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Danmster sc. from a Dag^{re}

Yours truly,
S. J. Goodrich

A VIEW OF PETER PARLEY'S TALKS

Prescott

MERRY'S MUSEUM,
PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,
AND
THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

Robert Merry, Uncle Frank, and Hiram Hatchet.



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VOLUME XXXVII.  
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MUSEUM AND CABINET.



NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

“GOOD morning, Uncle Merry! A beautiful, bright morning. A Happy New Year!”

Did twenty thousand cheerful voices whisper this salutation in my ear, as I stepped out into the clear, pure air, for my accustomed walk? It seemed so; and though Longfellow says, “things are not what they seem,” I do not like to think so. I therefore

looked around, smiled my blandest, and thus returned the salutation.

A bright morning? Yes, a very bright morning! and why should it not be? What right has a morning to be dull? The beginning of a new day should show a fair contrast to the night just gone. It should always wear a smile of light. It may be cloudy, misty, or even stormy, and

yet not be dark nor dull. It is not sunshine only that makes a morning bright; you know that, Charlie, and so do you, Mary, and Bess, and Willie, and Hal, and all the rest of you. For you well remember how often, on a Christmas, or New Year's, or a birthday, or any other holiday, you have waked, long before day, to think or talk over your anticipated pleasures, to take a sly peep into your stockings, or to make some little preparation for the eventful day, so near at hand, and how, though neither sun nor stars could be seen, it was always just right. Even if there was storm in the sky, it was a fair morning to you. If it was not light, it was bright, because there was a brightness within which no outward storm-cloud could darken, or even dim. It was the sunshine of the heart, that brought the day before the dawn, and made the morning bright, in spite of all out-of-door appearances.

And does not every morning bring a holiday to the grateful heart? Just think what every morning of your life does bring to you. It brings you new life. You have been, for some long, quiet hours, imprisoned, chained up, put to death, seemingly. Sleep, the image of death, robbed you of all your senses—of your power of motion—of yourself. You have been as helpless, all the while, as a buried corpse; and

now you are alive again; you are restored to yourself; your strength is renewed. Your reason is sound, and clear, and all its instruments — all your limbs and senses—are brightened up, and put in order for a new day's service. Ought you not to be bright, and happy, and grateful, with every new morning of life? All creation, animate and inanimate, is so.

The birds never fail to warble out their joy in the morning. Rain or shine, they always greet the day with a song, and seem to recognize the new life that is given them. The flowers open not only their eyes, but their hearts, to welcome the morning light, and for every beam of beauty it sheds on them, breathe back the soft fragrance of a grateful joy. That is what makes a bright morning. The old man can enjoy it as well as the boy—the laborer as well as the sportsman—the slave as well as his master—I had almost said, the invalid as well as the strong man. And why not say it? It is a new day to the one, as well as to the other. It is a resurrection to a new lease of life. And if it be to a life of weakness and pain, it is also to a life of abounding blessings at hand, with the bow of Hope always on the retreating cloud. So, to each and to all, I cordially, gratefully return the salutation, not as an unmeaning phrase, but as eloquent with deep and far-reaching thought — “Good-morning!”

Yes, and a “Happy New Year,” too. Every new year ought to be a happy one. The old year lays its burden at the feet of the new. Take it up manfully, and bear it cheerfully, and Faith, Hope, and Love will make it light. To be cheerful is the way to be

MERRY.





Thus, in wondrous love and meekness,
 To the earth the Saviour came,
 Vailed in poverty and weakness—
 Covered with reproach and shame.
 With divine compassion burning,
 He the cross and shame despised;
 O'er the lost and ruined yearning,
 For our sins was sacrificed.

Hail him to his incarnation!
 Hail him to his lowly birth!
 Hail him, every tongue and nation—
 Hail him welcome to the earth!
 Welcome to redeem and bless it
 With His all-subduing grace!
 Welcome fully to possess it,
 Mighty Conqueror! Prince of
 Peace! H. H.

THE NEW SONG.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the choral notes are ringing,
 Loud and sweet from angel choirs!
 Angels to the earth are bringing
 Tidings of the world's desire!
 Christ, the chief "desire of nations,"
 Promised and expected long;
 Israel's King and consolation,
 Is the theme of that high song.

Low to earth in mercy bending,
 Heaven's Anointed comes to-day;
 Angel bands his steps attending,
 Shout along his shining way,
 "Glory from the host of heaven,
 To the new-born King of grace;
 Peace, good-will to man be given—
 Praise him all ye ransomed race."

WHENCE that sweet, inspiring strain,
 Pealing on my ravished ear?
 Hark! its thrilling notes again
 From the courts of heaven I hear—
 "Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who hath bought us with his blood!
 Honor, glory to his name,
 We through him are sons of God."

Angels fain their notes would join
 With that vast, triumphant song;
 But *their* harps, though all divine,
 Ne'er can reach that wondrous song.
 Learned on earth, and new in heaven,
 Only they its chords can know,
 Who to God by grace are given,
 Ransomed from the depths of wo.
 H. H.



THE FOOLISH BUILDERS.

THE BUILDERS.

“MOTHER,” said Lucy Elliot, with a very earnest expression of countenance, “our teacher says that we are all builders, every one of us making a house to live in, and that never a day passes that we do not put a stone, or a board, or a nail into the building.”

“What else did she say?” inquired her mother.

“She says we sometimes put in bad materials, or drive the nail in the wrong place, which makes the building weak or uncomfortable, so that we have to alter it, or suffer great inconvenience and loss.”

“Did you understand all this, Lucy?”

“Yes, mother. Miss Tracy explained it so that I could not help understanding it.”

“Can you explain it to me, Lucy? I should like to understand it too.”

“I think I can, mother. I will try.”

“Miss Tracy was talking about the wise and foolish builders, in the parable, which was our lesson to-day. She asked us what we should think of a man who should build a house on the sea-shore, where the tide would rush in twice every day to wash away the sand on which it was built. She then took her pencil and drew two pictures, one showing a group of children, with their toy bricks, building a toy house on the shore. As fast as they laid up a few bricks, the waves would dash them down, so that they never succeeded even so far as to lay a good foundation. These were the

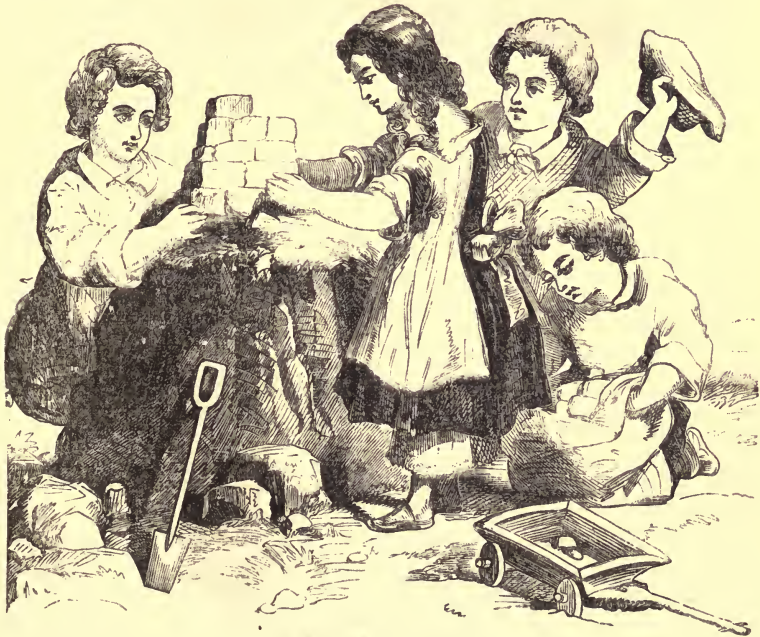
foolish builders. The wise builders laid their foundation on the solid rock, high above the reach of the tide. Then she told us that this did not mean house building, nor temple building, but *character building*, in which all of us are every day engaged; and she said that every act of our lives, every word we speak, every thought and desire of our hearts, has some effect upon the building, either to strengthen or to weaken it, to build it up, or to pull it down. Every good act and word is a stone well laid, or a nail well driven. Every false act is like a rotten piece of wood, or a broken stone, or a nail drawn out. She said, if we knew how much a word might do toward this building, we should be more careful in speaking than we are."

"Did she say nothing about the foundation, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes, mother; that was the principal part of all she said, because that, she told us, was the object of the parable. She said the only true foundation, the only corner-stone on which it was safe to build at all, was Christ. All those who truly love and obey him, are wise builders. Those who neglect him, are foolish."

"Which of them do you belong to, Lucy?" asked the mother, with a look of deep and affectionate interest.

"I hope," was the reply, "that I shall not be one of the foolish ones, for I feel that I must build my hopes on Christ, or be left without hope for ever. And I am sure He will help me if I seek to build on Him."



THE WISE BUILDERS.

THE CORNER GROCERY.

BY AUNT SUE.



IN a village, not far from New York, was an old farm-house—broken gates, broken fences, broken windows, stuffed with broken hats—everything going to wreck and ruin.

Not a great many months had passed since the place was in pretty good order, with a nice little garden, that showed a goodly array of thriving vegetables; but Tom Freeland had opened a corner grocery, and sold whisky, and being a pleasant, good-natured sort of fellow, the men used to drop in on their way home of an evening, to

have a chat and a drop of something to drink.

The one glass soon got to be two, three, and more, and the day's wages were all spent in whisky. James Bryant, who lived at the old farm-house, was one of Tom's best (?) customers, and vainly did Mrs. Bryant beg and beseech her husband to "come right home, and not stop at that horrid store, wasting his time, and injuring his health."

Poor woman! she had but little to make his home attractive, very often being without fuel even to boil the kettle.

It was Christmas day; the snow lay deep on the ground, and Maggie had begged her mother to let her chop up some more of the fence, to make a good fire.

"What shall we do, Maggie, when it is all gone?"

"Oh, mother, if it will only last through the winter, baby 'll be able to walk alone by then, and I can help you to wash and sew, and perhaps father will go to

work again, and make things nice, as he used to do."

A deep sigh was her mother's only answer. Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman and girl entered, carrying a basket; they were strangers to Mrs. Bryant, but she greeted them civilly, and asked them to be seated.

"No, thank you," replied the woman; "we only dropped in to bring you a few little things for a Christmas dinner."

"You're very kind," said Mrs. Bry-

ant; "we had some bread and butter in the house, but poor Maggie thought that wouldn't make a very fine Christmas dinner. May I ask your name?"

"Freeland."

"What! Tom Freeland's wife?" asked Mrs. B., looking as if she beheld a viper.

"Yes," replied Mrs. F., a good deal astonished at Mrs. B.'s manner.

"Then please take your basket back again; it would choke me to eat anything from your house; if it hadn't been for your husband, we should have fire, and food, and comfort, and happiness, and my poor husband wouldn't have been what he is this day;" and overcome with her emotions, the poor woman threw herself into a seat, and buried her face in her apron.

That evening Tom Freeland had a great many guests in his store; to be sure, there was some quarreling, but there seemed to be a good deal of laughing and fun going on, for all that. After shutting the shop, he went into the little back parlor, and found his wife sitting before the fire, looking very sad, with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Why, wifey!" exclaimed Tom, slapping her playfully on the back, "what's the matter with the little woman?"

"Sit down, Tom—I want to talk to you."

He drew a seat close to hers, and sitting down, put his arm on the back of her chair; then looking in her face, said: "Now tell us all about it. What's gone wrong to-day?"

"Why *you* have, Tom, and *I* have; and not only to-day, but for a great many days, and months, and years."

"Well, I suppose we have; but what is the great trouble to-day?"

"*Whisky*, Tom! you must'n't sell any more."

"Why, what harm does the little I sell, do?"

"Oh! a great deal of harm. I never thought of it much before to-day; but, indeed, you must give it up. Do you remember James Bryant, when you first opened this store?" She went on without waiting for an answer: "He was a good-looking, industrious man then, and now, what is he? a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow! and it's all our fault, Tom."

Good, little woman; she was willing to share half the blame, though she never had sold a glass of whisky in her life; but perhaps she was conscious that the sins of omission are often as great as those of commission.

