round the *wekens*, or Christmas trees, overloaded with miniature candles, gilded nuts, dolls, without counting cakes, candies, and all sorts of *bonbons*, hidden amid the starry foliage. There is, if possible, more fun in this room than in the one where the elder children are assembled.

Alas! holiday hours fly rapidly, and in a few minutes daylight would be upon them.

Dances and songs had ceased in one room, and in the other the eyes of the children and the candles of the *wekens* were falling asleep, when the gentle Loula left secretly the ball-room, crossed on tip-toe the room where the children were, mounted the stairs with the ease of a mountain goat, and shut herself in her little room, dimly lighted by the undecided rays of the dawning day.

There she listened, to make sure that she was alone, and then ran to an old oaken wardrobe, opened the doors, which creaked upon their rusty hinges, raised her hand to the upper shelf, and took down, with great care, two vases of blue glass, with long necks, very much like the one which malicious dame Stork offered to the disappointed fox, as the fable tells us.

The door once shut, the blue vases were

wiped until they shone like mirrors; she then filled them to the edge with clear and limpid water; finally, she placed them gently upon the mantel-piece, each side of the wax Virgin, to whom, as her protectress, Loula prayed every night.

A curious person would have been astonished at these mysterious preparations; and yet they were all very simple. Loula took two bulbous roots from a little box, and placed them in the blue vases, where they were to flower, notwithstanding the winter!

Wait a moment — this is not all. The girl took from the window-seat a modest flower-pot of baked earth, and planted in it some crocus roots, and then placed it in front of the Virgin, in the middle of the mantel-piece. This done, she clapped her hands, and looked at her hanging garden with great satisfaction.

At this moment, the cock crowed.

Loula ran to the door, and opened it wide. The dim light of her chamber penetrated into the obscure entry, and two astonished voices made themselves heard at the same time.

“Wilhelm!” cried Hermann.

“Hermann!” sighed Wilhelm.

“Come in, both of you,” replied the girl, with a roguish smile.

“Ha! ha!” she cried, as she remarked the disappointed air of the two lovers. “You’ve been dreaming of a tête-à-tête, I suppose. You imagined yourselves all alone with Loula, Christmas night. O, no, gentlemen! O, no! That’s a privilege I keep for my husband, and you are neither of you on that road yet.”

“Why have you summoned us both?” ventured Hermann, while Wilhelm, with

drooping eyes, stared at the floor in silence.

"I am going to tell you," replied Ioula, very seriously. "There is an old legend, in which my mother piously believed, and in which I, too, have perfect confidence. You see in these blue vases, two bulbs — one a bulb of streaked tulips, and the other of white hyacinths. You both of you love me; at least if I am to believe your flatteries and your attentions. But which am I to choose? Neither my heart nor my reason has yet told me; so I am going to leave it to the oracle of my mother."

"What!" exclaimed Hermann and Wilhelm.

"Listen," continued Ioula. "Hermann, you are the richer, the handsomer, and the more powerful of the two. But you have often made a bad use of your wealth and of your good looks. Don't interrupt me. What I say is true. You frequent the taverns of the city, and you make war against the weak; you deceived that poor Gretchen, who perhaps curses you from her grave, hidden under the herbage. Spite of that, you please my eyes. I'm only sixteen, and can't help it. But, after all, perhaps Wilhelm would make a better husband. He has no fortune, but he works hard. His clarinet and his occupation of mole-catching, line his modest purse with kreutzers. If he is feeble, he is gentle; and if his face charms less than yours, his heart is perhaps worth more than yours. How, then, shall I choose? I should be embarrassed enough without the aid of my bulbs in their blue vases, which I have commissioned to choose for me."

"Fine judges, I declare!" sneered the

disdainful Hermann, shrugging his shoulders.

"O!" sighed Wilhelm.

"I choose it should be so," replied Ioula, resolutely. "Hermann, the vase which is to represent you I have placed on the right side of the mantel-piece; Wilhelm, yours dips its fibrous roots in the vase on the left. You, Hermann, have the proud tulip; to you, Wilhelm, belongs the perfumed hyacinth. The two were placed in the water at the same moment. They will tell me which of you is the worthiest and most faithful. Flowers never deceive. My heart is his whose bulb shall put forth the first leaf — my hand to him whose plant flowers first. I have called you both here together this morning, to show you that I do not foster one more than the other. Hope and a good chance to you both."

"But," said Hermann, with an air of distrust, "who knows that you have not your favorite bulb? What assures us that a caprice will not cause you to change the place of the vases?"

"I will trust in Ioula's sincerity," said Wilhelm, immediately.

"Thank you, Wilhelm," replied Ioula. "But don't be afraid, Hermann. How could I change the vases? One contains a hyacinth, and the other a tulip. Then, besides, do you see, in the middle of the chimney-piece, this little earthen flower-pot? Well, in it there are some crocuses, whose well-known mission is to watch all that takes place during the trial, which lasts a month. No girl upon the banks of the Danube doubts the power of the impartial crocus-bells. They would destroy the effect of my protection and

preference, if I had any; and be sure, Hermann, that if I were to bestow more care upon the hyacinth than upon the tulip, the tulip would be the first to flower."

"Well," said Hermann, "we'll trust to Mr. Crocus, who seems to me to have in his earthen pot rather a cracked robe for a judge."

"But," said Ioula, "here comes the day, driving away the fog. My eyes are as full of needles as a lace-loom, and I must go to bed and rest my tired feet. Good-by, Hermann! Good-by, Wilhelm!"

The two lovers left the room; the first with a pettish gesture, the other, casting a melancholy and suppliant look towards the vase, where his loved hyacinth was floating.

All this took place in virtue of an old German legend which prevailed a few years since. Does any one remember it at the present day? I should hardly dare to say, as, in our day, simple and candid beliefs are so soon forgotten.

The bolts of the door were already drawn; already had our sleepy young heroine opened the little white curtains surrounding her bed, when a strange noise was heard against the window-panes. It was the farm cock, who, while crowing and flapping his wings, had flown and landed upon the edge of the window-sill—the same cock whose morning salutation had served as a signal to the two impatient lovers.

Ioula ran to the window: opening it wide, she threw to the feathered sultan some crumbs of Christmas cake. Then she shut the window quicker than she

had opened it, shivering at the icy wind, which turned blue the rosy satin of her shoulder, but not quick enough to prevent three invisible personages from gliding into her room.

They were three familiar spirits—that is to say, two little fairies and a genie.

This bevy of elves had arrived upon the window-sill, thanks to the cock: the two fairies rode upon his wings, and the genie upon his crest.

There is nothing astonishing in this—the sprites were no larger than the inhabitants of Lilliput. Ioula could have hidden them all three between her fingers. There could be nothing prettier and more sprightly than these elves, the most dwarfish of dwarfs one would wish to see.

The two fairies were as coquettishly dressed as two opera-dancers. A field-daisy served as hats for their saucy little heads; two rose-leaves were fastened round their tiny waists, and the purple bell of a campanella fell, in the shape of a skirt, to the middle of their little legs, which were as small as those of a fly; two grains of wheat, wonderfully hollowed out, shod their almost imperceptible feet. They had two sparks of fire for earrings; the skin of a silkworm served as a cloak, enveloping them in a golden tissue. For magic wands, one had the quarter of a blade of grass, and the other half of one of the shiny feelers of an insect.

O, what pretty creatures they were!

The genie was funnier yet. He was a little old man, with red-heeled shoes, diamond buckles, and embroidered silk stockings, kept up by a golden garter. He had little velvet pantaloons, a satin waistcoat, and a spangled coat. Add to

these, a little plaited ruffle, a lace cravat, a wig, powdered with hoar-frost, and a little sword; under the left arm, a miniature feather hat; in the right hand, a little ivory cane; and upon his breast a small badge of honor. He walked with a smart, foppish air, playing with his microscopic tobacco-box.

The three sprites were the smallest dolls ever seen through the large end of an opera-glass.

They flew into the room shivering, and as if chilled through. They ran quickly to the mantel-piece, and jumped upon it. The genie climbed quickly into the flower-pot placed in the middle, and buried himself in the earth among the crocuses.

At the same time, the two fairies clambered into the blue vases. One struck the tulip with her magic feeler, and the other the hyacinth with her spear of grass. Then both disappeared in the bulbs, the shelly covering of which opened like the doors of a palace to receive the noble company of the prince and princess.

Then silence stole upon all around—the genie, who, buried deep in the earth around the root of the crocus, was to act as judge in the trial about to ensue; the fairy Petiote, who, enclosed in the shell of the gaudy tulip, favored the interests of the gallant Hermann; and her sister Mignonne, already half asleep in the cup of poor Wilhelm's hyacinth, which she meant to encourage and foster as much as a fairy half an inch high could; and Ioula, who, piously trusting to her mother's oracle, was sleeping the sleep of the innocent. All four were soon lost in oblivion, though the rising sun and the

retreating shadows soon began to connect night with day. But people who have been dancing all night generally sleep all day, so we leave them to their repose. A month more, and we shall wake them up again.

[To be continued.]

Winter Camp of a Hunter.

THE winter camp of a hunter of the Rocky Mountains is usually located in some spot sheltered by hills or rocks, for the double purpose of securing the full warmth of the sun's rays, and screening it from the notice of strolling Indians that may happen in its vicinity. Within a convenient proximity to it stands some grove, from which an abundance of dry fuel is procurable when needed; and equally close, the ripplings of a watercourse salute the ear with their music.

His shanty faces a huge fire, and is formed of skins, carefully extended over an arched framework of slender poles, which are bent in the form of a semi-circle, and kept to their places by inserting their extremities in the ground. Near this is his "graining block," planted aslope for the ease of the operation in preparing his skins for the finishing process in the art of dressing; and not far removed is a stout frame, contrived from pieces of timber, so tied together as to leave a square of sufficient dimensions for the required purpose, in which, perchance, a skin is stretched to its fullest extension, and the hardy mountaineer is busily engaged in rubbing it with a rough stone, or "scraper," to fit it for the manufacture of clothing.

Facing his shanty, upon the opposite side of the fire, a pole is reared upon crotches, five or six feet high, across which reposes a choice selection of the dainties of his range, to wit, the "side ribs," shoulders, heads, and "rump cuts" of deer and mountain sheep, or the "dépouille" and "fleeces" of buffaloes. The camp fire finds busy employ in fitting for the demands of appetite such dainty bits of hissing roasts as *en appola*, (that is, stuck on a slanting stick over the fire,) may grace its sides; while, at brief intervals, the hearty attendant, enchained upon the head of a mountain sheep, whose huge horns furnish legs and arms for the convenience of sitting, partakes of his tempting lunch.

Carefully hung in some fitting place are seen his "riding" and "pack-saddles," with his halters, "carraces," "larrietts," "apishamores," and all the needful *matériel* for camp and travelling service; and, adjoining him, at no great distance, his animals are allowed to graze, or, if suitable nourishment of other kind be lacking, are fed from the bark of cotton-wood trees, levelled for that purpose; and, leaning close at hand, his rifle awaits his use, and by it his powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and tomahawk.

Thus conditioned are these lordly rangers in their mountain home; nor do they own that any creature of human kind can possibly enjoy life better than they.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to nature, and if I should be proud of any thing in this silly world, it would be of this honest alliance. — *Sterne*.



The Aracari.

THE aracari form one of the genera of the race of toucans, and, for brilliancy of coloring and gaudiness of plumage, are the most splendid birds known in ornithology. The most beautiful variety is that represented in the engraving—the CRESTED ARACARI. It is a native of the forests of Brazil, and seems to be of extreme rarity. The head is covered with a crest of curled metal-like feathers, of a glossy jet black, consisting of flat expanded shafts. The feathers of the cheeks are also expanded at their tips in a similar manner; their color is white, except at the tips, which are black. The

top of the back is deep red; the chest is yellow, with slight bars of red at irregular intervals. The flanks are yellow, with broad stains of red. The middle of the back, wings, and tail, are olive-green, the quill-feathers being brown. The bill is stained with longitudinal ribbons of yellow, red, and dull blue, blending at their edges.

These birds are usually seen in groups of ten to twelve together, hopping among the branches of the tallest trees with great agility, and ever in motion. They frequently engage in quarrels with monkeys, who like to have trees and fields all to themselves, and to enjoy the privilege of poaching alone. Though, during a great part of the year, the aracari live on fruits and berries, yet, in the breeding season, they become carnivorous, and attack the smaller birds in their nests, devouring their eggs or their young. In some species of this bird, the bill is as long as the body; in the aracari it forms only about a third of the entire length, which is ordinarily eighteen inches.

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 22.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, July —, 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It is now five long months since I have written to you. The truth is, I have not had the heart to write. I believe I said, in one of my letters, that there seemed a cloud over this family! Alas, the storm has burst, and sad is the desolation which has followed.

I wish I could pass over the details of the story; but this may not be. About three months since, my aunt came to my room. She was very pale, and looked as if she could hardly stand. She sat down. "My dear Willy," said she, "I must tell you that great and sad misfortunes have fallen upon us."

"O, do not say so," said I, in great terror.

"Nay, but my dear coz, you must know it," continued my aunt. "All the world will know it to-morrow. Your uncle has failed!"

"Failed — failed?" said I. "What does that mean?"

"It means that your uncle cannot pay his debts. He has lost two ships at sea. Several persons, who owed him money, have become unable to pay him. The times are very bad for men in business; and your uncle has suffered by great and heavy losses."

"But, my dear aunt," said I, much relieved, "is that all? Why, you, and Lucy, and uncle are all the same. Why not be happy, then, as before?"

"Ah, William," said aunt, with a sad smile, "when you know the world better, you will learn to judge things more wisely. We are not the same in the eyes of the world. We must quit this house; we must give up all this furniture; we must go to a cheaper dwelling, and live in a very humble way. This I do not mind. But do you know, Willy, that when rich people become unfortunate, they are sure to be treated with contempt?"

"No, indeed."

"Yet such is the fact. Many envious people rejoice in their downfall, because they think the more others are down, the

better is their chance of getting up. You have seen many people courting and flattering us, while we were deemed prosperous, and while we were in fashion; and most of them will turn their backs upon us, and say evil things of us, as soon as our calamity is known. We shall hear no more of their flattering speeches; we shall see no more of their admiring looks. But all this is not my chief source of trouble. I can bear to become the scorn of the world, if so Providence decrees; but I have great anxiety for others. How my poor husband will bear this, Heaven only knows. He is proud, and has too much set his heart upon wealth, and the position which wealth gave him. I fear the impossibility of meeting his engagements will break his heart, strong as it is. And poor Lucy, too — how sadly are her prospects blasted! But I have cause to be thankful, for the dear child seems an angel sent to cheer us in this hour of gloom. And you, my dear Willy — I suffer on your account. I know your poor mother must feel disappointed to find that we are not able to do as we intended: that is, to establish you in business.”

My aunt was going on in this way, — the tears streaming down her cheeks, — when I begged her not to be unhappy for me. I thanked her for being so kind as to tell me her sorrows, and besought her to point out some way in which I might be useful. We went and found Lucy, and talked the matter all over. Lucy was very cheerful, and almost put her mother in good humor. We parted at last, for it was late at night. I did not sleep, but walked my room, revolving all sorts of plans for the future.

The next day uncle Ben's bankruptcy was the town talk. All the gray, old, wrinkled men, who have plenty of money and nothing to do, talked it over in State Street, at places called insurance offices. His business and character were all thoroughly discussed. Some people were charitable, but the majority turned up their noses. There were a set of shallow fellows, who, being conscious of knowing less than other people, looked wise, and said, “*It's just what we expected: we knew this would happen three months ago!*”

Well, it was a very bad business. Uncle Ben owed ever so much money, and had not more than half enough to pay it. His creditors were very hard with him; and the richest were, of course, the hardest. And beside, there were some cases very aggravating. Uncle Ben had taken the money of widows and orphans to keep, and this was gone with the rest. He did not intend to do any harm; very far from it. But people said he had speculated, and run too great risks. These things cut him to the heart. He put a brave face upon it, especially in the streets. There was a stern smile about his lip, and one deep cloud-spot across his brow; but beside this he seemed the same as ever. He met his creditors; he spoke and acted calmly. Some of them said cruel things to him; but he replied without irritation. He came home; he spoke cheerfully to us all, at least in words. He retired to his room, and begged to be alone. No one dared to intrude upon him. We could hear groans and sobs, though low and stifled. It was fearful to hear these agonies of a great and proud man.

The next day, uncle Ben was found to be in a high fever. He became delirious, and remained for two weeks in a critical state. The disease at last took a bad turn, and at the end of three weeks from the first attack, he breathed his last. O mother, it was dreadful to see poor aunt. I know she would have died, had it not been for Lucy. I cannot tell you about the funeral, it was so sad. Dear me! it makes me wretched to think that there are such melancholy things in the world as death and funerals, and losing friends whom we shall meet no more.

I must now close this sad letter. I do not know what we shall all do. The furniture is to be sold next week. When I write again, we shall all have left the big house in Beacon Street. It makes me feel very, very bad; not for myself, for I could go back to Sundown. If I could forget aunt, and Lucy, and all the sad things that have happened, I should rejoice to go home; but I cannot leave them now. They have been kind to me, and I am ready to die for them, if so God wills it. The only pleasure I take is in thinking of some great thing I can do for them. But I fear this is only idle fancy. However, I am now nearly eighteen, and I shall try to do something.

Give my love always to father, and take ever so much for yourself; and good-by, dear mother.

WILLIAM BUMP.

PARENTS.—In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.—*Johnson*.

Old English.

THE earliest specimen extant of what may strictly be called English, was written in the year 1280, and was a description of the battle of Evesham. The following verse, which was written about the same period, is part of a song on the beauties of summer:—

“Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed
And bloweth med
And springeth the wde nu:
Sing cuccu.”

The following “Reasons for learning to Singe,” which were written in 1598, show the progress three hundred years had made in polishing and perfecting the English language. In all ancient authors, *ye* means *the*, and *yt*, *that*.

“Reasons brief’e sett downe by ye auctor to persuade everie one to learne to singe.

“1. It is a knowledge easilie taught and quicklie learned, when there is a good master and an apte scholar.

“2. The exercise of singinge is delightfulle to nature, and good to preserve the healte of man.

“3. It dothe strengthene all partes of ye hearte, and dothe open ye pipes.

“4. It is a singular good remedie for a stutteringe and stammeringe in ye speeche.

“5. It is the beste means to preserve a perfette pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

“6. It is the only waye to knowe where nature hath bestowed ye benefytte of a good voyce; whiche gifte is soe rare yt

there is not one amongst a thousand y^t hath it, and, in manie, y^t excellente gifte is loste, because they want an arte to expresse nature.

"7. There is not anie musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to y^t whiche is made of ye voyces of men, where ye voyces are good, and ye same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better ye voyce is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith, and

ye voyce of man is chieflie to be employed toe y^t end.'

" 'Since singynge is soe good a thinge, I wish alle men woulde learne toe singe.' "

SORROW. — Sweet is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more! — upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs. — *Sterne.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Craterville, June —, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

I am a blue-eyed, red-headed scriber to Merry's Muscum. I have rit you three letters, and sent you seven puzzlers; some on 'em as long as my arm; and now you haint insarted none on em. This is tew bad! One of the puzalers I put together in a red-hot day, last week, and it makes my ginger rise, to think that you won't print it. I paid postige ont besides; and that don't help the matter. According to my way of thinking, to write letters, and pay the postige, and not see 'em in print, passes all pashunts. And what makes it wus, is, that you insart other people's letters, and take no notice of mine. I'm for equil rites, Mr. Merry, and hate ojus distinkshuns and privelleges. I speak my mind, and mean no offens; and if you'll insart this, I'll forgive the past. Its the duty of all to be forgiven, and so I bid you good by.

This is from your friend and well-wisher,

J. R. — D.

MR. MERRY :

I send you a puzzle, which you are at liberty to print, if you please. It has amused me to compose it, whether it amuses you and your readers, or not.

I am composed of six letters.

My 6, 2, 3, 1, makes the part of a melon which you don't eat.

My 2, 3, 4, is what many travellers like to find.

My 1, 5, 4, is a place in which a famous prophet was put.

My 4, 2, 3, 5, is a number which shows my age.

My 2, 1, 5, 6, only want the letter C, to make a liquor, more in vogue formerly than now.

My whole constitutes a great event every day of a person's life.

Brighton, June 30, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

I send you a *puzler*, and shall be glad to see an answer to it. Whoever finds the answer, is pretty cute, and ought to be employed to find the barn-burners who have lately made such disturbance at Jamaica Plain, and thereabouts.

S. P. L —.

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 9, 7, 8, 9, is a thing often used in the making of milk.

My 3, 10, 9, is a coarse expression for impertinence.

My 9, 2, 4, 3, is what is sometimes made out of brown bread.

My 1, 13, 5, is not a girl.

My 6, 16, 13, 14, 15, is what one boy does to another, when the latter is climbing a tree.

My 12, 13, 17, 5, is what the thin man was.

My 11, 16, 14, are the first three letters of a valuable appendage of the human body.

My whole is what was begun some time ago, and is not yet concluded.

Thompsonville, April 20, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I am a new subscriber to the Museum and Playmate, and am very much amused with its contents.

I live in the pleasant village of Thompsonville, once known by the name of *Sandyside*. There were only a few dwellings here then; now, beautiful houses, churches, and large manufacturing establishments are to be seen in every direction.

I am young, and am not capable of writing much to interest your youthful readers; but I am much pleased to peruse their pleasing communications, and hope to hear from them often.

Yours with respect,

C. C. O.

Worcester, June, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Sir: I thought that I would write to you, and give you some account of Worcester, where I live. It became a city the twenty-ninth of February, 1848. It contains over sixteen thousand inhabitants. The Blackstone River runs through it.

Five railroads centre here. The following are their names—Boston and Worcester, Providence and Worcester, Norwich and Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, and the Western railroads. Railroad cars are also made here.

Worcester became a town and was incorporated as early as 1684; but being much molested by the Indians, the first town meeting ever held was in 1722. But I fear that my letter is getting too long, especially for so young a customer; so I stop, only requesting you to publish the rest of the story of Peeps at Paris. In so doing, you will oblige your friend and subscriber,

A. W.

Our friend Alice, of Bridgeport, sends us the following mythological enigma.—

I am composed of thirty-nine letters.

My 14, 11, 18, 25, is a Scandinavian goddess.

My 21, 25, 32, 24, 25, 34, 37, 13, is the hell of the Greeks.

My 8, 25, 29, 20, 32, 7, is the father of the gods.

My 1, 25, 34, 8, is the god of war.

My 17, 15, 11, 27, 8, is the goddess of agriculture.

My 2, 32, 5, 8, is the goddess of the rainbow.

My 39, 6, 3, 37, 8, is the god of the winds.

My 26, 18, 11, 36, 13, 34, 37, 8, is the dog of the infernal regions.

My 9, 4, 10, 11, 25, is the goddess of flowers.

My 33, 18, 34, 1, 35, 16, 37, 8, is the guardian of boundaries.

My 1, 27, 4, 5, 23, 22, 25, is the goddess of bees.

My 35, 12, 37, 28, 25, is the queen of youth.

My 13, 32, 25, 38, 31, is one of the Nine Muses.

My 30, 25, 37, 7, 8, are rural divinities.

My whole is a sentiment which was responded to by every patriot in the revolution.

East Cambridge, May 21, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,

As I have taken the Museum for nearly a year, without writing to you, I thought I would introduce myself among your numerous correspondents. There are a good many of my school-mates in this place, that take the Museum; and as yet, I have never seen any letter dated from our village. I am very much pleased when the Museum comes, for it is my delight to read it. I hope that you will never get tired of writing stories for us, for I can assure you, I shall never get tired of reading them. I see, in the May number, that you have a letter from my native place—Rome, Georgia. Yes, I am a southern girl. My father sent me to the north, to get an education. I have been here two years the twenti-

eth of this month. My father was born in a town at a distance of about forty miles from here. He, when quite young, went off, then expecting to return in about seven months; but has never returned yet, which will be thirty years pretty soon.

Now, Mr. Merry, if you should happen out this way, you will please to give us a call. If you think worthy, you may insert this; if you do not, you will not offend your friend,

LIZZIE H—s.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 13, 14, 12, is a plant that grows in China.

My 6, 12, 11, is a kind of gum.

My 9, 8, 12, 11, is a delicious fruit.

My 5, 2, 11, is a title of respect.

My 7, 8, is a pronoun.

My 4, 2, 3, is a part of the dress of an infant.

My 9, 10, 14, is an article of food.

My 11, 12, 13, is a troublesome quadruped.

My 3, 12, 6, is also a troublesome quadruped.

My whole was a famous freebooter.

Pasture Plantation, April 13, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I like your Museum very much. I like the stories of Dick Boldhero, the adventures of Philip Brusque, and Jumping Rabbit's story; and the Siberian Sable Hunter, I like better than all the stories I have ever seen. My brother, Minor, has just begun to learn to read; but he does not know how to write yet. I have another little brother, named Dannie, about five years old; and a little sister, named Maria, who is not yet a year old. If I ever have a pet, I shall name it Merry. I have found out three of your names, Parley, Merry, and Goodrich. I do not like puzzles much, and as I cannot sing, I do not like songs much; but I like adventures, and stories, and fables. I have a great many of your books, and hope you will not stop writing your Museum. I am one of your little subscribers, and have derived a great deal of instruction and amusement from your books. I forgot to say that I liked the story of Bill Keeler very

much. I go to school, at home, with my little brother, and our teacher's name is Mr. Babbit, and I learn spelling and reading, and study Parley's Universal History, geography, grammar, and arithmetic; and you will know by this letter that I am learning to write. As I see that a good many of your little subscribers send you riddles, and puzzles, I will get my teacher to write one for you, and send it to you in this letter. I should be glad if you would let me know if any body finds out the answer to the enigma I send. If you have time, please answer my letter, as I am very anxious to have your handwriting. My little brother says I must thank you for the amusement he has had from hearing me read your books. I must stop now, as I have nothing more to say.

Your sincere friend,

WILLIE K—r.

FOR STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 14, 18, 9, 2, 20, 11, is a country of Europe.

My 18, 1, 7, 12, 19, 15, is a large country in the eastern continent.

My 20, 9, 2, 21, 6, 15, is a large country in the western continent.

My 16, 3, 12, 7, 13, 1, 18, 3, is one of the United States of America.

My 19, 2, 6, 3, 21, 2, 15, is one of the United States of America.

My 20, 9, 18, 21, 20, 20, 15, 12, is a city in South America.

My 20, 15, 2, 10, 13, 2, is a large city in China.

My 9, 6, 21, 16, 7, is a county in Mississippi.

My 15, 6, 6, 19, 7, 13, 2, is a county in Vermont.

My 12, 8, 18, 21, 14, 14, 13, 18, 6, is a county in New Hampshire.

My 7, 13, 16, 5, 18, 12, 17, 4, is a county in Maine.

My 16, 5, 18, 20, 17, 18, is a county in New Jersey.

My 12, 20, 13, 4, 10, is a county in Virginia.

My 16, 21, 6, 3, 12, 13, 2, is a county in Ohio.

My 20, 13, 2, 20, 13, 18, 6, 19, 15, is a parish of Louisiana.

My 6, 11, 20, 9, 4, 1, 18, is a county in Georgia.

My 16, 13, 2, 18, 13, 5, is a county in Florida.

My 16, 19, 7, 12, 13, 1, 18, 19, is a large river in North America.

My 12, 9, 3, 2, 4, 14, 18, 21, 2, 20, 3, 7, is a river in Missouri.

My 4, 17, 2, 2, 5, 12, 7, 5, 17, is a river in Kentucky.

My whole is a large country.

MR. MERRY :

I am not very fond of funny tales, or Billy Bump stories, or fables. I prefer arithmetic and mathematics, and things of that kind. I am rather pleased with puzzles; but most that you insert, are too easy to be worth answering. The answer to that in the July number, is "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

Holmes Hole, July 6, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

In the April number of Merry's Museum, there was a puzzle, the answer of which was "Starch." I guessed it, and sent you the answer by mail, post paid. This is the first puzzle I ever guessed, of my own head, and I do think you ought to insert my letter, considering.

J. J—.

Saugatuck County, July 4, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY :

In the letters of Billy Bump there is a good deal of bad spelling; and Billy does some rather coarse and awkward things. Now I wish to ask why you print such things. Will you please answer this, and oblige

Yours,

DOROTHY D—.

We are very glad to answer the inquiry of friend Dorothy. We tell the story of Billy Bump partly to amuse our young readers; and we show his faults, his mistakes, and his failings, so that

they may take note of them, and avoid them. We have, often, faults ourselves, which we do not notice, till we see the like in others; then we note them, and are very likely to correct them. I do not thus show off the errors of poor Billy Bump merely to make a laugh; but I wish, through his trials, to teach good and useful lessons to others. I wish to show, also, that a boy of few advantages may still, with a good disposition, rise to a respectable station in life.

We have many favors, besides those we have inserted, which it is impossible to notice, further than to acknowledge the receipt of them.

R. P., of Gouverneur, N. Y., has written us two neat and pleasant letters. We have also received communications from the following:—

C. W. H., of Lowell; M. M., of Brooklyn; A. F. G., of Haverhill, Mass.; E. C., of Ryegate, Vermont; J. B. T., of Somers, Penn.; H. D. B—e, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin; H. P. H., and J. A. K., of Putnam, Ohio; Susie —, of Andover, Mass.; C. M. M. L., of Albany; G. B. C., Hastings, N. Y.; Alice, of Brooklyn; J. Q. A. P—, of Ashburnham, Mass.; Eunice, of Augusta, Maine; F. G. N., of Dedham; H—d, of Woburn, Mass.; W. E. F., of Cambridge; E. M., and L., of Farmington; S—, of Slatersville; N. H. H. Lovell; C. M—n, of Colchester, Conn.; F. A. C., of East Middleburg; a Green Mountain Boy, of Middlebury; An Eight-Year-Old Subscriber, of Brooklyn; E. A. & S. L., of Sandwich; Caroline M. S., of Fitchburg; C. M. S. J—, of East Cambridge.



The Black Beast.

DON'T be frightened, reader! This frightful creature in the picture is not a reality; it has no existence but in the fancy. Please to hear my story, and then you shall decide whether it is a good beast or a bad beast.

A great way off, and a great while ago, there lived a rich man by the name of Martin. He had one daughter, named Katreena, and she was his only child. He loved her very much, and allowed her to do any thing she pleased. From very childhood, she was indulged in all her whims and caprices.

Now, Katreena was not naturally

worse than other people; but, by indulgence, all that was bad in her became exaggerated, so that her faults at last had got to be great faults indeed. Among other things, Katreena was passionate. If any thing displeased her, she became very angry, and would do and say very spiteful things. And then she was very proud. She was rather handsome, and her figure was tall and commanding. She became very proud of her personal appearance, and was accustomed to wear rich and costly silks, so as to make herself look noble and queenly.

Notwithstanding all this, nobody seemed

to love Katreena. Many persons paid her a sort of respect, and as she was very rich, she was surrounded with great people; but, as I have said, nobody seemed to love her. She was very much surprised at this, for, though she was proud, like every body else, she desired to be loved. At last, she began to grow unhappy, and, after thinking of it a long time, she determined to ask her attendant, a good old woman, who had brought her up, and was a kind of mother to her.

One day she therefore began:—

“Dear Joan, I am very miserable.”

“O madam, you unhappy, surrounded with every thing that heart can wish?” said Joan.

“I am not surrounded with any thing the heart can wish,” said Katreena. “I have nothing that I wish. I am rich; but I despise riches. I am disgusted with silks and laces, and pearls and diamonds.”

“And what is there you want?”

“I wish to be loved.”

“And are you not loved?”

“No. I believe every body hates me. It is true they pay me a kind of respect: they bow, and ask after my health; but they keep away from me, and look as if I was a fearful and terrible thing.”

“Ah, madam, would I could tell you the truth.”

“And why not tell me the truth?”

“I am afraid you will be angry.”

“Well, suppose I am angry—is that any reason why you should not tell me what concerns my happiness?”

“Does your ladyship really desire me to tell you why people don’t love you?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, my lady—but it’s a very awful thing I am going to reveal to you.”

“Nevertheless, go on.”

“Well, my dear lady—positively I dare not.”

“Tell me; I command you.”

“Well, if I must!—Now, my lady, this it is: you are constantly attended by a great black beast.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean what I say—you are attended by a great black beast. You do not see it; but other people see it, and it is this that makes them afraid of you.”

“Are you mad?”

“No; it is you who are mad. You are haunted by a monster which every body sees except yourself.”

“This passes all patience. What do you mean, Joan, by trifling thus with me?”

“Ah, madam, you commanded me, or I should not have told you.”

“You are an impudent creature. I ask you for counsel and sympathy, and you make a monkey of me. Leave my presence—go instantly, and never let me see you again!”

Joan left her mistress, and the latter gave herself up to passionate tears and wailings. It was late at night when she retired to her bed. At last she slept, and in her dream, she saw a horrid beast at her side. It had enormous ears, goggle eyes, a forked tongue, and large hooked teeth. Nothing could be more terrible. “Indeed,” said Katreena, “it is all true. Here is the monster, after all. What a hideous creature! No wonder people are afraid of me. What ears! What a mouth! What a tongue! It is strange I never saw it before. Alas! I am un-

done. What shall I do?" And during this, the poor lady in her dream wrung her hands, and sobbed, and gave herself up to despair.

In the morning, she sent for Joan. When she came, "Forgive me, Joan," said she: "it is all true. I have seen the beast! Last night it paid me a visit. I do not wonder people shun me. Now tell me, my dearest friend, and tell me frankly, — what shall I do?"

"Well, my lady, when one is sick, it is a great point gained to know it. Now you have seen the creature that haunts you, and deprives you of the love of your friends, perhaps we can contrive something by which we may get rid of him."

"Speak, Joan, and tell me what is to be done."

"Do you know the beast's name, my lady?"

"No."

"Well, it is *Pride*."

"What do you mean, Joan?"

"I mean that the beast is named *Pride*."

"Ah, dearest Joan, I now understand you. You mean that I am proud. You mean that I carry about an air of pride with me, which is offensive. This is the beast which is my attendant, and which drives people away from me."

"Exactly so, my lady; and now you have a clear idea of the difficulty, you may, perhaps, remove it."

"But really, Joan, is pride so very offensive? I had no idea of it."

"Yes, pride is a very disagreeable vice; but your case is not singular. Many a person is attended by his black beast; and while he does not see it, every body else sees it, and takes care to keep

out of its way. This will explain what we often see — a person who has good looks, good talents, good education, good position in society, and who is, after all, not loved."

"Love your Enemies."

LITTLE Hattie Wilson was sitting on a low cricket by the side of her father, one quiet Sunday evening: she had been very still for some time — a very unusual circumstance for a frolicsome child six years old. At last she said, very earnestly, —

"Father, Mr. Crosby said, this afternoon, in his sermon, two or three times, very loud, 'Love your enemies;' and I began to think who enemies were. I suppose they are people that don't love us, and try to kill us, and hurt us; are they not, father? And I wondered if I had any enemies, and where they lived; and I thought and thought, till I went to sleep. Do little girls and boys have enemies, father? Have I got any?"

"I hope not, my darling. Good little children very seldom have any. People almost always love children, and are kind to them, and very careful that nothing shall injure or trouble them. If a little child should fall down in the street, and get hurt, a great many people — any body that saw it — would run to its assistance."

"But, father, are kittens that scratch, and things that bite us enemies? Because, if they are, the big gray goose that lives at aunt Eunice's is my enemy. Don't you remember how she ran after me, and

bit my bare arm, one day, and how I screamed and screamed, and uncle Charles ran so fast, to see what was the matter? She is a very ugly, disagreeable goose, and I am sure I don't want to love her."

"Perhaps she did not mean to bite you, Hattie."

"O, yes, she did; for she opened her mouth as wide as she could, and ran after me, on purpose. Besides, you know, father, I never touched her or *shooed* at her a bit."

"Didn't you try to catch one of the little yellow goslings that were with her?"

"O, the little baby geese, such cunning little things! No, I *could* not catch one; but I tried a long while, and called to them, but they all ran away; and then, when I ran after them, the ugly old cackler bit me."

"That was the reason she bit you, Hattie. The poor goose was *mother* to the little ones, and she was afraid you meant to hurt them."

"Why, father, she might have known I would not hurt them. What a *fraid-cat* she was."

"What is a '*fraid-cat*,' Hattie?"

"Why, don't you know, father? Why, it's what Caddy, and Frank, and I are, when we are such silly children as to be frightened when nothing is the matter: then we call each other '*fraid-cats*.'"

"Well, my child, the poor mother goose saw you run after her little ones: she could not tell what you intended to do with them, but she wanted you to go away, and let them alone; and so she ran after you, and bit you. She was only defending her children, and taking care of

them, just as your mother would defend you and Frank, if you were in any danger."

"But, father, if any body wanted to carry us off, what would mamma do? *She* could not bite."

"No; mamma would call to the people in the house, or in the street; perhaps would take my cane, or a broom-handle, and beat the person that had taken you. She would defend you as long as she lived."

"I guess nobody will run away with us. Do you think they will, father?"

"No, indeed! Little children are very plenty, and almost every body has enough."

"But, father, must every body really love their enemies?"

"Yes, my child. Jesus Christ has taught us so in the Bible. He forgave his enemies, and loved them, and did good to them while he lived, though they tormented and afflicted him, and at last killed him; yet, when he was dying, he prayed to God to forgive them, for they knew not what they did."

"If little children ever have enemies, father, must they love them?"

"Certainly; they must try, and do good to them, if they can."

"But, father, if the goose that bit me is my enemy, how can I love her and do good to her?"

"Next time you go to see aunt Eunice, if you speak kindly to mother goose, and give some bread or corn to her and the little ones, she will be very good and gentle, I dare say; and you must be very careful not to frighten her any more, and I am quite sure she will not bite you again."

“Some little boys and girls do have enemies. Don't you remember, father, the wicked uncle that sent the bad man off with the little boy and girl into the dark wood? And the bad man ran away, and left them, and they died, and the robin redbreasts covered them up with leaves. He was a wicked enemy. Father, could they love him, if they were alive again?”

“Perhaps, if they could be alive again, he would repent, and be sorry for what he had done, and be kind to them, and they would love him very much. But, if he was *not* sorry, and was not kind to

them, they would *pity* him, because he was so wicked; and if they were gentle and patient, God would love them, and, perhaps, in time, they would teach him, by their example, to be good and gentle, and kind too; and thus they might all be very happy together.”

“Well, father, I shall try, and love every body; and then I shall not have any enemies, if I am good,—shall I?”

“I think not, my dear. But begin tomorrow, and pacify the only one you have now; make mother goose forget the past, and then try never to have any more evil wishes.”—*Annie Armstrong.*



Indians removing their Village.

The Civilized Indians.

MANY people think it impossible to civilize the Indians of America; that is, to make them give up hunting and fighting, and live by agriculture, manufactures, and peaceful arts; to persuade them to have schools, and houses,

and churches, and good laws. The reason why people thought so, was, that instead of trying to teach them these good things, they sold them rum and brandy, and gave them powder, and thus degraded and brutified them, and made them worse

than before. It was bad enough to be savages, but the white people made them drunken savages. But Providence seems to be taking better care of the remnants of this people. They have been partly driven, and partly persuaded, to settle in the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and here they have a splendid tract of land, called the *Indian Territory*. It is true that some of the Indians here are still a roving, unsettled people, as you see by the picture at the head of this article; but some tribes are greatly improved and improving.

A man going to California, with a company of adventurers, has lately passed through this region; and he gives the following account of what he saw:—

“In travelling thus far, we have passed through the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminole nations, and find that many of these wandering tribes of the family of Adam are in an advanced state of improvement and civilization. Many of them appear to be engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are in affluent and easy circumstances. It appears that Nature, in the arrangement of the country now in possession of the tribes of Indians, was trying her best to make a place for man’s abode, no part or portion of which could be objected to, even by fault-finding man. The rivers, the valleys, the prairies, and the mountains, all appear to have been planned by Dame Nature to assist man in contemplating the works of Him who rules and governs all things, and preparing him for the enjoyment of that bliss which is promised only to the true and faithful beyond the grave.

“The Choctaws, from what I could

learn in passing through the nation, are advancing more rapidly in civilization than any of the tribes on our route. They have a large number of schools interspersed throughout their whole country, and many of the Indians are men of good practical English education. They publish a respectable paper at Doakville, in the nation; one portion in the Choctaw language, and the balance in English. They have a code of laws, which they rigidly enforce, as I can bear testimony. The day after we crossed a ferry through their nation, two Indians were tried before one of the chiefs for horse-stealing, found guilty, and stripped, tied up, and given forty lashes, well laid on their naked backs; the whole transaction occupying about two hours. The poor fellows were almost dead when released, and were taken to the tent of a humane Californian, and their wounds, which were ghastly from the whip, were rubbed over with sweet oil. They appeared grateful for the kindness of the Californians, but breathed vengeance against the chief and sheriffs. It would have amused you, Mr. Gazette, to have seen the imperturbable old chief, with a stick, scoring the stripes, as they were given. At thirty-nine, he caused the sheriff to halt a moment, and then ordered him to lay on ten more for good measure. Such is the summary mode of Indian justice.

“The Cherokees, as a nation, are not as far advanced in agriculture and civilization as the Choctaws; but I found many refined and well-educated half-breeds and quadroons among them.

“The Chickasaws we saw but little of, as we passed through but a small portion

of their country. They, however, appear to be rapidly improving in agricultural pursuits. Their country, however, is the most delightful on the globe.

“The Creeks and Seminoles are a powerful tribe, mustering, probably, eight or ten thousand warriors. They, too, are improving rapidly in all that tends to peace or civilization. Some of the largest and most athletic men we have ever seen belong to these tribes. Government is now building a mission near North Canadian, which will cost fifty thousand dollars, and in a few years all of the tribes whose country we have yet travelled through, will have abandoned the roving life of the red man, and settled down on their rich and fertile bottoms and prairies as an

agricultural people. Many of those whose huts we passed on the road are, I am informed, strict observers of the Sabbath: others still work on that day. The Indians appear remarkably peaceable and friendly; and could *whiskey*, that bane of all social happiness, and that destroyer of the red man, be kept out of the nation, in a few years a man might travel through all the tribes, from Fort Smith to the Pacific, without fear or molestation. It is only when drunk, or in their drunken revels, that they commit depredations against the white man; and how could we expect any thing better from a savage, when the use of the same articles makes very demons of the most refined and civilized?”

Several of the Camanches have been



Camanche Warriors.

down to a trading post near this place, and state that they are disposed to be friendly, and trade with us on our route. As we have nothing to trade, we shall treat them with all due civility, but watch

them closely, as they are great thieves, as well as murderers.

Our teams are in as good, if not better, order than when we left; as corn has been generally very cheap during our trip,

sometimes but two dimes per bushel. From this point west we shall find no more corn, as the Camanches raise nothing.

In leaving Fort Smith, our company, which then numbered one hundred and sixty men, started on the road lately cut out by Uncle Sam; but after travelling that for two weeks, and getting but thirty miles from the fort, ninety of us cut through the mud to the old road, where we found it so much better that we have out-travelled the rest of our company, and are fearful they will not overtake us again. We travel under strict military discipline, keeping a guard of fifteen out every night. We have lost none of our teams, although numbers of others have been less fortunate.

Our company at present consists of ninety men, eighty of whom are well educated, refined, and honorable gentlemen. We have lawyers, doctors, printers, dentists, daguerreotypists, landscape painters, gunsmiths, blacksmiths, wagoners, and all other trades and professions, in our company. The consequence is, the company being composed of such good material generally, we get along without the peace and harmony of the same being in the least disturbed. Many other companies have become disorganized and scattered.

We calculate on resting every Sabbath, and, having two good preachers with us, we shall have preaching regularly. My next, probably, will be from Santa Fe or San Francisco. Adieu! F.

THE true way to contentment, is to know how to receive the vicissitudes of life.

The Fairy Mignonne.

[Continued from page 56.]

ON the evening of Christmas, as Loula was smiling at herself in the glass, some one knocked three times at her door. She ran to open it, and Hermann entered.

"Ah! ha!" said he, in a coaxing voice, "just dressed? So we have turned day into night: it is no more than just, however, when we have turned night into day. Bravo! Loulette, your eyes are as bright as two dewdrops, and your feet are as light and nimble as the wings of a swallow on leaving its nest. Loulette, you are charming this evening, which to us is a morning."

"O, what gallantry!" replied Loula, smiling affectedly. "You are more amiable than you were this morning, which to us was an evening."

"O, don't speak of that," said Hermann. "I was foolish, but for all that, I love you well enough to have courage to wait, since it seems I must. O, I wish the snow would melt quickly, and we will be married as soon as the first primrose shows its head above the meadow."

"Wait a moment, sir; the bulbs in their blue vases have not yet given in their decision."

"O, the lazy things," cried Hermann. "What! not yet one little shoot?"

"Have patience," said Loula. "Tulips do not put forth leaves in one night."

"Nor hyacinths, either. Do they?"

"O! O!" said Loula, mischievously.

"Then," said Hermann, winking his eyes, "the tulip will flower first?"

“Ask my blue vases,” said Ioula; “for I cannot answer you.”

“That’s true,” said the young man, approaching the mantel-piece. Then placing his elbows upon the edge, he said to the bulbs, in a tone of voice half serious and half joking;—

“Well, tulip, my only hope, have you worked hard all night for Hermann? O, flower quickly, if you do not wish Hermann to die. Make haste, make haste, my beauties, and bring forth your colors more brilliant than the rainbow’s hues.”

“Be still,” said Ioula. “Do not try to influence the judges by talking, for you are malicious enough to gain their favor.”

The village dandy only replied by a smile of vanity, and continued, addressing the crocus, —

“And you, Sir Guardian, have you kept good and faithful guard in your old watch-house? I thought of you, and have brought you something to keep rheumatisms and chilblains from troubling your venerable person.”

“How?” asked Ioula, with curiosity.

Hermann drew from his pocket a package, from which he took the covering. “There!” said he.

It was a porcelain flower-pot, so thickly gilded, that it seemed of gold.

Ioula blushed with pleasure at the sight of this present.

“I have a right to render my judges favorable, by giving them presents, have I not?” asked Hermann.

“My mother did not tell me that it was forbidden,” murmured Ioula, bowing. The temptation was too great, and she had not the courage to refuse.

The genie, Grognon, had overheard all

this, and highly approved of Hermann’s behavior. Ioula, who was already helping to change the abode of the crocus, was equally pleased and prepossessed in his favor.

The old flower-pot was thrown out of the window; during which time, Hermann snapped the hyacinth rudely with his finger and thumb, saying between his teeth, “May you never blossom, troublesome flower.”

“Wretch!” — exclaimed Mignonne, waked suddenly from her peaceful slumber.

At this moment Wilhelm entered. The poor youth brought nothing. It was not the season for mole-hunting, and his sole resource during the winter was his clarinet.

Hermann received him with an air at once disdainful and triumphant. Ioula would neither speak to him, look at him, nor smile on him.

Then the unlucky little flute-player made a sudden guess at the truth, and understood it all.

The company remained long that evening. Hermann fluttered like a butterfly round Ioula, who had eyes for no one but him.

Wilhelm hid himself and his sadness in a dark corner of the room. He was downcast and pale. He had the head of a child with the heart of a woman. Once he approached the window as if to look out; it was only to wipe away a tear. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and without saying a word, he left the room. He had, without doubt, discovered some new ray of hope.

* * * * *

As Ioula was retiring, she heard a noise under her window.

It was Wilhelm's clarionet.

"O, the clumsy fellow!" said she. "He will make every one in the village talk about us."

"Animal!" gaped the sleepy Grognon, at the same time, "I was dozing so nicely in my gilded palace."

"The wind blows for Hermann," sung the fairy Petiote, rubbing her little hands joyously.

"Poor boy!" sighed the fairy Mignonne. "He gives all he has—a melancholy air upon his clarionet."

Thus things went on for fifteen days. Ioula became more and more amiable towards Hermann, and more indifferent towards Wilhelm. The former looked proud and haughty, the latter sad and hopeless.

The invisible world was, alas! a reflection of the external one. Hermann had bribed the genie with the porcelain vase, and the fairy Petiote with flattering words.

All this saddened Mignonne. How could she defend her favorite against so many enemies? The genie and Petiote were leagued against him. Ioula seemed to have forgotten him, and Hermann detested him. Mignonne alone remained friendly to him.

Ioula repeated often to the impatient Hermann, "Wait till the tulip has blossomed. I will never deny my belief in my mother's oracle." Thus she spoke, but her heart perhaps belonged already to Hermann. This the fairy Petiote declared; but the fairy Mignonne sustained the contrary. "No," she cried,— "no! Ioulette does not love Hermann.

Hermann does not love Ioula. The one is gallant, and the other a coquette. Wilhelm keeps silence, but loves more sincerely than Hermann, who passes his nights in the village tavern, gambling, while Wilhelm sighs under Ioula's window."

"Ta, ta, ta!" replied Petiote. "You do not understand young people. Hermann is merely bidding good-by to bachelor life. He is rich, too."

"O, ho!" said Mignonne; "he has only a few crowns, wickedly gained, and a field left him by his father. Of this he has taken no care, and nothing grows there but stones."

"Well, that is more than Wilhelm has got," sneered Petiote. "He has nothing!"

"Yes, sister; but he is laborious. Wait for the mole season, and Wilhelm may be richer than Hermann. What do you say, Marquis Grognon?"

"I? I say nothing. I observe all from my porcelain house; but I sometimes think Hermann is a thoughtful and attentive youth."

One day, the two rivals were called by Ioula, who said that one of the bulbs was opening.

"Which?" said Hermann and Wilhelm, at the same time.

Ioula pointed to the tulip.

Hermann jumped for joy; Wilhelm looked sadly down; Petiote was contented and happy; and Mignonne suffered to see Wilhelm suffer.

Wilhelm approached his hyacinth, and wished to speak to it; but only gave vent to a sigh, which enveloped the bulb in a warm and supplicating breath. This sigh gave new courage to Mignonne, and all

night she watched and worked, while Petiote slept.

Great was Ioula's surprise, when, in the morning, she found the progress made by the hyacinth. Already a green sprout was to be seen. The tulip had remained stationary since the day before.

That day, Wilhelm was received with a smile, while Hermann was scarcely noticed.

At this, his temper, naturally ungovernable, became furious. He declared that he would not suffer himself to be ousted by Wilhelm, and rated at a terrible rate what he called his foolish, lazy tulip. This vexed Petiote, while Mignonne, in terror, asked herself if Hermann might not employ foul means to regain the ascendancy he had lost.

"O," cried Wilhelm, as he was passing under Ioula's window. Something had fallen upon his shoulder.

"I ask your pardon," cried a little bird-like voice. "Did I hurt you?"

Wilhelm looked all round, but saw no one.

"Here! I am here," said the voice, which seemed to come out of the ground. Wilhelm stooped down. Something rolled at his feet. "O, dear," cried he, "it is my hyacinth."

"Yes," sighed the bulb. Wilhelm, alarmed, opened his hand.

"Take care," cried the invisible voice, which came from the core of the hyacinth; "you will let me fall, and I have just bumped my head hard enough to last for some time." But Wilhelm trembled so that the bulb had to console him with her little silvery voice: "Do not be afraid. As soon as you keep still, you

shall see me. I am not of a size or shape to frighten any one. There! there! here I am." Then the hyacinth opened, and the fairy Mignonne sprung out. Wilhelm uttered a cry of surprise and admiration.

"O," said the fairy, "you do not find me so very terrible, — do you? Well, I am glad of that. Put my bulb into your pocket. I wish to keep my boudoir." Then placing herself on his shoulder, the fairy spoke thus: —

"Hermann, furious at his anticipated defeat, came into Ioula's room in her absence, took me from my blue vase, and threw me out of the window, placing a poisoned bulb in my place. There is no longer any doubt of the tulip's blossoming first."

"O," cried Wilhelm, "I shall tell Ioula of this miserable trick."

"Not so fast," replied the fairy. "You will not be believed."

"I will swear by the wax Virgin, who must, as well as you, have seen the crime committed."

"No, no. Hermann will swear as hard as you, and he is the favorite."

"Then," said Wilhelm, "I will drown myself in the Danube."

"Another folly. If you leave the field clear, Ioula will love your rival."

"Then, what shall I do, as I have no hope left?"

"No hope?" repeated Mignonne.

"Not directly, but indirectly, perhaps."

"How?" cried Wilhelm.

"Ah! you see there is still some hope left in the corner of your heart."

"O, speak, speak! fairy of good omen, if you don't wish me to die."

"Listen, then, in silence. Ioula, as I have said from the beginning, will keep her word. I know that she will only give her hand to him whom the bursting of one bulb or the other shall indicate as its choice. Now, if the tulip does not flower for a hundred years, it will still do so before the hyacinth, which will never flower at all. But the tulip can die too. Then the chances between you and Hermann again become equal."

"Hurra!" shouted Wilhelm.

"Stop, stop," laughed Mignonne. "Success is by no means easy; for the fairy Petiote lives in the tulip, and she is much attached to Hermann. Therefore she must consent to leave her favorite bulb. This is the only way; for neither you nor I would like to have recourse to the means employed by your rival. You must never fight against the wicked with their own arms, or else you deserve nothing better than they. Remember that Petiote thinks Hermann has many virtues, which I think only vices disguised. Let the mask fall, and she will yield. Besides, she must have been shocked at the trick played upon us by her favorite. This morning he called her a fool, and she is very sensitive. One more trial. Gold is known by the touchstone, man by the touch of gold. If Hermann comes from the contact unscathed, I leave you to your unhappy fate. If, on the contrary, he betrays himself, I hope my sister may desert him. Is not that just? Ioula shall be his who loves her best. That was her mother's last wish."

[To be continued.]

The Sloth.

THE sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force or by accident. Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees: still these may change their relative positions without feeling much inconvenience; but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees, and what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel, but *under* them. He hangs suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a conformation different from that of any other animal. He does not, however, hang head downwards, like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other: and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line: he seems perfectly at ease in this position. The animal has no tail, and it is well for him that he has none: for if he had, he must either draw it up between his legs, which would interfere with them, or he must let it hang down, where it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency in tail is a benefit to him; he has merely an apology for one, being about an inch and a half long.

This animal has received the undeserved name of *sloth*, from the fact that naturalists have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts, which are

generally the dense forests of tropical countries, and because they have described him in an element where he was never designed to cut a figure, that is,

on the ground. When in the trees, he catches at one branch after another, and thus travels at a good round pace; but when on the ground, he hardly moves



three paces an hour. He is a scarce and solitary animal, living entirely upon vegetable food, — the leaves, the fruit, and flowers of trees, and often even on the very bark, when nothing else is left on the tree for his sustenance. If in an isolated tree, and wishing to go to another, he is obliged to roll himself up in a ball, and from thence fall to the ground: his physical conformation unfits him for descending, as it does also for walking. A sloth which was kept in confinement by Mr.

Waterton, offered him many opportunities for observing his movements. His favorite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and by a sort of low and inward cry, seemed to invite attention and sympathy. When placed upon the grass, he invariably shaped his course to the nearest tree. The sloth is very good eating, and is hunted by Indians and Negroes.

PRAISE. — The real satisfaction which praise can afford, is when what is repeated aloud agrees with the whispers of con-

science, by showing us that we have not endeavored to deserve well in vain. — Johnson.



Penguins.

THIS species of bird, which none of our readers have probably ever seen, is remarkable as being, in the water, one of the swiftest and most graceful swimmers, and, on the land, the most awkward, unwieldy, and stupid bird it is possible to see. It inhabits the waters in the vicinity of the South Sea islands, and never visits land except when breeding; and, but for this necessary duty of propagating their species, naturalists would never have had an opportunity of seeing them, and would be utterly unacquainted with their history.

This bird's element is the sea, and there it is more safe and impregnable than an eagle in his eyrie. Its entire conformation adapts it for a residence in the water. Its legs, or paddles, are entirely in the rear of the body, and thus it is enabled to make very rapid progress, like Indian canoes, in which the oars are worked near the stern. When wishing to dive, all they have to do is to bend their body a trifle forward, when they lose their centre of gravity, and down they go, while every stroke from their feet only tends to sink them the faster. If

they perceive themselves pursued, they instantly sink, showing nothing but their bills till the enemy is withdrawn.

Smart as these birds are at sea, when on land they are as awkward as a boy with a new pair of pantaloons on: metaphorically speaking, they seem to have their thumbs in their mouths, and look as if they did not know what they were doing. They allow themselves to be knocked on the head without even attempting to escape. They stand to be shot at in flocks, without offering to move, till every one of their number is destroyed. The reason of this probably is, that they have never learned to know the danger of a human enemy: it is against the fox and the vulture that they by instinct defend themselves; and seem never to suspect any injury from beings so little resembling their natural enemies.

They never fly if they can help it: even the smallest kinds seldom fly by choice; and, though they have a very small weight of body to sustain, they flutter their wings with all the energy of despair, but make very little headway. As for their style of walking, the less that is said of it the better. All our readers have probably seen ducks walk: well, ducks are the personification of grace and elegance, compared to the penguin; and this the creature seems very well to understand; for it walks straight from the water to its nest, and from its nest directly back again into the water. They are very tenacious of life. Many of them were left, by an exploring expedition, apparently lifeless from the blows they had received; but while the sailors were in pursuit of others, every one of them

got up, and marched off with the utmost gravity. Their sleep is extremely sound: a sailor belonging to the expedition, stumbling over one of them, kicked it several yards without disturbing its rest, nor was it till after being repeatedly shaken, that the bird awoke.

The species of penguin represented in the engraving is the Magellanic penguin, which is found on the southern shores of Patagonia. It never flies, as its wings are very short, and covered with stiff, hard feathers, and are always seen expanded, and hanging uselessly down the bird's sides. These penguins walk erect when they do walk, with their heads on high, their fin-like wings hanging down like arms; so that, to see them at a distance, they look like so many children with white aprons. They are often seen drawn up in rank and file, upon the ledge of a rock, standing together with the albatross, as if in consultation. From hence, they are said to unite in themselves the qualities of man, fish, and fowl. Like man, they are upright; like fowls, they are feathered; and like fish, they have fin-like instruments that beat the water before, and serve for all the purposes of swimming, rather than of flying. They are very voracious, and their extreme fatness seems to give proof of the great plenty in which they live.

PROVIDE what is necessary before you indulge in what is superfluous. Study to do justice to all with whom you deal, before you affect the praise of liberality. — *Blair*.



Boy and Cannon.

HERE'S a miniature hero for you! He has all the instruments and appliances for carrying on a regular battle—two field-pieces, a large box to hold his powder in, and some dozen balls, with which to thin the enemy's ranks. He himself is his own engineer, general, and gunner, while his sister seems to have undertaken the management of the concerns of the foe. Her sympathies are with her brother, though, as is evident from her eyes, which are intently fixed on the little three-ouncer opposite. The enemy seem to have no means of defence, and look as if they wish themselves back in their castle, on the safe side of their ditches and moats, and drawbridges. We have no doubt

they are used to it, however, and have probably been shot at in the same way every day since the fourth of July. The soldiers play alternately the part of red-coats at New Orleans, and Mexicans at Buena Vista; and whether in the one case or the other, they get peppered most unmercifully. These riotous proceedings contrast drolly with the quiet look of every thing else in the room. There's a picture hanging up representing the garden of Eden, a glass of hyacinths on the table; and then the young lady has on French slippers, and has her hair curled with Bogle's Hyperion Fluid. We wish all battles were as much of a joke, and were as little attended with regret and mourning as the one in the engraving.



Mother Good-Measure.

HERE is an old lady selling grapes. She is just giving half a pound to the little girl with the apron. How nice they look! and probably they taste quite as good as they look.

This is a scene in the streets of Paris; and the three persons in the picture are Parisians. The old lady has been selling grapes, carrots, and radishes, on that same bench for the last forty years. There are a great many other old ladies like her in Paris: they may be seen under every archway, on every unfrequented doorstep, and often, like our friend above, at the corners of streets, on little two-legged benches, which, with her basket and scales, are the implements and insignia of the trade.

Grapes are so abundant in France,

that, for three or four cents, enough may be had for a luncheon; and if you add to it a one-cent roll, you have a meal fit for a king. This is a favorite way of satisfying hunger, and passing the time agreeably, among the coach-drivers and teamsters of Paris, when they have nothing else to do, and nobody wants to ride. Indeed, they are the principal customers of the old lady in the picture, as her corner is near a station of carriages in one of the great thoroughfares. They call her *Mother Good-Measure*, because she always throws in a grape or two more than the real weight. What a big half pound she is giving the little girl, and her brother; and all that for two cents! If we ever go to Paris again, we shall find out *Mother Good-Measure*.

Thomas Titmouse.

[Continued from p. 35.]

As I was saying, Thomas Titmouse, or Tom Tit, as he was generally called, — a circumstance by no means against him, surely, for many celebrated personages have had nicknames, before his time. Cromwell was familiarly known as *Old Noll*; Napoleon was the *Little Corporal*; Andrew Jackson was *Old Hickory*; Wellington is the *Iron Duke*; General Taylor is *Old Zack*. The truth is, a nickname is a sure sign of celebrity, and therefore the short title of *Tom Tit* shows that our hero is an individual of note, and well known to all the world.

Well, I began to speak of Tom's father; and, as to that, I might say a word of his grandfather, and grandmother, too, and, indeed, of his ancestors farther back. It is not every one who can tell who or what his great grandfather was; but in this case, we have the materials for a very precise biography. We can not only say who Tom's great grandfather was, but we can tell his favorite food, his hours of rest, labor, and recreation; the exact color of his eyes; his weight to a quarter of an ounce; and his height to a quarter of an inch.

Tom's grandfather, then, or rather his great grandfather, — for I had got back to *him*, — bore the same name as his descendant, the subject of the present sketch. He was in many respects an example worthy of imitation. He went to bed early, and arose with the sun. He was a Washingtonian in drink, never tasting any thing but water, and of this he took just enough, and no more. How

much misery would be prevented if mankind would imitate the example of Tom Titmouse the elder! And then, as to cakes, and sweetmeats, and ice creams, and jellies, and trifles, and hot oysters, and all that — Mr. Titmouse never in his life put one of these things into his mouth. And what was the consequence? Why, he was a happy, lively, cheerful fellow, from infancy to old age. He kept all the commandments, so far as they were made for him. Who is there can say more?

While I am about it, I may as well say a word of Tom's grandmother. The fact is, that the very word *grandmother* stirs up the most interesting recollections. How well I remember my grandmother, with her black silk dress, her tall laced cap, her high-heeled shoes, her long waist, and her majestic gait! She was like a moving statue of Minerva, grown old, to be sure, and with abundance of gray frizzed hair. She was a sort of divinity to others — grave, stately, venerable — an object of reverence. To me, she was kind, gentle, tender, motherly. O, what beautiful hymns she recited to me! Alas! shall I ever hear such again? And then such stories, about giants, and fairies, and all that! She had lived in the time of the revolutionary war, and had seen Washington, and Old Put, and that blacksmith Quaker of Rhode Island, named *Nathaniel Greene*, who threw away his strait collar and broad brim, and went to fighting; and when he got at it, made the British trot hither and thither as they had never done before in all their lives.

Well, my grandmother knew all these people; and what stories she did tell

about them ! It really seemed to me that I could see them ; and such was my awful reverence for these great men, that, up to the time I was seventeen, I had a sort of idea that Washington was about three times as tall as Goliath of Gath ; Put as strong as Samson ; and Nat Greene more of a general than Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal, all put together.

But to return. Let me see, — where was I ? O, I have it ; I was speaking of Thomas Titmouse, whose biography I had promised to the reader. For the sake of brevity, I shall call him *Tom*, or *Tom Tit*, or simple *Tit*, as the case may require. I beg to say that by this abbreviation I mean no disparagement to the subject of this memoir. *Tom*, or *Tit*, or *Tom Tit*, or *Thomas Tit*, or *Tom Titmouse* — I always mean the same thing. This matter of name is not material ; the thing signified is the material point.

“A rose,” says the poet, “by any other name would smell as sweet.”

When I was a boy, I went to school, as I said, to Master Philo Peppery. Now, in those days, there was no market in R —, and people did not kill an ox every day. We had no penny papers to tell every thing that went on, and a good deal more. Squire Keeler, Colonel Bradley, and General King took the Connecticut Courant between them : thus we got the news. As to other matters, we heard the gospel at meeting on Sundays, and were satisfied. But when an ox was killed, the event was advertised at school. The way was this : Toward the close of the day, when all the reading, spelling, writing, and whipping were over, and just

before that glorious word, “DISMISSED !” was announced, old Peppery used to say, “Let all be seated ! Attention ! If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak !” Now, it chanced that on one occasion, the master had seated the school, and in the midst of the awful silence, he said, as usual, “If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak !” In an instant, a lively little fellow, by the name of Richard Pease, jumped up, and said smartly, “I don’t know any body that’s killed a beef, but uncle Seth has killed a hog.” A terrible titter broke out on all sides. Peppery was amazed. “Down, Dicky !” said he, in a voice of thunder ; and Richard Pease went by the name of *Down Dicky* till after he was one and twenty. But the name did not change him, for he was the same lively, pleasant fellow as before.

But, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse —

Really, gentle reader, I beg your pardon ; I cannot do justice to the memoir I have undertaken upon this small bit of paper ; and I must beg you to excuse me till another number.

Playing the Old Man a Trick.

ON a certain occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the carriage of the president, Dr. Maxcey, into the woods, and leave it there. This, they thought, would be a good joke, and they fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some com-

punctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy president a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage-house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour, some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road.

When they were fairly out of the precincts, they forgot their reserve, and began to joke freely with each other by name. One of them complained of the weight of the carriage; another replied by declaring that it was "heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it." For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a covert which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. With many jokes, conjecturing how and when would be found the carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart, having once more agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it," they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass door panels, and by the well-known voice of the doctor himself, who thus addressed them:—

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine! Come, Messrs. — and —, buckle to, and let's return; it's getting late!"

There was no appeal, for the window

was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole and at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less noise, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with great glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was his carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods!

Billy Bump off for California.

[Continued from p. 60.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, June —, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER: When last time I wrote to you, we were in a very uncertain and unsettled state; but now our plans are all formed. What do you think, — I am going to sea! This will sound very strange to you; and, indeed, it seems almost a dream to myself; but it is really so; and in two days I shall sail for the Pacific Ocean. I must tell you how all this came about.

You know that uncle Ben was largely engaged in the trade along the western coast of America. He used to send out various kinds of goods, to be sold at different places, such as Valparaiso, Panama, St. Francisco, &c. Some of his ships went quite to the North-west Coast,

touching at Oregon, and places still farther north.

Well, it appears that he had an agent stationed at San Gabriel, which is a small place on the coast, south of St. Francisco. He was a Spaniard, and for some years he managed very well; and uncle Ben was so well pleased with him, that he sent him a whole cargo, worth thirty thousand dollars, or perhaps more. The man sold it all, and sent uncle Ben a small part of the amount. The rest he laid out in some speculation, and lost it all, as he said, and so was unable to pay it.

This took place a number of years ago, and it was supposed that the claim was entirely lost. But a short time before his death, uncle Ben heard from some who had been in that quarter, that this person, whose name, by the way, was Diego Naldi, was living in the interior of the country, and that he was very rich, with an immense farm, and several thousand cattle. Now, as uncle Ben had been very kind to this man, he naturally thought he would pay this debt, if he could get some one to go and see him; and he was laying plans to have this done, when he was taken away.

Uncle Ben's estate has turned out better than was expected; and it will only fall thirty or forty thousand dollars short of paying all his debts. His creditors, therefore, feel pretty liberal; and some of them put their heads together, and made an arrangement to send some one out to San Gabriel, and see what could be done with Diego Naldi; and it is agreed that half of what is obtained shall go to aunt and Lucy!

Well, when all this was fairly planned, I took Lucy aside, and told her that I intended to propose myself to go on this very expedition to Señor Naldi! She looked thoughtful, and her eyes were as blue as a patch of clear sky after a thunder shower. We had a long talk on the subject, but Lucy at length approved my plan, and soon brought aunt into the scheme. Then we set to work to get the consent of the men who had charge of the matter, and they at last consented; and so it is now all settled, and in two days I am off.

Now, mother, what do you say to all this? Is it not droll to think of your awkward, ignorant Billy Bump, who left you only five years ago, a rough child of the forest, going on an errand of fifteen thousand miles, and relating to an interest valued at thirty or forty thousand dollars! No doubt you will think it very absurd; and father will say we are all mad. But let me explain the matter a little. In the first place, mother, I have not been idle since I came to Boston. I have been pretty industrious in my studies, and my teacher has spoken very well of my success. Since uncle Ben's death, I have devoted myself to taking care of aunt and Lucy, and have also been engaged in assisting the persons charged with settling uncle Ben's estate. I have been so fortunate as to obtain their confidence; and thus it is that I am intrusted with this business.

Lucy will write you on this subject, and give further explanation. I am very much occupied, and have little time to devote to any thing but my business. Still, my dear mother, I can find time to

write to you, and to think of you; but I feel that it will be gratifying to you to hear from some one, beside myself, how the case stands. I know you will be apt to fancy that it is a mad piece of business, altogether; but if my friends here think well of it, you will, perhaps, think well of it, too, after a while.

I must, however, whisper to you, mother, that even if I fail in getting any thing of this Señor Naldi, there is another scheme in my head, which I may adopt. It is said that there is gold in dust and small lumps in the mountains north of St. Francisco, and it is so plentiful, that a person may pick it up at the rate of an ounce a day. Most people laugh at all this, but I am sure it is true. I have seen a man who has been there, and I have seen some of the gold that he collected himself, to the value of two thousand dollars. Now, I mean at least to look into this matter, and if there is such a quantity of gold in the country as they speak of, I mean to have a chance at it.

And now, dear mother, farewell. I shall write to you as often as I can, and Lucy will write also. Farewell, and may God bless my dear parents.

WILLIAM BUMP.

Letter from Miss Lucy Bump, in Boston, to her Aunt, at Sundown.