Tom looked thoughtful, for he was really a good-hearted fellow, loved his wife dearly, wouldn't have injured anybody for a dollar, and had sold liquor without thinking much about it any way.

"Well—but, Mary, what shall we do with the whisky?"

"It shan't be wasted; I'll make some stuff for the hair with it, that my mother used to make (with borax, rain water, and castor-oil), and we'll sell it in the store; and if you give up selling whisky, like a good Tom" (here there was a little noise, that sounded as if somebody was giving somebody else a kiss), "I tell you what I'll do: I've never been of much use to you in the store, but I *will* be; I'll give up this little parlor, and we'll get a lot of little tables in it, take two or three newspapers, and always have hot tea and coffee, sweet butter and rolls, and a cheerful fire, and we'll sell just as cheap as we can; then we shall do people good, instead of harm."

"Well, wifey, you shall have your

own way about it, and we'll see how it works."

A few months after the foregoing conversation, the carpenters were at work building an addition to Tom Freeland's little parlor; it had got to be entirely too small to accommodate all its guests. Almost all the bachelors in the village used to take their breakfast and tea there, and almost all the unfortunate men who had scolding wives, went to that cheerful little room for shelter from the storm.

But where is James Bryant? Very nearly as well as ever, for Tom not only refused to sell him any more whisky, but had talked sensibly and kindly to him, put him in the way of getting work again, trying earnestly to repair the damage he had thoughtlessly caused.

Some months afterward, Mrs. Bryant dropped into the corner store and begged Mrs. Freeland's acceptance of some golden, home-made butter (for Mrs. B. kept a cow now), and she thanked and blessed Mrs. Freeland so heartily for all the good she had done, that the little woman was quite overcome; and after Mrs. B. went away, seeing no one in the store but her husband, she went up to him, patted him on the cheek, and said, "Tom, you're the best fellow in the world!" an assertion which Tom was much too modest to deny.

All we have to say, is, may those who have done wrong, try as honestly to atone for it as he did.

AN attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

THE SHADOW.

BY PETER PARLEY.

ONE sunny day a child went maying—
When, lo, while 'mid the zephyrs play-
ing,

He saw his shadow at his back!
He turned and fled, but on his track
The seeming goblin came apace,
And step for step gave deadly chase!

Weary at last, with desperate might
The urchin paused and faced the fright,
When, lo, the demon, thin and gray,
Faded amid the grass away!

'Tis thus in life—when shadows chase,
If we but meet them face to face,
What seemed a fiend in fear arrayed,
Sinks at our feet a harmless shade.

CHILDHOOD'S TEARS.

THERE is sometimes a moral necessity for the correction of children, notwithstanding the pain which a profusion of their tears will often give us. The great rule is, never to correct in anger, but with the firmness which is founded on the deliberations of reason. The sorrows of children, however, are exceedingly transient, and have often been the subject of poetical remark, but in no instance with more beauty than the following simile of Sir Walter Scott:

The tear down childhood's cheek that
flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes
by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

POLITICAL GRAMMAR.—It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their *antecedents*, but are seldom forgetful of their *relatives*.



THE OLD CHURCH.

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

As I paused by the grim, old church
 last night, [cloudy height,
 The moon looking down from her
 And the white-robed earth in the
 silver light

Like a burnished mirror glowing—
 The scene so filled my heart and eye,
 That I marveled much as a lad pass-
 ing by

Unheeding the glory of earth and sky,
 Seemed only to fret at the snowing.

“Oh, me!” he muttered, as, all in a
 glow, [snow,
 He trudged along through the feathery
 And felt that with progress so tedious
 and slow,

He’d be late at his supper this time,
 “Oh, me! I wonder what can be the
 good [wood—

Of snow piled up in the lane and the
 Indeed, I never yet quite understood,
 For snow either reason or rhyme.”

“Oho! you astonish me, Charlie dear!”
 Said a gentle voice low whispering
 near, [his ear—

Which came with a tone of reproof to
 An argument just in season;

Charlie paused, as in doubt if the
 thing could be, [see,

But fancied a fairy-like form he could
 All hooded and cloaked in the white-
 fringed tree,

And thus she addressed his reason:

“If snow were not needed, it would
 not be here, [and so clear,
 With its glittering crystals, so bright
 And its ermine robes for the dying
 year

To lay its old carcass away in:

It would not come, with its mantle
 bright, [white,

And its bridal jewels all pure and
 Just as the new year comes to light,

To begin the first act of his play in.”

H. H.



"THE VILLAGE MASTER TAUGHT HIS LITTLE SCHOOL."

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

MOST of our readers are probably familiar with this poem, one of the most finished and beautiful in our language. We here present a few scenes from it, handsomely illustrated.

Goldsmith was an Irishman. His father was rector of Kilkenny, and his farm was named Lissoy, and it is the village of Lissoy which he so beautifully describes under the more poetical name of Auburn. The schoolmaster was Paddy Burns, with whom Oliver was by no means a favorite.

Indeed, brilliant as he afterward became, he was not a bright scholar.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
the way

With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
[rule,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to
The village master taught his little
school:

A man severe he was, and stern to
view; [knew:

I knew him well, and every truant



"THE DISMAL TIDINGS WHEN HE FROWN'D."



“FULL WELL THEY LAUGH'D WITH COUNTERFEITED GLEE.”

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd
to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face :
Full well they laugh'd with counter-
feited glee [he ;

At all his jokes, for many a joke had
Full well the busy whisper, circling
round, [frown'd ;

Convey'd the dismal tidings when he
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in
fault : [knew ;

The village all declared how much he
'Twas certain he could write, and ci-
pher too :

Lands he could measure, terms and
tides presage, [gaze :

And e'en the story ran that he could
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his
skill, [argue still ;

For e'en though vanquish'd, he could
While words of learned length, and
thundering sound, [around ;

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged
And still they gazed, and still the won-
der grew [knew.

That one small head could carry all he
But past is all his fame : the very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is
forgot.



“AMAZED THE GAZING RUSTICS RANGED AROUND.”



MONT BLANC FROM ST. MARTIN'S.

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

THE wonders of Alpine scenery are inexhaustible. There is no variety of beauty or sublimity in nature, no aspect of rugged grandeur, simple loveliness, or wild startling romance, which is not continually presenting itself. Among the glaciers, it is a never-changing variety. The same spot scarcely looks the same two days in succession. At one point of view, and one time, the line of the distant peaks may be faintly seen, traced high in the clouds, and all the heights between plainly visible, and strongly marked, in their serene stillness and glory. At another, the mists and shadows, like a powerfully agitated sea, roll and dash and surge about them, or, like fantastic clouds, flit in among them, the solemn peaks over and anon rising up and looking out from the confusion, as in derision of all their fury or their sport. Sometimes a bright little lake, as still and

calm as if sheltered in a flower-garden, lies smiling in the lap of the most rugged mountain, the dark cliffs and threatening glaciers hanging fearfully over it, and frowning upon it, as if they would extinguish it with a look. Sometimes, a little hamlet, or village, with its steeple and its cross, is seen nestling under the crags, at a seemingly inaccessible point, with a huge old castle toppling at one of the angles of the cliff, the mountains around and above it rising with a majestic sweep so far into the sky that the brain grows almost dizzy in following their outlines. The defiles through which you pass are often so narrow, as in the pass of the Reuss, "that the road seems to enter directly into the mountain. Precipices a thousand feet high tower above, and the stream roars and boils in the black depth below. The road is a wonder of art. It winds around the edge of

horrible chasms, or is carried on lofty arches across, with sometimes a hold apparently so frail, that one involuntarily shudders."

The view of Mont Blanc from St. Martin's is wonderfully sublime. Words seem powerless to describe it. No stretch of the imagination can equal its grandeur.

But let us get up among the glaciers—those crystal summits, that seem to approach nearest heaven, and to shine most constantly in its unclouded light. "I wish I could convey in words," says Bayard Taylor, "some idea of the elevation of spirit experienced while looking on these eternal mountains. They fill the soul with a sensation of power and grandeur, which frees it awhile from the cramps and fetters of common life. It rises and expands to the level of their sublimity, till the thoughts stand solemnly aloft, like their summits, piercing the free heaven.

Their dazzling and imperishable beauty is to the mind an image of its own enduring existence. When I stand upon some snowy summit—the invisible apex of that mighty pyramid—there seems a majesty in my weak will, which might defy the elements."

Above the limits of vegetation, where the surface is either rock, or snow, or ice, the skill of the natives, in surmounting the difficulties of the ascent, depends on their greater experience and opportunities. The peasants of Mount Rosa are more at home on rocks—those of Chamouni, on glaciers. More skill is required to elude the difficulties of ice—more nerve in overcoming those of the cliff. Many men, who would hesitate to cross the well-fastened plank of a mason's scaffolding at home, will pass erect across the points of Montauvert, or traverse the *Mer de Glace*, without a moment's misgiving.



MER DE GLACE.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



CARL AND HIS DOG.

OUR readers, perhaps, remember that "Carl Bedenken" was to be a story without an end; they will not, therefore, be surprised to hear of him again.

It was a cold November day; Carl and his dog had been wandering, as usual, over hills and plains, seeking something new. Carl had seen many things he could not explain to himself, and had thought of many questions to ask his grandfather. He walked slowly home, thinking how much there would be to learn, before he should know as much as his grandfather.

Suddenly he looked up at the house. "What! am I so very late?" said he

to himself. "There are grandfather's windows lighted, and he always sits in the twilight till I come."

He looked again, and then rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he saw things aright, for there, standing in the library window, was the figure of a stranger; yes, he was sure: a strange man looked out, then walked across the room.

"What can have happened?" thought Carl; "I never saw anybody here before, but grandpa and Katrina."

He opened the door very softly, and went to the kitchen to find Katrina.

"Master Carl, is that you?" she said, looking up from the fire, where she was preparing supper. "Go right away and put on your slippers, and be ready to see the strange gentleman that's with the master; he told me to send you when you came home."

Carl was ready in a moment, and hastened to the library, full of wonderment, for never in all his life could he remember having seen any visitor at the house.

"Ah, Carl, we are waiting for you," said the old man, as he entered. "This is Mr. Rudolf, the son of an old friend of mine." Carl bowed to the stranger, and then sat down near the fire,

thinking that the young man certainly had a pleasant face, but still wondering how he came there.

"You don't seem to understand that Mr. Rudolf's arrival is a matter of great concern to you, Carl," said his grandfather.

Carl looked up inquiringly. "It is time that you should begin to study in earnest, Carl," said the old man, "and Mr. Rudolf has come to be your tutor. I trust you will be a good scholar."

"Indeed I will," said Carl, eagerly; and then hesitated, as he looked up and saw the young man before him. "I have been wishing that I could know more, all day," he said, half ashamed to have spoken.

"We shall be very good friends, I foresee," said Mr. Rudolf, giving Carl's hand a hearty shake. Just then Katrina appeared with the tea-tray, and before the meal was over, Carl felt quite at home with Mr. Rudolf.

In a few days all the necessary arrangements were made for Carl's studies. A room just like the library, but on the other side of the house, was prepared for Mr. Rudolf's study. It was aired and dusted, and warmed by fires, day and night, till at length Katrina pronounced it ready. Carl wondered to see that, without lessening his grandfather's stores in the library, apparently, a large case was filled with books, while globes, and maps, and chemical apparatus had a large share in furnishing the room. It was a pleasant place, more cheerful even than the library, and very cosy and comfortable when he and his tutor were alone there engaged in his lessons.

Mr. Rudolf understood Carl; he saw that he loved to study about nature and her laws, so he called him

his young philosopher, and taught him accordingly.

One day, to Carl's great delight, he told him that he should begin to study Chemistry.

Now you must not imagine that, because Carl had lived such an idle life, and never been to school, he did not know anything. His grandfather had always been careful that he should do something in the way of study every day; so he read very well, and wrote very well; and as every evening he had been in the habit of reading an hour to his grandfather, he had learned a great deal, but it was not such knowledge as schoolboys have. He could not have answered half the questions in a small geography or history, but he knew many things about birds and flowers, rocks and trees, that schoolboys generally do not know. Mr. Rudolf made him *study* geography and history, but he taught him other things by talking about them. "Now, Carl," said he, "if you wish to hear what I can tell you about Chemistry, you must try to remember it."