Boston, June —, 18—

MY DEAR AUNT: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, but it will not be deemed intrusive, as it comes from your niece, and must relate chiefly to your son William. He is going on a distant voyage, charged with important business; and he wishes me to write, so as to satisfy your mind if any doubts should exist as

to the prudence of the enterprise. It is true, William is only seventeen years of age; but he is very manly, and has judgment and capacity quite beyond his years. His progress in study has been great, owing to his diligence; his desire to learn has made him successful in acquiring agreeable manners, at the same time that he has laid in a large stock of knowledge, considering the short period devoted to his education. He has obtained the good will and confidence of all who know him; and for this and other reasons, he has been selected for the business in question.

He is in very good spirits, and I feel sure he will succeed. I never saw such courage, mixed with so much prudence. He longs to see you; and when you are spoken of, the tears fill his eyes. I have only one feeling of anxiety about him. I know he is led to this expedition from a desire to serve mother, and perhaps me. Therefore, if any thing bad should befall him, I should never be happy again. Mother is very dull, and takes a dark view of life and its interests; but there is something about William which inspires confidence and hope even in her. His bright, cheerful, determined face seems always to suggest ideas of success; every body who looks at him says, "He was born to good luck."

Thus, my dear aunt, you will see our confidence, and the grounds of it. I pray Heaven will watch over William, and bring him back safely. Do write to me, and tell me what you think of all this. I shall keep you informed of all that transpires respecting William.

I am your affectionate niece,

LUCY BUMP.

A Queer Bequest.

AN English miser, John Pleech, lately died in London, leaving the following will: "I give and bequeath to my nephew my black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grandchildren one of the earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed."

The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may be easily imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a manner no way flattering to him; and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy; and the old black coat, the waistcoat, and the little earthen pots, were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause an agreeable surprise.

Taylor is our President.

IT puzzled some of the politicians to get the good general in, as president, and perhaps it will puzzle some of them to get him out; and it appears by the following, which we find in the papers, that now he is in, he is to be a puzzle to every body.

The following may be read upwards of four thousand different ways, by beginning with the centre letter, T, and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners; and it will be found that it invariably makes the words at the head of the article, viz.: *Taylor is our President.*

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The Notch.

IN the White Mountains of New Hampshire, there is a famous ravine called the *Notch*. Running through this, by the side of the road, is a little stream. This pursues its winding way through valley and glen, till, at last, it reaches the sea. Its name is *Saco*, and it is one of the rivers which you will find on the map of the state of Maine.

The Notch is a very famous place. On each side of the valley, rocky cliffs rise up,



seeming to mingle their tops with the sky. The scenery is very grand and beautiful ; but the place is even more famous for its history than for its remarkable features as a work of nature. In this deep gorge, there formerly lived a family by the name of *Willey*. Their little dwelling was called the *Notch House*. They lived without fear, for no one had heard of any such event as that which at last overwhelmed them.

The family consisted of Mr. Willey and his wife, with five children, from two to twelve years of age. At midnight it began raining very hard, the clouds seeming to burst simultaneously, and pour their contents down in one tremendous flood of rain. The soil, which had previous-

ly been soaked through, was suddenly loosened by the deluge, and the trees, pushed and wrung by fierce winds, acted as levers in breaking up the earth. The avalanche began upon the mountain top, immediately above the house, and moved down the mountain in one direct line towards it, in a sweeping torrent, which seemed like a river pouring from the clouds, full of trees, earth, and rocks. On reaching the house, it divided in a singular manner, and passed on either side, sweeping away the stable and horses, and completely surrounding the dwelling. The night was dark and frightfully tempestuous. The family, it appears, sprang from their beds, and fled naked into the open air, where they were

instantly carried away by the torrent, and overwhelmed. The slide took every thing with it, forest, earth, and stones, down to the solid rock of the mountain. In the morning, a most frightful scene of desolation was exhibited. All the bridges over the streams were gone. The road was torn away to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, or covered with immense heaps of earth, rocks, and trees.

In the Notch, and along the deep defile below it, for a mile and a half, the steep sides of the mountain had slidden down into this narrow passage, and formed a complete mass of fragments. The barn was crushed, and under its ruins were two dead horses; but the house was uninjured. The beds appeared to have been just quitted; their coverings were turned down, and the clothes of the several members of the family lay upon the chairs and floor. The little green in front of the house was undisturbed, and a flock of sheep remained there in quiet, though the torrent, forming a curve on both sides, had swept completely around them, and reunited below, covering the meadows and orchards with ruins. The bodies of seven of the family were dug out of the drift wood and mountain rivers on the banks of the Saco.

Valentine Greatrakes.

THIS person, renowned in the annals of quackery, was born at Affane, in Ireland, in 1628. He received a good education at the classical free school of that town, and was preparing to enter

Trinity College, Dublin, when the rebellion broke out; and his mother, with a family of several children, was obliged to fly to England for refuge.



Some years after, Valentine returned, but was so affected by the wretched state of his country, and the scenes of misery that were witnessed on every hand, that he shut himself up for a whole year, spending his time in moody contemplations. He afterwards became a lieutenant in the army; but in 1656, he retired to his estate in Affane, where he was appointed justice of the peace for the county of Cork.

Greatrakes was now married, and appears to have held a respectable station in society. About the year 1662, he began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary power of removing scrofula, or king's evil, by means of

touching or stroking the parts affected with his hands. This imagination he concealed for some time, but, at last, revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea.

Having resolved, however, to make the trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father, for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil; but was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes' laying his hand on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to him to be cured, in the same manner, of different disorders, his efforts seemed to be attended with success, and he acquired considerable fame in his neighborhood.

His reputation now increased, and he was induced to go to England, where he gained great celebrity by his supposed cures. Several pamphlets were issued upon the subject; it being maintained by some that Greatrakes possessed a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; by others, that his cures were miraculous; and by others still, that they were produced merely by the force of imagination. The reality of the cures seemed to be admitted, and the reputation of the operator rose to a prodigious height; but, after a brief period, it rapidly declined, and the public became convinced that the whole excitement was the result of illusion. Greatrakes himself possessed a high character for humility, virtue, and piety, and was doubtless the dupe of his own bewildered fancy. He died in 1680, having offered the world a striking caution

not to mistake recovery for cure, and not to yield to imagination and popular delusion, especially in respect to the pretended cure of diseases.

The Old Mill.

AT Newport, Rhode Island, there is a very curious stone building, which has caused a great deal of learned investigation. It is said that some people came from Denmark about the



year 1000, and discovered the Coast of New England, and made settlements here. These people are called *Northmen*. It is supposed this building was erected by them; for it is like some of the Danish and Norwegian buildings, being made of small stones mortared together.

But, after all, it is not certain who did construct the building in question. It is called the *Old Mill*, in Newport; but whether it ever was a mill, or not, does not appear.

The Autumn Bird.

WHEN the summer is getting old,
And nights and mornings growing cold,
Then comes and sits upon the spray
The friendly little chick-a-day.

She is a chubby little bird,
And all day long her song is heard,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

She never minds a cloudy sky,
But ever singeth cheerily
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

When cold winter draweth near,
Dearly do I love to hear
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Blessings on the happy bird,
With her pleasant little word,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Flowers for Children.

Unity.

LOOK into private life ; behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity. It is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that ran down to his skirts ; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses. All, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his

labor and industry. In one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it, it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion. — *Sterne.*



Foster Powell.

THIS famous pedestrian was born near Leeds in 1734. In 1762 he came to London, and articled himself to an attorney in the Temple. After the expiration of his clerkship, he was in the service of different persons, and in 1764 he walked 50 miles, on the Bath road, in seven hours. He now visited several parts of Switzerland and France, where he gained much fame as a pedestrian.

In 1773 he walked from London to York, and back again, upon a wager, a distance of 402 miles, in five days and eighteen hours. In 1778 he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but lost it by half a minute.

In 1787 he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, in twenty-four hours, the distance

being 112 miles, and he accomplished it, to the great astonishment of thousands of spectators. He performed many other extraordinary feats, and died in 1793. Though he had great opportunities of amassing money, he was careless of wealth, and died in indigent circumstances. His disposition was mild and gentle, and he had many friends.



The Baobab-Tree.

THIS extraordinary tree, which is found on the banks of the Senegal, in Africa, has excited the wonder of all travellers in that region. Its trunk is supposed to be the largest in the world. This enormous stem, rarely more than fifteen feet in height, is often no less than eighty in circumference. A distinguished naturalist has, by close observation, proved that the trees, which are twenty-seven feet in diameter, or eighty in circumference, must have attained the astonishing age of

four thousand two hundred and eighty years. The lower branches, reaching sometimes fifty-five feet from the trunk, and bending towards the earth, form a mass of verdure, the circumference of which is frequently four hundred and fifty feet. Beneath its grateful shade, the negroes repose, or find refuge from the storm. The blossoms are gigantic in proportion.

This tree is said to grow in plains of barren, movable sand; and in one case

the water of a river having washed the sand away so as to lay bare the roots, they measured one hundred and ten feet in length, without including the parts which remained covered with sand.

The fruit is a great favorite with the monkey tribe, and has in consequence received the name, by some, of the "apes' bread-tree." The leaf resembles the fingers of the human hand. A powder made of the dried bark and leaves is used by the negroes as a sauce with food; and this, as well as a decoction of the leaves, is esteemed highly medicinal. The acid pulp of the fruit is much relished, and the

bark is an ingredient in the manufacture of soap.

The negroes of Africa bury their poets, buffoons, and musicians, in the enormous trunk of the decayed baobab-tree, hollowed out for this purpose. Considering them as inspired by *demons*, they neither suffer their bodies to be interred nor thrown into the waves, lest the fish in the sea or the fruits of the earth should perish from their contact. Thus, to avoid harming either sea or land, they are enclosed in a tomb where they dry and wither away, and become mummies without embalming.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

So, so! Here they are — letters from all points of the compass! Thank you, gentle friends and correspondents. How very good-natured you all are! There is only one who seems out of humor, and he scolds so gently that his letter sounds almost like a compliment. Hear him!

Boston, August 10.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum for three months, and feel enough acquainted to write you a letter. Good advice is cheap: so I send you some. Don't put in any more fairy tales. They are not true, and what is not true is false, and what is false is wicked, and what is wicked ought not to be set before children. I believe you mean well, Mr. Merry; and so I speak to you in the spirit of kindness. I hope to see you hereafter dealing only with truth. Truth is the only proper food for the youthful mind. Fiction is only calculated to lead the mind astray.

Pray, Mr. Merry, think of these things, and excuse the liberty I take.

I am yours, truly,

JOHN UPDOWN.

Danvers, Aug. 13, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I am so much pleased with the last two numbers of the Museum, that I have concluded to write you. I like the story of the *Flying Horse*, in the June number, exceedingly. It is calculated to teach and impress a most important truth on the mind, in a way that is not likely to be forgotten. The story of the *Caravan* is not only interesting, but it gives the reader very correct and lively pictures of the manners and customs of people in the far-off country of Asia. But of all the stories I have lately seen, I prefer that of the *Fairy Mignonne*; it is full of delicate thoughts and beautiful images, calculated to refine the mind and the feelings.

I know, Mr. Merry, that some people do not like fancy tales, and fairy tales, and fables:

they think that solid matter of fact is the only proper reading for the young. But if fiction is wrong, why is the faculty of imagination given to us? If we are never to exercise the fancy, why is it one of the most active and powerful of all our faculties? After all, according to my way of thinking, the imagination is one of the great instruments by which truth is to be inculcated. So, doubtless, thought our Savior, for he constantly appealed to the imagination, as in the fable of the *Sower*, and the *Good Samaritan*, and the *Marriage Feast*, and the *Prodigal Son*. These are all fancy tales, but they impart valuable truths in a pleasing and impressive manner. Who can measure the good done by that single story of the Good Samaritan?

I remember that, some years ago, the infidel Rousseau wrote against the use of fiction in education. His argument was, that children would so mix up truth with fiction as to confound the two, and therefore have no preference for truth over fiction. To this the good Cowper replied, that no child had so thick a skull as not to be able to distinguish the truth from a story of a "cock and bull." I am quite of Cowper's opinion. I believe, with the good and great of all ages and countries, that tales, fables, parables, and fancy stories, of a proper kind, are exceedingly useful; and it is because your Museum has a good supply of these that I like it and recommend it to others.

A PARENT.

Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa., July 10, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

An older and younger brother and myself have been taking your Museum since the year 1841. We take two copies, and get them from your agent at Harrisburg. We live in a part of Somerset county, Pa., called the "Glades," lying between the main Alleghany and Laurel Hill. Our county is celebrated for the great quantity and good quality of the butter made in it, known as "Glades butter" in the east.

The last Fourth of July was celebrated here by two societies of young men, — the one called "Franklin Literary Society," the other, "Democratic Literary Society." The Declaration of Independence was read twice in English and once in German, and five of the members delivered very clever addresses. A division of the Sons of Temperance has lately been formed in this place; also, a division of the Cadets of Temperance. My eldest brother and I belong to the latter. I am a student at a small classical school, and am now reading Cæsar's Commentaries.

In my leisure hours I read a great many books and papers, but prefer the Museum to all others. I take great delight in finding out the enigmas and puzzles, and hope you will always have a supply on hand.

Truly your young friend,

P. Q. A.

Memphis, Tenn., July 18, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I take the liberty of writing to you, though I have had your Museum but a short time. I have not seen any letters from Tennessee published in your Museum; so I thought I would write to you myself.

I live in Memphis, which is situated on the Mississippi River, the longest river in the world. I like to stand upon the high bluff, and look at the steamboats as they pass up and down the river. It is a beautiful sight on a summer's evening, as the sun is going down.

I like your story of the *Flying Horse* very much, and the *Caravan* story is very interesting indeed.

We have had lots of plums and peaches, and if I could, I would send you some of them.

Your friend,

GEORGE P.

Natchez, July 26, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have been a reader of the Museum for many years, and should be glad to show my

good will to its editor. I therefore send a description of the place where I live, which may perhaps serve as a contribution to the magazine. At all events, it gives me an apology for writing to Robert Merry. So here is my description.

Natchez takes its name from the Natchez tribe of Indians, who showed great taste by selecting such a situation. Its beauties would certainly attract the eye of the most casual observer.

The city proper stands on a high bluff above the turbid waters of the Mississippi. The bluff, to those approaching from the river, presents a picturesque and romantic view. There are three roads leading up the bluff, which are rather tedious to ascend; but when the height is attained, a sight meets the eye more than sufficient to pay for the trouble.

On the projecting brow of the hill are beautiful pleasure grounds, laid out with much taste, where the gay and fashionable meet to enjoy the cool shade. Here, every evening, are seen parties either walking for exercise after the fatigue of the day, or sitting upon seats placed there for the purpose. The city is beautifully laid out; the streets crossing each other at right angles, bordered on either side with the china-tree.

There are many fine buildings in the city, the largest of which is the Catholic cathedral, and which, by the way, is the largest edifice in the state. In the outskirts of the town are many fine residences and gardens.

There is not as much business done now as formerly; but more dwelling-houses are being built; and it will always be a desirable dwelling-place, on account of its healthful air and agreeable society.

I am yours truly,

D. W.

Boston, May 29, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

Will you please insert this little story in your Merry's Museum, if it meets with your approbation and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

THE LEGEND OF THE ECHO.

Far, far away, o'er hill and glen, there resided a little fairy, in a lovely spot, surrounded by the most beautiful flowers—the fragrant magnolia, the blushing rose, and the sweet forget-me-not. In the centre there fell, softly murmuring, a beautiful fountain, which, as it trickled away amidst the grass and flowers, whispered its tale of love to some of the sweetest flowers; and still the fickle fountain played on, and changed its love with every morn; and still the listening flowers believed, and bent their heads to hear and answer the deceitful story.

The little fairy had lived here many, many years; for fairies do not grow old like mortals, but are always young and lovely. Discontent or envy had never entered her bosom, and she thought she had forever driven love from her heart. Here, year after year, she wove wreaths of beautiful flowers, bathed in the fountain, decked her long tresses with brilliant gems, and talked to the mermaids which lived in the stream. She had never been from her sweet little home, excepting once a year, when all the subjects of the fairy queen met at the palace, to render homage to her; but the splendor which she saw there, only served to make her glad to get to her peaceful home once more. One day, as she was sporting about, playing with the flowers which surrounded her on every side, she perceived, at the foot of the glen, a handsome youth, dressed in a beautiful suit of green, trimmed with gold lace. He carried in his hand a greenwood bow, and at his back was placed a quiver of arrows.

The stranger advanced, and she retired, scarce knowing why she did so. "Beautiful being," said the youth, "why do you fly from me? I will not harm thee; I love thee too well. O that thou wouldst love me." "I know you not," said the fairy, in a low, musical voice: "what is thy name?" "Julio," replied he; "and thine, fairest of flowers." "I'm not a flower, but you may call me Fleece," answered the fairy, artlessly. "And

will you love me?" "I do, Julio." Julio pressed one long kiss on her fair white brow. Just then a bugle call was heard, and the name of Julio was sounded through the woods. "'Tis Rodolph. I must go now. Farewell, Fleance. I shall come soon again. Do not forget me, love." "Forget thee?" "Nay, pardon me, dearest Fleance," and pressing her to his heart, he left her. He came on the morrow, and again and again; but at last his visits grew less frequent, and then ceased altogether. But one day she heard his voice. For a moment she hesitated, then flew to the spot, and there beheld him; but—alas! poor Fleance—with his arm encircling another's waist.

"My own dearest Emma," said he to the fair, young creature, who reclined her head on his breast, "is not this a lovely spot? See yonder murmuring waterfall; just such a place as a naiad might choose to live in." "It is, indeed, dear Julio, but with you even the desert would be a paradise," said Emma; and she gazed fondly on Julio. Poor Fleance had heard enough; *he* was false; he loved another. Pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, she flew to the queen of the fairies, and begged her to take from her the gift of immortality. The queen in pity granted her request, and Fleance flew again to her peaceful glen.

Many years passed away. Fleance had faded to a shadow. At length, even that passed, and nought remained but her sweet, low, musical voice, which still repeats the last words which mortals say, as if in mockery,—and men call it Echo! S. C.

LETTER FROM AN ABSENT MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Boston, July —, 1849.

DEAR LITTLE NELL: I cannot look over the hills to see you in your pleasant home, but my *heart* sees you, and loves you, always. I have seen many pleasant sights since you kissed me good-by, that sunny morning, and I will try to show you what I have enjoyed. I have seen many little girls; but not one that I loved so well as you, my dear. I have

heard murmuring brooks, and they make a pleasant sound; but not half so sweet to my ear as the voice of my little Nelly. I saw bright violets and flowers by the wayside, and they looked like your bright blue eyes; and ripe, red strawberries, that looked like your little red lips! And I have seen cunning squirrels, leaping from rock to rock, like happy children, and wild birds, with nests in the great trees; but I know a nest that shelters two dearer birds than these, and the mother bird has flown from it; but she will return.

I hope those birds live in love together, always. I have been among the mountains, where it was wild and dark; where the bright waters flowed like threads of silver, and where it is always quiet and beautiful in the great forests. I saw a little school-house, where the boys were making birch canoes, and they were playing merrily with their little fleet; and I thought of "Robert Merry's" stories of Indians, and of boys and girls, that he tells you so pleasantly about. I remembered you, my little one, when I saw those happy children, and prayed the Good Father to watch over you, and make you always happy. When I come back to you, I shall want to know your pleasures, and what you have learned since I left you; and, by and by, I will teach you to write, as I am doing, so that you can talk to me when I am far away from you. I know you will love your baby brother, and kiss him for his mother, although he cannot share your letter.

I think of you morning and evening, and know you say your prayers always to God, that he may watch over and bless you forever. Be good and gentle, my beloved child, that you may be happy; so the *angels* shall smile upon you, and guard you while you sleep.

From your own dear mother.

Besides these, we have agreeable letters from A. P., of New York; H. P. R., of Rutland, Vermont; G. H., of Saco, Maine; O. C. C., of Egypt; S. F. R., of New York; Edgar C., of Albany, &c., &c.



The Fire-Flies. A Dialogue.

James. O, SEE those bright things flying about!

Ann. O dear! What are they?

J. Why, they look like sparks of fire!

A. Yes; and are they not fire? Pray, mother, what are they?

Mother. They are called *fire-flies*.

J. And are they really flies, and are they on fire?

M. No; they are small bugs, and a part of their body has the power of sending out light, which sparkles in the dark. The sun has just set, and it is not yet night. In half an hour, you will see hundreds of these insects flying about,

and they will then present a very beautiful scene.

J. O, I've heard people speak of them, and I have seen one or two before; but I never saw so many at once.

M. The reason, doubtless, is, that you have never before been in a place at night, frequented by them. They love moist places, such as the margins of rivers, swamps, and marshy thickets. Here you may sometimes see many thousands dancing about, seeming like bright fairies, having a frolic all by themselves.

A. Well, that is very wonderful, and very pleasing, too. What happy little

creatures they must be, not only to be able to fly, but to make such a brilliant display! I really wish they were not bugs, but fairies, and then I should like to be one of them; at least, for a little while.

J. And what would you do?

A. O, I do not like to express all my thoughts.

J. But pray tell me what you would do, if you were a fire-fly fairy.

A. O, I really don't know. But I should have some good frolics.

J. With whom?

A. The other fairies, to be sure.

M. Come, Ann, I am curious to hear what you would do if you were a fairy with wings, and a dress of fire.

A. Well, I think—I think—really I do not know what I do think; but it seems to me a pity that those creatures should not be fairies: the idea is so pleasing.

M. Ah, my dear Ann, you cannot change their nature. Bugs they are, and bugs they must be; but you, however, can fancy them to be what you please. I have heard a story of a fire-fly which turned into a fairy; and you have only to use your fancy to make these thousand insects seem like those beautiful little people of whom so many stories are told.

J. O mother, do tell us the story.

A. Yes, mother, pray tell it.

M. Well, it is a kind of fable, and is as follows: Once upon a time, an ant was crawling along in the bushes, when he met a fire-fly. "O, ho! Miss Fire-fly," said the ant; "how came you here?"

"Well, Mr. Ant, I'll tell you. I'm here to get a little supper. I shall nibble

a bit of this lily-dew, and then it will be dark, and I shall be off with my friends, the fire-flies. We have a frolic to-night, in the swamp hard by, and I expect to have a nice time of it."

"Well, Miss Fire-fly, here! take a bit of this dead beetle for your supper. It's much more wholesome than lily-dew."

"O Mr. Fire-fly, how can you speak of it? It would spoil my breath."

"I beg your pardon—I didn't think of that. But tell me, pray, what do you do when you have a frolic?"

"O, we all get together, and we fly about, and every one tries to shine the brightest."

"And what else?"

"That's all."

"Really?"

"Really."

"I should think it poor fun."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Why, what is the use of it? Suppose you shine the brightest; what then?"

"Why, I am the most beautiful."

"Yes; but all the rest are less beautiful. You may be happy to feel that you are the brightest fire-fly in the swamp; but every other fire-fly feels miserable because he or she is out-dashed by you. Your pleasure, then, depends upon the misery of others."

"Yes, that is all true; but it is so delightful to provoke the envy of every body!"

"And does that make you happy?"

"Certainly." And saying this, Miss Fire-fly spread her wings, and went away, shining as bright as she could, and imagining that the ant was captivated

with her beauty. But the silly insect was mistaken. The ant was a sober, thinking, benevolent creature; and the selfishness of Miss Fire-fly quite disgusted him. Having finished his meal, he made the following reflections:—

“I’m very glad I have met with this idle, giddy thing; for she has taught me to be content with my lot. I have often seen these gay insects dancing in the air, and I have imagined that it would be glorious fun to do as they do; and I have murmured to think that I have no wings, and am therefore condemned to grovel on the earth. But I see now that it is all for the best. My life may be humble, but it is useful. I live in a community where there is no envy and no strife. Each one in our little brotherhood labors for others as much as for himself. How much better is this than to live only for display, and take our chief delight in rendering others unhappy!”

Making these sage reflections, the ant turned into his hole, put on his nightcap, and went to sleep. In the morning early, he went abroad; and as he was crawling along, he saw a miserable looking insect lying upon the ground. “Is it possible!” said he. “Is this you, Miss Fire-fly?”

“Alas! yes,” was the faint reply.

“And what is the matter with you?”

“O, I’m quite exhausted, and chilled to death with cold.”

“How has this happened?”

“Why, I’ve danced all night.”

“And you are quite worn out; but I suppose you were the loveliest of all the fire-flies, and you excited the envy of all, no doubt.”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Well, you are very happy, of course.”

“On the contrary, I am very miserable.”

“Why?”

“I will tell you. For the first time, I was last night declared queen of the fire-flies. I was giddy with delight. I went sailing around, making my light flash in the eyes of all. But I soon saw, that though every one admired my beauty, yet every one secretly hated me. Before, all loved me. I was a favorite, for I made no pretensions; but now that I was declared to be the belle of the swamp, I became vain, and love was turned to hate; and so, you see, my only triumph has brought upon me disappointment and misery.”

Saying these words, the fire-fly gathered up her wings, and expired.

“Poor thing!” said the ant. “I’m sorry for you; but it is too late to repent. A life of mere pleasure is a life of folly, and usually ends thus. It is not only short, but the very pleasure that is expected is rarely gained; and even if it be, it speedily terminates in disappointment.

How much better to be content with a useful life, in which every day brings its tranquil happiness, always increased by considering that in doing good to ourselves, we are also doing good to others!”

J. That’s a sad story, mother, and I am glad it is not true.

M. The story is not true, yet there is truth to be learned from it. Many silly people are like the fire-fly, and imagine that happiness lies only in dress and display. After hearing this fable, they may perhaps remember, that the greatest pleasure is to be found in being useful.



Logan, the Mingo Chief.

THIS unfortunate chief, better known to the world by the eloquent and pathetic speech which he has left as a record of his misfortunes and sorrows, than by his exploits in war, refused for many years to take up arms against the whites. He was attached to them by the most friendly feelings, and exerted himself as a peace-maker. He lived on the northern frontier of Virginia, near

the banks of the Ohio River. In the year 1774, his friendship was requited with a series of such barbarous and wanton cruelties as rendered him at once a most vindictive enemy to the whole civilized race. The whites, excited by certain reports as to a contemplated attack on their settlement by the Indians, took measures to exterminate this unhappy race, wherever any of them could be

found. There was not the slightest indication of hostility on the part of the savages, except what could be gathered from these reports, and these turned out afterwards to be unfounded.

A canoe, containing a few unoffending Indians, was fired into, and its occupants were all killed or drowned. Some time after, another party were invited across a river, into the territory of the whites. Rum and other intoxicating liquors were given to them to drink, when they were all murdered, with the exception of one little girl. The Indians in the camp heard the firing, and sent off two canoes with armed warriors. The whites, who lay in ambush, received them with a deadly fire, killing the greater part. In these wanton massacres, the whole family of Logan perished. It will hardly excite wonder that the love of Logan for the pale-faced race was turned into hate, and that from that moment he breathed nothing but vengeance against the treacherous whites.

A general Indian war followed. Logan was the foremost in leading his countrymen to battle. On the 10th of October, 1774, a severe contest took place between the whites and the combined forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares. After an incessant fire of twelve hours, darkness put an end to the conflict. One hundred and fifty were killed and wounded on each side, and the next day the Indians retreated, and shortly after made proposals of peace. Logan was consulted, and a messenger sent to him to inquire whether the proposition met his approbation. On this occasion he delivered the speech to which he owes his

reputation. After giving vent to a copious flood of tears, he addressed the messenger in the following words:—

“I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of the white man!’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that this is the joy of *fear*. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!”

This affecting appeal will be remembered longer than any other existing specimen of Indian rhetoric. Every reader will be touched with its simple pathos and eloquence. Mr. Jefferson asserted that neither Greek, Roman, nor modern oratory has any passage that surpasses it. It is mournful to state that the great qualities of Logan were obscured, later in life, by intemperance. He fell by assassination, on a journey homeward from Detroit.

For Merry's Museum.

"Do as you would be done by."

"I NEVER will play with Charley Mason again, mother. He's a naughty boy, and I don't love him."

"What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were very good friends."

"Why, mother, he's got my new India-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me, and he says he will keep it all the time. But I say he shan't—shall he?"

And saying this, little Georgy Hammond burst into a sad fit of tears. His mother spoke gently to him, and said, "How came Charley to run away with your ball?"

"Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by-and-by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away. I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home."

"Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner: but, let me ask, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don't you think you should like to have played with it?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"And do you think Charley would have let you?"

"O, I guess he would, for he's a real nice boy, sometimes."

"Well, Georgy, do you remember what papa told Fanny yesterday—'to do, as she would be done by?' You would like very much to play with Charley's ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not

right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, and so did he. If you had let him play 'bounce' with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have been both wrong and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong, but you did wrong first."

"Well, mother, I dare say that is all true; but Charles has got my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little: he will give it to you, I dare say, this afternoon."

"But Charley did not do as he would be done by, mother, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think any thing about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did you not play with it?"

"Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into the big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again, and how long it was up there?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"No, I guess not; but he was very sorry and so was I; and I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some more paper, and sister Anne made him a real nice balloon, bigger than his first one was."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him? and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed;—and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave

him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be *just* too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall. Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said Georgy, as he ran into the hall to meet him; and the mother followed him.

"I've brought home your ball, Georgy," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back.

I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do so any more."

"And I am very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

Thus the two boys were soon reconciled; and George's mother was glad to see how well her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it. We have only to add, that if children would all do as they wish others to do to them, there would never be any snatching of one another's things, no harsh words, no angry feelings, among them.



For Merry's Museum.

The Lonely Grave.

"Where the long reeds quiver
Where the pines make moan
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.

"Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child." — *Hemans*.

THE quiet and secluded village of Rockdale is situated in one of the most romantic and picturesque counties of New Hampshire; and in this place

many of the happiest years of my childhood were spent, and the sweet memories of those early days have shed a charm over my whole existence, which time, change, and distance only deepen and endear. No scenery has the unfading beauty of those craggy hills and deep woods, where it was my delight to wander alone, and, with no companions but the birds and the squirrels, spend whole days in pure enjoyment of nature, pondering

over deep mysteries, which time has not yet unfolded.

The remote farm-houses where I was always a welcome guest, and the individuals who composed each family, are as vividly present to me now as if it were but yesterday. I was the pale-faced child, who bounded with light footsteps, and still lighter heart, to the homes where I was ever received with smiles and caresses, and departed with benedictions upon my orphan head. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies which he has so bountifully bestowed upon me. Not the least, indeed, is that which in childhood led me to such scenes as these, where kindness and love ever threw a gentle and holy radiance over all my paths, and makes that land still the dearest spot on earth to me. New Hampshire! Well might I say with the poet,—

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.”

The district school-house is a charmed place, around which memory loves to linger; and the gay companions, who there toiled up the steep path of knowledge, are bounding before me now. It was by the road-side, and surrounded by a large extent of pasture and meadow land, where rocks, brooks, woods, and hills were free to our range. A broad strip of land lay between the road and the adjoining fields, which were separated from it by a low stone wall. This, in summer, was a perfect hedge of brambles, hawthorns, roses, convolvulus, wild pea, and woodbine. All this ground had once been covered with forests, though

now but few of the ancient trees remained; but these were highly prized and cherished by the successive generations of children, who had played beneath their shade.

A gnarled and knotted oak, known as the “Old Acorn Tree,” was a great favorite; and the greensward under it was worn smooth by the tread of many little feet. An old yellow birch, with moss-covered trunk, hung its graceful branches over a clear brook, which tumbled merrily over its rocky bed, and washed the long-extended roots with its sparkling waters. The low, mossy mound, under the tree, was a retreat a poet might have chosen; and, lulled into charming contemplation by the harmony of nature around him, the “Old Birch” might have been immortalized in song; and I should not have been left, alone, to snatch a few withered leaves, to form into a coronet to crown its undying loveliness. The aged hemlock, now dead at the top, which stood a monarch of the forest full two hundred years ago, had even now

“All that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, reverence, and troops of friends.”

But the *hallowed* ground to us was not under either of our favorite trees. No; but by the side of a grassy knoll, overhung by a huge mass of granite, covered with the moss of ages, was a spot which possessed for us an absorbing and fearful interest, never destroyed and never waning. It was a little grave! A child of three summers had slept many years under that green sod. Here the sweet spring violets bloomed in luxuriant pro-

fusion, the wild roses shed their fragrant blossoms, and the wood strawberries hid themselves under their broad green leaves. But bud, blossom, and ripe berry were sacred from our touch. Often we sat upon the mossy rock, and watched the gentle robin redbreast, hopping over the grave, and pecking at the fruit *he* well might claim. We thought that the bird who had covered the Babes in the Wood with green leaves as a funeral pall, was entitled to peculiar privileges, and to be held in love and veneration by all children. Sometimes the little ground sparrow, which had built its nest and reared its young by the quiet grave, secure from danger and interruption, would claim with the robin a portion of the fruit, and drew largely upon our love.

Many long, sad, and earnest conversations did the school children have in this secluded spot, and the sounds of our merry voices were hushed to low whispers, as we spoke of the little dead child who was sleeping there. Our tears fell, as we talked of the poor mother, who watched over her dying child, and laid it away in the grave — when the now cheerful road-side was a wild wood, and there was no house or people within many miles of them.

The child who slept here was a nameless one to us. We wondered what its name could have been. Had it any sisters, and was it an angel now, watching us? And did it know how we loved the robins, and little birds who lived there with it?

Could the poor mother who had left her child here and gone far away to the distant west, — could she only know how little stranger girls loved her child, and watched

its grave, and would never step upon it, or disturb it, — and could she see the blue and white violets and roses which blossomed there, — would she not be happier?

The tale, as handed down to us from the past, was, that many years ago, when all this part of the country was a wilderness, and when houses were many miles apart, a family was travelling from Vermont to Ohio, and came by this road, which was then but a path through the wood. One of their children was taken very sick on the way, and they encamped at this place for a few days. The child died, and was buried on a slope, where there were but a few trees near it. When they arrived at the next house, they told the story of their misfortune and grief, and the mother was promised, that the grave of her child should be cared for, and never be disturbed, while they lived in the neighborhood; and that, should she come there years after, she should still be able to find the sacred spot. The emigrants pursued their long wanderings, and the kind farmer, true to his promise, went with his boys every year to the wood, and smoothed the grave, and kept it from injury. As the country became settled and the road improved, still the promise was kept; for though the good man was dead, and his family had left the country, still that grave had a claim upon the sympathy of all who dwelt in the vicinity. Each year, when the highways were improved even down to our time, fresh sods were placed upon it when needed, and the ground around it kept undisturbed.

And now, though my childhood has long since passed, yet I doubt not that

the little grave is still green and beautiful, and the violets bloom with as sweet profusion as when in childhood I watched beside it. Should the happiness be allowed me again to visit the scenes of my early home, and again to wander over those once familiar paths, I trust to find that the robin and the sparrow still have there a secure retreat, and that the roses

still shower their fragrant blossoms around.

The loved companions, who with me were grouped around that sacred spot, have many of them lain down to rest, and are now gathered in the home of our Savior, who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

ANNIE ARMSTRONG.



Wonderful Trees, No. 2. — The Aloe.

HAVING, in our last number, given an account of the *baobab-tree*, we propose, in the present one, to give some description of the *aloe*; and

in subsequent numbers, to add descriptions of curious and interesting trees in various parts of the world.

Botanical writers enumerate twenty-

three species of the aloe. The greater part of them are mere objects of curiosity; but among them are species of much value. The most famous is that which grows in India. It rises in height from eight to ten feet. At the foot there is a large bundle of leaves, thick and indented, narrowing towards the point, and about four feet in length. The blossom is red, intermingled with yellow. The fruit is like a large pea, white and red. The juice of the leaves is held in high estimation as a drug, and is obtained in various ways. The leaves are sometimes cut off at their base, and placed in iron vessels to drain until they have discharged all their juice; in other places, they are cut into slices and boiled for ten minutes; after which, the water in which they have been boiled is evaporated. Occasionally, pressure is resorted to for the purpose of obtaining the greatest quantity of juice.

The medicinal qualities of this product are well known, being considered a sovereign cordial against fainting fits and other nervous disorders. The juice is also used as a varnish, to preserve wood from the attacks of destructive insects; and skins, and even living animals, are sometimes smeared with it for the same purpose. Another use to which it was applied in Eastern countries was that of embalming, to preserve dead bodies from putrefaction, and as a preservative to ships' bottoms against the attacks of marine worms. Among the Mahometans, and particularly in Egypt, the aloe is a kind of symbolic plant. It is dedicated to the offices of religion; and pilgrims, on their return from Mecca, sus-

pend it over their doors, to show that they have performed the holy journey.

Some of the larger kinds of aloes are of great importance to the inhabitants of the countries in which they grow. Beset as the leaves are with strong spines, they form an impenetrable fence. The negroes of the western coast of Africa make ropes, and weave nets of the fibrous parts of these leaves. The Hottentots hollow out the stems of one of the kinds into quivers for their arrows. In Jamaica, there is a species of aloe which supplies the inhabitants with bow-strings, fishing-lines, and material from which they are able to weave stockings and hammocks. An aloe which grows in Mexico is applied by the inhabitants to almost every purpose of life. It serves to make hedges for enclosures; its trunk supplies beams for the roofs of houses, and its leaves are used instead of tiles. From this plant they make their thread, needles, and various articles of clothing and cordage; whilst from its juices they manufacture wine, sugar, and vinegar. Some part of it they eat, and others they apply to medicinal purposes.

The wood itself is sometimes used as a perfume. In 1686, the Siamese ambassadors to the court of France brought a present of it from their sovereign, and were the first in Europe who communicated a true account of the tree. The trunk of a species which is produced in India is of three colors, and contains three sorts of wood. The heart, or finest part, is used to perfume dresses and apartments. It is very precious, and is considered more valuable than its weight in gold. It is supposed that it

was the wood of this tree that Moses cast into the waters of Marah, by which they were made sweet.

The Fairy Mignonne.

[Concluded from page 76.]

WILHELM was overcome with joy, for he well knew that no one could love more, if as much, as he did.

"What must I do, Madam fairy?" cried he. "What must I do?"

"In the first place, you must obey me in every thing, however odd and absurd my orders may appear."

"That I will, and willingly too," cried the impatient youth.

"Ah, very well; I am content with your promise."

"Which, dear Mignonne, be assured I will keep. Tell me what to do, and you shall judge for yourself."

"Well, then, you must wait for me here."

"Why! are you going to leave me already?"

"Yes. Before I determine any thing, I must consult the king of the genies; and I am now going to visit him."

"Is it very far?"

"O, yes! To the centre of the sun."

"Dear me! Should I live the life of man ten times over, I should never see you return."

"Silly boy! Do you think fairies travel as mortals do?"

"No, I think not; as we could never reach the sun, even if we spent a lifetime in endeavoring to do it. But there

are millions of miles between us and there. O, stay with me, I beg of you, my kind protectress."

"Impossible! I can do nothing without the permission of the genie king."

"Then all is finished. You will return to find Ioula married, and Wilhelm dead from grief."

"Compose yourself, my child. We beings of the mist are not obliged to fly with butterflies' wings, but we travel on roads of light. You have of course heard of this wonderful invention. No! Well, then, I will endeavor to explain it to you. Here, do you see these brilliant lines which cut the air like golden thread, and seem to unite in one ball of fire in your eye? Well, those are called *rails*. Upon these rails move little cars, which look to your mortal eyes like grains of dust. One of these, which draws the rest, is called the *locomotive*. It requires a wiser person than I am to explain to you its wonderful power; and I will frankly acknowledge that I myself have understood but little of it. I only know that its speed exceeds that of the thoughts of genies."

"O!" cried the astonished Wilhelm, "is there no danger in this manner of travelling?"

"Yes, a little; but the authorities place along the road, from time to time, guards, to see that no accident happens. But with us, as with you, the police occupy themselves more with proving the occurrence of accidents than of preventing them."

"No matter," said Wilhelm with enthusiasm; "it is a glorious invention."

"Ah," said Mignonne, shaking her

head, "there are various opinions as to that. It has given rise to intrigues, base acts, and shy dealings. And then, besides, many people have been ruined. The expenses were immense. It was necessary to excavate tunnels through certain planets, and to throw viaducts between others; to span the Milky Way, and to bridge the back of the Great Bear; and besides, think of the number of stations to establish! Then they were obliged to make a hole in the moon, in order to build an Exchange there. It is since this wonderful occurrence, that so many falling stars have been seen!"

"But," cried Mignonne, stopping suddenly, "here comes the express train."

"Where?" asked Wilhelm.

"There — that golden ray at our feet. Look!" The fairy held one of her earrings towards the sun, and the ray struck the diamond directly. A voice cried, "Remember your promise." And Mignonne was out of sight.

* * * * *

"So be it," cried Wilhelm. "We will fight." Why, he did not know; but the jealous Hermann had been tormenting him for an hour, and provoking him to a duel. He opened his mouth again to say, "Instantly," in answer to Hermann's peremptory "When?" when a voice cried in his ear, "Say in three days; for you have to go a journey."

"In three days," replied Wilhelm, obediently. The fairy had already returned.

"The dear child!" sneered Hermann. "He wishes time to reflect. Very well, in three days, at this hour, and on this same spot." And he went away with a very

martial air. Wilhelm remained alone with his fairy friend.

"Well, I have been expeditious. I returned by the train upon the last ray of the setting sun. I saw the king of the genies. No matter what he said. You must depart instantly. You must go into the kingdom of the Queen of Moles, under ground, and ask for the most brilliant jewel in her dominions."

"I will go," resolutely cried the young man, after a moment's hesitation. "I will go."

"Well, wait. I must give you a letter of introduction, as you do not speak the mole language. But as you are a sworn enemy to moles, by profession, beware of allowing yourself to be recognized. Moles are revengeful. Do not speak, for they remember your voice, and my letter will explain all. Here it is. Take it, and go without fear. You will not be obliged to bring the jewel. To take the letter is your only duty. You will need light, so I will provide you with one." And Mignonne placed a brilliant dew-drop upon Wilhelm's head. "Now you are equipped. Find one of those mole-hills you know so well, and place your left foot upon the hole; then, raising the letter over your head, trace a circle seven times round the hill, crying, 'In the name of the king of the genies.'"

"Good-by," sighed Wilhelm. "O!" cried he, from the depth of his heart, "I verily believe I shall soon love you as well as I do Ioula."

"You do well to say those things," said the gratified Mignonne; "for all women are coquettes, fairies as well as simple mortals. A gallant speech always

gives us pleasure. Remain faithful to your mistress, as Mr. Crocus does to his."

"Who is Mr. Crocus?" asked Wilhelm timidly.

"An old genie, whom I wish to prejudice in your favor, by obtaining for him a portrait of his former lady-love—La Fornarina. It is to be taken from a brook in which she looked. The method is called *aquatype*." With these words, the fairy disappeared.

Wilhelm followed her instructions, and at the words, "In the name of the king of the genies!" he was several feet below the surface of the earth. Some hours after, he arrived at his place of destination. His letter served him as a passport, and the presentation of it procured him a guide through the labyrinths of the queen's palace. He traversed many superb galleries full of elegantly dressed moles, who bowed to him in the most respectful manner. Finally, he placed his foot upon the sill of an apartment more gorgeous than all the preceding. That might well be the case, for he was now in the throne room!

The queen was reclining under an awning of silver, and her royal husband was seated at her feet. Wilhelm remarked that they had but two eyes between them. But he soon recollected the saying, "In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed are kings." The queen took from the paws of her ambassador, Mignonne's missive, which she read with a smile, and then whispered to the grand treasurer, who immediately left the room.

The king held out his hand towards the letter which his queen still held; but the

latter put it in her pocket, with a look that said,—

"This is my affair; not yours, Sir King."

Some minutes passed, and then, all of a sudden, an intensely brilliant light filled the throne room, as if by magic. The grand treasurer had just returned, and behind him, four servant moles bore upon a silken cushion the jewel demanded by Mignonne. It was the brilliancy of these wonderful diamonds which had so illuminated the palace. There were seven of them, surrounded by a ring of gold; and they were so resplendent, that Wilhelm, dazzled and astonished, thought at first that the sun had fallen into the mole kingdom.

"Wonderful!" cried he, involuntarily.

Another cry was heard at the same moment. Wilhelm looked about for the cause. Alas! it was the minister of police, whose delicate ear knew that familiar voice. Wilhelm was recognized!

The queen sprang from her throne, and the king from his seat at her feet. A thousand cries replied to those of the minister. All menaced Wilhelm with their teeth, and their sharp nails protruded from their velvet cases.

What a transformation! One word had changed all these polite courtiers into a pack of hounds, ready to seize their prey. Wilhelm would not fly, until, seeing that the minister was turning his back upon him, he had revenged himself by instantly killing him by a powerful kick. He then hurried to the door of the palace.

Orders had without doubt been already given to prevent his escape; for a triple

row of infantry guarded every outlet. Wilhelm had, however, his poniard, of which he made such good use, that with two or three well-aimed blows, he cut a passage through the crowd, and fled from the palace. He had still the citizens and police officers to contend with, who, from their windows, sent down upon his head a perfect hail of sticks and stones. But he laid about him so bravely, and returned their compliments with such good will, that he began to feel comparatively safe. He had not, however, thought of all the provincials and moles of the environs, that had been summoned by telegraph to protect their queen. The roads were full, and at every step he crushed great numbers. He received plenty of bites and scratches, which, however, did not keep him from running at full speed.

His guide having now left him, and not knowing the road, he thought that perhaps he was only descending deeper into the bowels of the earth. His doubt was frightful. He felt the cold and velvety bodies of the moles climbing upon him, and it was in vain that he plied his weapon right and left, before and behind. The creatures clung to him with more pertinacity than ever.

Thus things continued for some time, until one mole, bolder than the rest, climbed on to Wilhelm's head, and with one tap of his paw, annihilated his only guide, the brilliant dewdrop. Wilhelm could now distinguish nothing but myriads of sparkling eyes; but the moles could see all the better. He still continued his frantic course; but his strength was rapidly failing. He had only the power

to clasp his hands tightly round his neck, to prevent the detestable creatures from mounting higher.

Suddenly, he felt something wet fall upon his head. He opened his eyes, as if for the last time, crying, "All is over with me." At that moment, a refreshing rain from heaven fell upon him, and he was raised through the earth as if by a miracle.

"Hurrah!" cried a welcome little voice. "Hurrah, my boy! you are a brave one!"

Great was Wilhelm's joy to see the fairy Mignonne, seated under a mushroom, which served as an umbrella.

"Ah," cried Wilhelm, "the precious jewel! By my imprudence, I have lost it."

"Look to your left," said Mignonne.

The earth at the place indicated was rising like boiling milk. Wilhelm ran, and plunging his hands into the moving earth, drew out the magnificent ring. Never was uttered a more grateful or joyous cry than issued from Wilhelm's lips.

"You see," said Mignonne, "that, with courage and perseverance, one is sure to succeed. But pray let me arrange your toilet a little. You are covered with blood, and your clothes are much soiled." So saying, she touched Wilhelm with her magic wand, and he saw, with wonder, that he was as neat and well dressed as before his journey to the mole kingdom.

"Now what must I do with this precious jewel?" asked Wilhelm. "It is for Ioula—is it not?"

"No. Do not be astonished at what I

say ; but you must sell it to Hermann ! ”

“ To Hermann ! What, have I undergone so much fatigue and suffering to seek for a jewel for Hermann ? ”

“ Ah, ha ! You are becoming ambitious and jealous ! It must, however, be done, and I shall now leave you. Remember your promise, and obey me in all things. ”

“ I will do my best, ” sighed Wilhelm, but I regret that I must so soon part with the jewel ; and still more that you must leave me. ”

“ Child ! ” laughed Mignonne, “ do not be disturbed. Hark ! I hear Hermann : Adieu ! Do not be vexed at my leaving you, for I go to watch over your interests. ”

“ Wilhelm, ” said Hermann, approaching, and eyeing the ring the former held admiringly in his hand, “ I am certain to kill you ; but I will give you your life in exchange for those brilliant gems. ”

“ They are worth more than my life, ” cried Wilhelm.

“ It’s enough for them, ” growled Hermann. “ However, I will be generous, and give you, in addition, a quarter of the field my father left me. ” Wilhelm shook his head.

“ Well, for the last time, I offer you half. ” “ No ! ” said Wilhelm. While speaking, the excited Hermann rolled his eyes, and turned up his sleeves, in preparation for the combat.

“ No ! again and forever ! ” cried Wilhelm, without moving an inch.

Then the formidable fist of his adversary rose, ready to fall upon his head.

“ Stop there ! ” cried a cracked little voice at Hermann’s side. It proceeded

from a little man who had come there nobody knew how.

“ Are you not ashamed ? ” said the old man, wiping his face on the back of his trembling hand. “ The jewel is worth fifty times all you can offer. Look at these splendid diamonds. ” And the old man took the ring, and passed it rapidly before Hermann’s dazzled eyes. “ Come, ” cried he, “ three quarters of my field. ”

Wilhelm refused. “ The whole then, ” cried the buyer, who was beside himself. This offer was accepted. Wilhelm now heard a little voice murmuring in his ear, and he held the stone to his rival, who sprung towards it like a famished tiger.

Hermann ran rapidly by Ioula’s cottage, without paying the least attention to her, as she stood at the door, calling him. He was so absorbed with his purchase, that he had no time to bestow upon any thing else. That evening, Ioula watched for him in the rain, but he came not ; and as she looked round her little room on retiring to rest, her eyes fell sadly upon the tulip, whose slender stem already bore leaves.

Meantime, the little old man said to Wilhelm, —

“ Well, my son ; you have just made a most miserable bargain. ”

“ No matter, ” sighed Wilhelm ; “ she wished it. ”

“ Thanks, ” cried the old man. At this well-known voice, the fairy Mignonne stood confessed.

“ O, ” said Wilhelm, “ look at this rocky, uncultivated field. Why, there is not grass enough, in the whole length of it, for one rabbit. What *shall* I do with it ? ” said he, in a sad voice.

"Why," laughed Mignonne, "only do as all other laborers do. That is to say, take away the stones, till the land, manure it, then sow seed, and pray God that the harvest may be good."

"The only thing I can do is to pray," sighed Wilhelm, "as I have neither the horse to work, nor the seed to sow. Where then are the oxen, and where the plough? No! no! fairy of my heart; it is impossible."

"Come, come," cried Mignonne, impatiently, "you despair unnecessarily. A horse—a plough! Pooh! Reach me a branch of hawthorn. There—let me touch it with my wand. One, two, three—there, you have horse and plough. Now touch that stone with the branch."

Wilhelm followed her command, and the stone instantly disappeared.

"O, thanks! thanks," cried the wonderstruck young man. "To-morrow I shall begin my work."

"You must begin to-night," replied his protectress. "And here comes your faithful dewdrop, to enable you to see what you are about. Work steadily. Adieu!"

"Do you leave me so soon?"

"Yes. But I will return to-morrow. I am going to Ioula's chamber, to have a conversation with Petiote, and to give the genie Grognon the aquatypé of his dear Fornarina. Till to-morrow, good-by."

"Good-by, madame," respectfully replied Wilhelm; and to work he went.

The stones immediately disappeared when touched by his wand. He neither saw them fly away, nor sink into the earth. They left no more trace behind them than does smoke. Wilhelm

worked all that night and the next day, without ceasing; even while he ate, he worked with one hand, and held his food with the other. At evening, when he seated himself for the first time, his herculean task was accomplished.

"Bravo!" sang the welcome voice of Mignonne in his ear. "You must be very tired, poor boy; but nevertheless, you must begin your work again, instantly."

"How so?" murmured Wilhelm, half frightened at the thought.

"Now that there are no more stones, you must till the ground. Give me your branch. One, two, three! There, take your oxen and plough, and set to work. You have only to drag it gently over the surface, and it will plough and manure the ground at the same time. The branch will retain this power for twenty-four hours only. So begin, Wilhelm, my brave boy." Upon this, placing his magic branch upon the ground, Wilhelm started off, leaving the furrow behind him prepared and levelled for sowing.

That evening, he ceased from his labors upon the same spot as on the night before, worn out with toil, aching as if every limb were broken. But the field was no longer recognizable; it seemed a sea of brown and motionless waves.

"Bravo!" again said Mignonne. "Bravo, Wilhelm! What you have just done is more the result of labor and application than magic. My wand would be useless in the hands of one who had not the courage to work day and night, as you do. But do not despair, for you must begin again. Get up and sow your field. One more effort, and the end is

attained. Twenty-four hours more, and the day is yours. Think of *Ioulette*."

"Where is the grain?" sighed Wilhelm, aiding himself to rise with his two stiffened hands. "In your hat," cried Mignonne, joyfully. "One, two, three! I have given it the power of increasing for a day and night. To work, my friend! to work!"

After painful efforts, poor Wilhelm raised his limbs from the earth, and dragged himself along with great difficulty, encouraging his toilsome work by murmuring, "*Ioulette*." He scattered the seed, stumbling, and half distracted, over the field, till, at last, he fell fainting on the ground, and his last cry was, "*Ioula! Ioula!*"

He thought himself dying; but it was merely sleep that had overcome him. He remained in profound slumber for many long hours; but when he awoke, O, wonder of wonders! he found himself in the village church, with *Ioula's* hand in his! He was not dreaming, for Mignonne, *Petiotte*, and *Grognon*, as well as all the villagers, were present. *Petiotte* had been told by Mignonne of *Hermann's* behavior to Wilhelm, and of his gross selfishness, and wondering at her former fondness for *Hermann*, she left the tulip forever. *Grognon* hugged his portrait of *Fornarina*, and looked the picture of happiness. The three were laughing at the moon-struck air of the bridegroom.

"Put faith in your happiness. *Ioula* loves you; and here comes *Hermann*, poorer than ever," cried Mignonne, in Wilhelm's ear. And sure enough, there he was at the church door, dressed in

rag. He had gambled away his diamonds, and he had not now even his stony field left.

"Labor continually, and love forever," sighed Mignonne, sadly, in Wilhelm's ear. "I must now leave you, my children. Adieu, dear friends." And the fairy Mignonne disappeared forever, never to return.

Wilhelm was ever afterwards so perfectly happy with his adored *Ioula*, that he often wished days were years. He frequently repeated his story to his children, and always ended by saying, "Patience and perseverance will remove mountains!"

Wonders of Chemistry.

AQUAFORTIS and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and the spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combinations in burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than any thing in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen the stomach, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to consist of the same materials.

A LINGUIST.—"I say, Bob, you've been to Canton, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Y-e-s, a little; that is, I speak *broken china*."

Cat and Kittens.

AUNT MARY'S cat three snowy kittens had, —
Playful, and fat, and gay; and she would
sport,

And let them climb upon her back, and spread
Her paws to fondle them; and when she saw
Her mistress come that way, would proudly
show

Her darlings, purring with intense delight. —
But one was missing; and Grimalkin ran
Distracted, searching, with a mother's haste,
Parlor and garret, sofa, box, and bed,
Calling her baby with a mournful cry,
And questioning each creature that she met,
In her cat language, eloquently shrill.

And then she left the house. — Two hours
passed by,

When, dragging her lost treasure by the neck,
She joyous laid it with its sister train,
Who mewed their welcome, and with raptured
zeal

Washed and rewash'd its velvet face and
paws. —

It had been trusted to a lady's care,
By my aunt Mary, out of pure good will
To Pussy, fearing she might be fatigued
By too much care and nursing. But she
sought

From house to house, among the neighbors all,
Until she found it, and restored again
To her heart's jewels.

One full month she fed
And nurtured it. Then in her mouth she
took

The same young kitten, and conveyed it back
To the same house, and laid it in the lap
Of the same good old lady, as she sat
Knitting upon the sofa. Much surprised,
She raised her spectacles to view the cat,
Who, with a most insinuating tone,
Fawning and rubbing round her slippered foot,
Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true —

Aunt Mary told me so. — Did Pussy think
Her child too young for service? And when
grown

To greater vigor, did she mean to show

Full approbation of her mistress' choice,
By passing many a nearer house to find
The lady that its first indentures held? —
This looks like *reason*, and they say that
brutes

Are only led by *instinct*. Yet 'tis hard,
Often, to draw the line where one begins,
And where the other ceases.

But I know

That kindness to domestic animals
Improves their nature; and 'tis very wrong
To take away their comforts, and be cross
And cruel to them. The kind-hearted child
Who makes them humble friends, will surely
find

A pleasure in such goodness, and obey
The Book of Wisdom, in its law of love.

L. H. S.

A Favored Tenant.

THE lady of a Yorkshire baronet solicit-
ed her lord for a dairy farm, with
which to employ and amuse her lei-
sure hours. Her request was granted,
and being an intelligent and industrious
farmer, her ladyship thrived mightily,
realizing a handsome profit by her eggs,
her butter, and her poultry. "I am sure,
Sir —," said she one day to her indul-
gent spouse, "I don't know why tenants
grumble as they do; I find farming very
profitable." "Yes, my dear," he replied,
taking her playfully by the ear; "but
you pay me no rent." "Ah!" rejoined
Lady —, after a pause, "I'd forgot
the rent."

BENEFICENCE. — Mark Antony, when
depressed and at the ebb of fortune, cried
out, "I have lost all, except what I have
given away."



The President of the United States.

As the president has been travelling about, and many thousands of people have seen him, we must give a sketch of his life.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange county, Virginia, November 24, 1784. The next year, his father removed to a place five miles from Louisville, in Kentucky; and here Zachary passed his childhood. There were no schools in this quarter, and he had no regular education; but he made up for this in after years.

Young Taylor was brought up on the farm, and acquired that love of country life and agricultural pursuits which now forms part of his character. But living in a wild region, where there were plenty of bears, bisons, and Indians, he naturally became fond of daring enterprise; and thus his attention was turned to the profession of arms. Accordingly, in 1808, he joined the army, receiving a commission as lieutenant. He was first stationed at New Orleans; but in 1811, he was in the famous battle of Tippecanoe, under General Harrison. His courage and good conduct on this occasion gained him great credit, and he was soon after made a captain.

From this point, he rose by successive stages to be a major-general in the United States army. On various occasions, he displayed superior talents, and was at last regarded as one of the best officers in the army. In March, 1845, he was sent into Texas, and soon after, the war with Mexico began. We need not tell the story of this, for it is fresh in the memory of

our readers. General Taylor performed the most remarkable military achievements, and is now regarded as one of the ablest generals of the age.

This is saying a great deal; but all my young readers will take more pleasure in knowing that he is a kind-hearted, good old man, than that he is a famous soldier. It is certainly a great thing, when our country is at war, to have a leader that can defend its honor. It is a great thing, when our friends and brothers must go to battle, to have a commander in whom they may place entire confidence. But I, Robert Merry, with my wooden leg, and my young friends, Susan, Jane, Lucy, John, Thomas, Harry, and the rest, take far more delight in reading about Old Zack's kindness to the poor wounded soldiers, than about his fighting. Peace is better than war, and every body will be glad to know that the president is of this opinion. He loves a great deal better to be upon his farm, raising corn and cotton, than to be in Mexico slaughtering the people. It is very well to have a president who can defend the country in war, if war must come, but who still prefers the blessings of peace.

General Taylor became president of the United States on the 4th of March last. He set out in August to make a tour through the Northern States. Wherever he went, the people crowded to see him, and I believe every body was pleased with his simple appearance and amiable manners. The boys and girls were especially delighted, and General Taylor seemed very fond of them. On one occasion, as he was riding along in the crowd, being in a carriage with other

persons, the boys called out, "Stand up, Old Zack, so that we can see which is you!" The president stood up, accordingly, and the young fellows gave him three hearty cheers. I am sorry to say that he was taken sick, and obliged to return. But it is probable that he will take some other opportunity to go and shake hands with the people of the Northern and Eastern States. The president lives in the fine building at Washington called the *White House*. If any of our young friends ever go there, they may be sure of a kind reception. They will find the general to be a plain old gentleman, as simple and kind in his manners, as if he were a country farmer. Though he be a great man, and a ruler over twenty millions of people, he shows no pride or haughtiness. There is nothing about him, even though he did beat Santa Anna and his twenty thousand Mexicans, to excite fear. You can sit down and talk with him with just as much ease of mind as you could with your old friends and humble servants, PETER PARLEY and ROBERT MERRY.

Anecdote of Handel.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments; and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night

when the late prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note, lower than the organ. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

Power of Music.

A RECENT traveller in Turkey describes the Bulgarian shepherds as guiding their flocks by means of a rude sort of double flageolet, the notes of which are immediately understood and obeyed by the innocent animals.

PRIDE.—Of all human passions, pride most seldom obtains its end; for, aiming at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.



The Hoopoe.

THIS bird is common in Europe and Asia, but is not found in America.

It is at the same time one of the most beautiful and one of the most filthy creatures in the world—a proof that things lovely to the eye are sometimes very unlovely in their character. It is a fact that some very handsome boys and girls are given to very naughty ways. I know a little girl—I shall not tell her name—who has fine black eyes, very red cheeks, and dark curly hair; yet, alas! she tells fibs! Isn't that bad—very bad indeed?

And I know a little boy, who is a very handsome boy, and he is very finely dressed, and he has a pretty mouth and white teeth; but with that very mouth, he says many very naughty words. Now, if either this little girl or this little boy should ever see this story of the hoopoe,

I pray them to remember what I say—that a very beautiful thing to the eye may be very disagreeable in its ways.

The hoopoe is about twelve inches long, and weighs twelve ounces. It has a long bill, curved downwards. The neck is a reddish brown; the belly white; the back, and wings, and tail, are crossed with black and white. On the top of its head, it has a crest of tall feathers, which it can put up and down at pleasure.

Altogether this bird might pass as a beau or dandy, among its feathered neighbors. But, in spite of its fine dress, it prowls about heaps of filth and manure, and feeds upon maggots and other insects! It loves to poke over putrid carcasses, and chooses for its abode the most offensive situations. So low are its habits, that the people, in many places, call it the *dung-bird*.

Billy Bump's Voyage to California.

[Continued from p. 86.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother at Sundown.

Brig Fire-Fly, Aug. —, 1848.

IY DEAR MOTHER: I have now been two months at sea, and for the first time sit down to write. I have intended to keep a kind of journal, putting down, day by day, every thing that I saw which seemed interesting. But up to this time, I have failed to put my plan in execution. For the first ten days I was seasick, and quite helpless. O, what a shocking feeling it is! I really wished myself overboard. And one thing is very odd — every body seemed to think it funny. The captain and mate laughed at me, though my head felt as if it would burst, and my stomach seemed as if there were live frogs in it, all trying to jump out of my mouth at once. Bah! it makes me cringe to think of it!

But I am better now, and like sea-life very well. At first, I could not walk about; or, if I did, I tottered from one side to the other, and often got a severe bang. It made me think of a verse in your old Psalm-Book —

“What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!”

When I came on board the Fire-Fly, she looked so big, I thought she must be quite steady and safe; but after we got out to sea, and the wind began to blow, she tumbled, and walloped, and kicked, and jerked, and pitched, and rolled, and flirted, and hopped, and skipped, and jumped, like mad. It was the oddest

thing I ever met with; for she seemed to do all these things at once. She went up, and down, and sideways, and backwards, and forwards, all in the same breath; and such was my state of body and mind, that I felt every twist and turn of the ship in my head and bowels.

However, it is all over now. I'm very hearty, and eat raw pork with a good appetite. We have no milk or cream, and in place of them, use butter in our coffee and tea. I like the brig very much. She is a fine sailer, and it is curious and wonderful to see her glide along, as if she were alive, and knew exactly what to do. The sea in a storm is a strange, wild thing — beautiful, yet terrible. It seems to me like God in anger. Think of the sky filled with fleecy clouds — flying by like demons; the sea, black as ink, rolling in heavy billows, their tops white and frothy, and spinning into the air in wreathy spray. Think of all this, while a hollow roar fills your ears, as if all earth and ocean were in some dreadful agony — and you have a faint idea of a storm at sea. And think of yourself in a vessel that now seems a feather, tossed hither and thither by the frantic waves: think of yourself apart from all human help — the sea, the sea only around you — and between you and its fathomless depths but a single plank! It is, indeed, fearful; and nothing but the idea that a kind Father above watches over his children, even upon the lonely deep, can give peace to the mind, at such a time and under such circumstances.

Nothing very remarkable has happened to us. We have met two or three vessels, and spoke one of them. She was

coming from China, and had been four months at sea. As we passed near the West Indies, we saw one of the islands at a distance. I frequently see flocks of flying fish skimming over the water; and have noticed many strange and curious birds. We staid two days at Rio Janeiro, to get water and take in provisions. This is the capital of Brazil, and is larger than Boston; but it is a very different place. A portion of it is well built, and some of the public buildings are handsome, but many of the streets are poor, mean, and filthy. More than two thirds of the inhabitants are negroes and mulattoes. Merchants from various countries — France, Germany, England, Spain, Portugal, Holland, the United States, &c. — are to be seen in the market places. I often saw vultures, as big as turkeys, walking in the streets, or sitting on the roofs and chimneys of the houses. They seemed quite as much at home as the people. Nobody disturbed them, unless they came too close; for they pick up the filth, and save the lazy inhabitants a great deal of trouble. Yet they are horrid looking things, and smell worse than any thing I like to mention. They are great gluttons, and often eat so much that they cannot fly. One of our sailors thought he would have a bit of fun: so he caught one. Well, he got well paid for it; for the creature vomited all his abominable breakfast right into the fellow's lap. How he did scamper! and how the other sailors laughed at him! He had a strong odor about him for a week, and now he goes by the name of *Eau de Cologne!*

We are now near Cape Horn. Though

it is August and midsummer with you, it is winter here. The sky is constantly filled with clouds, and light snows frequently fall upon us. The air is dim with the frosty vapor. At the same time, the wind is heavy, and the sea is terribly rough. The captain says this is one of the stormiest places in the world.

September —, 1848.

I am happy to say, that we have got safely round the cape. It was tedious business. The captain and crew were worn out with hard work, care, and watching. We were about a month in passing this point of our voyage. We have seen no land for five weeks, and though we have been almost constantly beset by dark, cloudy weather, the captain seems to know exactly where we are. What a wonderful thing it is, that, without a path to guide us, we are able, by the help of a compass and a few figures, to traverse the mighty waste of waters — a desert without a rock, or tree, or landmark to point the way!

If I could see you, dear mother, I should tell you of many things — how, one terrible night, we lost our mainsail, and had our rudder carried away; how, one of the hands was washed overboard, and saved himself by holding on to a rope; how an albatross — a bird twice as big as a goose — fell upon our deck during a storm; and how strange and beautiful the stars are, in this far-off region — during fair weather. But these, amid many other things, I shall leave till I meet you — which I hope to do — though, when I remember that I am ten thousand miles from you, my heart sinks and I feel

as though such a happiness was impossible.

* * * * *

We are still ploughing the deep, and making our way to the north. We stopped ten days at Valparaiso, which is a considerable town on the western coast of South America. I there saw several Americans, and among them a boy from Boston, named John Sikes, who had been to the same school with me. He is clerk in a store here. I never liked him in Boston, nor do I think he liked me; but the moment we met, we rushed into each other's arms, as if we had been brothers. I was never so glad to see any body in my life.

A few days ago, we passed near the Island of Juan Fernandez, which is the spot in which Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have lived. What a pity it is that the story of Robinson Crusoe is only a fancy tale! It really made me feel sad, when I was first told no such person ever lived. I supposed Robinson Crusoe to be as much a real character as Peter Parley or Robert Merry. And by the way,—speaking of these two celebrated personages,—were it not that I have read their books and seen their pictures, I should almost think that they were only imaginary characters. I have, in Boston, seen Daniel Webster, who makes such famous speeches; and Mr. Longfellow, who writes such beautiful poetry; and Mr. Fields, who makes such lots of nice books; and Mr. Kimball, who keeps the Museum; and Mr. Simmons, of Oak Hall; and Mrs. Nichols, who makes the best ice creams in the world;—but I am not exactly sure that I ever saw either Peter Parley or

Robert Merry. Is it not strange that every body seems to know these two persons, and yet I never got a fair sight at either of them, nor found any body who had? What a pity it would be, if these like Robinson Crusoe, should, after all, turn out to be mere beings of the imagination! Yet this cannot be; for I have actually got some of their books!

Panama, October —, 1848.

I am now writing from the town of Panama, on the western shore of the Isthmus of Darien. It is situated on a fine bay, and is as large as Salem or Providence. Steamboats ply between this place and Valparaiso. I found here several Americans, and some whom I had seen. I take leave of the brig Fire-Fly here, as she is bound to San Francisco, while I am going to San Gabriel. I expect to sail for that place in two days, in the schooner Beato. She is a Chilian vessel, and all on board speak Spanish. I expect a horrid dull time. However, I keep of good heart. I had a letter to Mr. Rice, a merchant here, who has been very kind to me. He has often heard of Señor Naldi, but not of late years. He is going to give me letters to a Spanish house at San Gabriel, which, he says, will aid me very much. I shall send this letter by an American, who is going to New York, across the isthmus. It will go to aunt, at Boston, and will be sent from there to you, at Sundown.

And now, dear mother, give my kindest love to father, and every body, and believe me truly yours,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Letter from Lucy Bump to her Aunt.

Boston, March, 1849.

MY DEAR AUNT: In December last, we sent a letter to you, from William, giving an account of his voyage as far as Panama; and since that time, we have had no letter from him; yet I must not conceal from you that we have had tidings of him which give us great anxiety. He sailed in a small schooner named the Beato, for Panama, in October. She was bound for San Gabriel, with twenty passengers. We learn by the papers, that the vessel had a long passage, and got short of water. Three of the passengers, one of whom was William, went ashore in a boat to get some; but the country was uninhabited, and the boat was upset just as she came to land. The vessel had no other boat, and as the weather was rough, she could not take the men in again. Accordingly, she went on her voyage, leaving them there. She arrived at San Gabriel, and after three weeks, nothing had been heard of them.