"Oh, I'll remember, never fear that," said Carl.

"But I do fear," answered Mr. Rudolf; "I wish to make sure that you will not forget; take this blank-book, and write over the top, '*Chemistry*;' then, if I show you an experiment, write it down, and what it proves; thus, by-and-by, you will have written a little Chemistry of your own, which you will not forget."

Carl thought the plan was a very good one. He wrote the title in a large, clear hand on the first page, and then was ready to hear Mr. Rudolf's first lecture.

"I shall begin with an experiment, Carl. Here is a small copper ball, and here is a ring, so large that the

ball will drop through it. Now I will heat the ball." He lighted a small spirit-lamp, and hung the ball over it.

"What do you mean to prove with that?" asked Carl.

"In a moment you shall see," said Mr. Rudolf; "you watch the ball, and see if it changes at all."

"No, it does not," answered Carl, after looking carefully at it.

"Very well; then drop it through that ring again."

Carl lifted the chain, which was attached to the ball, and dropped it on the ring. "It will not go through," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"I can't tell," said Carl.

"Can not tell? touch it with your finger, and tell me how it feels."

"It is warm, of course," said Carl, laughing, "for it has been over the lamp."

"Watch it a moment, then, till it cools."

Carl did not look long before down came the ball on the table.

"What is that?" said Mr. Rudolf.

"Your ball concluded to drop through the ring," said Carl.

"Are you *sure* it dropped through, that it did not roll off?"

"Yes, indeed—see!" and Carl took up the ball and dropped it through.

"Well, then, we conclude that when the ball is cold it drops through the ring, but when it is warm it will not drop. What does that prove, Carl?"

"That heat makes it grow large, I suppose," answered Carl.

"But the ball did not look different when it was warm, and yet it was larger. Can you explain that?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Suppose that the copper ball is made up of infinitely small particles,

called atoms, closely adhering to each other, can you not see that by heat we might separate those particles a little, and yet not destroy the shape or appearance of the ball, only making it larger. As it cools, these particles come closer to each other, therefore it becomes smaller, and drops through the ring."

"I see, I see," exclaimed Carl, "and I know very well that you can make a great many changes in matter by heat."

"Yes, you know that water is either *ice*, or water, or steam, according to the amount of *heat* you expose it to."

"Shall I put this experiment in my book?" asked Carl.

"Yes; but first you may write this, that all the changes which take place in the bodies around us are occasioned by *heat*, *light*, or *electricity*, and these are called the active forces of Chemistry."

GERTRUDE, a womanly little girl of the mature age of six years, undertook to instruct her little brother as to the origin of Christmas. "To-day is Jesus' birth-day, Freddy," said she. "Will Jesus have a party, den?" inquired little Fred. I have been in the habit of giving my children a party of their little friends on the anniversary of their birth, which constitutes Fred's whole idea of a birth-day. I was passing a blacksmith's shop with him one day; as he looked in at the door, he witnessed the operation of shoeing a horse. "See, mamma, see!" he exclaimed, "dey makin' a horse now; dey makin' a horse now; dey got him most done—see! see!"

THE world oftener rewards the appearance of merit than merit itself.

LIZZIE'S PATCHWORK.

LIZZIE had seen a new pattern for patchwork. She thought it very pretty, and asked her mother's permission to commence a bed-quilt. It was readily granted; so the calico bag was brought out, and the choicest pieces selected by our little needlewoman; some very pretty rosettes were cut and planned on the first day. For some time after, you might see Lizzie, whenever she had a leisure moment, working busily over the pieces, fitting them neatly together, and putting in such tiny stitches.

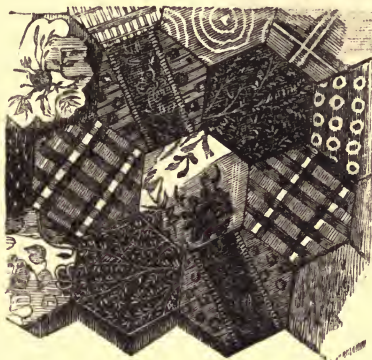
Some people think it waste time to make patchwork. I think, myself, it would be for a grown up person, who knows how to sew, and *ought* to have a great many important things to do. It seems foolish to cut up large pieces and then sew them together again. But the quilt of which

I am telling you was made of bits. Some were given by grandma, and always brought her dear, kind face to mind. There were pieces of dresses that belonged to all the family, down to the little baby brother. It was a long time before the work was all done, for Lizzie went to school, then she helped mother, and loved to run and play out of doors right well. She learned many useful lessons while working on it. First she improved in her sewing; then she learned to cut and plan her work, so as to make the most of what she had. This is a most important

thing. Many, who are surrounded with plenty, complain of their wants, while others, without even half their means, are contented and comfortable, because they know how to put everything to the best use.

She had to exercise taste in sorting the colors, which prepared her to choose her own dress and furniture in after years. More important than all the rest, she learned to save her moments and scraps of time; to be doing something useful, instead of hanging idly round, teasing her mother with — "What shall I do?"

Now she has grown to be a woman, the quilt is like a picture to her, or, rather, a great many pictures, of her life at home, with the dear ones she loved when a little child. She wonders how bits of calico can last so much longer than the strong,



Patch-work.

young lives of those who were with her then; and kindly thoughts of those who were far away are called up by the reflection.

Is not life all made up of patchwork, of words and acts, that seem very small when each one is thought of separately? But, if they are all done with a hearty wish to do our duty to God and our neighbor, these very little things may be put together, so as to make up a whole useful life, just as the patches when sewed together made a whole quilt.

COUSIN CARRIE.

THE BERMUDA LITTLE GIRL.



LEANNA CATCHING THE SNOW.

ONCE there was a little girl named Leanna, who was born in Bermuda, in the West Indies. She lived there till she was about five years old. Then she came with her aunt to Vermont. It was in the fall of the year, when the trees were all turned to such beautiful, bright colors as we have all seen, when she came there. Some trees had every leaf bright scarlet; some bright yellow; and some were deep red, and rich brown. Leanna thought that there never was anything so pretty, for the trees in the West Indies do not change their green leaves like ours. There it is always warm weather, and trees and plants are always growing.

Her aunt told her about the snow, that would fall when winter came on. Oh, how many questions the little girl asked about it: "What shape, auntie, will be the little *flakes*, as you call them? how large will they be? will they make a noise when they fall?"

Every day she would say, "Oh, auntie, will snow come from that cloud? I wish the snow would come!"

The trees were all stripped of leaves; and although *you* do not think anything of it, because you see it every winter, it was a very strange sight to her; for as I told you, she had seen trees always growing in her own home. One morning Leanna had her wish. Oh, how her eyes opened, almost as big as saucers, as she ran to Biddy, all out of breath, and said,

"Please, Biddy, dress me very quickly, for I have seen the snow—the snow, Biddy! out from the window."

It was all she could do, to hold still long enough to be tidily dressed, which the good-natured Biddy did as quick as possible, and laughing all the time at the little girl's delight about the *snow*, which she herself thought but a troublesome visitor, as it lay all over the door-steps, and the path to the gate, to take up her time for sweeping away, and freeze her fingers into the bargain.

The instant the last string was tied, out darted Leanna, waiting for no bonnet or gloves. The ground was like white grass, she said, and every stone had a white cover, and so soft. The tree branches, she said, looked like the white coral she used to have at home. She laughed as it fell upon her dress and her hair; and then she held up her face to it. Then she took a paper, and held it up to catch some of the *feathers*, that she might look at them carefully. She ran in to her aunt, who took a microscope, and placing the snow behind it, called Leanna to look; and then she saw

what beautiful shapes the delicate *flakes* were.

By-and-by the snow-birds came in flocks; and they darted about, as if they came purposely to frolic. When the sun shone on their white breasts, and their brown and white wings, Leanna jumped for joy, like a sweet little bird herself.

In the afternoon she took a ride, for the storm was all over, and all the time she was looking out to see how they *could* ride without any wheels; and the next minute she would turn to the lively sleigh-bells—

“Oh, auntie, what a funny country yours is! but I like it dearly—how smoothly we ride! and I am not at all cold; these lined gloves, and this nice muff, keep me so warm! I wish my dear mamma could be here now!”

Perhaps Leanna became tired of the snow before spring; but I think not, for she was a very contented girl at all times.

Laura Elmer.

SNOW-FLAKES.

ARE the snow-flakes pearly flowers
That in the skies have birth,
And gently fall in gleaming showers
Upon this barren earth?

Or, are they fleecy locks of wool,
From sheep that wander by
The silver streams, that, singing, roll
Through valleys in the sky?

Or, are they downy feathers, cast
By little birds above,
And hurried earthward by the blast,
Bright messengers of love?

No, they are pearly blossoms, flung
From heaven's airy bowers,
To recompense us for the loss
Of summer's blooming flowers.

West Union, Ohio. Mattie Bell.

GO AHEAD.

THROUGH life's crowded highways
Go ahead; [press,
Earnest toil insures success,
Go ahead.

Let the indolent delay,
Let the haughty-minded frown,
Up and doing by the way,
Bear the cross and wear the crown,
Go ahead.

Firmly on through dangers stride,
Go ahead;
Duty is a noble guide,
Go ahead.

Though the road be steep and long,
And thy burden hard to bear,
Rich in hope—in courage strong,
All life's hardships nobly dare,
Go ahead.

In life's contest—in life's race,
Go ahead.
Strive to win a noble place,
Go ahead;

With a free and willing hand,
With a brave and cheerful heart,
'Mong the true and toiling stand,
Striving to enact your part,
Go ahead.

Buckeye Boy.

West Union, Ohio.

RHYMES FOR THE MONTHS.

JANUARY, Downward fall the flakes of snow;
FEBRUARY, Whirlwinds revel, breezes blow;
MARCH, Ices melt, and streamlets flow;
APRIL, See! the rain-drops falling slow;
MAY, Leaves unfold, and flowers grow;
JUNE, Cherries deck the trees, I trow;
JULY, Falls the wheat before the foe;
AUGUST, Head and body all aglow;
SEPTEMBER, Luscious grapes we gather, ho!
OCTOBER, Trees with fruit are bending low;
NOVEMBER, Southward sails the carrion crow;
DECEMBER, Fly the sledges o'er the snow.

West Union, Ohio. Mattie Bell.



THE JACKAL.

THE jackal is commonly represented as being the mere servant, or hunter of the lion, finding and seizing the prey, which the lion devours, leaving only such remnants for the jackal as his savage majesty may condescend to reject. This, however, is fable, originating, probably, in the more powerful animals, who, like the more powerful men, sometimes steal from the weaker ones that which they have stolen or acquired by honest labor.

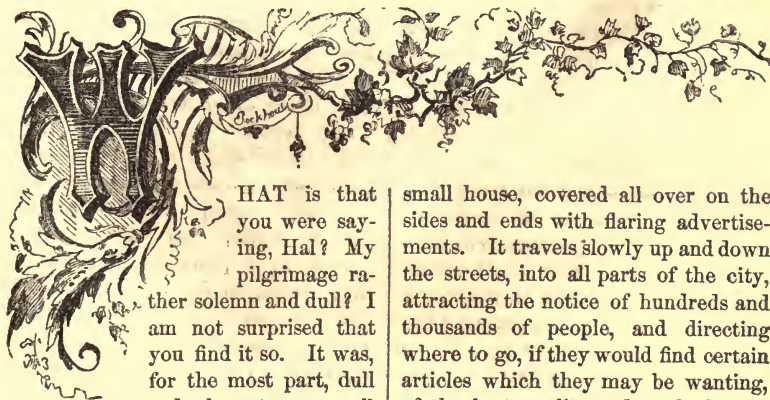
There are two species of jackal, commonly distinguished as the larger and the smaller. The latter bears a near resemblance to the fox, being about the same size and color.