Of course we hope for the best. We learn that William and his companions were left at the coast, four hundred miles from San Gabriel, without a cent of money, and with no other clothes than those they had on. The coast, for the whole distance, is nearly a wilderness, and in some parts it is mountainous. Our hope is, that the poor fellows may be taken up by some vessel. If not, we trust to William's courage, energy, and talent, for deliverance. My mother is greatly depressed, but I have a hope, a faith, I may say a confidence, that William will be saved. It is too dreadful to think of his perishing in the wilderness,

away from home and friends. It seems impossible, that one so bright, so full of thought, and feeling, and talent, should be cut down in the very morning of life. But this suspense is dreadful. I think of poor William at every hour of the day and the night. O! may Heaven watch over him. Ah! why did we permit him to go! It seems to me like madness even—like cruel, unfeeling selfishness—to permit him to undertake such an enterprise, just for our benefit. But I must not write thus. Your own sorrow will be sufficient, without mine. I shall write soon again; and in the mean time, our prayers for the safety of William will not cease. From your affectionate niece,

LUCY BUMP.

A Scene in Boston.

A HALF score or more of Irish women have lately taken stands at the Park Street corner of the mall, where with a few oranges and other fruit placed upon some temporary table or box, they remain from morning until night, perhaps clearing, by their small sales, from one to two shillings per day. They are mostly old women, who can do nothing else for a living, and are patronized more from charity than for the tempting appearance of their goods.

One day last week, one of these old women became quite ill from exposure to the sun, and probably from want of proper nourishment, and was forced to leave her stand, and seat herself against the iron railings of the Common, in the shade. A little, bright-eyed girl, of twelve or thirteen summers, saw her limp

to the spot, and also observed the anxious eye of the old woman directed towards her little store of oranges, nuts, and candy. "Never mind those, ma'am," she said; "I'll go and sit there till you are better, and sell for you."

The little miss, dressed with much taste and richness, with an air that indicated most unmistakably the class to which she belonged, sat down upon the rough box behind the Irish woman's stand, assuming all the importance of a young salesman. She had never sold any thing before in her life; but people began to stop and wonder what it meant, to see the fair and beautiful child in that singular situation.

The story was soon told by the bystanders, who had only to point to the poor woman. In a moment, every one

was seized with a very extraordinary desire for an orange, a handful of nuts, or some candy, and our little beauty could hardly serve them fast enough. Many, utterly refusing any change, gave her a ninepence, a dime, or a sixpence for a penny's worth of nuts or candy. It was all accomplished very quickly, though the little girl was somewhat disconcerted, and had to be encouraged by a whisper, now and then, from one who need not be named, for she was not accustomed to a crowd.

The table was soon swept, and we saw her pass her tiny hands full of silver to the poor woman, who thus realized treble the value of her small stock, and called on half the saints in the calendar to bless the kind-hearted child.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE following letter contains correct answers to several puzzles in our August number.

The City of Spindles, Aug. 13, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have had your Museum but a short time, but I take the liberty to send you some of the answers to the puzzles in the August number.

I have discovered that "Dinner" constitutes a great event in every day of a person's life. I hope that "Billy Bump in Boston" will not be concluded so long as his letters are so interesting.

America will always bestow "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

The puzzle containing fourteen letters is incomplete; and as I never read any books concerning the lives of freebooters, I am unable to supply the first letters of the villain's name. I think, however, the true answer is, "Gibbs the Pirate."

The "United States of America" is a large country, stretching from ocean to ocean.

I am your sincere friend,

J. W.

Jamaica Plain, August 10, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:

I send you a riddle, which if you think proper to insert, you will give me great pleasure.

A man once launched a vessel large,
And live stock too he took in charge;
He did not barter, buy, nor sell;
Whichever wind blew pleased as well;
He sailed at random, was to no port bound;
His only wish was soon to run aground.

From your friend and subscriber,

THOMAS G—R.

Mich. University, July 17, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND PETER PARLEY:

I suppose that you will allow one of your old patrons and subscribers to call you by this

title. My brother, in the far west, is going to become a subscriber to your Museum; and as I suppose you sympathize with the pleasures of your readers, I write to tell you of mine. He has heard about your travels in France and other parts of Europe, and is very anxious to learn the particulars of your tour, which he thinks must be very interesting. He has read your very interesting accounts of the adventures of Dick Boldhero and Dirk Heldriver, in some of the old volumes of the Museum, and these have created a desire for more of the same kind.

Though I am now far away from home, among strangers, and seldom have an opportunity of seeing the Museum, yet as long as I live, I shall remember with pleasure and profit the long winter evenings which I have spent in perusing that best of periodicals; and my desire is, that it may be found in every family in our land. For how can vice and misery grow up with the rising generation when their mind is thus preoccupied with what is calculated to render them virtuous and useful members of society?

I remain, as ever, your faithful friend,
M. LA RUE H—N.

Milford, August 10, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have taken your interesting Museum for a long time, and like it more and more. It is indeed a museum of rare and curious collections. There is something in each number to amuse and instruct its readers; and while some are gratified by songs, stories, and puzzles, others can find useful facts for their instruction and improvement. I like Billy Bump's letters very much, and would inquire whether he will not write again before he leaves Boston. I do not see any thing to laugh at in his "Address to the Moon," and think he must have improved very much to be able to write poetry. In the last number you gave us specimens of secret writing. Myself and sister have found out how to write all the kinds there mentioned, excepting the

one with two distinct interpretations. If it would not be too much trouble, please insert this letter and the following puzzle in the next number.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
SUSAN L. K—.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 1, 13, 3, 10, is a division of the earth.
My 15, 7, 17, 18, is the name of a tree.
My 20, 4, 18, 11, is a city in Europe.
My 8, 9, 6, 1, means to ask questions.
My 18, 21, 20, 19, is a girl's name.
My 14, 16, 12, is liked in summer.
My 5, 2, 7, 20, is the name of an animal.
My whole was the name of a queen of the East.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I send you another puzzle, which I venture to say will not be so easily guessed as my last — to which the answer was "Billy Bump in Boston." It is as follows: —

I am composed of nine letters.
My 2, 1, 7, is a person whose wife is spoken of in Scripture.
My 5, 1, 3, is a distinguishing utensil among Irish laborers.
My 1, 6, 2, is what is sometimes made to rhyme with another name for *island*.
My 5, 6, 7, is what Goliath was.
My 4, 5, 9, is what little children should never ask their mothers, when told to do any thing.
My whole is about as distinguished as his master.

Sag Harbor, Aug. 9, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have not written to you before; but seeing you have so many correspondents, I thought I should like to be one of the number. I am much interested in your Museum, and especially in the enigmas, all of which I find out in a very short time; being almost too easy. But here is one a little harder for your correspondents to find out, and send in an answer if they will.

If Mr. Merry will please insert this, he will oblige a new correspondent.

F. S. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA,

I am composed of thirty-three letters.

My 15, 4, 26, 30, 11, 6, is an ocean.

My 16, 32, 15, 18, 17, is an eastern sea.

My 31, 11, 3, 13, 19, is a county of North Carolina.

My 19, 30, 24, 12, is a gulf in Asia.

My 20, 21, 3, 17, 14, 15, 5, is a lake in North America.

My 1, 2, 25, 9, 19, is a river in South America.

My 27, 28, 29, 22, 11, is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

My 10, 23, 25, 30, 6, is a town in New York.

My 8, 7, 25, 33, 15, 7, is a county in North Carolina.

My whole was an order of General Washington.

Oswego, July 31, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

Nearly all our family have been engaged this evening in trying to find out S. P. L.'s puzzle. At last, one of my brothers said, "Why, it is something in Merry's Museum!" I caught at the idea at once, and exclaimed, "Billy Bump in Boston." And so it proved to be. I wonder what sort of stuff the composer thinks we are made of, if we cannot work out *any thing* that we will! He must have rather a poor opinion of your subscribers. I can tell him, he don't know how sharp they are. But as he thinks his puzzle so rare, I thought I would be one of the "cute" ones, and show him that the people out this way are a pretty sharp set. But it is so late; that I must bid you good night, and close my letter. I hope you will insert it, and oblige your black-eyed

KATE.

Washington City, August 28, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

I wrote a letter to you, some time ago; but as you had so many on hand, mine, along with

many others, was not published. But I thought that I would try again, and see if I could meet with better luck this time. I have been a subscriber to your "Museum" for a long time, and have a complete set from the beginning, except the December number of 1848 and the February number of 1849. I like it very much, and consider its arrival as a great event of the month. It seems to me to be carried on even with more spirit than formerly. I like the July number mostly on account of the tale called the "Caravan," for that was much longer than most of them. I like bold and adventurous tales, shipwrecks, tales of the East, Indian tales, and tales of the revolution, and others continued from number to number, with a good deal in each number.

I suppose that you have visited this city. It will be much improved when the Smithsonian Institute and Washington Monument are finished. They are putting two marble wings to the Patent Office, the front of which is made of free stone. They are clearing the canal now, which passes through this city. They first make two dams across the canal, and then pump the water out between them with a pump which works by steam, and then take the dirt out in carts and wheelbarrows. The Long Bridge, which is about a mile wide, crosses the river here. It is solid almost all the way across, and is causing the river to fill up. During the freshet, the water was three or four feet higher above the bridge than below it. If it would be agreeable to the other subscribers, and not inconvenient to you, I should like you to pay some attention to the hints about tales, in another part of this letter.

Here is a conundrum which you may insert if you think it worthy of a place in your Museum.

What man, in modern times, had the most grandchildren?

Ans. General Washington; because he was the father of his country.

Your subscriber and reader,

S. S. F.

Pittsburg, September —, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

We have had a great time here, in this Birmingham of America. The president of the United States has been at Pittsburg. Never did you see such a state of excitement. The military were out with their flags and their music; and all the people of the town, and many from the vicinity, were in the streets.

I was very near when the president passed, and I saw him smile, and heard him speak to the people. He looked very much like my uncle Sam Smith, who is a farmer up the Monongahela. Every body liked him; especially the boys. They called him Old Zack, and went close to him, and he spoke to them just as kind as if he was a common man. In the midst of the procession, a workman rushed up to the president, and offered him his hand. "There," says the man, "I must have a shake of your fist. My hand is rather brown and hard; but it's a true man's, nevertheless."

Well, now that was rather bold, wasn't it? But General Taylor took it in good part, and said to the man, while he shook his hand, "It's the brown, hard hands that make the earth blossom." This pleased the people very much, and such a hurrah as rung in the air, you never heard before.

Perhaps the president will go to Boston; and if you are not too lame, with your wooden leg, you must go and see him. You will know him at once, for he looks like the portraits of him. When he was here, a farmer was introduced to him, and after looking at him, he said, "Well, General, arter all, you are not so ugly as I thought you was by the picters of you. You're quite a good looking man, though you don't look a bit like a general."

I suppose the president will know you, at first sight, by your wooden leg. I should like to be there, and see what you say to each other. I suppose you will ask him about the Mexicans and the battle of Buena Vista; and he no doubt will ask you about the Museum and Billy Bump. If he inquires any thing about the puzzle I sent you, don't say who wrote it, for the world.

I have written a long letter, but I have only said half what I wish to. The rest I shall write another time.

I am your true friend,

SAMUEL S. SMITH.

Boston, September 10, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY :

My mother has consented to let me write to you; but as I am very timid, I only send some lines I have found in a book, for I dare not send any composition of my own.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The hours here danced their joyous round,
Adorned in flowers of May;
Till each in turn, with mercy crowned,
Has come and passed away.

The constant sun has run his race
Athwart the boundless deep,
And ne'er amid the trackless space
Has failed his path to keep.

The earth has drunk the morning dew,
And fed her flowery train;
And flowers have spread their charms to view,
And decked the earth again.

Birds, beasts, and trees, unmoved by choice,
Have each improved the day,
Obedient still to nature's voice : —
But whose did I obey ?

If you insert these verses, perhaps I shall venture to write you again.

I am your friend and subscriber,

SUSAN L.—.

Michigan, July 20, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

Do you think your little readers will like to hear again something from the Californian emigrants? We last evening received a letter from one of them, and as it contained much that interested us, we send you a portion of it. On the 16th of May, just two months ago, that same band of adventurers, which I told you of, were camped twenty miles from the forks of the Platte River, four hundred

miles west from Independence. They had met with no misfortune, but various reports had reached their friends, of sickness and distress, and horrid murders by the Indians, all which had caused many hearts to ache, and many tears to flow; but I am glad to tell you that the reports were not true.

They had no trouble nor sickness, but suffered some hardships, as you might suppose. They often met people returning to the states, so that they sent back letters by them. On the 11th of May, just before reaching the bluffs, or high banks of the Platte River, they met a war party of three hundred Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, on an expedition against the Pawnees. These bands of Indians are always at war. They live on the opposite sides of the river, and they fight on every opportunity; and when they overtake or meet with any whites, they attack them, if they dare.

Well, these Indians formed in a line across the road, and sent out some of their number to talk. This done, they all filed off, and allowed them to pass quietly. Seeing that the emigrants were well armed, strong and determined-looking men, they thought it best not to attack them. At night, they came to the camp, with moccasins and presents, looking about at the same time for a chance to do some mischief. The next day, they again appeared with several Pawnee scalps; having discovered and attacked a party of that tribe, soon after leaving the camp of the Americans.

They had taken a Pawnee boy prisoner, whom they intended to torture on their arrival home; but a detachment of dragoons from Fort Kearney, one mile distant, succeeded in rescuing the boy from them, and restoring him to his tribe. Much good is often done by the American officers and soldiers stationed in these far-off forts, in keeping peace and restoring harmony between different Indian tribes. The boy's father, mother, and sister had been slain two days before by the fierce and angry Sioux. The party met many of the Mormons, who were returning to the states on business. Some of them had been

to the mines, and were able to work but a part of the time, on account of sickness; but when they did work, they sometimes found one hundred dollars a day. But would that pay for sickness? I dare say all the boys and girls who read this, would feel that it would not pay them for their fathers' pain. But sickness comes in all kinds of work, whether it be with the head or with the hands. The sight of the bright specimens of rough gold, encouraged, without doubt, those who had gone so far on their way in search of it.

It has given them new energy. They have seen no buffalo, as yet, and no game; and a few days ago, they dined, for the first time since they left Independence, on fresh beef; but they enjoy a fine climate and fine health, and have good spirits. They watch their ponies and horses pretty closely, or the treacherous Indians are sure to steal them. They contrive often to get up what is called a *stampede* among them. When the cattle are turned out for the night, they manage to lie down on the grass, and crawl about like animals from one fastening to another, till several are loosened; then they whoop till all are frightened, and run off.

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

We have many letters besides these, viz.: From Wm. B., of White Creek; Marianne S——, of North Bridgewater; Francis ——, of Bloomfield; H. N. K., of Bridgewater; Sarah C——y F., of Fitchburg; Caroline M. S., of Fitchburg; W. E. R. N., of Salem; Louisa, of Piermont; L. D., of Woburn; Edgar C——, of Albany; Henry and Sophia B., of New York; A. W. H., of Thibodare; Alice, of Bridgeport; Marcillus, of ——; Edward F., of Oswego; T. W. Hooper, of Hanover; S. H. S., of Argyle; Kate ——, of Oswego; Isaac N. W., Jr., of Springfield, Ohio.



The Black Beast, again.

MR. MERRY: In the September number of your magazine, you told a story of a lady and a terrible creature, with long ears, wide mouth, and forked tongue. It was a good story; and made a strong impression upon my mind. The next night after I read it, I had a dream, which I take the liberty to send you.

I fancied that I saw the lady in your picture, walking along, in great state; and at a little distance behind her was the terrible black beast. Pretty soon I saw a young man going along, also; and as I gazed through the darkness, I could perceive that a black beast was following him, too. I kept my eyes upon them for a long time, and at last I saw the youth turn round and fall upon his knees, as if to address the beast. I drew near, and heard their dialogue, which ran as follows:—

Beast. I perceived that you desired my presence, and here I am.

Youth. And who are you?

B. Mammon—the God of Riches.

Y. This is strange: I was indeed wishing for riches.

B. Your heart was in fact devoted to me; your soul was kneeling at my shrine. I perceived this, and as you are my worshipper, I am come to do your bidding.

Y. And what can you do?

B. I am the Genius of Gold—the emperor of mines and caverns: the regions of the pearl, the diamond, the sapphire, and ruby, are mine. Command any of these treasures, and you shall be obeyed.

Y. Well, let me be rich as Cræsus.

B. Certainly; but one thing you must first do.

Y. And what is that?

B. You must kneel down and do me reverence.

Y. I am ready: see, I kneel!

B. And you must swear one thing—which is, that you will prefer me to all other gods.

Y. That is a hard condition.

B. It is indispensable: no one can be rich, but by making me his idol. Whoever becomes mine, must love me, and only me.

Y. May I not love fame?

B. Only that which you can buy with cash!

Y. May I not love honor, truth, charity, glory?

B. No; for these would persuade you too often to part with my gifts. Thus you would be seduced from your exclusive worship of me.

Y. Nay, if I love you best, this should satisfy you.

B. I can have no half-way worshippers. I must be your god, or nothing. If I give you gems, jewelry, pearls, gold, silver, you must be content with them. Love, friendship, fame, glory, cannot dwell in the same heart with them. These princely gifts will not accept a divided empire: where they reign, they reign alone.

Y. It is a severe dilemma in which you place me. My choice lies between riches on the one hand, and love, fame, reverence, virtue, on the other.

B. Yes.

Y. And why are they incompatible?

B. Because it is so decreed. Riches will only abide with those who worship them and me, their master.

Y. And is this worship of you all I must promise?

B. Yes. You must worship me, which of course implies that you serve me.

Y. And what does serving you mean?

B. The wealth I give you, you must increase. If you marry, it must be to add to your fortune. If you use your money, it must be chiefly to see it well invested, so as to produce a sure and ample increase. You must take care to keep your property together, and so bequeath it as to send it down to your posterity, increased and increasing. You must never give away more than is just sufficient to stand creditably in society. You must not consider the wealth I give you as your own: it is mine, and you are only my steward, to take care of it, increase it, and hand it over to me or my servants.

Y. Then it seems that you propose to make me your slave.

B. No doubt.

Y. In giving me gold, and silver, and precious stones, then, you do not consult my happiness.

B. Not at all. I employ you as my steward. I pay you for your service, by letting you eat and drink, and have clothes and shelter. These are your wages. You, in return, give up every other affection, and devote yourself to me. You turn your back on love, duty, religion, hope, and heaven. You increase the riches I have lent to you, and in a short time, as you must die, you hand them over, thus improved, to me and mine.

Y. And for all this service, giving up soul and body to you, — as I understand it, — I am only to get what I eat, drink, and wear.

B. Exactly so.

Y. Well, Mr. Beast, this is a very dirty proposal of yours, and as black as you are yourself!

B. There is no disputing about tastes. | As the young man said this, he turned
 Y. No: every one must indulge his | contemptuously away from the beast,
 own. I should like wealth, but I will not | who grinned terribly, flourished his tail,
 sell my soul for it. I should like riches, | and disappeared.
 but I will not be their slave.

PETER PARLEY.



Wonderful Trees, No. 3. — The India Rubber Tree.

THE India rubber tree (*ficus elastica*) affords a product of such various and still multiplying use, that to be cut off from this article of commerce would be a serious loss to the accommodations of civilized life. The tree is a native of India and South America; and it was not till the year 1736, that its extraordinary qualities were made known in Europe.

The product known as *India rubber*, or *caoutchouc*, is obtained by making incisions through the bark of the tree, chiefly in wet weather. From the wounds thus

made, the juice flows abundantly. It is of a milky-white color, and is conducted by a tube into a vessel placed to receive it. It is usually brought to Europe in the form of pear-shaped bottles, which are made by spreading the juice over moulds of clay: these are then dried by exposure to the sun, and to smoke of burning fuel. The mould is then broken and removed, leaving the caoutchouc in the form of a hollow ball or bottle. After one operation, the tree requires a fortnight's rest, after which it may be again repeated.

India rubber is remarkable for the flexibility and elasticity which it acquires on attaining a solid state, and also for the numerous useful purposes to which it is capable of being applied. It was for a long time used only to remove pencil marks from paper; and hence its name. From its elasticity, it is also called *gum elastic*. This power of stretching to a great extent and of recovering its original dimensions, is its most wonderful quality. Pieces of it may be stretched, after being soaked in warm water, to seven or eight times their original length. A bottle has been expanded till it was six feet in diameter. By the natives of the country where it is produced, it is sometimes formed into boots, which are impenetrable by water, and which, when smoked, have the appearance of leather. Flambeaux are likewise made of it, which give a very brilliant light; and it is said that a torch an inch and a half in diameter and two feet long, will burn twelve hours. The insides of baskets are smeared with it, thus providing a tough and tight lining.

But the uses to which this product has been applied in Europe and the United States are far more varied and astonishing. Shoes have been made of it for many years. Water-proof coats, impermeable pantaloons, impenetrable overalls, life-preservers, beds and cushions for invalids, surgical instruments of various kinds, many species of elastic fabrics, tents for hunting or travelling, bottles, garters, whips, suspenders, hats and caps, are all made of this substance, and are late adaptations of it to the purposes of life. Bank notes have been printed on it; and a wicked wag once said that an

India rubber currency would be the best in the world, if it had virtue to rub out public debts. Pontoon boats for the United States' army have been made of it, which, though portable, are capable of supporting fifty men. India rubber is the companion, in one form or another, of all ages, from infancy to manhood. Babies suck and bite India rubber rings, and bury the points of their teeth in cows and horses of the same material. When these babies have become boys, they play with India rubber balls, or make miniature ferry-boats, in which the motive power is obtained from the well-known elastic nature of the substance. When still older, they supply themselves with a water-proof suit, dress themselves from head to foot in caoutchouc, and with a tent and boat of the same article, are off for the golden shores of California.

If we are to trust a New York caricature, India rubber might also be made a means of getting to the promised land on our western coast. The picture represents the continent of America: at New York and at San Francisco, two stakes are driven into the ground, and a stout India rubber rope is stretched from one to the other. Upon this rope are seated, astride, the sanguine individuals who have persuaded themselves to take passage by this route. One is a rather thick-set person, very much like Louis Philippe, who has nudged the passengers on each side of him till he has obtained sufficient space to turn round in. This fearless individual means to sleep on the way. Another is an old lady with her dog, who eye with some dismay the preparations of the executioner, who, with axe in hand, is on

the point of cutting the rope asunder. We are left in doubt as to the fate of these hardy adventurers. The inventor of this express line has relied upon the contractile power of the India rubber to land his passengers, by a single jerk, safely on the Sacramento. We should, for our own part, be fearful of being carried far beyond our place of destination; of being soused into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, or forced to become a Robinson Crusoe on some uninhabitable island. Winter is coming on, and we prefer staying at home, to taking our chance of any such hair-breadth escapes by sea and land. In the mean time, we wish the adventurous pioneers, who went by the India rubber line, health and prosperity, and a return home by some less instantaneous mode of conveyance.

Dialogue between Lucy and her Mother.

ONE day, a lady and her daughter called upon Lucy's mother, and sat with her an hour or more, conversing on various subjects. Lucy's age was not such as to make it proper for her to take part in the conversation: she sat sometimes listening to what passed, and sometimes making silent observations on the dress or manners of her mother's visitors. When they took leave, she began the following conversation:—

Lucy. What a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts!

Mother. It would be inconvenient, sometimes, if they could.

Lucy. O, worse than inconvenient!

To-day, for instance, I would not have had Mrs. and Miss G. know what I was thinking of for all the world.

Mother. Indeed! Pray may I know what it might be?

Lucy. O, yes, mamma, you may; it was no real harm. I was only thinking what an odd, fat, disagreeable kind of looking woman Mrs. G. was; and what a tiresome way she had of telling long stories; and that Miss G. was the vainest girl I ever saw. I could see, all the time, she was thinking of nothing but her beauty, and her —

Mother. Come, come, no more of this. I have heard quite enough.

Lucy. Well, mamma, but only do suppose they could have known what I was thinking of.

Mother. Well, and what then, do you suppose?

Lucy. Why, in the first place, I dare say they would have thought me an impertinent, disagreeable little thing.

Mother. I dare say they would.

Lucy. So what a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts! is it not?

Mother. I rather think it does not make so much difference as you imagine.

Lucy. Dear me! I think it must make a great deal of difference.

Mother. Did you not say, just now, that Miss G. was a vain girl, and that she thought a great deal of her beauty?

Lucy. Yes, and so she does, I am certain.

Mother. Pray, my dear, who told you so?

Lucy. Nobody. I found it out myself.

Mother. But how did you find it out, Lucy?

Lucy. Why, mamma, I could see it, as plain as could be.

Mother. So then, if you could have looked into her heart, and seen her think to herself, "What a beauty I am! I hope they admire me,"—it would have made no alteration in your opinion of her.

Lucy, (laughing.) No, mamma; it would only have confirmed me in what I thought before.

Mother. Then what advantage was it to her that you could not see her thoughts?

Lucy, (hesitating.) Not much to her, certainly, just then, at least; not to such a vain-looking girl as she is.

Mother. What do you suppose gives her that vain look?

Lucy. Being so pretty, I suppose.

Mother. Nay, think again. I have seen many faces as pretty as hers, that did not look at all vain.

Lucy. True, so have I: then it must be from thinking so much about her beauty.

Mother. Right; if Miss G. has a vain expression in her countenance, (which, for argument's sake, we suppose,) or whoever has such an expression, this must be the cause. Now we are come to the conclusion I expected, and I have proved my point.

Lucy. What point, mamma?

Mother. That you greatly overrate the advantage, or mistake the nature of it, of our thoughts being concealed from our fellow-creatures; since it appears that the thoughts—at least our *habits* of

thought—so greatly influence the conduct, manners, and appearance, that our secret weaknesses are as effectually betrayed, to all discerning eyes, as if our inmost feelings were actually visible.

Lucy. But surely there are some people so deep and artful, that nobody can possibly guess what passes in their minds. Not that I should wish to be such a one.

Mother. They may, and do, indeed, often succeed in deceiving others in particular instances; but they cannot conceal their true character. Every one knows that they are deep and artful, and therefore their grand purpose is defeated: they are neither esteemed nor trusted.

Lucy. Well; but still, mamma, to-day, for instance, do you really suppose that Mrs. and Miss G. had any idea of the opinion I formed of them?

Mother. Indeed, my dear, I dare say Mrs. and Miss G. did not take the trouble to think about you or your opinions. But supposing they had chanced to observe you, I think, most likely, they would have formed an unfavorable idea.

Lucy. Why so, mamma?

Mother. Let us suppose that any other young girl of your own age had been present, and that while you were making your ill-natured observations on these ladies, your companion had been listening with sympathy and kindness to the accounts Mrs. G. was giving of her troubles and complaints, and wishing she could relieve or assist her. Do you not imagine that, in this case, the tone of her voice, the expression of her countenance, would have been more gentle, and kind, and agreeable than yours?

Lucy. I dare say they would have liked her the best.

Mother. Doubtless. But suppose, instead of this being a single instance, as I would hope it is, — suppose you were in the habit of making such impertinent observations, and of forming such uncharitable opinions of every body that came in your way?

Lucy. Then I should get a sharp, satirical look, and every body would dislike me.

Mother. Yes, as certainly as if you thought aloud.

Lucy. Only that would be rather worse.

Mother. In some respects it would be rather better; there would, at least, be something honest in it, instead of that hateful and unsuccessful duplicity, which, while all uncharitableness is indulged within, renders the exterior all friendship and cordiality. And that is but a poor, mean, ungenerous kind of satisfaction at best, Lucy, which arises from the hope that others do not know how vain, how selfish, how censorious we are.

Lucy. Yes, I know that; but yet —

Mother. But yet, you mean to say, I suppose, that you cannot exactly think as I do about it; and the reason is, that you have not thought sufficiently upon the subject, nor observed enough of yourself and of others, to enter fully into my ideas. But when you are capable of making more accurate observations on what passes in your own mind, you will find, that our estimation of those around us is not so well formed upon their outward actions, nor their common conversation, as upon those slight, involuntary

turns of countenance and expression, which escape them unawares, which betray their inmost thoughts, and lay their hearts open to view; and by which, in fact, we decide upon their character, and regulate the measure of our esteem.

Lucy. Then what is one to do, mother?

Mother. Nothing can be plainer. There is but one way for us, Lucy, if we desire the esteem of others. Let our thoughts be always *fit to be seen*; let them be such as to impart to our countenance, our manners, our conduct, that which is generous, candid, honest, and amiable.

Lucy. But that would be very difficult.

Mother. Not if it be attempted in the right way. It would be difficult, and, indeed, quite impossible, to restrain all foolish and evil thoughts with a direct view to be admired or approved by our fellow-creatures; but if we resolve to do so in the fear of God, from a recollection that he “searches and knows us, and understands our thoughts afar off,” we shall find assistance and motive; and success will certainly follow. If, like David, we hate “vain thoughts,” because God hates them, we shall not suffer them to “lodge within us;” but we shall desire, as the apostle did, “to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ.” Thus, you see, the argument terminates where most of our discussions do; for whatever there is amiss in us, there is but one remedy.

Let us entreat God to change our evil hearts; to make them pure and holy; to cleanse them from vanity, selfishness, and

uncharitableness; and then all subordinate good consequences will follow. We shall enjoy the esteem and good will of our fellow-creatures, while insuring that which is of infinitely greater consequence—the approbation of our own conscience, and of Him “whose favor is better than life.”



The Opossum caught.

The Opossum.

THE opossum is found exclusively in America, and is familiarly known in the milder parts of the United States.

It is about the size of a cat; but its legs are short, and its body is broad and flat. The females are remarkable for having an abdominal pouch, into which the young ones retreat in time of danger.

Their rate of motion on the ground is very slow; but in trees, where they spend the greater part of their time, they control their movements with much ease, and climb and hold on with great address. Their hind feet have the fifth toe long, which is used in much the same way as our thumb.

The opossum is a very peculiar looking animal, and is the first of this singular order which became known to naturalists. It has been said of them that they have a gape like a pike, the ears of a bat, the feet of an ape, and the tail of a serpent. They have altogether a most repulsive appearance, and give out an offensive odor when molested.

The usual haunts of the opossum are thick forests, and their dens are generally in hollows of decayed trees, where they pass the day in sleep; they sally forth mostly after nightfall, to seek their food. They are occasionally seen out during daylight, especially when they have

young ones that are too large to be carried in the pouch. The female then presents a most ludicrous appearance, as she toils along with twelve or more cubs on her back, about the size of rats, each with his tail twisted round that of his mother, and clinging to her with his paws and teeth. If attacked when in this situation, she will bite with much keenness and severity.

The hunting of this animal is the favorite sport in some of the Middle States. After the autumnal frosts have set in, the opossums leave their dens in search of their favorite fruit,—the persimmon,—which is then in perfection, and parties of the country people go out in the moonlight evenings, attended by dogs trained for the purpose. As soon as these sagacious animals discover the object of their search, they announce it by baying, and the hunters, ascending the tree, shake the limb to which the poor, frightened opossum is clinging, in hopes of hiding itself from its pursuers. It is, however, soon obliged to relax its hold, and falls to the ground. Here, however, it does not lose its presence of mind; but, rolling itself into a ball, counterfeits death. If the dogs are for a moment at fault, it uncoils itself, and attempts to steal away, and repeats the artifice of rolling itself into a ball again at the slightest sound.

But, alas! poor, silly animal; your trickery is too well understood. You cannot "*play 'possum*" to any great advantage, especially when you have Yankees to compete with. Should there, however, be any quantity of grass or underwood beneath the tree from which the animal falls, there is some chance that the wily

creature may yet escape, as it is difficult to distinguish it in the moonlight, or in the shadow of the tree; if, therefore, the hunter has not carefully observed the spot where it fell, his labor is often in vain. This circumstance is, however, generally attended to, and the opossum derives but little benefit from its instinctive artifice.

If taken young, the opossum may be tamed, and becomes very fond of human society. It then relinquishes its nocturnal habits, and grows troublesome from its familiarity. It follows the inmates of the house with great assiduity, complaining, with a whining noise, when left alone. The flavor of its flesh is compared to that of a roast pig.

Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

THE Dog will come when he is called;
 The Cat will walk away;
 The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
 The Goat is fond of play;
 The Parrot is a prate-à-pace,
 Yet knows not what he says;
 The noble Horse will win the race,
 Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice;
 The Squirrel loves a nut;
 The Wolf will eat you in a trice;
 The Buzzard's eyes are shut;
 The Lark sings high up in the air,
 The Linnet on the tree;
 The Swan he has a bosom fair,
 And who so proud as he?

O, yes; the Peacock is more proud,
 Because his tail has eyes;
 The Lion roars so very loud,
 He fills you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or rather raven gray;
The Camel's bunch is on his back;
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe;
The Elephant is wise;
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries;
The Hen guards well her little chicks;
The useful Cow is meek;
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks;
The Lapwing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small;
The Humming Bird is less;
The Lady-Bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young;
The Stork his father loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood;
The Pigeon feeds on peas;
The Duck will gobble in the mud;
The Mice will eat your cheese;
A Lobster's black; when boiled, he's red;
The harmless Lamb must bleed;
The Codfish has a clumsy head;
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady, in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk;
The Weasel's long and lank;
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish;
The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glowworm shines the darkest night,
The candle in its tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight;
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar;
The Bee brings honey home;
The Ant lays up a winter store;
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak;
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
May yet be thought a dunce;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

Jane Taylor.

The Wild Cat.

IN England, the wild or wood cat is the fiercest and most destructive of predatory animals, and may not improperly be denominated the *British tiger*. At its full growth, it stands a foot and a half in height, measures nearly two feet round the body, and, including the tail, which is half a yard long, it is about four feet in length. A larger head, more vividly sparkling eyes, and a more agile and daring demeanor distinguish it from the domestic species. Its color is of a yellowish brown; the head, back, sides, and tail, being marked transversely with bars of deep brown and black.

Wild cats are solitary animals. It is therefore dangerous to wound them, as they will turn furiously on their assailant, and they have strength enough to render themselves formidable. In spite, however, of their strength and agility, they are often vanquished by a much smaller enemy. That enemy is the pine marten. The combat between the two animals is well described by the author of the *British Naturalist*.

"The onset," says he, "is one of some skill on both sides. The aim of the cat is to pounce with her paws upon the head of the marten, in such a way that the

claws may destroy or wound its eyes, while her teeth are imbedded in its neck; and, if she can accomplish that, the fate of the marten is decided. That, however, if done at all, must be done in a moment, and if it be lost, there is no repairing the

mistake. If, however, the spring of the cat takes proper effect, there is a struggle, but not of long duration; and it is the same with the opposite result, if the cat miss and the marten fasten, during the short space of exhaustion after the spring.



The Wild Cat of England.

Should both miss, the contest is renewed, and seldom, in the observed cases, (which are not indeed very numerous,) given up till one of them be killed. In a protracted contest, the marten is always the victor, as the cat is first exhausted by the greater weight of her body, and the violence of her leaps. One of these combats was witnessed in 1805, in a secluded dell in Argyleshire. The contest there lasted for more than half an hour, and both combatants were too intent on each other's destruction to shun or fear observation. At last, however, the marten succeeded in falling upon the right side of the cat's neck, and in jerking his long body over her, so as to be out of the reach of her claws;

when, after a good deal of squeaking and struggling, by which the enemy could not be shaken off, the martial achievements of puss were ended in the field of glory."