It is supposed that the fox, several times alluded to in the Bible, is not the animal which goes by that name in this country and in Europe, but the jackal of Asia and Africa. Our foxes do not herd together, but live, each pair, in their own private hole, and do their business of robbing on their own private hook. Those of the East are described as not only extremely rav-

enous, destroying everything before them, but as going in troops. We are told that Samson caught three hundred of them, and tied them together two and two, by their tails, with fire-brands between them, and sent them into the standing corn, or wheat, of the Philistines, to destroy it. He probably took the whole village by surprise, and made captives of the entire community. How would you like to encounter such an adventure? Three hundred foxes at a time would be something more than fun. But three hundred jackals, if the stories we have read of them are true, would be worse. It would require a Samson to capture them and a Samson to manage them. I hope you would not treat them as cruelly as he did, even to avenge yourselves of the Philistines.

It is not right to torment, or unnecessarily injure an enemy, whether that enemy be man or beast. If, for your own protection, you feel obliged to destroy an animal be content to kill him without torturing him.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



THAT is that you were saying, Hal? My pilgrimage rather solemn and dull? I am not surprised that you find it so. It was, for the most part, dull and solemn to me, as all pilgrimages must be. Bunyan's Pilgrim was not always dull, but he was always solemn. The numberless pilgrimages to Jerusalem and Mecca were none of them mere journeys of pleasure. Most of them were sad, wearisome, and exhausting, with very little at the end to compensate for the toil.

But, Hal, what would you have me do? Life is made up of the grave and the gay, and we must take it as it comes. If the grave overbalances the gay, as, after all, it does, even in Broadway, we can not help it. We must travel on, and see what comes before us. I would prefer to find only amusement, since you are with me. But there is not much fun in Broadway. Bunyan's Pilgrim did not probably find half as much to amuse him in Vanity Fair, as he found every day along the King's highway, for he was not disposed to be merry over the follies of his fellow-men. Let us see, however, what will come up next.

Here comes the mammoth traveling advertiser. I doubt if you ever saw one like it. It is a very long wagon, with an immense box on it, like a

small house, covered all over on the sides and ends with flaring advertisements. It travels slowly up and down the streets, into all parts of the city, attracting the notice of hundreds and thousands of people, and directing where to go, if they would find certain articles which they may be wanting, of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Here, perhaps, you will see at one time, in flaming capitals, Hiram Anderson, inviting you to call at 99 Bowery, if you want the best and cheapest carpets. On the other side, you will be told where to find trunks and carpet bags of every pattern and quality, or hats and caps of the most approved style; or toy-books, paper dolls, etc., or perhaps some new or old patent medicine, warranted to cure everything but death, and to stave that off indefinitely. The theaters are conspicuous on this box, and the Minstrels, whose minstrelsy will not pass muster unless they black their faces, and pass themselves off for negroes.

Jessie.—How is it, Uncle, that so much money can be spent in advertising? I should not think it would pay. The papers are full of advertisements. I am sure I never read one of them.

But other people do, Jessie. It is astonishing how much of the business of a great city depends upon judicious advertising. In such a labyrinth of streets, avenues, houses, and stores, it would be very difficult to find anything you might want if there were

no advertisements to direct you where to go. It requires a great deal of talent and ingenuity to advertise well. And the expedients which some men resort to in this way are very amusing. Here, now, is another. Six men marching slowly along, each with a large placard, in the form of a banner, with an invitation to all the world to call at No. —, and see a pig with two tails, and a sheep with six legs!

The next thing, perhaps, will be a file of men, each with white muslin coats, printed all over with the flaring show-bill of a Book Auction or a Ladies' Fair. And so they go. To do anything in this world a man must be known, and not suffer himself to be forgotten. If you don't read the advertisements, others do. And you would read them, too, if you were anxious to find some particular thing, and did not know where to go for it.

DR. KANE'S BOAT—THE FAITH.

MR. MERRY:—Your article on Dr. Kane's expeditions brought to mind a visit I paid to the Brooklyn Navy Yard a year or two ago. In one of the large ship-houses, lying on a pile of lumber, was an ordinary ship's boat, seemingly much the worse for use. Wondering why it was placed there, I clambered up on the boards to examine it, when an inscription on the side caught my eye, which told the story. It was the "Faith," one of the boats with which Kane and his companions escaped from their icy prison in those far-away northern seas. How changed it appeared when this fact was learned! The very wood seemed to glow with consciousness of the proud part it had played in the Arctic drama. There were the scars and bruises received in many a con-

test with bergs and floes, and there was the patched hole in the stem, caused by the grinding ice, which well-nigh crippled the gallant leader. I could almost see the forms of Kane and Morton and Hayes and Sontag, and those other brave men whose weary hands dragged the "Faith" and "Hope" over the trackless ice, in their retreat from the deserted brig. And last summer, while on board the "New World," my attention was drawn to a powerful, foxy-looking dog, which, to my surprise and delight, proved to be Toodla, the survivor of Kane's famous dog-team. Poor fellow! it seemed as if he must long for his snowy home again, during the sultry days of summer.

You remember Dr. Kane speaks of "our figure-head—the fair Augusta, the little blue girl with pink cheeks, who had lost her breast by an iceberg, and her nose by a nip off Bedevilled Reach," which the men removed, and brought home with them? The other evening as I entered the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, what should I see but this identical figure-head, standing on one of the tables. Ordinary in itself, and battered by a hundred rude knocks, it had little merit as a work of art; but what piece of sculpture could in any wise compare with it in point of interest? That face had looked upon the mystic regions of the North, which few eyes have ever seen; had borne many a "nip" from the crushing bergs; and faced many a driving storm. It had witnessed the sufferings, the heroic endurance, the unflinching devotion to duty of those noble men, in their vain search for a lost navigator. It was not strange that an almost reverential feeling came over me as I looked upon "our Augusta." WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

Words by HIRAM HATCHET

Air, "Sparkling and Bright."



1. Mu - sic and love came from a - bove, Our
2. Liber - al and free as the air or sea Are the

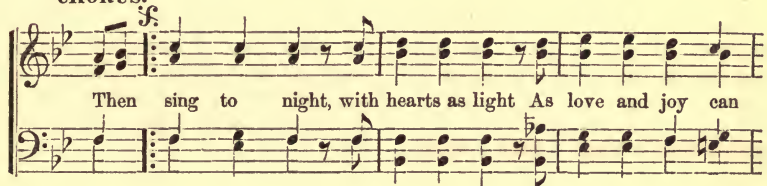


hearts to soothe and soft - en, And they who as - pire to the
bless - ings sent from heav - en, With an or - der each, to the



heaven - ly choir, In - voke their in - fluence of - - ten.
hearts they reach, Of the source whence all are giv - - en.

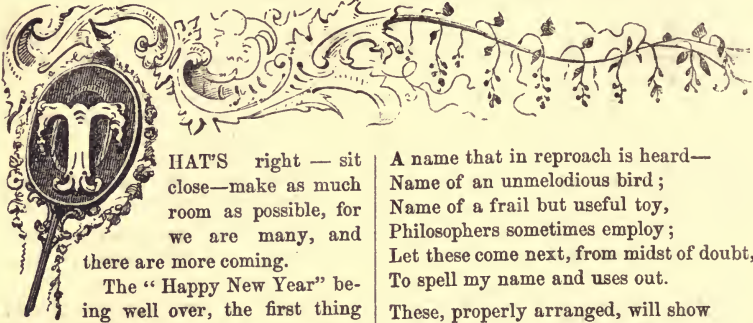
CHORUS.



And richer far than gem or star,
Earth's goodliest crown adorning,
Is the golden ray of eternal day,
O'er Calvary's darkness dawning.

Sparkling and bright, as the dewy light
Of a morning after showers,
Should the glad heart be, as it swells to see
How its path is strewed with flowers.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HAT'S right — sit close—make as much room as possible, for we are many, and there are more coming.

The "Happy New Year" being well over, the first thing you are after—I see it in your eyes—is the Prize Puzzle, and here it is :

THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

Uncle Hiram's Riddle, for the best answer to which a full set of MERRY'S MUSEUM, eighteen volumes, will be given, or the same value in other books, to be selected from catalogues which we will send. The competitors must be only regular subscribers, whose subscriptions are paid up for the year. The Premium will be awarded in July, to the answer received as early as the first of May, which shall explain in the handsomest, clearest, and briefest manner, every allusion in the Riddle. The answer may be in prose or poetry.

UNCLE HIRAM'S RIDDLE,
Combining Charade, Enigma, and Conundrum.

Charade.

A name to stop the river flowing,
A name to set the mill agoing;
Name of a man, and yet a mother—
Name all alone, without a brother;
Let these come first, in time and place,
My name and character to trace.

A name to cause the tears to flow,
A name to pity other's woe;
Name from historic records drawn,
Mother of kings, yet humbly borne;
Let these be second, and prepare
The way my secret to declare.

A name that in reproach is heard—
Name of an unmelodious bird;
Name of a frail but useful toy,
Philosophers sometimes employ;
Let these come next, from midst of doubt,
To spell my name and uses out.

These, properly arranged, will show
All that I am, and all I know.
Two prophets have I saved, and been
The holiest place earth yet has seen;
And yet, to common uses press'd,
Have held the meanest things and best.

Enigma.

Give me a thousand for my crown,
And I'm a saint of great renown,
An ancient coin, a common sign,
Dot, circle, dagger, cross or line.
Give me but half, and from the day,
Like a foul fiend, I slink away.
Give but a twentieth part, and I
With day mount upward to the sky,
Soaring on light and joyous wing,
My welcome to his coming sing.

Conundrum.

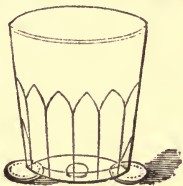
With my first crown, why may I claim,
In law, to represent the name
Of ignorant, unhappy men,
Who know not how to wield the pen?
How, with my second crown, do I
Unvail the treasures of the sky,
By the same art concealing all
The treasures of this earthly ball?
And how, pray tell me, does my third
Transform my box into a bird?
And change the mightiest ship of ocean
Into an emblem of devotion?

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Each page of a certain book contains
a certain number of lines, and each line

a certain number of letters. If you add three lines to each page, and four letters to each line, the number of letters to a page would be greater by 224 than before. But if each page had two lines less, and each line three letters less, the number of letters in a page would be 145 less than before. How many lines in each page, and how many letters in each line?

MECHANICAL PUZZLE.



Place a ten-cent piece on the tablecloth between two half-dollars. Place a tumbler on the two half-dollars, so that the dime shall be under the middle of the tumbler.

The puzzle is—to withdraw the dime, without touching it, directly or indirectly, and without disturbing the tumbler, the larger coins, or the table-cloth.

Describe the manner of doing it.

Now, as this is boys' and girls' holiday, and you are all eager to talk, I shall just sit back in my arm-chair, and give you free scope to say your say out.

BELIOT, Nov. 10, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I sincerely hope you have not construed my long silence into indifference or neglect. The truth is very far from it. I have most faithfully striven to find a few leisure moments to chat with our dear Merry family. * * * *

I was very happy to know that you enjoyed your Western trip so well, especially the meeting of friends of former days, and the many young Merrys. And I am very sure that if you gained as much good as your visits dispensed, provided they did all as much good as they did me, it was not only a very pleasant but a very profitable journey.

We are cheered by the future prospects of our dear MUSEUM, and think that the improvements suggested will make it more interesting than ever.

Of course we will try to do all we can. Mother and all of the family send their warmest love to all and each. Remember me most affectionately to Aunt Sue, and tell her I shall write to her soon, for I have ever so many things to say directly to her. I am afraid Uncle Hiram will think that if I am not shorter, "few and far between" letters will be most acceptable. Yours affectionately, LILA.

HOME, Oct., 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HI.:—I am very "much obliged" to you (it's a fact) for so kindly telling me "to make myself at home," after allowing me to sit so long at the side of your table without so much as nodding your head at me.

I began to think I was an intruder, and came very near "taking the pouts," and running away; but here you stepped up, smiling so blandly as if it were your custom to treat friends (?) in this manner, and at the same time gave me such a blow with that hatchet o' yours that I shall be a cripple for—well, an indefinite time.

None of the "bright, particular stars" made their appearance this number. Where are they?

Clara Grey, I second the "move" you made in the September number.

Now won't somebody get up "on their dignity," and say, "It has been moved and seconded," etc. (everybody knows the rigmarole), and then just listen to the "ay" that will make every corner of the parlor ring.

Accept a kiss, and please to give one to Aunt Sue and to the other Uncles. One apiece, or one among 'em, just as you please. Yours, ELMA.

SOMEWHERE, Nov. 8, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CHAT:—Please count me as one of your Chat, and at the same time you must excuse me if I do not write very well this time, as it is the first time. As I read the Chat over every time, I could not help but wish that my name was in it. I live in a very nice little place. It contains three groceries, two drug stores, four dry goods stores, one public house, one tin factory, etc.

Please excuse me for not writing more this time, but I will next, Uncle Merry.

Truly yours, LESLIE.

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1858.

UNCLE MERRY :—Here it is ! The first snow of the season ! Ah, Uncle Hiram ! I see what you are after. You ask the girls to be sweet—then all that they write you keep to yourself.

Cousin Kate, I protest against it. Yes, marm, I protest against your falling in love. Oh ! it's only with a sewing machine ! That's right.

Louise, you talk about W. H. Coleman being invisible. I'm sure he plays his part in the "Retrospect."

Uncle Merry, I did not see my name among those of the 20,000 who had answered questions, etc. Who is Nellie H. ?

G. B. H., I think you will have to take a very powerful microscope to find your place in Kentucky.

Uncle Hiram, I dare you to make a pun on my name. Now, please, be considerate. Here it is in full. I have written it in initials before.

CHARLES FREDERIC WARREN.

It would make continual *war* in the Chat if I should accept all such challenges.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., Nov., 1858.

DEAR UNCLE—In this month's MUSEUM you accuse me of scolding. Really, Uncle, I did not mean to scold. If you will pardon me, and let me come into the Chat, I will try and not do so again. Don't the hatchet need whetting very often, to make chopping a pleasant work ? If any of the Merry cousins send a story will you publish it if it is good enough ?

Yours truly,

CORNELIUS M. G.

Did I say you scolded, Cornelius ? If I did, I deserve a scolding myself. So we will take it all back, and begin again.—Yes, are always pleased, when we can put any of your compositions into the MUSEUM ; but they must be very good, and must patiently wait their turn.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Nov. 11, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I am a young girl, 14 years of age, and have recently come into the pleasant town of New Ipswich, and have become acquainted with a fine little friend, one of your own dear nieces—Miss Flibbertygibbet. Whenever I have met with a number of Uncle Merry's celebrated magazine, I have been

deeply interested in it, and earnestly solicited my father to give me permission to subscribe for it. It has been my fortune to meet with many of your famed nieces and nephews, in the State of Ohio, at the far West ; and I find that Uncle Merry and his numerous family are universally known and highly esteemed throughout the length and breadth of this great republic. Good old Uncle Sam carries the celebrated MUSEUM from Dan even to Beersheba, cheering the fire-side of many a pleasant group, and lighting up a joyous smile on many a happy face.

MIGNONNETTE.

Rather cold, Mignonnette, Mr. Merry thinks, for you to bloom up there among the snow. It makes one almost shiver to think of it. Many flowers have been transplanted from your town to the West. We have met many of our nephews and nieces in Ohio and other parts of the "great West," and would like to see you in your new home—

"The grandest town

Of all the region up and down ;
Famed for thy beauty far and near,
And full of everything that's queer ;
The old town-clock—true to a minute,
Bank Village called, with no bank in it."

The "town-clock" has been taken down now, and the "Old Yellow Meeting-house" all made over new. Flibbertygibbet will tell you all about it. Give much love to her. We feel *free to love* all our New Ipswich friends. Come again, Mignonnette, and bring Flora along with you.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 26.

DEAR CHAT :—New York is considerable of a place, and yet I've no exalted opinion of it. I suppose, now, that a general cry will be raised that I am lost. No such thing. To be sure, I have strayed a little from the paternal roof, but I've still kept my reckonings.

I've been to the MUSEUM office, and I feel better. I've performed my pilgrimage, and like the pilgrim to Mecca, I think I have done a great thing. I've really seen Uncles Merry and Hiram, the hatchet and all ; shaken hands with all, Willie H. C. included. What a nice chat Willie and I did have the other morning in Uncle Hiram's sanctum ! (Just room

for two!)* By the way, wouldn't some of the Merrys like to know what was in the drawer marked, "Accepted?" You'll find out, all in good time. What a box of enigmas Uncle Hi. has on hand! enough for a few years to come, I judge.

There, Uncle Hiram's kind face has put all ideas of the hatchet out of my head, and—*Au revoir*. OLIVER ONLEY.

BOSTON, Dec., 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—How dew yew dew? I am a rale, true-born Yankee, and I've seen many puns did in my day, but I'll bet yew can't pun my name. So here's a challenge for you.

Willie H. Coleman, I've come to the opinion, since reading your "Retrospectum," that you can't be beat by any of our Chatterers. Hatchet, catch me if you can. I'm off. BOSTON BOY.

If you are *only* a Boston Boy, without any name of your own, you are too puny for a pun, though, like Oliver Twist, you seem to be twitching about for "MORE."

Nov., 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Please introduce me to the 20,000. Don't laugh when I tell you that I live in a place sometimes called Jericho, which is situated at the distance of six and a quarter miles from New Haven; eight miles from Paris; five miles from Salem; two and a half miles from Delphi; seven and a half miles from Rome, and two miles from Greenwich.

Excuse me for troubling you with these names. I'd like to ask what my latitude and longitude are?

FUNNY BODY.

Nov. 18, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I intend to talk just as long as I wish, and must not be interrupted. I see a lady over in the corner there, and I think it must be Aunt Sue. Dear me! how kind of stately she looks, sitting in that great arm-chair holding one of the nieces! How partial she is! I think I might sit there too; but don't tell her I said so. I thank my cousins for giving me time to speak, although some of them may say I took it without their consent; but, however, I shall not trouble you again for a while.

AUGUSTA.

* Four ciphers omitted—he means 20,000.—H. H.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, Dec. 7, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE ROB.:—There! Won't I have another year out the good old MUSEUM, and a picture of Peter Parley, too? And *them 'ere* prize problems. May we old married folks compete?

Does Willie H. C. mean me by Gen. B. E. M.? You know somebody some time accused me of stealing his, he, or its scolding, compliment, or something. So I have to watch out.

Tell Maia she need not be ashamed of having Maria's name forced on her. It's no disgrace.

Now, Nella, you didn't mean it, I know. I know I'm a *mischief*, or "they" tell me so; but I never "ruthlessly catch up" my cousins, unless they are very small and very *kissable*. H'are ye, "charming Nelly?"

Nothing more to say just now. So, I suppose, I must stop.

Yours,

BLACK-EYES.

In selecting your gifts for the holidays, do not forget to call at the rooms of the American Sunday School Union. Some of the prettiest and best books for Christmas and New Year's presents will be found there. Among their late issues are "Luther's Thought Book," a collection of real gems—"Historical Tales for Young Protestants," a very valuable and interesting book for the young—and "Meroke; or, Missionary Life in Africa," by Rev. Mr. Power, late missionary to Zomba. This work introduces us to one of the most interesting fields of labor, and contains much that is new and interesting about those hitherto unexplored regions. It is illustrated from drawings made on the spot, and true to nature. We allow ourselves and our children to be too much in ignorance of the missionary work, its hardships, and its promising aspects. Such a book as this should find its way into every family and Sunday School Library.

The advent of every successive holiday season is marked by the issue of a multitude of new books, some good, some bad, and I was going to say some indif-

ferent; but, upon second thought, I am doubtful if there is such a thing as an indifferent book. It must rank on the one side or the other, and must be pronounced either good or bad. The present is the season for the new literary coinages; and how fresh they look as they come from the mint of the publisher! Messrs. Stanford & Delisser have issued a very tasteful little volume, called "Pearls of Thought." It is so neat in its appearance, that one can hardly help wishing to carry it in his pocket, as he does his diary. It is filled with choice and laconic extracts from the best of old English writers.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

"The Sociable" is the unostentatious title of one of the most curious and interesting books of the day, by the author of "The Magician's Own Book." They are both published by Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city

"The Sociable" contains a description of a great variety of innocent and ingenious games for the home circle—acting proverbs, charades, parlor games, science in sport, and a choice selection of puzzles of all kinds. It will be found exceedingly useful, as a means of making home always pleasant, and lessening the temptations of children to look abroad for their pleasures. It will assist greatly in the discipline of the family, by cultivating that love and good humor which make mere discipline unnecessary. It will help to cultivate the graces, in more senses than one. It will quicken the wit, engage the attention, and promote the health and happiness of the young, and bind old and young together, in their home pleasures and affections.

My friend Bradbury has done a good thing in compiling a little singing-book to be used in boys' and girls' meetings. Ivison & Phinney are the publishers. Such a book has become a necessity in every city and large town.

"Bethlehem and Bethlehem School" is the title of a duodecimo volume from the press of Messrs. Stanford & Delisser. It is written by C. B. Mortimer—why didn't she tell us whether, when we spoke of her, we should say *Miss* or *Mistress*?—who was once a scholar in this famous institution of the Moravians. The sketches of which the volume is composed are readable and instructive. They, moreover, have another merit, the author tells us, which certainly ought not to be overlooked. They are truthful.

As it was rather late when the December number was sent off, and quite a large number of our subscribers reside in the far West and South, and many in California, we have extended the time for sending the portrait of Peter Parley to those who pay up promptly, and will send it to all who *mail* their subscriptions before the first of February.

The engraving will be sent in February to those whose subscription was not received in season for the January number

Charles F. W., Boston.—Please send us your full name, and tell us how you will receive the Magazine, and we will credit you with the dollar sent. You will see by the circular in front of this number what we mean by the Premium. We see no reason why *each* one of our subscribers can not get and send us at least *one new name* for the coming year. And, as an inducement for you to *ask your friends* to take the MUSEUM, we will give the one who *gets* the new subscriber a copy of "Merry's Book of Rhymes." We will send the Magazine for the year to the new subscriber, and he, in turn, can get a copy of the "Book of Rhymes," by getting another new one himself. The book contains some of the choicest gems of poetry, and some of our finest illustrations. We have compiled it only for a *Premium*.

Some send six, eight, and ten new names, and take premiums accordingly. Send along all you can get.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

146. It makes breaches (breeches) for the soldiers to get into.
 147. A mouse-trap.
 148. There is a B in every boot.
 149. Nothing—on the meridian.
 150. Nothing—on the equator.
 151. The North Pole.
 152. Goose—horn.
 153. He bears a-corn.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. Why are we all, to-day, like Malchus in the garden? *Hal.*
 2. My first's a time for tranquil rest, With which the weary world is blest; My next, a preposition small, I think is known unto you all; My third passed through a noble wood, Where straight and tall the green trees stood; But when it ceased its noise and sound, The trees lay level with the ground. My whole's a bird, whose wondrous power Makes musical the midnight hour. *Buckeye Boy.*
 3. My first is a preposition, my second a preposition, and my whole a preposition. *Mattie Bell.*
 4. Why is the letter E like the Day of Judgment? *G. B. H.*
 5. My second is an insect small, My first will keep you warm— Although, when not beneath control, 'Twill often do you harm. My whole you'll often see at night, And flying, it emits a light. *Mattie Bell.*
 6. Why is an idea like a pig?

THREE QUESTIONS FOR H. B. P., H. A. D., AND F. F. TO SOLVE.

7. I comprise nine letters. My 6, 8, 4, 1 is a term in music, anatomy, botany, and heraldry, and is sometimes a flag. My 3, 5, 9 is both a military and mining expression. My 7, 2 is the name of a Hebrew letter. My whole is a modern wonder. *Uncle Joe.*

8. The sire of one whom rashness slew,
 Who for the Hebrews battles won,
 The Bible tells, with record true,
 Was of my first an own grandson.

My next is found in meadows dry,
 Though not a shrub, nor vine, nor tree.

Without its aid each man would die,
 Yet with it men would poorer be.