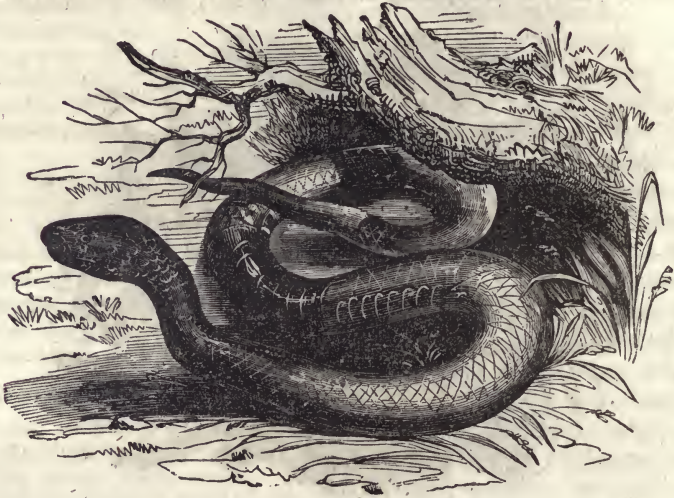
This animal is much larger in cold climates, and its fur is there held in high estimation.

In Britain, it was formerly very plentiful, and was a beast of chase, as we learn from Richard II.'s charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, giving him permission to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The fur in those days does not seem to have been thought of much value, for it is ordained in Archbishop Corboyl's Canons, A. D. 1127, that no abness or nun should use more costly

apparel than such as is made of lamb's or cat's skins.

The wild cat is now rarely found in the south of England, and even in Cum-

berland and Westmoreland, its numbers are very much reduced. In the north of Scotland and Ireland, it is, however, still abundant.



The Asp.

THE asp is a species of noxious serpent, celebrated as the instrument of death which Cleopatra is said to have selected to terminate her existence. This serpent is often mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers; and from the discrepancies which are observable in the account given by different authors, it seems probable that there were two or three different species known to the ancients. It is, however, evident, from various circumstances, that the most common and celebrated is the species to which the Arabs give the name of *El Haje*, or *Haje Nascher*.

This animal measures from three to

five feet in length: it is of a dark green color; marked obliquely with bands of brown; the scales of the neck, back, and upper surface of the tail, are slightly raised, and the tail is about one fourth part the length of the whole body. He has the power of swelling out his neck when irritated, and raises himself upright on his tail, to dart by a single bound upon his enemies.

The poison of the asp is of the most deadly nature. Pliny gives the following account of this celebrated serpent: "The neck of the asp is capable of distention, and the only remedy against its bite, is the immediate amputation of the wounded

part. This animal, otherwise so much to be dreaded, has a sentiment, or rather a kind of affection, truly wonderful. It never lives alone, the male and female being constantly found together; and if one happens to be killed, the other seeks, with the utmost fury, to avenge its death. It knows and selects the destroyer from among crowds; it follows him to great distances, surmounts every obstacle, and can only be deprived of its revenge by the most speedy flight, or the intervention of some rapid river.

It is difficult to say whether Nature, in forming this reptile, has been more prodigal of evils than remedies. For instance, she has bestowed upon it so indifferent a vision, (its eyes being placed on the side of the head, thus preventing it from seeing straight before it,) that it is frequently trodden under foot before it is aware of its danger. Thus its venomous power is rendered much less dreadful.

Forskoel, a Swedish naturalist, who has written on the animals of Egypt, informs us that the jugglers of Grand Cairo have the art of taming the haje, and teaching it to dance for the amusement of the populace, taking care, however, to deprive it of its poisonous fangs, though even then they avoid its bite when irritated.

The habit which this serpent has of erecting itself when approached, made the ancient Egyptians imagine that it guarded the places which it inhabited. They made it the emblem of the divinity whom they supposed to protect the world; and accordingly they have represented it on their temples, sculptured on each side of a globe.

The Pleasures of Taste: A Dialogue.

FATHER. Come, girls, are you ready for a walk?

Mary. Quite ready, papa.

Martha. Ready in two minutes, sir.

Father. Which way will you go this evening?

Martha. To the parade, if you please, papa.

Mary. To the beach, papa. We shall be in time to see the sun set.

Martha. I don't like the beach; nobody walks on the beach.

Father. Then we shall have it all to ourselves.

Martha. To ourselves, indeed! Mary always proposes those stupid walks, where there is nothing to be seen.

Mary. O Martha! Nothing to be seen!

Martha. Nothing in the world but the sea.

Father. That is what we are come on purpose to look at.

Martha. Yes, very true; but there is just as good a sea view on the parade, and every body walks on the parade.

Father. Come, then, away to the parade, if you will; and to please you both, we will return by the beach, and enjoy the scene to ourselves.

Mary. Yes, thank you, dear papa; so we will, (*sings*.)

“And listen to the tuneless cry
Of Fishing-gull and Golden-eye.”

Father. A delightful evening!

Martha. Yes, very pleasant; and what crowds of company!

Mary. I think I never saw the sea so calm.

Martha. Pray, look at those ladies, *Mary.* Did you ever see such frightful pelisses!

Mary. How bright that white sail looks, in the distance, with the sun upon it.

Martha. But the fringe is pretty.

Father. And the sea birds; see how they sparkle in the sunshine.

Mary. Yes:

— “The silver-winged sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors, bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the
tide.”

Martha. Genteel girls! are they not? those that just passed us. I wonder who they are! I wish our spencers had been of that color: it was just the kind I wished for, only mamma would have these.

Mary. O, let us turn! The sun will be down presently; we shall lose it if we walk to the end of the parade.

Father. A fine sunset, indeed!

Mary. What a beautiful reflection on the water! like a column of fire.

Martha. As if the sun did not set every night in the year! It looks so strange to be standing still, like nobody else! does it not?

Father. Nay, we will not regard that.

Mary. How large and red! There, now it just begins to touch the sea. How beautiful! how grand! is it not, father?

Father. Truly it is; and if we were not so much accustomed to the spectacle, it would strike us far more. It is no wonder that the generality of mankind,

who rarely divert their attention from the common interests, occupations, and vanities of life, to contemplate the wonders and beauties of nature, regard them with perfect indifference. They think, as *Martha* says, that the sun sets every night in the year, and they wonder what there can be to admire in it. But a cultivated taste counteracts, in a great degree, this effect of habit, which otherwise renders the most sublime objects unaffecting to us. It enables us to see things as they are: to the eye of taste, nature is ever fresh and new, and those objects which it has contemplated a thousand times, still interest and delight it. Thus a source of unfailing and refined pleasure is opened to us; and its chief value consists in this,—that it enables us to derive enjoyment from things that are to be seen every day and every night, and that constantly surround us.

Mary. There goes the sun!—the last, last speck: now it is quite gone.

Father. Gone to enlighten the other hemisphere. It is now dawning on the great Pacific, calling the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands to their daily labor, and leaving us to darkness and repose

Mary. And while we are sleeping so quietly in our beds, at what an amazing pace this globe of ours must be spinning about, to bring us round to face the sun again to-morrow morning!

Father. Yes, there is One “who never slumbers nor sleeps; the darkness and the light are both alike to him.” He it is who holds the planets in their courses, and maintains the vast machinery in perfect order and harmony. He looks down with pure benevolence upon our sleeping

and waking world, and "causes his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust," upon pagan and Christian lands. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

Martha. Papa, shall we take another turn?

Father. With all my heart. Tell me, my dear girl, is there not something more interesting in the scene we have beheld, than in this moving medley of ribbons and feathers?

Martha. O, certainly, papa, more interesting; but surely it is pleasant and cheerful — amusing, at least — to look about one a little, like other people.

Father. All very well in its way, my dear; but a little of it, I confess, satisfies me. Besides, I should be very sorry to be so dependent upon circumstances for my amusements, as to be pleased only with these gay scenes.

Martha. How so, papa? There is always something gay to be seen, if one chooses.

Father. Not always. Suppose, now, I were to send you to your uncle's farm house, where there is nothing to behold but fields and trees and green lanes by day, and nothing but stars overhead by night.

Martha. I believe, indeed, I should be very soon tired of it.

Father. Then, you see, your happiness depends upon circumstances; and you are not so independent as one who could be pleased and happy any where.

Martha. O, but I would never go to a place where I could not be happy.

Father. Now you talk like a silly child. We are not always, we are scarcely ever, entirely at our own dis-

posal; and it may happen that you will have to spend, not a few weeks only, but years — your whole life, perhaps — in such a situation.

Martha. O, shocking! I hope not, I'm sure.

Father. Nay, that is an idle wish. Hope rather for a mind capable of being satisfied with those natural, simple pleasures which Providence every where places within our reach, and then you are more independent than a queen. Our rural poet well sings, —

"I would not, for a world of gold,
That nature's lovely face should tire;"

for truly, an eye to see and a heart to feel its beauties, are of more importance to happiness than a great estate.

Martha. The country is very beautiful, certainly, in some parts; and I should like, of all things, to live in a fine park, with lawns, and trees, and deer, and all that kind of things.

Father. I dare say you would. But suppose, instead of being mistress of this fine park, you were only a tenant's daughter, living in an humble dwelling on its outskirts.

Martha. I should not like that at all.

Father. No? Why, you could walk in the park, and look at the lawns, and the trees, and the deer, as well as the lady herself.

Martha. Yes; just look at them.

Father. Well, the mistress herself could do no more. And let us suppose — a very possible case — that this lady has no true taste for the scenes which surround her; that she values them chiefly as articles of splendor and show, and

prefers a saloon, crowded with company, to a walk in her peaceful lawns and groves; while the tenant's daughter is gifted with taste and sentiment to enjoy these natural beauties; then, I maintain, that her humble neighbor is the happier, the more independent, the more truly elevated, of the two.

Martha. La, papa!

Father. Yes; and I believe it not unfrequently happens, that the great unintentionally, indeed, thus provide pleasures for others, of which they themselves never knew the true enjoyment. So true is it that "man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses," but in what he is himself. They who depend on artificial pleasures for their happiness, are miserable, if "riches take wings and fly away," so as to prevent them the means of gratification. But the fields, the trees, the blue sky, the starry heavens, are always the same, and of these pleasures none of the vicissitudes of life can deprive us.

By this time, the father and his daughters had reached the lovely beach; the moon had just risen over the eastern cliffs; the planet Venus, that beautiful evening star, which made such a brilliant appearance during the last winter, was now beginning to glow in the west; a star or two faintly glimmered overhead; the sea was perfectly calm, and the gentle, regular fall of the wave on the pebbly shore seemed not to interrupt the solemn stillness. Mary and her father enjoyed the scene; they now walked silently, for to those who can feel them, such scenes dispose less to conversation than reflection.

There is this grand difference between natural, rational pleasures, and those that are artificial,—and it is one by which they may be easily distinguished,—that from the former, the transition to religious thoughts and enjoyments is easy and agreeable. Whether we contemplate nature with the eye of taste, or investigate it with that of philosophy, our thoughts are readily led upwards to the great Author of all, "all whose works praise him;" and it is at such times, with peculiar appropriateness, that the Christian can say, —

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend."

But from trifling thoughts and dissipating amusements, the transition is violent and difficult indeed, and is, in fact, very rarely attempted.

So it proved in the present instance. When they returned from their walk, Mary retired to her closet, with a mind serious, and disposed for its sacred duties, while Martha remained before her glass, ruminating on the pattern of a new spencer, which had attracted her attention on the parade. — JANE TAYLOR.

"THE consent of all men," says Seneca, "is of very great weight with us: it is a mark that a thing is true, when it appears so to all the world. Thus we conclude there is a divinity, because all men believe it; there being no nation, how corrupt soever they be, which denies it."

Is there a word in English which contains all the vowels? — *Unquestionably.*



Soap Bubbles.

BLLOWING soap bubbles is one of the very best ways that we know of entertaining children on a rainy day.

It is a quiet, clean amusement, and, more than all, costs nothing. We knew of a lady who had a very careless son, by the name of John: this boy had a horror of cold water, and never liked to wash his hands; so that, whenever his mother had company to tea, she gave him a piece of soap, a bowl, and a pipe, and set him to blowing bubbles. At the expiration of half an hour, his hands were wiped and dried, and every body thought him a very neat boy, and admired the cleanliness of his appearance.

It is a game not at all difficult to play at. In almost every house there's a pipe or a stump of one to be found; or, if not, the grocers sell them at a cent apiece.

Then we think we may presume, that in every family that takes Merry's Museum, there is at least one cake of soap: it makes no difference whether it is Windsor, Brown, Castile, Almond, or Bar. We are not sure that bar is not even the best, it makes such a stout, healthy, ponderous bubble. Then it's not like other games. It may be played all alone, when one has no companions to talk to or romp with. To play blind-man's-buff, there must be at least six of you; and every body knows that you can't play battlecock, when there's no one to toss the shuttlecock back to you, — no, shuttlecock; — but you know what I mean. The boy in the picture seems to be getting along very well by himself, and we have put him there to serve as an example to all our readers who are unacquainted with the joys that lie hidden in the bowl of a tobacco pipe.

We say tobacco pipe, because that's the name of it; but we expressly stipulate that there shall be no tobacco in it. Bob Merry hopes it will never be said of him that he encourages the use of tobacco in the young. On the contrary, the bowl of the pipe is to be filled with soap and water; then somebody's mouth is to be placed at the small end, and a gentle, but sustained breath to be forced through the pipe. A bubble will form over the bowl, and this will gradually swell, and grow bigger and bigger, till its weight detaches it from the pipe, when it will set off on an excursion to some other world, or on a visit to the moon; that is, if no accident befalls it on the way — if it escapes the window sill, and the eaves of the roof, and does not get lost among the

branches of the elm-tree that overshadows the house. What a title for a story! "*The Adventures of S. Bubble, Esq., midway between Heaven and Earth.*" We remember a bubble of our blowing, that went out of sight some forty years ago. Forty years! That's a long time to remember a bubble! But we recollect the occurrence as if it were but yesterday. It was quite a good sized bubble, about as large as the one in the picture; and as it sailed out of the window, seemed just like a boy of fifteen years old, setting out from the paternal mansion to seek his fortune. It had a roguish, confident way with it, that was quite irresistible; its fat, round cheeks were full of gayety and good humor, and as it rose in the air, the setting sun fell full upon it, lighting up a thousand prismatic colors, and causing it to smile in every corner of its face. Just as it went out of sight, it slightly wriggled in its passage through a current, seeming by this movement to give us a parting salutation. We kissed our hand to it, and it disappeared in the blue of heaven. We've never seen it since, and never expect to behold it again. Some rude puff of wind has caught it, and torn it limb from limb before this; or else a drop of rain, falling from heaven to earth, has made a hole through it, and let the breath out of its body.

That was the last bubble we blew that evening: it made us quite melancholy to think that we could not trace it in its passage through the air, or be present when it died, and receive its last sigh. We were very sober till we went to bed; and then, we remember, we said our

prayers with more than usual feeling. No bubble we've ever made since has replaced our first-born; we've blown many a one, which might put a prize pumpkin to shame for size, but they always burst before they were fairly launched in the air. We've made round, oval, single, double ones, but they never could get beyond the chimney of the house. Never once have we been able to make one go out of sight, except the one we have spoken of. Perhaps, when we were young, out of sight was just over the roof, and that's the reason we succeeded then in what we have always since failed in doing. We regret our lost bubble more than we can tell, and would offer a reward for its recovery, if these were days when bean stalks grew in a night, more than a ship can sail in a week. If any of our readers see it, they can oblige an old man by telling him of its whereabouts.

TREACHERY.—Of all the vices to which human nature is subject, treachery is the most infamous and detestable, being compounded of fraud, cowardice, and revenge. The greatest wrongs will not justify it, as it destroys those principles of mutual confidence and security by which only society can subsist. A brave and generous people will disdain to practise it, even towards their declared enemies. Christianity teaches us to forgive injuries; but to resent them under the disguise of friendship and benevolence, argues a degeneracy which common humanity and justice must blush at.



The Earth, as seen from the Moon.

Two Letters from the Moon!

OUR readers may be a little astonished at the title of this article; but if they will be patient, and read what follows, they will find all seeming mystery dissipated.

MR. MERRY:

Two of my children, Jane and Henry, have taken it into their heads to write each a letter about the moon, and send them for publication in your Museum. I think they are cleverly done, and if you think so too, please give them a place.

I am yours truly,

A MOTHER.

Lunetown, 9th Month, 1849.

MY REVERED LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE, MR. MERRY.

SIR, I have had the pleasure, through the attention of one of the inhabitants in Lunetown, of learning, much to my wonder and delight, that there is another moon in existence, similar to the one in which we dwell. You may imagine my surprise at all that this gentleman told

me, who has spent a year in your country. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to hear him converse on the subject; and I now really feel as if I had been to the earth myself.

Mr. Axis brought me a number of what he calls *books*, several of which are written by you. In one I read some letters from colored-eyed subscribers, and to these I wish to add one. This I should not have been able to do, had not my kind friend taught me your language, and manner of writing. You give your young friends a great deal of information: now, in return for what I have received, I will tell you of a great many things of which Mr. Axis says you are totally ignorant. You know not what you lose.

Our manner of living here in the moon, will, I think, strike you very drolly; and as it will give me pleasure to be able to *strike* you from such a distance, I will do so immediately. All through the village in which I live run what are called *lunations*

or streets. On each side of these are the houses in which the inhabitants dwell. In front of each one is a long pole with a full moon placed at the top, on which is written the name of the resident. This is very convenient for strangers, as the moons can be seen from some distance. Before I forget, let me tell you where to find me, should you ever visit us. I am "Eclipse lunation, full moon 96; family of Moon-struck." Do you understand?

Every thing we use, be it in the house or out of it, takes either the shape of our world, or has a picture of it upon it. For instance, we ride in carriages shaped like a crescent, drawn by horses with moon's horns, who are driven by men dressed in materials of moon manufacture. A large bag is made, with holes for the neck, feet, and arms, and then a cord with moons at each end is tied round their waists. The dress of the men is always the same, but the ladies are allowed to make some variations in their toilets. Our dresses are stamped all over with little colored moons, and stars scattered here and there. When we go out in cloudy weather, we are enveloped in a stuff called "haze," to prevent us from breathing the damp air.

I wish you could go to church with me for once, though you might not find much difference between our style of worship and yours. We spend most of the time during service in singing, except about ten minutes, in which our minister, Mr. Moonlight, tells us the latest news. He tells what we should do, and what we should not do, and prays that we may never fall to the earth. This is the terror of all wicked people. And they are more

frightened still since the return of Mr. Axis, who has given them such droll accounts of your doings. He says you are magicians, and that you have made yourselves extra eyes, with which you can look into our world and all its irregularities! I am anxious to procure a song, written by some earth-man, which begins thus:—

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon."

In return for this, if you can procure it for me, I send you a piece of advice, copied from a book in my possession:—

"Sowe peason and beans in the wane of
the moon,—

Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too
soon,—

That they with the planet may rest and
rise,

And flourish with bearing most plentiful
wise."

We have a great many droll names here, all of which are "of the moon, moony." No one is allowed to have a cognomen that has not some allusion to the mother moon. Mr. Axis tells me it is not so with you. This seems to me disrespectful. He told me the names of a great many of your prominent men, such as Peter Parley, Daniel Webster, Zachary Taylor, George Simmons, Mr. Sand's Sarsaparilla, Mr. Sparks, and a great many others whose appellations have no reference to the earth. The only way in which I can account for it is, that they are *above* it. Thus Sparks here always fly upward, and Sarsaparilla gives one a desire to mount like the foam, though I protest against ending in froth. The first part of the above mentioned name is the only respectful one—Mr. Sand. Mr.

Axis has, however, so highly spoken of all these gentlemen, notwithstanding their repudiation of their mother's name, that I feel as if they were repaying her by making her sons famous. Mr. Simmons may expect to see a quantity of moonies of all sizes, as he appeals to both men and boys, entering his Hall in a summary manner, some day. So, for fear they should affect his sight, will you please to forewarn him? As for Zachary Taylor, he ranks so high in my estimation, that I take an excessive interest in any "wars or rumors of wars" in which he is concerned. I will spare your blushes, and not *Parley* about you. There are, however, exceptions to every rule; and after diligent search, I have found one or two, much to my delight, such as Stone, Hill, &c. I honor them for their filial respect. Then you have one man in whose favor I need say nothing. Clay is an honor to his mother Earth.

Now, my dear sir, my paper is on the *wane*; and besides that, I have numberless duties to perform. I have the cows to milk, — for young ladies here are not above following the "*milky way*," — and I have my little sister Starina to put to bed. Would I could continue; but that is impossible. The railroad for the earth is ready to take its departure, and "*rays wait for no man*." I shall at some future time trouble you again; and I now end with this advice to your subscribers: never allow my place of abode to shine on you when asleep, but close your curtains, and as you retire, repeat this, and you will dream of your future husband or wife.

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me,
This night, who my husband — 'or wife —
shall be."

Good-bye, Mr. Merry. I follow the general custom set by your earthly subscribers, and beg you to print this if you think it worthy, which, as you so seldom hear from the moon, I hope you will. I hear that you are to be favored with one or two other epistles from our town. I tremble for fear that mine will be the only unaccepted one. But you must look leniently on one who has so lately learned your language and hieroglyphics, and thus oblige your heavenly friend,

TWILIGHT MOONSTRUCK.

P. S. I wonder if it is on the earth the same as it is here, namely, that the postscript of a lady's letter is the most important part of it. If so, you will not be astonished that in my patriotism I should keep this request until the last. My dear Mr. Merry, when looking up by chance some night at the bright moon, do not liken my place of abode either to a "*green cheese*," or a "*cart wheel*."

The Vale of Arcadia. }
This 2d of August. }

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Although I am no dreamer, and put no faith in the creations of mind without the guidance of matter — yet I must confess that a good dream amuses me; and as I suppose others may be willing to be amused, I am going to give your young readers an account of the workings of my imagination last night at Nahant.

I had been sitting with a romantic

young friend near the Spouting Horn, under the silver rays of the harvest moon, and felt myself, when I retired, absolutely oppressed with the dreamy radiance that was shed around my little apartment. Unheeding the usually credited idea that the full rays of the moon, falling upon a sleeper, produce uneasy sensations, I threw myself upon my couch, and was soon wrapped in deep, but dreamy slumber.

In the spirit-land, I became conscious of whirling through a vast expanse, at lightning speed, in what form I knew not. I was a sentient being, at least, endowed with the sense of vision, and capable of feeling intense pleasure from the exercise of my visual orbs. But whether man, beast, bird, fish, or insect, or even a lower order in the animal creation, I knew not. All my powers were absorbed in the act of seeing what was spread out before me.

After a breathless passage of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles, I found myself suspended in mid air, near an immense mass of matter, of a round form, and of a surface which appeared marked with spots, which, to my eye, seemed like mountains and valleys. Just at this moment, what was my terror to behold a sort of convulsion in one of these elevations, and a portion of rock detach itself, and fall, rushing through the air with a whizzing sound! Where it went, I could form no idea; but whatever it might encounter would surely suffer in the contact. A gentle rotatory motion in the body near which I was placed, produced in me a slight dizziness, at the same time that my eyes were dazzled by

the intense rays of an immense ball of light, which was insufferable to behold.

Recovering a little from the confusion into which my rapid journey had thrown me, I ventured to gaze around me; and my first effort was directed towards a brilliant, but soft light, which appeared to be taking a distinct and tangible form on the mass of matter which had so riveted my attention. As the rays from the luminary increased, I distinctly perceived the outline of a female form of surpassing loveliness. This gradually filled out. The head, covered with flowing hair, was crowned with a crescent of silvery brightness; the arms, white and bare, were waving backwards and forwards; and the whole body was bathed in the glorious but subdued rays of the brilliant luminary I have before spoken of. My attention was fixed upon the soft but intense expression of the eyes, and the beckoning and beseeching motion of the arms. She was assuredly exercising a mesmeric influence — but upon what?

I cast my eyes around to discover the cause of this phenomenon, when, stretched out beneath me, was the same blue and glorious sea, upon whose shores I had enjoyed so much, and dreamed so many day-dreams; and lo! her glad waves leaped and rolled along, like a lover beckoned by the hand of his mistress. I have since seen many lovely scenes, Mr. Merry, but never have I viewed any thing so enchanting. The loveliness of that goddess, — for she could be nothing else, — her beseeching attitude, the languor of her large, dark eye, the silvery brightness of her "white symar," filled my senses with delight.

I now began to be aware of a gradual increase in the size of this mysterious being. The crescent on her head began to grow circular, and finally assumed the shape of a ball of burnished silver. She again appeared to be exercising some wonderful influence upon the world beneath. Gathering into her eyes all the effulgence of the rays of the potent luminary, she shot them with intense power upon some objects that appeared of human form. At first they were indistinct to my spiritualized vision; but soon, figures of men and women were descried in various attitudes. Some were tossing their arms wildly in the air, and tearing their hair; others were walking sadly and mournfully along the banks of streams, sometimes disappearing beneath the waves; many seemed inspired with wonderful sensations, and eyed the enchantress with wild and melancholy looks. A young man and maiden might be seen, arm in arm, gazing in each other's eyes; another youth might be seen penning a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or charming her with his lute. All these persons had the word *Luna* written in silvery letters upon their heads, which appeared to be light and shadowy as dreams.

Not far removed from this scene, appeared a large expanse of meadow, filled with gay reapers gathering in their harvest. The lads and lasses were busily cutting and binding up the sheaves of golden grain, dancing and frolicking in the interval of their labor, and evidently rejoicing in the rays of the divinity. Anon the hunter's horn was heard; the tired stag and the baying dogs were seen

panting and coursing under the full blaze of the silvery goddess. All this was charming; and I should have gazed longer, but I became suddenly sensible that a darkness was gradually stealing over the figure and countenance of the empress of light. On looking around for the cause, I saw that the earthy body at which I had been gazing was intercepting the rays of the great luminary. Slowly, but surely, did it roll between us. Sadly and wanly my fair mistress appeared; till, to my fright, darkness came over us like a pall. But there was light below, and many figures were seen with little machines at their eyes, regarding us with looks of pleasure and astonishment. I will not attempt to describe my sensations; but fortunately they were not of long continuance. The darkness rolled off, and the queen of my admiration again shone, in what seemed to me added effulgence.

Sleep now steeped me in forgetfulness. When my senses again awoke, a change had come over my lovely vision. The roundness of her proportions was fading away. The light of her eye became dim. Her arms waved slowly over the expanse. I looked below. The former joyous waves now rolled sadly and slowly at her beck; her votaries were less animated in their gestures; the lover and his mistress reposed; the lute was still; silence reigned, except that now and then a solitary carriage bore home its votary of pleasure, or the drowsy milkman commenced his early round. Alas! my charming beauty was on the *wane*, and I, sympathizing, fell into the arms of Morpheus. He waved his wand over me, and bade me see the fair land of his birth.

REMARKS OF THE EDITOR.

We suppose our young readers have fully understood the various allusions made in these fanciful but interesting letters. In the last, the beholder is supposed to be placed at some distance from the moon. The sun, moon, and earth lie before him. From his station in mid air, he sees a meteoric stone shot from the surface of the lunar body. He notices the effect produced by the moon, when full, upon the tides; her influence upon the mind of man when diseased, and in a state of lunacy, as caused by this supposed circumstance; and upon lovers, who have been from time immemorial her worshippers. The allusion to the harvest, and the hunter's moon, is evident. The reference to the eclipse, and the observation of it through telescopes, will, of course, be understood. Her diminished brightness, and lessened influence when on the wane, will be felt by all who regret her former glories. The personification as Diana in the Greek mythology requires no explanation. Her famous temple at Ephesus was one of the seven wonders of the world.

DWARFS.—Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburg, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.

Suddenly a fair vision arose to my view. The same lovely face and figure were before me, but in hunter's garb; her melancholy softness had given place to a charming *naïveté* and wild freedom of manner. On her shoulder were a bow and quiver of arrows, and on her small, white feet buskins were attached. The same silvery crescent still bound her brows, and advancing towards her in the distance might be seen a lovely youth. Casting my eyes below, I saw a land of wondrous beauty. Minarets, and towers, and temples, bathed in light, met my view. Sacrifices were prepared by votaries upon splendid altars, and offerings were made at many a shrine. I perceived that the lovely huntress observed all this with pleasure and pride, bowing her stately head, as if receiving and inhaling the incense of her adorers; and now there burst upon my ear, in deafening shouts, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

* * * * *

Starting from my slumbers, I sprang from my bed, and gaining the window, gazed with an undefined hope at the heavens. Will you believe me when I tell you that I there sought the soft eyes, the flowing hair, the waving arms, the unearthly brightness of my enchantress of the night? and will you make sport of me when I tell you that I wept that it was but a dream?

I am but a boy, Mr. Merry, but I am very sure that when I seek a fair one, as I suppose I may, she must have the eye, the look, the form of my vision; and her name must be either Cynthia, Diana, or Luna, or she will never please her.

ENDYMION.



The Colossus of Rhodes.

THIS famous statue was erected by the Rhodiâns in honor of their tutelary deity, Apollo. During one of their wars, they were so effectually succored by their allies, that they determined upon recognizing in this way the protection of the god. Chares, a celebrated sculptor, was intrusted with the project. The statue was to be in brass, and to represent the sun. Chares had scarcely half finished the work, when he found that he had expended all the money that he had received for the whole, and he hanged himself in despair. Lachés, another sculptor of renown, finished the work in twelve years, and placed the prodigious statue on its pedestal. The ancient authors who lived at the time that the Colossus of Rhodes is said to have been in existence, gave its height at sev-

enty cubits, or one hundred English feet. Pliny relates that few persons could span its thumb, and that its fingers were as long as ordinary statues. The figure was placed across the entrance of the harbor, and the Rhodian vessels could pass under its legs. This monster of art remained erect only sixty years; it was then thrown from its place by an earthquake, which broke it off at the knees. Some centuries after, its remains were beaten to pieces, and sold to a Jew merchant, who loaded above nine hundred camels with its spoils.

The practice of executing statues of colossal dimensions and proportions, is of very high antiquity. The pagodas of China and India abound with *colossi* of almost every description.

News from Billy Bump.

WE learn that our readers have been in a state of the greatest anxiety to hear from their friend Billy Bump; and we are much pleased to lay before them the following letter.

Loreto, Lower California, Jan. —, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Here I am — safe and sound — after lots of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, enough to fill a book. When I get home, if that should ever happen, I mean to write an account of my experiences for the last six weeks, which, I think, will be as wonderful as the stories of Robinson Crusoe, Baron Munchausen, or Jack the Giant-Killer. Never was a poor fellow so buffeted and banged about; and, after all, I am at the very strangest place in the world, and one I never heard of, till I got to it. But I must give you a sketch of my experience.

I sailed from Panama, on the 4th of October, in the schooner Beato, being bound for San Gabriel, a place on the coast, some two or three hundred miles south of San Francisco. We expected our voyage to be about a month in duration, but we had calms and head winds, and all sorts of mishaps, and finally got out of water. We were near the land, and two fellows, with myself, went in a boat to see if we could find some. When we got near the shore, the surf swamped our boat, and we were sprawled into the water. With a good deal of scrambling, we reached the land, but our boat was smashed on the rocks; and the weather continuing rough, the schooner set sail, and went on its way.

Well, that was a pretty fix for an innocent youth, named Billy Bump, at the tender age of seventeen! I have pretty good courage, mother, and am more apt to laugh than cry; but when I looked around, and took a fair account of my situation, I felt the salt constantly getting into my eyes, and making every thing look as if we were in an April fog. Consider the state of the case. We were on the western coast of Lower California, a long, snaggy country, poking into the Pacific, from north to south, say five hundred miles. In looking at the coast, it appeared to me like a dark, desolate region of iron. The mountains rose abruptly from the shore to the height of two or three thousand feet, presenting not a single tree, or shrub, or blade of grass. At the feet of the rocky cliffs lay the boundless ocean, seeming smooth and tranquil at a distance, but along the shore, roaring, thundering, and tumbling, like forty thousand giants dashing out their brains in vain attempts to demolish the mountains which obstructed their progress. On one of the narrow ranges of these cliffs sat three persons — Diego Mina and Bernardo Golfin, of Chili, and Billy Bump, of Sundown.

Mina was an old salt — that is, a sailor, some five and forty years old; short, black as an Indian, and hard and wrinkled as the trunk of an oak. Golfin was a Chilian dandy; five feet high, small body, and a little, sallow face, sunk deep in a black, swampy thicket of hair, whiskers, and moustaches. There we were, snug as three fleas in a bottle. My companions spoke nothing but Spanish, of

which I did not know a sentence. On my passage, I had caught a few words, and was able to make out, that in the present posture of affairs, they were both at their wits' end, having given up their entire concerns to the Virgin Mary, and a lot of persons in the other world whom I supposed to be saints. These fellows had at least one comfort—they could converse together. They had their sorrows—but they could find relief in expressing them. Never before did I feel such respect for the human tongue and the invention of language. I believe I would have given one of my eyes, or one of my ears, or any half dozen of my fingers or toes, to have been able to talk with these two Spaniards.

We staid three days on the rocky shore, feeding upon muscles and seaweed, hoping for the return of the Beato, or the appearance of some vessel by which we might escape. But we were disappointed. At length, I determined to climb the mountains, and endeavor to cross the country to the eastern side of the peninsula—a distance, as I had learned, of some fifty or sixty miles. I expected to find no inhabitants, except, perhaps, a few Indians, wolves, foxes, and rattlesnakes; but my anxiety to do something made me perfectly fearless. I was, in fact, desperate, so eager was my desire to be doing something.

I made my plans known to my companions as well as I could, by looks, signs, and jargon; but they rolled up their eyes, and concluded to stick by the Virgin and the saints. So I started upon my own hook. I found a narrow gorge in the cliffs, and, by diligent scrambling,

gained the top of the first range of mountains—some two thousand feet high. The scene was amazingly grand; on one side, the broad ocean, spreading out and mingling with the sky; on the other, a seeming city of mountain peaks, dark and dingy with age, and haggard from the effects of volcanic shocks, and the long, wasting influence of time and tempest. No living thing was visible in this extended view—not a tree or plant—not an insect or a bird—save only that, far away, I saw a vulture poised in the sky, and looking steadily down, as if searching for his meal.

It was a mad project; but I determined to try my fortune, and entered this wilderness of cliffs and ridges. I have not time now to tell you, day by day, and night by night, my wild adventures during the three following weeks. I had no money; and among these regions, that was of little consequence. My shoes were thin, and were soon cut to pieces in climbing and descending the cliffs. I had on a thin linen dress: this was very well during the days, which were hot, but at night I suffered from the cold. I had with me a small bundle of muscles, which I ate economically for the first two days: on the third, I came to a ravine, where there was a little river. This ran eastwardly, and I hoped, by following it, to reach the eastern shore, bordering on the Gulf of California; for here I understood there were settlements. But the river soon terminated in a little valley, in the centre of which was a small lake.

Never have I seen any thing so lovely as this spot seemed, when first I came upon it. All around, the scenery con-

sisted of dreary rocks, appearing like grisly giants, guarding this lonely and sequestered valley. The lake consisted of the purest water, and its shores were covered, even though it was November, with rich vegetation, and flowers of a thousand forms and hues. Birds of bright plumage and sportive airs glided over the water, or glanced through the thickets. I was filled with delight at the scene, so different from the barren desolation amid which I had been wandering.