When'er unequals we compare,
 In the attempt my third must aid—
 Four fifths of England's ancient heir,
 Or price by debtors often paid.

A fish, or beast, or reptile large
 My whole may be, but none can say.
 It swims as well as any barge,
 And many see it every day.

Uncle Joe

RÉBUS.

9. A lady, entire; made hatless, a gent;
 Beheaded, and streams within me are pent;
 Made bodiless, now, a verb, sir, one views;
 Leave naught but my boots, and printers me use.

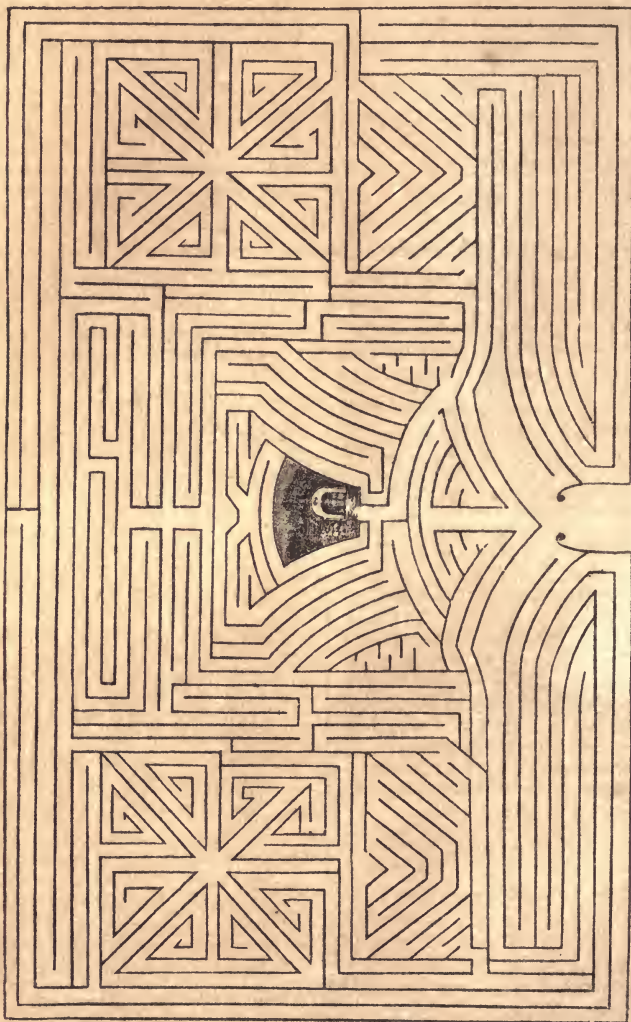
If shoeless, then Latin or wines will remain;
 Deprived of my feet, a state of the brain;
 Made trunkless, a word of infantile lore;
 Or hat take, and shoe, a lady once more.

Uncle Joe.

10. What has shape and size, yet no beginning or end? *Junius.*
 11. What runs while it stands still? *Junius.*
 12. What goes from place to place without moving? *Junius.*
 13. My first affords but little light,
 And is seldom seen but in the night;
 Spelled backward, and 'tis very plain
 They oft destroy the farmer's grain;
 My second is enjoyed, you'll find,
 By nearly all of human kind;
 My whole is a compounded word—
 I can't be felt, I can't be heard,
 I'm something to be seen, no doubt,
 Now see if you can find me out. *Adrian.*
 14. When is a ship like a book?

G. B. H.

THE BOWER LABYRINTH.



THE PUZZLE IS, TO GET FROM THE ENTRANCE INTO THE BOWER.



MERONDAK MILL.

THE old mill at Merondack was the pleasantest spot known to my childhood and youth; and memory, like the silver track which the moon used to lay across the pond, to lure me "to the other side," has linked it, by a continual gleam of pure brightness, to every happy moment in the years since passed.

The fine old cottage opposite the mill was the birth-place of my father and grandfather, and the homestead, I believe, of all the race of Vintons. I never knew anything to go wrong in that house. It was all love, and all peace. My grandfather was a beautiful sample of the old-time patriarch—a priest, a king, and a father. My grandmother's heart was large enough for the love of an antediluvian family. Her presence was like the cheerful glow of her own fireside, warm and bright with everything that makes home dear and comfortable. Then, there was dear, dear, dear Aunt Mary, who always seemed more angel than woman—and Cousin Julia, whose loveliness of person and character I shall

not attempt to describe—and Harriet, sprightly, mischievous, beautiful—and Henry, Charles, Edward, and—but I am not going to tell you about them all. I shall only let you a little into the history of the old mill, and the merry times we had there.

"So carry me back to old Merondack," and let me live over again some of the days of fifty years ago.

The Fourth of July was approaching. There was more spirit and patriotism in the celebration of "that one national festival" then than now. And often there was considerable rivalry between neighboring towns and villages, to see who could make the best show, the greatest noise.

About half a mile from the mill there was a small factory village, with one large building on a dashing stream which was the outlet of our pond. The boys at this factory instead of making common cause with us at the mill, as was usual, undertook on one occasion to get up a show of their own. Some of the men employed there were English, and they did

not like the hard rubs which our orators and toast-makers thought it right to give John Bull, as a part of the spice of the great festival. They resolved to have it all to themselves, and to have no roaring that would be likely to touch the sensibilities of the British Lion. They went quietly to work, made all their arrangements early, and when we were ready to commence, as usual, gave us to understand that they would have nothing to do with us. This was a stunner at first; for the only gun in the place that would make noise enough for the Fourth, was in the possession of the factory boys. Besides, there were only about a dozen of us at the mill, all told. We held a consultation on the bank, just below Aunt Mary's window. But she was not there to hear us. If she had been, we should have been more mild and prudent, I think. The consultation was long, but it ended in something to be done.

Giles Oddie, a very quiet, gentle, faithful boy, somewhat older than the rest of us, was one of the hands employed in the mill. He proposed that we should build a raft, large enough to accommodate our whole company, fit up a kind of tent upon it, with hemlock boughs, and hold our celebration in the middle of the pond, or floating about on it, as we might find most agreeable. He undertook, also, to get possession of "the gun," which of right belonged to us, and was kept at the factory, as the most convenient place.

The raft was constructed in the most approved fashion, so as to be both strong and dry. The "accommodations" were faultless, the provisions ample, and the powder carefully made

ready, and put in a safe place, on the night of the Third. About midnight, Giles went out, alone, on his errand. Approaching the factory cautiously, he found they had erected a sort of fort, on a small bluff, on the opposite side of the stream, and had planted their cannon so as to make quite a demonstration toward the road from the mill. These cannon were all wooden logs, except one, and that was the one we wanted.

They had left two sentinels to guard their fort, and its equipments; but, unfortunately, they drank too much beer, or something else, in the early part of the evening, and were now sound asleep. Giles marched boldly in, passed the sleeping sentinels, shouldered the only gun that would fire, and marched off with it.

Long before day the gun was mounted on our raft; and just as the sun rose, it sent up a salute to the morning, which went bellowing down the valley, roused the sentinels at the fort, and their comrades, and made the whole region ring with jubilee. We had the day to ourselves. The factory boys looked on at a distance, but could not make a noise of their own. Aunt Mary thought we ought to let them have it a part of the time. But our blood was up, and even Aunt Mary had to give it up as useless.





WINTER.

WHEN Spring has departed,
 And Summer has fled,
 And Autumn's gay glories
 Lie withered and dead,
 Then the Winter King comes
 O'er his regions so vast,
 And his tireless steeds
 Are the whirlwind and blast;
 But cold are his fingers
 And icy his breath;
 Earth assumes in his presence
 The garments of death.

He spans the swift rivers
 With bridges of ice,
 He builds tiny castles
 Of noble device,
 He spangles the forest
 With jewels more fine
 Than pearls from the ocean
 Or gems from the mine—
 O'er the hills and the moun-
 tains
 And valleys below,
 As he passes, he scatters
 His treasures of snow.

But his castles will crumble,
 His frost-work decay,
 And pass like the visions
 Of dreamers away,
 When Spring, his fair daughter,
 Comes smiling along
 The earth, with her burden
 Of laughter and song,
 And scatters bright flowers
 O'er mountains and hills,
 And loosens the fetters
 Of streamlets and rills.

MATTIE BELL.

WEST UNION, OHIO.

TO A SUNBEAM.

Thou ling'rest not in the monarch's
 hall;
 Thou hast beams of gladness for one
 and all;
 Thou art full as bright in the peasant's
 cot,
 As when shining upon earth's loveliest
 spot.

Thou art glancing down in thy beauty
 fair,
 Through the soft green leaves on the
 waters clear,
 Changing the lake, so blue and cold,
 Into molten glass and burnished gold.

Thou hast shone in love on the youth-
 ful head;
 Thou hast touched with beauty the
 shrouded dead;
 Thou hast brightened those shining
 silken curls, [pearls.
 And over that form strewed fairy

Thou hast gilded the mountains and
 slept on the waves;
 Thou hast rested like peace on lonely
 graves;
 Thou art of that faith an emblem given
 That toucheth all things with hues of
 heaven. B. M. L.



GLACIER DE BOIS.

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

THE *Mer de Glace* is the most extensive and remarkable glacier belonging to the Mont Blanc system. It bursts upon the view with majestic grandeur, and the mind is filled with awe at beholding the endless accumulation of the masses which compose this sea of ice, with its labyrinth of crags, pillars, and pyramids towering into the sky, and glittering in the sun, with a splendor that is indescribably dazzling and glorious. While the eye is pained with excess of light, the ear, too, is assailed with a continuous roar, as of the sea in a storm, produced by the bursting of the ice, and the rush of the broken crystals down into the ravines and valleys below.

The *Glacier de Bois* is only another view of the *Mer de Glace*. The pinnacles, or needles, as they are called, are seen to more advantage, and a more correct estimate is formed of the extent to which this mighty sea has

decreased. It is almost impossible that any glacier can be of the same size for two consecutive years. The *Mer de Glace* has shrunk considerably. As the traveler crosses it, he can see and hear the fissures widening around him, the sound being echoed like distant thunder. The crevices are of a beautiful azure blue, as if the sky had imprinted upon them its own deep hue of purity.

The *Glacier de Bossons* is one of the most extensive in all the Alpine region. It is in the neighborhood of Priese. The points of ice rise like huge pyramids of silver, their whiteness being rendered more intense by the dark pine forests which surround them. Some of the paths crossing the summits of the mountains lie over these ice-fields, and form the most dangerous part of the ascent. They are usually passed over at night, or in the morning, for, as soon as the sun

exerts his power, the ice melts, and becomes rotten. But the avalanche is the greatest catastrophe that can overtake the Alpine traveler. The very commotion of the air, caused by the impetuous rush of the many millions of cubic feet of consolidated snow, has been sufficient, in some instances, like a tornado, to uproot the largest trees, unroof cottages, and remove them to a distance. The avalanches which occur in winter are more tremendous and destructive than those of summer and autumn. Travelers and peasants are often buried under them, as it is impossible to escape, when caught in their way. They pay dearly for their curiosity, or hardihood, when a thousand feet of ice and snow are piled on their graves.

Travelers of every name and nation have been struck with the awful sublimity and grandeur of these mountain scenes, but none have so well express-

ed it as Coleridge, in his beautiful apostrophe to Chamouni, of which these lines are the closing part :

Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain, thou,

That, as I raised my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes, suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest as a vapory cloud
To rise before me—rise, oh! ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,

Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills!

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven!

Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.



GLACIER DE BOSSONS.

THE STORY OF BLACK TOM.



OME of my young friends have, perhaps, been told about Meeting-house Hill, down in the State of Connecticut. But

it is no matter; I have always supposed I was born there; but I was so young at the time, that I don't remember much about it. But the first I do remember, I used to get out into my mother's flower-garden, and pick the pinks, the peonies, and the daffodils. When I grew older, I used to go down to the spinning-mill brook, which ran through Wood-chuck Hollow, to hear the birds carol forth their spring songs, to hear the squirrels chattering and barking, and see them chasing each other in the tops of the chestnut trees, while some gray-headed woodpecker would be hammering and drumming away on a dry limb, and making as much noise as possible.