I approached the lake, and as the weather was intensely hot, and I was very weary, I prepared for a bath. I had taken off my cap and jacket, and was about to complete my preparations, when I heard a strange humming in the bushes at my side. I looked in that direction, and there lay a rattlesnake ready to spring upon me. I leaped upon the bank, but found that I had trod right in among a family of scorpions, one of which gave me a villanous stab in the calf of the leg, with a sort of natural bowie knife which he carries at the end of his tail. I had not fairly got clear of these fellows, when I felt something come slap down upon the top of my head. I put up my hand, and caught hold of a green snake, which, it seems, had fallen from a magnolia-tree, which rose above me. I looked up, and almost every leaf and flower of the tree, was occupied by one of these agreeable little personages. Leaving my cap and jacket to the rattlesnake, I went away with a hop, skip, and a jump, giving to this valley the name of *Snaky Hollow*. It is mine, by the right of discovery; but I

will give a clear deed of it to any body who would like it.

I began to climb the mountains again, and at the end of two days I reached a ravine, where I saw some huts made of canes and leaves. There was nobody there; so I took possession of one. The gorge or valley between the mountains was fertile in places, and I had no difficulty in finding enough to eat. There were wild figs, a kind of custard apple or paw-paw, and various other fruits, in abundance. Being very much fatigued and almost worn out, I concluded to stop here, and recruit. After three days, a terrible event happened. It was night, and I was sleeping in my bed of leaves, when I heard a strange, rumbling noise. I went to the opening of the hut, and looked about. It was perfectly dark, and not a breath of air was stirring; but an awful sound, seeming to come from the bowels of the earth, filled my ears. What it meant, was beyond my conception. If you can imagine some giant, as big as a mountain, suddenly smitten with a fit of the colic — rolling, tumbling, and groaning in his agony — you may have some idea of the noises which then assailed me.

I waited a few moments in mingled wonder and horror, when suddenly a rush of wind swept by, prostrating my cabin, and tumbling me in among the wreck. For a moment, all was still; and then suddenly the whole heavens seemed to be on fire. The mystery was now explained: one of the mountains which skirted the valley, was volcanic, and being suddenly taken with a fit of fever and ague, began to vomit forth fire and smoke, melted

stones and lava. The latter, a seeming river of fire, was rolling down the sides of the mountain, and threatened speedily to fill up the valley. It was becoming too hot for me; and so, without staying long to make up my mind, I took the opposite direction, and left the volcano to its fate. For a week after, I could see its pitchy smoke screwing the heavens, and gliding away at last in a long, dim line, till it was lost in the sky.

My adventures were not yet at an end. In about three days, I came to a considerable river. This I followed, and it soon brought me to the sea, which I knew of course to be the Gulf of California. While I was walking along the shore, a white man and two Indians sprung suddenly from the reeds and bushes, and made me a prisoner. They said not a word, nor did I. The Indians were naked as a chestnut out of the burr; but the white man had a thin dress, and a broad-brimmed, palm-leaf hat. When I was firmly bound, the man spoke to me in Spanish. I shook my head, to signify that I did not understand the language. He then spoke to me in English.

“Who are you?” said he.

“William Bump, of Boston!” said I.

Never did I see such a droll expression, as came over the man’s face, as I gave this answer.

“William Bump, of Boston?” he repeated with great emphasis; “and how came you here?”

“I was cast away on the other side.”

“And how did you get across?”

“I came afoot: there was no railroad!”

The man smiled, and I thought, at the

time, it was a very Yankee smile indeed. He went on: —

“And so you was cast away, — and you crossed those mountains? Wal — that’s just like the rest on ’em. Now, there ain’t a Spaniard, or a Mexican, or an Indian, in all Kalliforny, Upper or Lower, that dare do what that are chap has done. It’s the nature of the beast: these Yankees du beat the Dutch. They go and come, and don’t mind rattlesnakes, copperheads, racers, scorpions, or volcanoes. Go-ahead is chapter and yarse for them. Wal, wal — I thought I’d got to the end of creation, but this fellow ’s found me out. I’m glad to see him, though: Look ’ere — what ’d you say your name was?”

“William Bump, or Billy Bump, just as you like.”

“Well, come go with me.” Saying this, my new acquaintance took me to a rude, though comfortable hut, at a short distance. Here were about half a dozen Indians, and around were several other huts. The shore was near by, and in a little nook of the bay, between two rocks, lay three light canoes. We entered the hut, and the man soon told me his story. His name was Paul Pike, son of Captain David Pike, of Popperidge, Massachusetts. He came first to Mexico, to sell clocks, and got a little money by it. He then took to catching horses, on the plains, which he sold to General Scott’s army. He was finally taken by the Mexicans; but slipped through their fingers, and took to peddling, passing himself off as a native Mexican. He found a great demand for pearls, and accordingly wrote to his brother Jim, of Popperidge, to

manufacture a lot of wooden ones. These came, but did not pay. Paul then chanced to hear of the pearl fisheries on the Gulf of California, and set out to investigate the matter.

He soon arrived, and catching two wild Indians, set them to diving for the pearl oysters. This did pretty well, and he went on till he had caught six Indians at the time I arrived. He supposed I was an Indian, and I was caught in order to catch oysters for him. Paul was perhaps disappointed at first, but he seemed delighted at last. He treated me with great kindness, and begged me to stay with him, offering me a share in his business. He expected soon to be worth a hundred thousand dollars, when he intended to return, marry the daughter of Squire Bliss, of Popperidge, and go representative to congress from that district!

I had a hard battle to overcome Paul

Pike's arguments, in favor of staying with him. When, at last, he found me determined to pursue my own plans, he made me promise to return, if I did not succeed; he then supplied me with necessary clothes, gave me twelve pearls, worth twenty dollars apiece, and sent me, in a boat, paddled by an Indian, to this place; and here I am.

Loreto is the capital of Lower California, but it has not more than three hundred inhabitants. I shall leave this place for San Gabriel in two weeks, with a company of merchants and travellers, going in that direction. I hope to write you soon from that place, and tell you of a happy termination to my strange adventures.

Adieu, dear mother. May Heaven ever bless you and father, and every thing that belongs to my beloved, but far-off home.

I am yours truly,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE following letters will be read with interest by all our readers.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

My father, who wishes to have me learn to write good letters, which he says is a great accomplishment, sent for your Museum of this year, that I might see how many little girls and boys, set at ease by your kindness and encouragement, wrote to you without fear. I do not think that I should have dared to do so, before I had your pleasant little work; but now, Mr. Merry, it is you who must consent to bear the blame, for you yourself say that you

are happy to receive neatly-written letters, with the postage paid.

I am only twelve years old, Mr. Merry; and having no brothers nor sisters, I am often left to myself for hours together, when my father has gone to his business. My mother died when I was only four years old; and I can only remember, that there was once another dear friend, whom I loved very much. You may, therefore see, Mr. Merry, that I must have had recourse to books for amusement and occupation; and among the many in my possession are several of yours.

As you have visited Paris, you will know just where I live, when I tell you that our

apartment is situated in a fine hotel on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. This hotel is called the *Cité Vindé*; that is, it is a *city* belonging to M. de Vindé. It is built round two courts, and we live in the second one. The front is very handsome, having a beautifully arched entrance, with a heavy gate of iron. There are balconies extending the whole length, with flowers, placed there by the occupants of the apartments to which the balconies belong. High up there are two statues, but of what I do not know; I should have to look through a spy glass, they are so high.

Every day I go out with my French governess, to walk or ride. My favorite walk is to the Gardens of the Tuileries, where I can read, or jump, hop, drive hoop, or run races. But I generally prefer sitting still and looking on, for I think such a big girl as I am should begin to behave like a lady—do not you, Mr. Merry? Now, do not laugh at me for this, I beg, for I am more laughed at now than I like by half. Father says I am almost as old fashioned as little Paul Dombey, in Mr. Dickens's last book. I do not know what he means, but he says when I am fourteen, I may read the book, and find out for myself. So I will!

I went yesterday to a wood about two miles out of Paris, called the "*Bois de Boulogne*." Here I got on to a cunning little donkey, who looked so gentle and kind that I would not take a whip, although the keeper told me I should be sorry if I did not. Well, off I went; and as long as my little steed could hear the crack of his master's long whip, he went very well, much to my delight. We soon, however, got out of sight and hearing of every one, and in a little dark path my donkey stopped short; nor would he start again. I had never ridden before unless followed by a little ragged boy who made a noise to frighten the animal by rapidly shaking some stones in a basket. I thought the little fellow wanted to rest, and for a moment I humored him. "Now," said I, chirruping to him, "let's be off again." But no; there he stood, and nothing I could do or say would make him stir. I now began to regret my having so

obstinately refused to take a whip. I looked around me, but could see no one; neither was there a switch within my reach. What to do I did not know, and for a moment I felt almost like crying. But just as I was beginning to be so foolish, the thought came across me, as to whether tears running would make a donkey run. At this thought I laughed loud to myself, much to the astonishment of my stubborn friend, who started off in good earnest for his stand. We went on nicely until we got in sight of my governess and the donkey's owner; and then, thinking that if there was any scolding to be got, I deserved the worst, he sent me, by a kicking out of his hind legs, directly over his head, lodging me at his master's feet, upon the green grass, unhurt, but ashamed and more ready to shed tears, than to join the laugh at my expense. I think I learned a good lesson from this, Mr. Merry; and hereafter, the little animal may not expect me, as father says, to "spare the whip, and spoil the donkey."

I have been here for nearly a year, Mr. Merry, and I sometimes wish myself back in my own city of New York. But I have no hopes of returning there for many years. Father brought me here that I might learn the French, German, and Italian languages, with the promise, that when I could read the two last with ease, I should visit the countries where they are spoken. He says that a language can never be learned, unless at headquarters; that is, if you wish to speak it. Do you think so too, Mr. Merry? I told some one, the other day, that I had come here to finish my education; and father called out, "Then you must spend your life here, Lizzie, for a lady's education never is finished!" O, I felt so ashamed, Mr. Merry, to be corrected before everybody; but it will keep me from forgetting what father said, and will do me good, I am sure. Do you mean to come to Paris again some time or other? You do not know what a great desire I have to see you. I have a picture of you in one of my books, in which you have a wooden leg, and are telling the boys around you not to tread

on your gouty toe. But this does not please me. I do not believe that you have the gout, for father says that only old people have it; and some one told me, the other day, that you were not nearly so old as you made yourself to be in your pictures.

I wish my paper would last longer, Mr. Merry; for I have not said one half that I wished to, and here I am nearly at the bottom of the fourth page of my sheet. You will not think this too long — will you, sir? If you knew what pleasant hours I have spent in the anticipation, and the writing of it, you would not wonder that I plead for forgiveness if I have taxed your patience too much, and for the permission to write some time again. This, from your usual kindness to children, I feel sure you will grant.

On reading this letter to father, he says I have made him too much of an oracle, and that his modesty goes against my sending this letter. Whom have I to look up to but him? And is it not his own fault, Mr. Merry, if he will teach me himself, and not trust too much to my governess? Hoping, my dear sir, that you will agree with me in all I say, I sign myself your respectful and true blue-eyed friend.

LIZZY G—.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

Among your many thousand subscribers, do you know of any who object to the puzzles in your delightful magazine? Now, my opinion is, that there is not one; and as for myself, I am an earnest advocate for them. I am not only pleased in discovering their solutions, but in composing them too; and I send you the following as a proof, that you may not think what I say is flummery.

Now, Mr. Merry, I shall not ask you to put this letter into your magazine if you find it worthy a place; but I will frankly tell you what will be the consequence should you not do so. I warn you that I shall continue to write until I see one of my epistles in print; and as you cannot foresee how long I may be before I indite one really worthy, you had better have done with me at once.

Then, again, you will lead me, I fear, into a large bill of expense; for I agree with you, that we, being the obliged, should pay the postage of all the epistolary bores we choose to inflict on you.

Now, my dear Mr. Merry, take all these matters into consideration, for the sake of your pleading, but firm friend and constant reader,

Busy Body.

I am a proverb consisting of twenty-eight letters.

My 1, 17, 14, 7, is the noise of an animal which once spoke to a prophet.

My 7, 22, 10, 25, 15, is a kind of sea craft used for amusement.

My 8, 16, 11, 7, is well known to sailors.

My 3, 5, 6, 22, 13, is a whimsical action.

My 1, 4, 12, is a speech made to a goose.

My 20, 19, 28, is an article of which I hope you have got ten.

My 3, 17, 14, 27, 21, 6, is a country where the people are said to eat frogs.

My 21, 8, 26, 13, 2, is a celebrated navigator.

My 1, 8, 26, 23, is a thing with which people are sometimes kicked.

My 24, 25, 4, 13, 2, is what Hunchback, the hero of the fairy tale, did.

My 1, 2, 14, 9, 15, 7, is a thing which every body praises.

Lowell, Oct. 1, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I should like to know whether you do not intend to give us some pieces of music in the Museum. I do not think it is necessary to have music in every number, but it seems to me desirable, two or three times a year.

Yours, J. H. S.

We reply to the above, that we intend to do as J. H. S. proposes.

We have various other letters, which must be reserved for the December number. As that will close the volume for the year, we shall endeavor to square our accounts with our many correspondents, to whom we owe a great many thanks.



The Way to Conquer.

All the Children. O Mr. Parley, you must tell us a story!

Parley. Must I, indeed? *Must* is a very strong word.

James. Well, I don't care if it is: I say again, you *must* tell us a story.

Parley. When one tells me I *must* do a thing, I generally say I *shan't* do it.

Lucy. I think James is wrong: but still *please* tell us one of your stories.

Parley. O, that's a very different matter. When my gentle little friends come and say, "*Please, Mr. Parley,*" and "*Pray, Mr. Parley,*" and "*Be so kind, Mr. Parley,*" I have no heart to resist them. Sit down then—one and all—here—upon the grass. There! Now what shall I tell about?

James. Tell about the Indians!

Lucy. O, no—tell a fairy tale!

John. I'd rather hear about the revolutionary war.

Anne. Well, I like sea stories best.

Henry. I prefer travels.

Laura. And I like tales of giants, and ogres, and witches, and ladies locked up in castles, and knights coming to their relief.

Benjamin. I like Bible stories best.

Ellen. I love best to hear about good boys and girls,—how they are very happy.

James. Bah! I like good boys and girls very well, but stories about them are dull enough. It is the bad boys and girls that make interesting stories: they get into all sorts of difficulties, and then they are very unhappy, and their adventures are very exciting.

Parley. Well, now, what am I to do, amid all this confusion of tongues? One is for war, and another for peace; one for good children, and one for naughty children; one for fairy tales, and one for Bible stories. What am I to do?

All the Children. O, do as you please—choose for us—choose for us;—go ahead!—Any thing you like.—Hurrah for Old Zach, &c., &c.

Upon this, Peter Parley proceeded as follows:—

Once upon a time, there was a family that lived in the woods, far away from any other people. There were the father and mother and four children—Thomas, Ruth, Simon, and Milly. Thomas, the eldest, was fifteen years old, and a bold, daring boy. Ruth was thirteen, very handsome, and a little conceited. Simon was eleven, and very cunning. Milly was nine, and very kind and gentle.

Well, among the rocks, near where these people dwelt, there was a cave, and in that cave there lived a young bear. He was a lively, frolicsome creature, and when the children went that way, he seemed half inclined to make their acquaintance. He would rise up on his hind legs, as if he wished to be a boy; and then he would tumble head over heels, and make the drollest faces imaginable. So the children made acquaintance with the bear, and it was one of their amusements to go and see him; but the creature took good care to keep at a distance from them. If they came too close, he was sure to run into his cave, and not come out again till the next day.

Now, one day, the children were talking about their bear, as they called him; and Thomas began to boast that he could catch him, if he were really a mind to. Then Ruth said she could catch him, and Simon said he could catch him. Milly said nothing. However, it was finally agreed that each should take a week, and

see which should succeed in capturing the shaggy beast.

Thomas was to begin. So he chased the fellow into his den, and got hold of him. Bruin was offended, and, resorting to his teeth and claws, cut two or three pretty deep gashes in the hands and face of his assailant. Thomas went home not a little crest-fallen.

It was now Ruth's turn. She said that Thomas began wrong: he was a boy, and it was natural for the creature to be frightened. So she dressed herself up in her new hat, with a wreath of roses; she put on her silk dress, with short sleeves, and thus attired went to the den of the little monster. There he sat, at the door of his cottage, taking his comfort in the sun. Ruth approached, and stood before him in all the majesty of black eyes and curly hair, with silk, and roses and other flowers. Would you believe it—the bear did not get down upon his knees, and kiss the hand of the beautiful Ruth. Not a bit of it. He looked amazed for a few seconds; then put his tail between his legs, uttered a low growl, and marched into his cave! Poor Ruth was sadly mortified at first; but she concluded, at last, that such shabby treatment was to be expected from a bear. Of course he knew no better.

And now it was Simon's turn. Well, he felt sure of success. He got a string, and made a noose; and then he placed it near the bear's cave, and put a piece of meat close by. He expected the bear would come to get the meat; that, in doing this, he would put his feet in the noose: he would then draw it, and Bruin would be made captive at once. But

cunning usually begets cunning. The bear came out of his den, and began smelling about. He soon saw that something had been going on, and consequently he became suspicious. At last he discovered the string, and the meat. "Oh ho," he seemed to say to himself, "here's some trick, and I must be careful." So he walked around the string, and, taking the meat in his mouth, walked off with it, giving the artful Master Simon no chance to do him the least mischief.

At last it was poor Milly's turn. She had no confidence of success, but she concluded to try. So she went to the cave, and there was Master Bruin, as usual. Milly sat down at a little distance, and began to play with the flowers. By and by, Bruin wished to see what she was about, and so he began to creep towards her. At last, she looked up and smiled, and Bruin smiled too. And then Milly held out her hand, and Bruin held out his paw. And there they sat looking kindly at each other; and by and by, Milly got up to go away. Bruin whined, and seemed to say, "Do stay a little longer!"

However, Milly went away; but the next day she returned, and the bear came out, and approached her, and smiled. Milly was very patient, and very gentle, and in four days Master Bruin actually licked her hand! He seemed mightily pleased, and, coming close up, gave her a hearty buss, in his fashion, right upon her cheek. That settled the matter, and they became friends at once. At the end of a week, Milly returned to the house with Bruin walking by her side!

Thus modest, gentle Milly showed that she was in fact more powerful than the bold and daring Thomas, the beautiful and coquettish Ruth, and the cunning Simon.

And now, my young friends, let me give you a word of advice: If you want a story of Peter Parley, don't say, "*You must*" and "*You shall*;" but "*Please, Mr. Parley*," and "*Pray, Mr. Parley*." And so, through life, be gentle—patient; and remember that, if you wish to subdue even the rough, the violent, the wilful, it is better to set about it like gentle Milly.

For Merry's Museum.

The Pet Rabbits.

LITTLE Grace was very fond of pets. Sometimes she had a pretty kitten, which would always grow into a large cat; and she had a nice dog, which could not live comfortably in the city, and was sent into the country to live with her uncle. Once she had some cunning little rabbits, which she loved very much; and she took great care of them, and fed them with fresh grass, and lettuce, and parsley, of which rabbits are very fond. She went one morning quite early to feed them. James and Fanny were with her. She opened the cover of their box house, and the rabbits had gone! "How could they have got away? Who could have let them out? Did any body steal them?" Grace began to cry, and ran to her father, who was trimming the grape vine, and told him somebody had stolen her rabbits. He went immediately to see about it;

and lo! in one corner of the house was a hole dug, quite large enough for a rabbit to run out of. They moved the box, and discovered that the little rabbits, tired of their narrow quarters, had dug a hole into the ground, and run way; and what became of them, Grace never knew. After that, she had three more; two white and one mouse-colored. These lived with the children almost all summer, and were taken out to be exhibited to all visitors. Sometimes Grace had them in her room in a basket, and sometimes they were laid into the cradle for the baby to look at; and he would pat their soft hair, and pull their long ears, with his tiny hands; then he would laugh and crow to them so loudly, that the bunnies would give a jump, and away they would go out of the cradle.

One morning, a white rabbit was missing; and though great search was made, it could not be found. Papa thought a rat might have caught it, and carried it off. This was very sad; but uncle Charles brought another to supply its place. This one ran away or was carried off too. Poor Grace was in despair. What did become of her darling rabbits? Very soon the other white one was found dead in his house. Grace was in great distress. She took it in her lap, and cried as if her heart would break. What should she do; her darling pet was dead, dear little Whitefoot. The other children stood around and cried too. To comfort her, somewhat, Papa said it should be buried under the rose-bush, and that she might plant some flower seeds there if she chose. So Whitefoot was buried in a neat little box, which her sister Mary

gave her. The mouse-colored one was left alone. His name was Mopsy. He was more petted than ever. One day, the children were all out in the yard, and Mopsy was running all about, and they were having a fine frolic, when the rabbit ran out of the yard, through the arch, into the court. The children all hurried after it; and just as they got into the court, a great black dog spied poor bunny, and ran after it. O, if you could have heard Grace scream, "O, my rabbit, my rabbit! O, the dog, the dog!" We all ran to the windows; the neighbors put out their heads, hearing the dreadful screams, to ask what was the matter; people in the street stopped to look, and there was a great commotion. The rabbit ran this way and that, and the dog after it. Patrick seized a cane, and tried to beat the dog out of the street. Nancy, the cook, came out with a dish-towel in one hand and the mortar in the other; and Bridget and Peggy came, armed with brooms. The owner of the dog tried to call him off, when he found what a trouble he had made, for it was he that had set the dog in pursuit of the rabbit. Grace at last caught the poor little thing, when it was almost exhausted. Its heart was beating as if it would break, and it was a long time before it could run about again. But the children were very careful about letting it go away from them after this. Mopsy was quite happy and contented to live alone, and was treated with extraordinary kindness. But he too was doomed. He was found dead in his box, nicely nestled away under the straw. This was a more terrible grief to poor Grace than all the

rest: this was her last: so cruel to kill this! She cried till she made herself sick, and could not go to school, and her mother said she could not allow her to have any more rabbits, as she loved them too much, and made herself so unhappy when they died or ran away. Papa buried this one, too, under the rose-bush, by the side of Whitefoot; and Grace and the children, the next spring, planted nasturtiums and morning-glories all over its grave. But after this, Grace never tried to keep any more rabbits.

The Queen Semiramis.

[Ninus, according to the ancient historians, was one of the early kings of the Assyrian empire, and lived some two thousand years B. C. His capital was Nineveh, then a great city, but now a heap of ruins. His wife, Semiramis, is said to have murdered her husband, by which act she became queen. She then ruled over the country, displaying great ambition, and making many conquests. She is one of the most celebrated characters in ancient history. The following story, founded upon the history of Semiramis, is one of the compositions of the middle ages, read to the monks in the cloisters by a younger brother, for their amusement, while they were at their meals.]

“Of all my wives,” said King Ninus to Semiramis, “it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all.”

“Let the king consider well what he says,” replied Semiramis. “What if I were to take him at his word!”

“Do so,” returned the monarch;

“whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all the others.”

“So, then, if I asked it,” said Semiramis, “you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and queen of Assyria?”

“Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already,” said Ninus, “since you reign, by your beauty, over its king?”

“No, no,” answered his lovely friend; “I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed.”

“And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?”

“Yes, to one who has never experienced it.”

“And do you wish, then, to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?”

“Take care, O king; do not offer too much.”

“No; I repeat it,” said the captivated monarch. “Would you like for one whole day to be mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it.”

“And all which I command, then, shall be executed?”

“Yes; I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre.”

“And when shall this be?”

“To-morrow, if you like.”

“I do,” said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which had been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to

dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis, as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis, "Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power: take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves; and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished, as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through it with so grave and majestic an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis with a loud voice.

The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis, "'Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order.' Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now, 'Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold, seal it with the king's seal, and give me this decree. Write again, 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver me this decree."

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation, and the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours, let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now, let all depart. Let my faithful servant himself alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out, "You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part to admiration. But, if your servant may dare question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give an account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive: I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance — and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good!" said he, laughing. "Thus are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones; others, of a lower rank, flowers and fruits; and the slaves, having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last, there were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed before the throne, —

"And you," said she to the three

brothers, — "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zopire, "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You have offered your sword against my enemies: take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life in my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gayety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when, a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off; which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate.

in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch. " 'Tis well," said she, after having examined it. " Place it on a statue in the court of the palace, that all may see it; and be you on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that, having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The *fête* was magnificent: a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all, with a grace and majesty perfectly royal: she continually turned to, and conversed with, Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. " You are," said she, " a foreign king, come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of their queen. She seated near her the three brothers from the Caucasus.

" Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

" Yes," replied they.

The *fête* was very gay. A slave having, by force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each one played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gayety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and

said, " My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those, who, this morning, brought me their gifts of congratulation, on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his offering."

" Who is it?" cried Ninus. " He must be punished severely."

" It is yourself, my lord — you who speak: what have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. " The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

" I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon, beautiful queen," said he: " pardon me, pardon me." And he added, in a lower voice, " I wish this *fête* were finished."

" You wish, then, that I should abdicate? But no; I have two hours more to reign." And at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. " I pardon not," said she, with a loud voice, " such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare yourself to die."

" Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees; " yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

" You will not be angry, then, at something I am going to order at this moment?" whispered she.

" No," said he.

" Slaves," said she aloud, " seize this man — seize this Ninus!"

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

“Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare every thing for his death, and await my orders.”

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobedient eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on the balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

“Hasten,” said the queen, “hasten, Zopire, to the fortress; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace.”

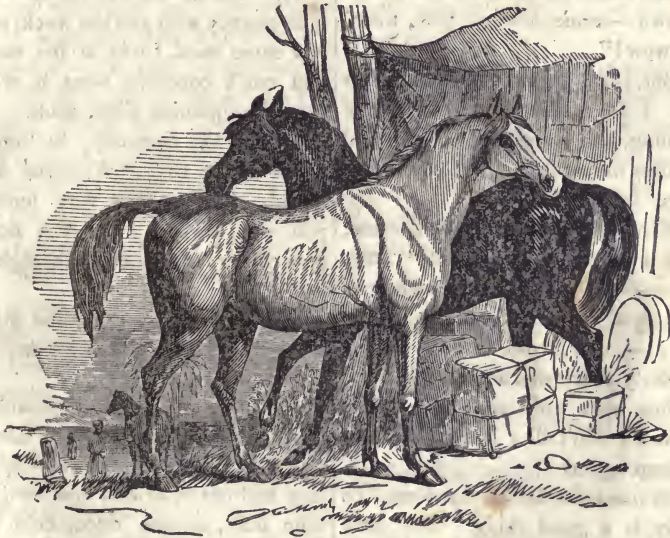
These orders were given in a whisper, and instantly executed.

“Beautiful queen,” said Ninus, laughing, “this comedy wants but its conclusion; pray, let it be a prompt one.”

“I will,” said Semiramis. “Slaves, recollect the eunuch — strike!”

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry: when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still on his lips.

“Now, I am queen of Assyria,” exclaimed Semiramis, “and perish every one, who, like the eunuch and Ninus, dare disobey my orders!”



What the Animals say: A Dialogue.

Henry. Papa, what do the animals mean by the noises they make? Are they talking or singing, crying or laughing?

Papa. Why, Henry, I suppose they mean various things. When a cat mews on the outside of a door, and looks at it anxiously, she means, “I want to get in:

do some one open the door: it is cold, and I want my supper, which I know is ready for me. Open the door;—open the door—mew—mew!”

H. I often see Ranger barking at the foot of a tree, wagging his tail, and looking as if his eyes would come out of his head. What does he mean to say?

P. Why, Ranger probably sees a squirrel, and barks at him, by which he means to say, “Come down here, you little fellow; I want you. I don’t want to eat you, but only to tease you, and chase you, and torment you a little. Henry wants you too. He wants to put you in a cage, and make you turn a little wheel. Come down—come down—bow, wow!—bow, wow!”

H. But, papa, he sometimes barks for nothing. I was running down the avenue this morning, and Ranger spied me, and set out after me as fast as he could run, barking all the while.

P. Why, I suppose he felt frolicsome, and wanted to play; so he said, “Bow, wow, wow—Master Henry, see who can run the fastest, you or I; one, two, three, and away!—bow, wow, wow.”

H. Early every morning I hear our large white cock crowing. He wakes me up, and I don’t like it, for I cannot get to sleep again.

P. So much the better, my dear. To rise early is a good thing. The cock crows because it is daylight; and he thinks, as he is up, it is time for all the world to rise. So he crows as if to say, “Get up, Master Henry. The birds are awake, the sun is getting up. The air is fresh and sweet. Get up—get up—cock-a-doodle-doo.”

H. What did the cow make such a noise for, yesterday, when the man took away her calf? She bellowed terribly; yet she could not know that he was going to kill her calf.

P. No; but she wanted it to stay with her, for her instinct told her that no good came of taking it from her; so she lowed piteously, as if to say, “O, leave my child with me. He has not had his supper. He will be happier here. If you take him away, the boys will drive him with stones, and plague him. Don’t take him away—moo—moo—moo—moo!”

H. One of our bay horses went on a little journey with you last week, and when you came back, I was at the stable, and you can’t conceive what a whinnying his old companion Rifle, made.

P. Why, certainly, he neighed as much as to say, “Welcome back, old friend. I have been very lonely since you went away. My oats don’t taste good when I am alone. I am glad to see you!”

H. What, a grunting the pig makes when Luke throws him his swill. What does he mean to say?

P. I suppose his grunt means, “Dear me, I am very hungry, and here comes my dinner. What’s here?—apple peelings and cores, squash and melon seeds, sour milk, cheese rinds, cold potatoes, bits of rice, egg-shells, coffee-grounds, decayed tomatoes, a dry crust, pickled beets, fish bones, tea leaves,—ugh, ugh,—fit for an emperor. What a delicious dinner!”

H. How funny you are, papa! You will make me die of laughing. What

did that little sick chicken mean by making such a peeping, this morning?

P. O, he had got out of the basket where Mary keeps him, and he was crying because he was alone. "Peep, peep—where am I? I have lost my way, and am afraid I shall lose my supper. Peep, peep—I am very hungry and cold."

H. And the black hen, papa; every day, at about ten o'clock, she makes such a cackling!

P. O, yes. Dame Partlet says, "Cut, cut, cut dar cut—I've just laid a beautiful white egg. It is good to make custards, and cake, and puddings with; but leave it with me, and I will make a chicken of it—cut, cut, cut dar cut."

H. When I am in the woods, I am sometimes startled by a bird which flies suddenly out of the bushes, and screams very loud, flying from tree to tree, looking all the time at me. What does she mean by screaming?

P. That little bird has probably a nest in a tree close by, and she is afraid that, like some other boys, you will find it, and take out the young birds. So, in her distress, she screams, as if to say, "Don't go there, I pray: my three young ones are asleep, and one of them is only just hatched. Come and catch me. See, I am very near you: put out your hand: follow me to the next tree; there, there, you don't know where my nest is. Good-by!—Good-by!"

H. Every evening, when Charles is milking the cow, our pet lamb begins to bleat. He makes a very sad noise.

P. O, little Percy is hungry, and

baas to tell Charles to bring his milk: "Make haste, make haste; I've been eating grass all day, and am very thirsty. Some warm, fresh milk would be so nice—baa!—baa!"

H. What a squeaking that little mouse made that was caught in the trap in mother's cupboard yesterday! He really made a great noise for such a little body. What did he mean?

P. Why, he squeaked because he could not get out. He meant to say, "O dear! O dear! I only nibbled a little bit of cheese: pray, let me out. Don't keep me in this wire prison. I shall die, and my wife and little ones will die of grief. Let me out—let me out."

H. Ha, there is Ranger, looking at me through the window, and whining. I suppose he means to say, "Come, Henry, come and play; you've been in the house long enough." So good-by, papa. I'll come again to-morrow, for you have amused me very much.

The Oak.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,

Excels all trees that in the forest grow;
From acorn small, that trunk, those branches rise,

To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade

From noontide sun, or from the drenching rain!

And of its timbers stanch vast ships are made,

To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

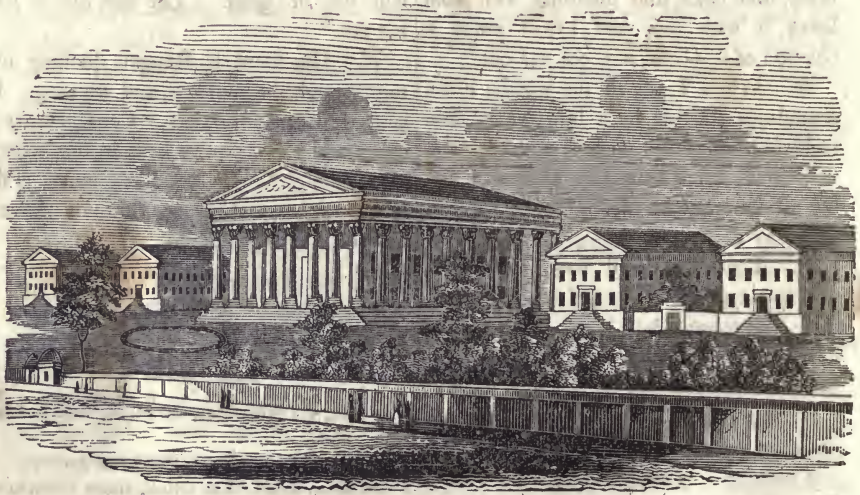
A Swedish Song.

☞ A friend who has spent several years in Sweden, and who has just returned from that country, has furnished us with the following translation of a popular Swedish ballad, and which is sung by Jenny Lind, with great effect.

A young man walked in the morning hour,
 Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
 Met there a maid in a rosy bower:
 "Wilt thou be mine?" said he.
 "No—no—no—no—no,
 Truly will I not be so,
 For another have I now," said she.

The young man walked in the midday hour,
 Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
 Met there the maid of the rosy bower:
 "Wilt thou be mine?" said he.
 "No—no—no—no—no,
 Truly will I not be so,
 For another have I now," said she.

The young man walked at the evening hour,
 Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
 Came then the maid of the rosy bower:
 "Now will I be thine," said she.
 "No—no—no—no—no—
 Between us 'tis no go,
 For another have I now," said he.



Girard College, Philadelphia.

IN 1831, Stephen Girard, a native of France, and for many years a banker in America, died in Philadelphia. He bequeathed by will the sum of two millions of dollars for the construction of a college for the education of poor white male orphans, between the ages of six and ten years. The accompanying engraving represents the five buildings forming the institution known as Girard

College. In point of magnificence and beauty, they are not surpassed on this continent. The principal building is an imitation of a Grecian temple, and resembles the famous Church of the Madeleine at Paris, of which we have given an engraving in a former number of the Museum. It is two hundred and eighteen feet long from north to south, one hundred and sixty from east to west, and ninety-seven in height. It is surrounded by thirty-four columns of the Corinthian order — there being a space of fifteen feet between the columns and the body of the building. At each end is a doorway, or entrance, thirty-two feet high, and sixteen wide. On the first and second floor are four rooms, fifty feet square, and the third is lighted by a skylight, which does not rise above the roof. No wood is used for the construction of the building, except for the doors, so that it is fire-proof.

The remaining four halls, situated two on either side of the main structure, are each fifty-two feet by one hundred and twenty, and are two stories high, with commodious basements. The professors live in one, and the others are designed for the residence of the pupils. All these buildings are of fine white Pennsylvania marble, and have cost within one hundred thousand dollars of the sum left for their construction.

All orphans are not equally eligible for admission to this institution. If, at any time, there are more applicants than can be received, a preference is to be given, first, to those born in the city of Philadelphia; secondly, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania; thirdly, to

natives of the city of New York; and lastly, to those of the city of New Orleans. Each child is to remain eight years from the time of his entrance, and is to be bound, at the discretion of the trustees, to such trade or profession as he may choose. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to contest the will of Mr. Girard by his family relatives. On one occasion they availed themselves, but to no purpose, of the talents of Daniel Webster.

Nature and Art: A Dialogue.

Susan. Pray, mamma, what is the difference between the works of art and the works of nature? I heard Dr. Price and papa talking about them this morning, and I did not understand what they said. So I want you to tell me.

Mamma. With great pleasure, Susan. I like to see you anxious to obtain knowledge. Always come to me when you do not understand a subject, and I will explain it to you. Now, listen to what I tell you. By the works of nature, we mean the works of God. By the works of art, we mean the works of man; that is, man has learned various arts, and he uses his knowledge in making all sorts of things for his comfort, amusement, and necessity.

Susan. I suppose, mamma, that all animals must be works of nature, as God is the giver of life.

Mamma. Certainly, my dear; but there are still other works of nature. When you go into the country, and look around you, what do you see? — the mountains and valleys, the streams, the trees

and shrubs, the grass and the flowers. Can you tell me, Susan, whether nature and art do not sometimes unite? Think seriously for a moment, before you answer my question.

Susan. I should think they did, mamma. A garden must be the work both of nature and art. Nature makes the plants and flowers grow, but man cultivates the soil, forms the earth into beds, plants the trees, and sows the seeds. So, I suppose, the art of the gardener joins with the hand of nature to make a fine and handsome garden. Is it not so, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, you are right. I will now ask you a few questions, to see if you entirely understand the subject. Is a ship a work of nature or art?

Susan. A work of art, I think; for although the wood was procured from trees, which are the work of nature, yet the ship itself, being made by man, must be a work of art.

Mamma. And the great rock, Susan, from which you can see Boston harbor — what is that?

Susan. O, mamma, how could man make such a great rock? But I'll tell you what I saw the other day at Oak Dale — what they called a *rockery*; that is, a large number of stones piled together into a mound. This was filled in with earth, and planted all over with vines and creepers; there was the beautiful crimson verberna, the purple and white petunia, the yellow nasturtium, the blue convolvulus, the sweet clematis that grows wild in the woods, all kinds of rose-bushes, the sweet brier, the five-leaved ivy, the scarlet bignonia, the many-

colored sweet pea, the graceful cypress-vine, and a variety of other creeping plants. O, I must not forget the Dorchester wax-work, with its bright green leaves and scarlet berries. It was a work in which both nature and art were beautifully combined.

Mamma. Very well answered, my dear. I am glad to see that you are so observing. Can you give me some other instances?

Susan. You remember that old church that we saw the other day, mamma. It would almost be hard to tell whether that was the work of nature or of art. It was first made by man, but so long ago, that Dame Nature set herself about adorning it herself. I think she is jealous of her sister, Art, and means to hide her works as much as possible; for this old edifice was so covered over with moss and ivy, that you could hardly see the materials of which it was made.

Mamma. Did you visit the silkworms, yesterday, at your aunt Maria's?

Susan. Yes; and how very curious they are! How fine the silk is that they make!

Mamma. Well, my dear, is this silk dress, that I have on, the work of nature or art?

Susan. Let me see. The silkworms made the silk; therefore that must be the work of nature, as God made the silkworms. But it was certainly man that reeled off the silk, and dyed it, and wove it. Your silk gown, mamma, is the work of art.

Mamma. Famous, my little girl. I see I am not able to puzzle you. You must never forget what you have learned to-day.



The Butterfly.

THE Butterfly, an idle thing,
 Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing
 Like to the bee and bird;
 Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
 Lay up the grain for time of want,—
 A well and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;
 Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
 A store of learning by;
 And though from flower to flower I rove,
 My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
 Nor be a butterfly.

DR. DODDRIDGE one day asked his little daughter how it was that every body loved her: "I know not," said she, "unless it be that I love every body."

A Boy by the Name of Jack.

THERE was one little Jack,
 Not very long back,
 And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
 That he never was seen,
 With his hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt,
 To see so much dirt,
 And often and well did scour;
 But all was in vain;
 He was dirty again
 Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
 He reluctantly went,
 With water to splash himself o'er;
 But he left the black streaks
 All over his cheeks,
 And made them look worse than before.

The pigs, in the dirt,
 Couldn't be more expert
 Than he was at grubbing about;
 And the people here thought
 This gentleman ought
 To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
 May, like to this lad,
 Be dirty and black, to be sure;
 But good boys are seen
 To be decent and clean,
 Although they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR.

Little Ellen and her Mamma.

Mamma. Come here, Ellen, and tell me how it happens, that your little canary bird has more sense than you have. Look at him, and see how he is bathing himself in fresh water, and pluming and dressing his feathers. O, how much

better he looks than he would, if he were dirty and rumpled!

Ellen. Yes, mamma; but I don't see what that has to do with me, or why he shows more sense than I do.

Mamma. Go to the glass, my dear, and see what it will tell you. Does it not say that Ellen has a dirty face, and tumbled hair? For shame, my dear, to be less careful and neat than a little bird! Look at your favorite cat, how she licks and smooths her fur. If she gets any thing dirty on her paw, she immediately licks it off, and will not stop till it is perfectly clean.

Ellen. But, mamma, I thought you kept Mary on purpose to keep me clean. Then it isn't my fault—is it?—if I am dirty. Why doesn't she wash my face and comb my hair?

Mamma. She will, my dear, if you ask her to do it. But if you are contented to be dirty, you will not ask her. What animal is it that we say dirty children are like?

Ellen. The pig, I suppose.

Mamma. And why particularly the pig. Do not other animals get dirty too?

Ellen. Yes, I am sure they do. My dog ran yesterday into the mud, and he was so dirty! But I saw him a little while after cleaning himself very carefully with his tongue; and he was so earnest, that I could not get him down into the meadow with me. Our pig is always dirty—I think he *never* cleans himself—at least I never saw him. That is the reason, I suppose, why people give him such a bad character. I never thought of that before. I will run now to Mary, and ask her to

wash my face, and comb my hair, that I may not look "as dirty as a pig."

The Poppy.

High on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its starry head,
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less offensive had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast,
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I should be as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed.

Moisture in Plants.

THE quantity of simple moisture, or rather of pure water, which some plants raise from the earth, is uncommonly great. This is beautifully exemplified in the organization of some creeping plants, in which the moisture is frequently conveyed the distance of forty, or fifty, or a hundred yards before it reaches the leaves or fruits, or perhaps the assimilating organs of the vegetable. I have seen a plant of this sort, that had been accidentally cut across, continue to pour out pure, limpid, and tasteless water, in such a quantity as to fill a wine-glass in about half an hour.



Billy Bump in California.

[Continued from p. 158.]

*Letter from William Bump to his Mother at
Sunderon.*

St. Francisco, July, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It is again a long, long time since I have written to you; but happily I am at last in a place where I am surrounded by friends, and feel at home. When I wrote from Loreto, I hardly expected the trials which I have since experienced. We set out from that place, mounted on mules, about the 1st of January. There were seven of us in all — two Mexican merchants, a planter with two servants, a Spaniard who professed to be a traveller, going to visit California and examine the gold mines, and myself.

We proceeded without any particular

adventure for nine days, travelling about twenty-five miles a day. At first, we travelled along the eastern shore of the peninsula of California, passing through an uninhabited country, except at intervals where we found small settlements, chiefly of Indians, who have been partly converted by the missionaries. They were miserable-looking creatures, almost without clothing. The children were entirely naked.

Though it was the season of winter at the north, the weather was mild here: however, we began to have a good deal of rain, and finally it came so heavy that we were obliged to stay at a small place called St. Isabel for a fortnight. This delay was very tedious, and had I been left to myself, I should have gone ahead,

rain or no rain. But my companions took it very easily. They are never in a hurry. If they could get plenty of tobacco, they smoked off care and trouble, giving themselves up to a soft and dreamy repose.

I knew little of their language at first; but I set myself to studying it, as well as I could, and made great progress. I asked so many questions as to the Spanish for this, that, and t'other, that they seemed to consider me quite a bore. The Spaniard, it is true, seemed to take an interest in teaching me, and we became very good friends. He called himself a schoolmaster, and me his scholar. He remarked, by the way, that one pupil was hardly enough to live upon, but the one he had gave him quite as much occupation as he desired. The truth is, that having nothing else to do, and feeling very uneasy while I was idle, I devoted my whole time to study, and thus, before the end of my journey, I was quite ready with my Spanish phrases for ordinary conversation.

At the end of a fortnight, we left St. Isabel, and travelling between two mountain ranges, proceeded northward. The rivers were much swollen by the rain, and in several instances, we were obliged to dash across them by swimming. We generally left the choice of fording-places to our mules, who seemed to be excellent judges of those matters. At last, we came to a stream some ten rods in width; the current was swift, and we were driven down quite a distance, before reaching the opposite side. When we had landed, the Spaniard was missing; and an apprehension of some fatal accident immediate-

ly flashed across our minds. We waited on the bank some time, looking anxiously up and down the stream. At last, I saw the head of a mule, and a hand clinched in the mane, just above the water. It appeared but a moment, and sunk beneath the waves.

I have never experienced such a feeling as darted into my bosom at that moment. I could not resist the impulse which seemed to call upon me to try to save a fellow-being, and one who had been so kind to me. Without speaking or reflecting, I sprang from my mule, and running down the bank for a considerable distance, looked eagerly into the water. At length, beneath the surface, I distinctly saw the man, sitting erect on the back of the mule, his hands grasping the mane, while he looked up with a gasping and staring look, which I shall never forget. He seemed to fix his eyes on me as he swept by, beseeching my assistance. Losing all thought of my own safety, I leaped into the water, and, by some means which I cannot explain, seized the bridle of the mule. At this moment, an eddy of the stream carried me under; but, being a good swimmer, as you know, I soon rose, and, exerting myself to the utmost, was able to reach the land. I held on to the bridle; but the current was so swift, that the mule was wrested from my hands, and he went down the stream. The rider, however, was thrown off, and so near the bank, that I was able to reach his coat. I soon dragged him ashore, but without a symptom of life.

The rest of our party soon came up, and I was praised as a real hero. It was

two hours before the Spaniard betrayed any consciousness, and for a long time it seemed quite impossible that he should live. At last, he was able to sit up, and by means of a litter made of the branches of trees, we carried him six miles to a small missionary station among the Indians. In two days, we resumed our journey; but the Spaniard was very feeble, and scarcely able to sit upon his beast. He had been informed of the manner in which I had saved his life; but, strange to say, he made no acknowledgment whatever. On the contrary, he seemed to feel an aversion to me, from that very hour. He was moody, scarcely answered my questions, and took pains to keep away and aloof from me. Occasionally I saw his dark, hollow eyes fixed upon me, as if meditating some desperate deed; and such was his conduct, that I really began to feel a sort of horror creeping over me at his presence. The rest of the party noticed this, and they began to fancy that the man was about to run mad. One of them warned me to be on my guard, intimating that the Spaniard was either insane, or harbored some evil purpose towards me.

All this made me reflect, and think over what the man had said to me. He passed by the name of Señor Antonio: he had travelled a great deal, and had formerly lived in California. He appeared to know some people in Boston, though he had never been there. He seemed quite amazed when I told him my name. He asked several questions, as to my object in visiting California; but I thought it best to say only that I came to seek my fortune in the land of gold. All this

occurred before the adventure in the river; now he did not converse with me at all.

Several days passed, when I began to feel dreadful pains in my back; I was really very ill, but I would not give out, especially as we were within a day's journey of St. Diego, where I wished very much to arrive. But as I was riding along, every thing around began to grow dim; a darkness soon came over my sight, and I felt myself falling to the ground. For three weeks, I knew nothing that happened. It seems that I was attacked with fever, and having been borne by my companions to an Indian hut, I was left there in charge of the people. They, no doubt, attended me carefully, according to their fashion. When I came to myself, I was on a bed of grass laid upon the ground. The house was made of sticks covered with broad, stiff leaves, woven and matted together. The family consisted of a gray, winkled, old Indian woman, with her son and his wife and two children — a boy and girl. They all seemed delighted when I opened my eyes, and began to speak, and ask where I was, and what had happened.

I remained at this place two weeks longer, when, taking leave of my Indian friends, I mounted my mule, and, by short stages, proceeded to St. Diego. I here made inquiry about Señor Naldi, and to my infinite disappointment, learned that he had left California two years before; and that nothing had been heard of him since. Every body seemed to regard him as a strange character: some said he was very rich, and some that he was very poor. All agreed that there was something very mysterious about him.

I had now got into a somewhat civilized country, and had no difficulty in making my way, on the back of my mule, to St. Barbara, a small seaport, fifty miles south of Monterey. After remaining here two days, I proceeded, and soon found that the road was leading me among rugged cliffs and wild mountain ranges. Here the path became obscure, and as evening approached, it quite disappeared among the wilderness of trees and thickets. It now became very dark, and I soon saw, by the flashes of lightning, that we were to have a tempestuous night. My mule became very uneasy, and refused to go in the direction I desired. At length I gave up the reins to him; and turning at right angles, he began to clatter down the sides of the mountain at a brisk pace. Suddenly he stopped short, and refused to budge an inch. It was intensely dark, and not an object was to be seen. A flash of lightning came; and before me, on a stout Spanish nag, sat the dark and mysterious Señor Antonio. The lightning passed, and all was swallowed up in darkness.

I am ashamed to say that I trembled from head to foot: however, I stuck to the back of my mule, and in a half hour we were safe and sound at a little Indian hamlet, where we found comfortable lodgings. In the morning, a stranger, who said he was going to Monterey, proposed to join me, and we set off together. At the end of two days, we came to a large plantation, situated upon a vast plain. It was night, and we asked for lodgings, which were hospitably granted. I was shown into an upper room, furnished in the most sumptuous manner. The ceil-

ings were very lofty, with gilt cornices, richly carved. The bed-posts were gilt, and the mosquito-net which enclosed it, seemed to be made of fine linen lace. The chairs were very heavy, and carved with the legs of lions and the heads of uncouth monsters.

I could not well give a reason for it, but I felt very uneasy. The moon shone brightly, and I could see the furniture about the room. If I felt inclined to doze, the chairs seemed to get on all fours, and stalk before me, their heads grinning and making horrid faces at me. At last, I fancied I heard a noise: the door appeared to be opened, and the flare of a lamp was thrown into the room. Immediately a tall man entered, in a dressing gown—his feet quite bare. How can I express my emotions when I saw it was Señor Antonio! He came close to my bed—held up the light, and looked in my face. He saw I was awake, and immediately spoke. "Here," said he,—giving me a small bundle—"take this, and to-morrow go on your way. Open not this parcel till you reach Monterey: then you will know all. Have no fear, for you are in safety. God bless you. Farewell." Saying this, the mysterious man left me.

I need not say that I had no more sleep that night. In the morning, we proceeded, and in two days reached Monterey. You may well believe that I opened the parcel with a trembling hand. I found it to contain twenty Spanish doubloons, with a draft on a house at Monterey, payable to the heirs of Benjamin Bump, of Boston, for the sum of thirty thousand dollars; and this draft was signed *Jose Antonio Naldi!*

The riddle was now solved. My travelling companion, the mysterious Spaniard, was no other than the identical Señor Naldi, I had come so far to see. I took the draft to the mercantile house, who readily accepted it, and informed me the whole sum would be immediately transmitted to my aunt at Boston. How shall I express the delight of that moment! Well, indeed, was I compensated for all my toil and all my troubles. I wished to return with the money to Boston, and see the delight of Lucy, at the story of my romantic adventures, and the success of my expedition. But as I had now provided for her comfort and that of my aunt, I deemed it my duty to come to St. Francisco, and try my luck here. I hope to make some money, so as to help you and father, and make you easy and comfortable for the rest of your lives. I am very happy at the thought of seeing you in a nice square house at Sundown, with good furniture, a fine garden, a good farm, and all the result of my efforts!

But I must not indulge too much in dreams. I have seen but little of St. Francisco, and shall not attempt to describe it. I have only room to say that Señor Naldi, as I learn, is regarded as a very good man, but often subject to fits of madness which last him sometimes for months. His conduct to me is thus explained. Perhaps, too, his treatment of uncle Ben may be accounted for in the same way. When I saw him, he had been three years in Spain, leaving his estate in California in the hands of his agent. During that whole time, not a word had been heard of him.

And now I must draw my letter to a

close. Good-by, dear mother; and may Heaven guard and guide us all.

WILLIAM BUMP.

And here, gentle reader, ends the correspondence of Master Billy Bump, so far as it has been put into our hands. If any more of his letters, worthy of publication, come within our reach, we shall give them to our readers. We hope that the history conveyed in these letters may not be without instruction. It shows how a poor boy, with no early advantages, but with a good disposition and good courage, may triumph over difficulties, and be of the greatest comfort to his friends, while he obtains the love and respect of all who know him.

Duchess of Gloucester.

WHEN her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, was once visiting her nursery, a most amiable princess, the present Duchess of Gloucester, who was at that time about six years old, running up to her with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam, I cannot comprehend it." Her majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the princess, and told her not to be alarmed. "What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to this year, you may arrive at the next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time!" This is a golden rule, and well worthy of our observation.



The Baltimore Oriole.

For Merry's Museum.

Robin Redbreast's Picnic.

LITTLE Robin was the youngest of Mrs. Redbreast's children. His three brothers had gone to California, and his sister was absent on a visit to some Connecticut cousins. So Robin, being the only one at home, was much petted by his parents; and, as he was generally a pleasant and obedient fellow, his mother seldom refused him any reasonable request. He had for a long time been anxious to have a Picnic party; but his mother told him he must wait till cherry time. So he watched from the time they were in blossom, till by diligent research he discovered one red one. Then he began to tease his mother about it, and thought it high time to make some preparations. Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast lived in a fine garden full of fruit trees, and the owner allowed them and their friends to eat as much as they wished, as they were active and industrious in destroying noxious worms and bugs.

The sweet "White Hearts" were

deliciously ripe before Mrs. Redbreast thought proper to attend to the Picnic; and when she told Robin that he might invite the company for the next afternoon, he was in a perfect flutter, and flew round his mother so many times, that her head was quite dizzy. So she bade him brush his clothes, put on his cap, and go immediately to see the people who were to be invited. The first lady he visited was Mrs. Wren, who lived in a queer-looking stone house, in Apple-tree Lane. Robin gave his mother's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wren, and the two little girls, Peggy and Jenny, and wished them all to come to-morrow at three o'clock. Mrs. Wren said "they should all be delighted to come, and would if it did not rain." Mrs. Wren, who was a great chatterer, asked Robin fifty questions about the company, and followed him half way to Squire Goldfinch's. The family finally accepted the invitation, and said they would bring with them a very

fine young lady, Miss Oriole, from Baltimore, who was a *belle* of the first water. Old Mr. and Mrs. Owl declined; "their eyes were weak, and they did not like to go out in the bright sunshine." Robin never liked to stay long at Mrs. Owl's. Their house was dark and gloomy, with ivy all over the windows; and it had a damp, musty smell, as if Mrs. Owl was not the nicest of housekeepers. The cheerful Tea-kettle Birds would be delighted to come. They were a strange family, always wanting tea. Hear them when you would, old or young, they were constantly calling out, "Maid, maid, put on the tea-kettle, kettle, kettle, 'tle, 'tle, 'tle." One Miss Parrot lived in a large house by herself, near the well. She was always watching her neighbors; so she called out to Robin as he went by, "Robin, poor Robin — Robin Redbreast!" So Robin stopped to talk with Miss Mary Parrot, and told her all about the picnic, and invited her too, though his mother had forgotten to tell him to do so. She did not go out much, but said she thought it would do her good to see a little cheerful company, and so promised to attend. He next went to Mr. O'Lincoln's. No one was at home but Robert. He was a wild, noisy fellow, and every body always called him "Bob O'Lincoln." He whisked about so fast, whistling and singing all the time, "Bobby Lincoln-lincoln — time to plant corn, if you plant any this year, this year, this year," that people were tired of hearing him. Bob said "his father and mother were gone a journey, but that he would crack jokes enough for all of them." It was growing late before Robin reached the Yellow

Birds at Thistlewood. Mrs. Yellow Bird said "one of her little children had been badly hurt by a wicked boy, the day before; but if it was well enough, she would come; at any rate, Mr. Yellow Bird and the other children could go." The Cat Birds of Gooseberry Lane were just going to bed; but Mrs. Cat Bird put her head out of the window, with her night-cap on, to inquire what Robin wanted, and said, in answer, "she was too sleepy to think, but would let his mother know in the morning." He met one of the pretty Misses Humming Birds, and gave the invitation for her and her aunts and cousins, for she had a great many relations. She said "her sister Silverwing was going to be married very soon to her cousin, young Lightfoot, and they were all very busy, as the couple were going to house-keeping in Moss Rose Avenue, near Queen Lily's, who was a great friend of her sister. They were to have a splendid wedding, and there was a great deal to attend to, but she knew some of them could leave." She bade Robin "good-by," and kissed her hand to him so prettily that he stood and looked after her till she was out of sight; and then he peeped into the gold-fishes' pond, to see if his clothes looked nicely, and if his head was smooth. He was quite satisfied with his looks, and hurried along to see Mrs. White Swallow, who lived at Barn Place. Mrs. Swallow was not a very agreeable person; but Mrs. Redbreast had been acquainted with her for many months, and thought she would be very angry if she and her children were not invited. Mrs. Swallow was just practising the flying *Polka*, with a young beau of her own family, and could hardly

stop to hear what Robin said, but nodded her head, which meant yes.

Mrs. Redbreast did not visit the Martins, who lived at Pagoda Point; and Robin flew by, so as to reach the dear, sweet Mrs. Sparrow, before she and her family went to bed, for they always retired early. Mr. Sparrow lived in a neat little low house, at the foot of Walnut Hill, close by Sweet Brier Lane. Every body loved this Mrs. Sparrow, she was so gentle and agreeable, and her children were always so amiable and well managed. She thanked Robin for the kind invitation, sent her love to his mother, said "they would come if possible," and gave him a nice strawberry tart, to eat on his way home. Poor Robin! he was tired and hungry enough, and, when he had told his mother all about the people he had seen, ran off to his little bed-room, crying a "sweet good night" to all the world, and was asleep under the green curtains in two minutes.

The next morning, Robin rose by the first glimpse of dawn, before the stars had faded away in the west, and, springing into the open air, sang a song so loud and clear, that it awoke his parents, and they joined in the chorus; and in ten minutes, all the neighbors, far and near, were awake and singing also. You might have heard Bob O'Lincoln half a mile. It was a fine morning, and gave promise of a beautiful day, and Robin was in ecstasies. He took an early breakfast of cherries, and his mother sent him immediately to invite Mrs. Woodpecker, and a few other guests who had been overlooked the day before.

Such commotion as there was that day

in the groves and woods! Leaf dishes of nice things, and moss baskets of fruit were perpetually arriving at Cherry Hill, where Mrs. Redbreast lived; and Mrs. Wren ran over just after breakfast to assist her in arranging the tables. Robin was busy collecting dew-drops in little blue-bell cups, and in moss wine glasses. When he had assisted his mother to the extent of his abilities, he went to dress for the party. He brushed his pretty dark jacket till it shone like a mirror, and put on a bright yellow waistcoat, curled his hair over his fingers, cleaned his shoes, and looked so neat and happy, it was a treat to see him. Poor Jenny Wren was sadly grieved because she had no fine clothes to wear—nothing but her brown dress she had worn so long; but her mother told her "she could make herself beloved without gay clothes, if she was pleasant and obliging." So Jenny and Peggy dressed themselves in their brown gowns, with neatly starched collars, clean white stockings, and black shoes; and two nicer, prettier little girls never were seen. The Goldfinches dined early, and were a long time in arranging themselves. The old lady came in a brown and yellow velvet, and the girls wore bright yellow satin petticoats, with brown open dresses. Miss Oriole was very gay in scarlet and orange, and had a tuft of scarlet feathers on her head. Mrs. Swallow said "it was altogether in bad taste, for hot weather." Mrs. Swallow, her two sisters and cousin, Miss Martin, came in dark dresses, and full fashionable white aprons, and looked admirably. They brought a number of beaux with them, all of whom had dark coats and white pants. Miss Parrot was

the first one that came after dinner. She wore a green and scarlet brocade, made after the pattern of one of her grandmother's. She had on a very fine turban, with green and red feathers, and was very stately and imposing; but she talked as fast as ever, and told long stories about her residence in the West Indies, and then branched off, to talk about her grandfather's cousin's nephew, who lived with Mr. Robinson Crusoe, in foreign parts, and who was a great scholar, and had books written about him. Those who had never heard her before, were much amused by her conversation; but it was an old story to Mrs. Redbreast and all the neighbors. Mrs. Parrot brought a cracker, some sugar and figs, which were relished extremely.

The Humming Birds came next, Miss Silverwing with them, and her lover. They were a lovely group, and attracted great admiration, for they danced and waltzed like fairies; and Mrs. Swallow and her cousins performed the flying *Polka* in fine style. There were some very nice swings, in a walnut-tree, that Mrs. Redbreast had put up for the children, and the little Wrens and Sparrows enjoyed them very much. But you should have seen Bob O'Lincoln; he was in a perfect frolic all the time. He *polka'd* with Mrs. Swallow, galloped with Miss Oriole, and flirted with her, till old Mrs. Goldfinch was quite provoked, and Dolly Goldfinch had a fit of the *pouts*. Bob was dressed in high fashion—had a stiffened shirt collar up to his ears, and a new pair of bright-yellow gloves.

The Teakettle family came, and gave the company no peace till they had been

provided liberally with plenty of *tea*. Then they were very merry. There was one elegant stranger, from Marsh River, who attracted great attention. He was extremely handsome, and gentlemanly in his manners, and was attentive to all the ladies. He was named *Kingfisher*, and belonged to a very old and respectable family, who had lived on the same spot for two hundred years. He came with Mr. and Mrs. Sandpeep, who lived in his neighborhood, and were intimate friends of the Redbreasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Cat Bird came, with two children. She was wide awake, and was in fine spirits. Two Misses Thrush came with Mrs. Lark. They were fine singers, and gave the company some delicious music. Bob O'Lincoln gave imitations of the favorite singers, orators, and actors. He was an extraordinary ventriloquist, and amused the young people very much. The amusements of the afternoon were kept up till nearly sunset, and every one was loud in his expressions of pleasure. The eatables provided were all of the most excellent kind, and ample justice was done them. As the golden sun began to sink in the west, all the careful mothers took their little ones home; and those who came from a distance bade good-by. Mrs. Parrot walked off, escorted by Mr. Kingfisher; and she declares, to this day, that he is "a splendid fellow." The Swallows remained longest; Mrs. Swallow would dance and polka to the last minute. Every one had gone home, and Robin was snug in his bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast were preparing to retire, when who should walk in but old Mr. and Mrs. Owl? It was quite light still;

so Mr. Owl wore his green goggles, and the old lady, besides her veil, had a large ivy-leaf, by way of sun-shade. They came merely to make a neighborly call, to inquire how the picnic went off; but stayed talking so long, that poor, tired Mrs. Red-breast actually nodded in her rocking-chair; and Mrs. Owl, seeing this, took the hint, and went off with her husband to spend the rest of the evening in Bathing. The happy birds, who were at this pleasant party, have not yet done talking about it, and, next summer, propose to have another at Thistlewood.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

DECEMBER is upon us — chill, blustering December. It is the first month of winter — the last of the year. It sweeps away the few leaves that still linger on the trees, it kills and buries the flowers that still blossom in the garden and the field. It seizes upon the laughing streams, and turns them to ice. It drives away the birds. It forces the squirrels, the woodchucks, and the hares, to their retreats. It calls upon men, women and children to get ready their winter clothing; to put list on the cracks of the doors and windows; to get the furnace in order, and pile on the wood or the anthracite, as the case may be. December calls upon us to abandon those pleasures which depend upon the field, the air, and the flowery landscape. It compels us, like burrowing animals, to get into our retreats — shut the door, stir the fire, and make ourselves comfortable at home.

Well, how is that to be done? Of course we must have our breakfast, our dinner, and supper; boys and girls must go to school; the older persons must attend to their grave duties. But what shall we do the long winter evenings? We can play a little, and talk a little, and tell stories a little: but still we want

something more. The cat can sit in the corner, purr, and be content; the dog can sleep, and dream, and whine, and be satisfied. But we human beings have minds that don't wish to sleep so long. The boys and girls have very lively minds, full of interest and curiosity; and these are perpetually seeking for gratification. As the mouth must have its meals, so the mind must have Merry's Museum! That's as clear as preaching.

Well, here is Merry's Museum for December. We need not tell its contents, for that will be done by our friend, Tom Advertiser — a chubby youth, whom our readers doubtless know by heart. We give his portrait with this number, as a frontispiece for the volume of 1849. He wears a hat six stories high, and has a mouth as wide as any body. Tom is a good fellow. He sells the Museum, first and foremost; but, as he wishes to have more than one string to his bow, he can furnish you with the Mail, Bee, or Times.

Leaving our friend Tom, to tell you how this number closes the story of Billy Bump, and how it winds up all the riddles and conundrums, — we proceed to say that we have determined to open the January number and the New Year with

extraordinary splendor and great attractions. We have history and biography, rhyme and reason, fun and fable, romance and reality, cuts and curiosities, all ready and waiting, to make the opening of the next volume a great era among our black-eyed and blue-eyed admirers.

But we must not, in looking to the future, forget the duties of the present moment. We have a heap of letters before us, wafted from the four corners of the United States, and all full of kindness and encouragement. Would that we had a book big enough for all! Alas! we can only give a part of these precious epistles.

La Grange, Aug. 27, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

Dear Sir, — Hearing that you receive letters from little boys and girls, and as I am now taking your Museum, I take the liberty to write to you. I live in La Grange, a little village in Oldham county, Kentucky; and being much pleased with your Museum, I have concluded to take it. As I cannot read very well, I wish you would put in some simple stories for little readers.

When you visit Kentucky, I hope you will stop at our little village, for I would like very much to see you and hear some of your stories.

I go to school at the La Grange Female Seminary. The principals are Mr. and Mrs. Leigh. It is vacation now, but school will commence next week, and I am very glad, for I have become quite tired of vacation. Please, Mr. Merry, to send us the Museums as quick as possible, for I wish to see them very much.

Yours, respectfully,

ELIZA J. T——.

Oswego, Sept. 16, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY :

As you have many subscribers, living in different parts of the Union, who may not

have heard much concerning the Syracuse State Fair, which has recently taken place, a few words from an eye-witness might be agreeable to them.

The first thing to be noticed was the dense crowds. Such a mass of human beings never was collected together before, and I hope never will be again. In fact, it is said they averaged one hundred thousand persons. The hotels were jammed to such a degree, that, from daylight in the morning until after sunset, the waiters were busily engaged setting and clearing tables for the many thousands to receive their daily bread. Trains of over a dozen cars were constantly arriving and departing, crammed inside, outside, top, platform, and all, with men, women, and children. At the Fair ground, Floral Hall drew much the greatest crowd, on account of its being the depository of some of nature's fairest gifts. The collection of cattle was very fine, and also the collection of mechanics' instruments, as far as I could judge.

Among the numerous pens was one in which was a sheep, which was four years old, and had never been shorn. The wool stood out each side full a foot. All that would lead a person to imagine that the animal was really a sheep, was the sight of four legs sticking out from beneath the wool, and a nose that very much resembled that of a sheep. As for the tail, it was invisible, and had probably been cut off, or was concealed under the fleece.

The dust was so thick, both at the Fair ground and in the street, that after getting safely out of that one, I felt that if ever I was caught attending another State Fair, it would not be when I retained my senses. Although Syracuse is favored with more hotels, in proportion to her population, than most other places, yet they were insufficient to accommodate the swarms of people. Whole car loads left the city for Oswego, Auburn, and Utica, merely for the purpose of procuring a night's lodging.

And now, Mr. Merry, as I have filled my sheet, I must bid you farewell.

E. T. F.

Dedham, Oct. 21, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have found out the answers to all the riddles and puzzles in the October number of the Museum; and here they are.

The answer to the Jamaica Plain riddle is "Noah and his Ark."

The puzzle from Milford is "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra."

I found out the one which its author predicted would be such a sticker, in twenty-five minutes, by my aunt's timepiece, which is a great deal more regular than the Old South. The answer is "Old Whitey."

The last one was rather long and dry, but I puzzled it out at last. It is, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Now, Mr. Merry, if you think you've got any more puzzles that I can't answer, bring 'em on.

Yours ever,

BEANPOLE.

Roxbury, Nov. 1, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I got the November number of the Museum this morning, worked out the only puzzle in it before dinner, and here I am sending you the answer before tea. I think that's expeditious enough. Let all the readers of this note remember this: "Before you cook a turbot, catch one." Yours,

JACK SPREAT.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I like the Museum very well; but I am now learning algebra, mathematics, and Latin, and I should like to have you put some of these things in for my edification and amusement. If you would like it, I will send you a puzzle in Latin, to be answered in Greek; it might gratify the more juvenile portion of your readers. I think common puzzles are too easy. Are you not nearly through with Billy Bump? I think it would be much better to fill up the space with logic, conic sections, and numismatics.

Excuse the liberty I take, Mr. Merry: I

doubt not you mean well; and, in fact, before I knew so much, I liked your Museum myself. But I am now thirteen years old, and it is time to put away childish things.

I am yours respectfully,

NONPAREIL SMALLCAPS.

The following contains a pretty sharp joke; and if we ever meet with Fanny B. C., she shall pay for it. But it is too good to be lost—so here it is.

Middleburg, Loudon County, Va.

For a key to the following letter, I refer you to the chapter on secret writing, in your August number.

ONE OF THE BLACK EYES.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have for a long time desired an opportunity of writing you a letter, commending you; and of telling you plainly how little I approve of any attempt to detract from the merit of your writings, and your private character, by hiring criticism and personal malice. The first I consider as improper and immoral; for criticism should be impartial and free; the last, I am very sorry to say, cannot be avoided by the purest life, which might with propriety held up for the imitation of gray-haired age, vigorous manhood, and of the many young readers of this periodical, who look to you, for an example of virtue. Earnestly hoping you will not be offended at the honest admiration I have expressed, and the freedom with which I have spoken,

I remain your sincere friend,

FANNY B. C.—.

Besides the above, we acknowledge the receipt of letters from A. O. B., of Hingham; E. R., of Harrisburg; E. T. W., of La Grange; E. J. S., of New Haven; Edward C—d, of Ryegate; L. P. M. S., of Haverhill; Alice, of Bridgeport, &c., &c.