In one of my rambles in after-years down this brook, I found, in a tall hemlock tree, half hidden in the ever-green foliage, a small family of young crows, and after toiling and climbing, with the risk of falling and breaking my neck, I at last reached the nest, and found three young crowlets in it, just beginning to feather.

I did not stop to reason with Mrs. Crow about the injustice or cruelty of the act in taking one of her family, but did just what other bad boys have done before and since. I would have

one, anyhow; so I took one, and left the old lady the other two. As my pet must have a name, I at once called him Tom; and as his feathers, when they grew, were as black as the whole Crow family, it was not a hard matter to give him a double name, and call him Black Tom.

I took Tom home with me, gave him a choice place in the wood-shed, and fed him regularly five times each day.

In two weeks Tom and I were fast friends; wherever I went round the fields, Tom was sure to find me. Sometimes, when I was at work, Tom would come and alight on my head, or on the ground by my side, and turn up his sharp eye to see if I noticed him.

I tried hard to teach Tom to be a good bird, but he was a natural rogue, and would play bad tricks. If I was hoeing the young corn, he would come along behind me, and pull it up. If I took a whip to punish him, instead of flying away as I expected, he would roll on his back and try to catch the whip in his black claws.

One day, as I was very busy hoeing corn, I heard Tom singing out with all his might. I ran to him to see what was the matter. He had found a large toad, and was doing his best to pick his eyes out. I tried to get him away, but he would not stir. At last I covered toady with a light turf, and after looking round and round for toady, he left him.

In about an hour I heard Tom's voice again, and this time he had found a black snake, and I was right glad of it, for this time I thought Tom had got his match, and I would stand by and see fair play. I soon discovered

that Tom was bent on gouging the snake's eyes out. Tom would make a pass at the snake, and the snake would draw himself into a coil and spring at Tom; but Tom would always contrive to hop out of the way.

The battle lasted a full half hour, when Tom had completely gouged both eyes out of the snake, and killed him.

There was one fault about Tom which was worse than all the rest. He would steal anything he fancied. Silver spoons, knives and forks, and mother's spectacles, he took a great fancy to. He would pick them up, fly off with them, and hide them in his room, or in some hole in the apple trees, and very likely forget all about them. Sometimes a glass tumbler would be left on the table; and as this was too heavy for him to carry away, he would tip it over, roll it off on to the floor, and stretch out his long neck to see the pieces fly around.

So long as Tom confined his mischievous tricks to our own family, we could get along with him. But when he extended his piracies to our neighbors, matters began to grow serious.

Our minister lived on Meeting-house Hill, between the two churches; and some members of each family were passing and repassing each day. Tom soon learned to accompany us in our visits, and no one objected to it, for he could fly faster than three or four of us could walk. He behaved very civil at first, and would sit on the fence, brushing and smoothing his black coat, while we remained at the minister's, until he became somewhat familiar with the house, and then he would make his visits alone. He would fly into the minister's study, the windows being open, steal the pens with which

he wrote his sermons, then his pen-knife; and finally, one day, after he had finished his sermon for the following Sabbath (I mean the minister had finished, not the crow), and had locked it safe in his desk, and laid the keys on the table, Tom watched his opportunity, when his back was turned, flew into the room, picked up the key, and flew off with it, in an instant, the wicked rogue!

Tom had more system in stealing than in concealing his stolen articles. We have a number of venerable gray-headed apple trees in the meadow, back of the house, the resort of quite a company of robins, woodpeckers, and yellow-hammers, and Tom would make their nests a general depository of his stolen articles; but we always knew he was the guilty rogue, for we had many a time caught him in his rogueries.

Tom finally came to a sad fate, as all rogues will, sooner or later. One day some bad boys came along, with a gun, shooting every bird they could find, and shot poor Tom with the rest. *Requiescat in pace*—which in English means "Rest in peace"—poor Tom!

UNCLE TIM.

DRIVE NOT, BUT LEAD.

HE who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song;
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.
Give it play, and never fear it—
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.
Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.



CONFUCIUS AND HIS DISCIPLES.

THE GREAT CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

ABOUT five hundred years before the coming of Christ, when the republics of Greece were all in their glory, and Rome was just beginning to rise into power and greatness, Kong-foo-tse (or, as it is written in Latin, Confucius) was born. The Greeks and Romans knew little or nothing of China then, nor did the Chinese imagine there was any great empire in the world but their own.

Confucius was cotemporary with Solon, the lawgiver of Athens. He was a son of the then prime minister at the court of Loo, one of the small sovereignties in the north of China. Being of a studious disposition, he had no taste for the sports of youth, but devoted even the hours of recreation to reading, so that at an early age he had made great progress in the learning of the times. He married at the

age of nineteen, but finding that the cares of a family interfered with the pursuit of his studies, he divorced his wife, and turned all his thoughts toward forming a perfect system of government. His talents and virtues were held in high esteem during his life, and he was appointed one of the chief magistrates of the country. It was in this position, where he had the best opportunity to become acquainted with the laws, and the manner in which they were continually transgressed or evaded, that he became convinced of the necessity of a thorough reform in the system.

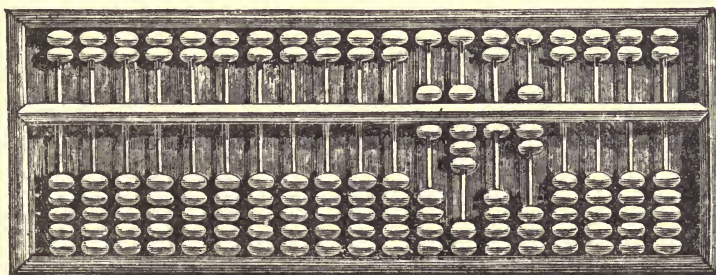
To acquire a more thorough knowledge of the people, and at the same time prepare them for the desired change, he traveled through the different states, giving public lectures on the benefits of virtue and social order.

These lectures produced such an impression that, in a very short time, he had a band of three thousand disciples, who were converted to his doctrines and pledged to the practice of his rules of life. His fame increased with his years, and at length the King of Loo appointed him prime minister of the realm, a station which he filled, for many years, with such eminent ability and success, that it was said that gold or jewels, dropped on the highway, would remain untouched till their rightful owner appeared to claim them. But with all his ability and influence, he was not able to reform the court, or to effect a full change in the administration of government. He therefore resigned his dignity, and devoted himself, with a few chosen friends, to the study of philosophy and to the composition of those works which have rendered his name immortal. Reducing the maxims of former ages to order, he added all that was valuable in the more modern works, together with many wise and prudent suggestions of his own, and thus produced a work which

the "Book of Rites," a sort of manual of politeness and decorum. A complete knowledge of these works forms an essential part of a good education.

Speaking of education, our young friends would, perhaps, be pleased to know something of the method of calculation. This was not done by figures, but by means of a machine called the *swampan*, which is still used in buying and selling among the common people. It consists of a number of little balls of various colors strung upon wires fixed in a box, and divided into two compartments, as exhibited in the accompanying engraving. The five balls in one division are *units*, the two in the other *fives*, increasing ten-fold in value, from wire to wire. The Greeks and Romans used a similar instrument, called the *abacus*, in which the wires were placed horizontally, with no division.

In China, where the whole system of weights, measures, and values is decimal, such an instrument is very convenient. The common people use it with as much facility as we do figures. One man can add up several



THE SWAMPAN.

is regarded as sacred, and holds the highest authority both in religion and politics.

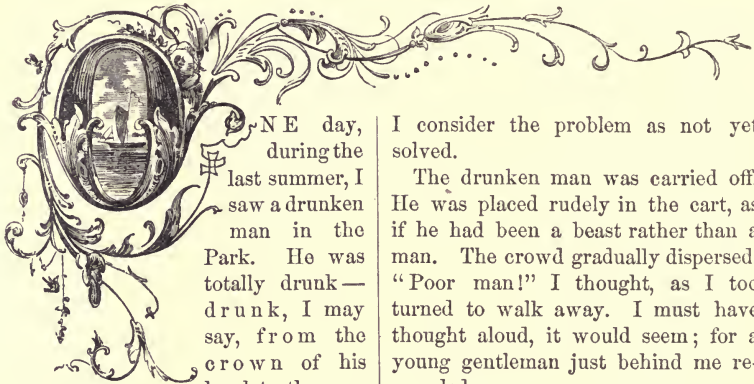
Of the works of Confucius, the *Shoo-king* is a collection of histories; the *Shi-king*, a collection of poems; and

sums of money as fast as another can read them over.

This method of calculating may appear strange to some of the young *Merrys*, but ours seems still stranger to the Chinese.

THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

A WINTER EVENING TALE. BY UNCLE FRANK.



ONE day, during the last summer, I saw a drunken man in the Park. He was totally drunk—drunk, I may say, from the crown of his head to the very soles of his feet. What a disgusting specimen of humanity such an object is, and what sad feelings a sight like this calls up in the breast! Poor man! I could not help pitying him, as he lay there, in the hot sun, with an army of flies quartered on his red, bloated, pimpled face, and with no more power to speak or move than if he had been dead. I don't know but I pitied him more than I blamed him. At length a policeman made his appearance, and began to make preparations for taking him off to the station-house in a cart.

By this time, as no one familiar with New York sights and scenes needs to be told, a large crowd had collected. In this crowd, I am sorry to say, there were, apparently, a greater proportion of merry than of serious people. Isn't it strange that so many men are disposed to make sport over a wretched victim of intemperance? I never could account for the fact, without subtracting a good deal from my estimate of the dignity of the human soul, and, as I am quite unwilling to do that,

I consider the problem as not yet solved.

The drunken man was carried off. He was placed rudely in the cart, as if he had been a beast rather than a man. The crowd gradually dispersed. "Poor man!" I thought, as I too turned to walk away. I must have thought aloud, it would seem; for a young gentleman just behind me responded,

"Poor man, indeed!"

I turned to look at the face of the speaker. There was nothing but good in it. It was one of those countenances which are literally luminous with benevolence.

"I know this 'poor man' in which you seem to take an interest," said he—"know him well."

"And can you tell me, sir, how he came to fall? Do you know his history?"

"I can tell you what was his first step to ruin, and trace his career from that point downward to his present miserable condition. His history is instructive. Six years ago—it may be eight—he was a sober, industrious, exemplary young man, in the employ of a large importing house down town. About this time I became acquainted with him, and we were soon intimate. We are nearly of the same age. There were many traits in his character which I admired, and none more than his apparently stern and unbending principle.

"In an evil hour he suffered himself

to be led, by one of his fellow-clerks, into one of those splendid saloons for which Broadway is so noted. The place had an extremely genteel air. There was nothing gross or vulgar about it. It seemed admirably adapted for virtuous people. Ice-cream, lemon ice, chocolate in the most approved French style, lemonade, Charlotte Russe—there could certainly be no harm in patronizing these delicacies. So our innocent, well-meaning, but unexperienced and too credulous young man thought. And so far he was right. But, alas! though he knew it not, he was treading dangerous ground. His feet had already begun to slide down the inclined plane to wretchedness and ruin. His first and great error was in listening to the invitation of his companion, whom he knew to be an unprincipled and dangerous man. Ah! in that fatal moment he strangely forgot the tender and affectionate advice which his mother gave him, with many tears, when he left the parental roof for a home in the city.

“That evening he drank nothing. He even refused lemonade, much to the amusement of the older and more practiced clerk, for fear that some form of the intoxicating element might be introduced into this otherwise harmless beverage. He went home, trying to persuade himself that he had done nobly, but inwardly feeling ashamed and indignant that he had accepted an invitation from such a source. He found that he had *lost in self-respect*. He was not quite the strong man—the truth came home to him with terrible force—that he thought himself to have been. He had not learned to look to God for help.

“Well, weeks passed away before he yielded the second time to a similar

temptation. Meanwhile, I saw him often, and endeavored to place within his reach such sources of amusement for his long winter evenings as were innocent and instructive. But another evil hour came. The tempter succeeded. Our friend again visited the saloon. This time he was not so obstinate. He thought it would be discourteous to his friend not, at least, to taste that mysterious beverage which everybody around him almost was leisurely sipping through a tube. He drank. The deed was done. He soon joined a club of gay young men. The appetite for liquor gained rapidly upon him. Then he saw whither he was tending. Then he made resolutions that he would break away from his companions and abandon his evil habits. But, alas! he made these resolutions only to break them. You know the rest, sir. His is the tale of many a young man. He lost the confidence of his employers—lost credit—lost his character—lost every particle of self-respect—lost hope—lost everything but a craving desire for intoxicating liquors.

“And now he is degraded to the last degree. He earns no money except in the most menial occupations when he is sober enough, and as soon as the means are within his reach, he drinks and makes himself—what you have seen him.”

Now, boys, I don't preach sermons myself. I leave that vocation to the ministers. But I can't help saying that there is a lesson in this story which you will all do well to learn.

THE beautiful and innocent of all earth's living things,
Drink nothing but the crystal wave
that gushes from the springs.

"JERRY"—A DOG BIOGRAPHY.



"JERRY."

"JERRY" is a general favorite in and around his native city, Nevada, and although he signifies his appreciation of pats or words of kindness by a gentle wagging of his tail, he neither follows nor obeys any one but his master.

The first time we saw him, Mr. Dawley requested him to shut the door—which was wide open, and against the wall—when he immediately put his nose behind it, and closed it; but as it did not "catch," he raised upon his hind legs, and threw the whole weight of his body against it, and thus effectually shut it.

"Go, sit down there, Jerry," said his master; and he immediately went to the spot indicated, and sat down. "Sit up, Jerry," and up he sat. "Stand up, Jerry, and come to me;" and what appeared to us as very sin-

gular, he arose from his sitting posture and stood erect upon his hind feet, and then walked in an erect position to his master.

"Lie down and die, Jerry." He immediately lay down at his master's feet, and closed his eyes, and appeared like one dead; when Mr. D. slipped his right hand under one side, and his left under the other, about his middle, as he lay upon the floor, to lift him up; and the dog did not move a muscle or a limb, but his body hung down as helplessly as though he were really dead.

"Up, Jerry," and he soon let us know that he was worth a dozen dead dogs. "Take a chair, Jerry," and he was soon seated in the only vacant chair in the room. "Now, wink one eye, Jerry," and one eye was accordingly "winked" without ceremony. Jerry, however, did not enlighten us upon the subject of having practiced this ungentlemanly habit, when passing some of his canine lady friends in the public streets! but perhaps thinking that this might be used to criminate himself, he only wagged his tail by way of answer, which simply meant either yes or no—just as we pleased—to our interrogations.

He used to be very fond of these amusements, until he saw a little quarrelsome dog, against whom he had taken a dislike, practicing the same tricks, when he evidently became disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master for some time afterward.

Mr. Dawley is the owner of some mining claims on Wet Hill, and resides near them; and as they are worked both day and night, whenever the time arrives to "change the watch," he will say to the dog, "Jerry, go and

call Ben” (or any one else, as the case may be, for he knows every one of their names distinctly), when he immediately goes to the cabin door of the man wanted, which is left a little ajar, opens it, and commences pulling off the bed-clothing; and if this does not awake the sleeper, he jumps upon the bed and barks, until he succeeds in his undertaking.

If a candle goes out, in the tunnel, it is placed in his mouth, as shown in the engraving, and he goes to the man named, to get it re-lighted.

About a year ago, when they were running their tunnel, he would lie down at the entrance, and allow no stranger to enter, without the consent of his master; but when told by him that it was all right, he not only appeared pleased, but barked at a candle that was sticking in the side of the tunnel, when his master lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and said to him, “Show this gentleman the diggings, Jerry,” and he directly started, with his lighted candle, and led the way into every drift.

There is a shaft to the diggings, something over two hundred feet in depth, and should he want to go down at any time, which he often does, he goes to the top, and, on finding the dirt bucket up, will without hesitation jump in, entirely of his own accord, and descend to the bottom.

Mr. Chambers, an inmate of the cabin in which Jerry was raised, and who knew him from a pup, entered for the purpose of getting a coat, but when he took hold of it, the dog began to growl, and would not permit him to take it out, in the absence of his master, and he had, after considerable coaxing, to leave without it. He allows the washerman to enter the cabin on a Saturday, with the clean

clothes, but as the man takes one chair, he immediately takes another chair opposite, and sits watching him until his master enters; nor will he by any means allow him to take away again, even the clothes he brought with him.

If men are sitting and conversing in the cabin, he will take a chair with the rest, and, what is somewhat remarkable, he always turns his head, and keeps looking at the one who is speaking, as though paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry’s good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them—especially when present in a church or lecture-room—but we forbear, except to ask, that whenever they become listless at such times and in such places, they always think of “Jerry!”

Jerry, too, is “general carrier” for his master, and goes to town each morning for the daily papers. On one occasion he was carrying home some meat, when a much larger dog than he sallied out upon him, to try to steal it from him, but he took no notice of him, except to keep his tail near the enemy, and his head (with the meat) as far away as possible; but when the large dog supposed Jerry to be somewhat off his guard, he made a sudden though unsuccessful spring at the meat, when Jerry, as if *struck* with a new idea, immediately started home as fast as possible; and after he had deposited it safely in the cabin, he returned to town, and gave his thieving-disposed brother a good sound whipping; now, the enemy has a great preference for the opposite side of the street whenever he sees Jerry coming up.

Whenever his master goes to town, the dog stands watching him at the door, and never attempts to accompa-

ny him, without a look or a nod of acquiescence. If Mr. D. purchases a pair of pants, or gloves, or anything else, immediately after arriving in town, he will say to him, "Jerry, you see these are mine," and place them on one side; and after remaining an hour or two in town, and going to different places—sometimes to the theater—he says, "Jerry, I guess I'll go home now," when the dog starts off directly for the parcel left, and appears with it in his mouth, wagging his tail, as much as to say: "Here we are—is this right?" He always remembers very correctly where it was left for him.

About noon, on Saturday last, his master said to him: "Jerry, I don't want you to go with me this afternoon, as Mrs. Houston wishes you to go to town with her;" when he lay quietly down, and never attempted to move, as he generally does, to accompany his master to his work. He waited very patiently, until Mrs. H. was putting on her bonnet, when, taking up a small parcel which he had seen her place upon a chair, he waited with it in his mouth until she was ready to go, and then followed her down. When in town, Mrs. H. bought a bonnet box, about fifteen inches square, with a handle on top, and said to him: "Jerry, I want that carried home," when he took the handle in his mouth, to try to carry it; but as it extended up to his breast, and prevented his taking his usual step, he set it down again, when she said: "Never mind, Jerry, if that is too much for you, I will send for it;" he immediately took it up, and although he could not lift it more than two inches from the ground, he carried it all the way home for her.

He will lift at a sack of gold dust until his hind feet are both several

inches from the floor. If sent to a store across the street for a jug of liquor, and he can not carry it, he will be sure to drag it over—if at all possible—and never mistakes an empty one for a full one. When his master asks him to fetch his socks, or his boots, or his hat, or coat, or anything else, he never gets the wrong article, as he has a good memory to remember the names of everything told him.

To see what he would do, several men, with his master's consent, tied a string and pan to his tail, but instead of running off as most dogs would, he turned and bit the string in two; then took hold of the string and dragged the pan along. He will go up and down a ladder by himself. If several men are in the cabin, and his master on going out should tell him not to leave it, all of them combined would not be able to coax him out.

He is very fond of music, and will walk about for hours, wagging his tail, whenever Mr. Curtis (a miner living in the same cabin) plays upon the banjo; and sometimes he would run around, catching at his tail, and barking when the music ceased.

"Jerry" has more friends than any man in town, as everybody likes him for his good-natured eccentricities, intelligence, and amusing performances. He sleeps at night in an arm-chair near his master's head, and seems to love and watch over him with the utmost fondness and solicitude. If, however, the blanket upon which he sleeps is thrown carelessly into the chair at night, or is not perfectly straight and smooth, he will not attempt to occupy it until it is made all right.

Many, very many other performances of interest could be related, such as picking up money and carrying it to his master; catching paper in his

mouth if placed upon his nose; taking off his own collar; unfastening ropes with his teeth; jumping over chairs; carrying away his master's gloves on Saturday night and returning them on Monday morning; standing in any position told him; fetching anything asked for, etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*. But we think that we have said sufficient to prove that Jerry is an intelligent dog; and yet some persons,

with more vanity than veneration, will persist in believing that God's works are not as perfect and as beautiful as they are, by asserting that "dogs have no souls," while they admit them to possess all the attributes of intelligence—except in the same degree—as those found in men; and we must say that we have witnessed more true nobility of *mind* in some dogs than we have in *some* men.



AFTER SCHOOL.

Just look upon that group of boys,
Brim full of frolic, spunk, and noise,
When, at the word, "The school is
done,"

They rush to liberty and fun.

Pell-mell, they run, and jump, and leap,
Tumbling in one promiscuous heap,
Until you wonder by what token
They 'scape with heads and limbs un-
broken.

Bold, reckless, cunning, cool, or sly,
What won't they do? what won't they
try?

They're up to every kind of scheme,
To test their strength, and let off steam.

'Tis an epitome of life,
Without its shades of cares and strife;
Each has its private joke, and cracks
it,
Regardless how the other takes it.

And there's the point—boys take rough
jokes

More pleasantly than older folks,
Not heeding much what's said or
done,

So they can have their fill of fun.

H. H.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



WISH it was in my power, instead of so tamely describing some of the things I saw in Broadway, to take you all along with me, and show you the things themselves. Some of them can not well be described. To appreciate them at all, you must see them. Here, now, is a large store, full of pictures of all sorts and sizes, in all styles and forms of frames. In the windows there is a great display of some of the rarest, and most beautiful, to attract the passers-by. There are seldom less than a dozen persons at each window at any time of day. These pictures are often changed, so that you may almost every day see something new; and some persons never pass without stopping to study the window. It is a continual free exhibition.

You ask me how they can afford to have such fine pictures, and be always showing them for nothing. The answer is, that the show-window is one way of advertising. Many are first induced to stop and look, without any intention to go farther, who afterward go in and

buy. But let us go in, and look round a little. Where shall we begin? Here is a subject in which I am always interested, though the painting is not as fine as some others. It is the interview, mentioned in the December number of the MUSEUM, between Samoset, an Indian chief, from Maine, and the good old Pilgrims at Plymouth. It is very hard to believe, unless the climate has very greatly changed, that even an Indian could



INTERVIEW BETWEEN SAMOSET AND THE PILGRIMS.

live through the winters of Maine or Massachusetts, without more clothing than Samoset has in the picture. But such is the story, and such is the picture, and we must take them as they are. The old Pilgrims were few in number, and surrounded with tribes of unknown enemies. They were consequently always on their guard. They never went unarmed. They were afraid of Samoset at first; but he proved to be a friend, whom they could trust. With what an expression of surprise and curiosity the girls look at him from behind the shelter of their father! What a wonder he must have been to them, with his naked body, his long straight hair, his fancy head-dress, and his unintelligible tongue! How many questions they would have asked him, if they could have made him understand their language! And how they would have been amused at his stories of Indian life and manners, and how surprised at his account of the wide extent of the country, and the numerous tribes which inhabited it! Those tribes are nearly all gone. The remnant is fast wasting away. I wish I could feel that our nation had dealt justly by them.

But let us pass. Here, on the right, is a beautiful hunting scene. What a rich back ground of open country is spread out on the left, with here and there a fine clump of trees, or a solitary elm or oak, stretching its heavily laden arms to the sky! The leaves of those trees seem almost to move, as you look at them. But see what a magnificent creature that horse is coming down the valley, the tall rider sitting so easy in the saddle, that he seems to be a part of the horse! And this, on the right, just leaping the ditch, his rider, though a lady, as cool and fearless as if sitting in her chair at home. It seems more

like flying than riding, and it is a marvel that there are not more necks broken than are reported. The fox they are all so eager after, you see in the distance, down among those clumps of trees. But enough of that.

Here is a group of children at play. How admirably the whole is arranged to give to each game its appropriate place and expression! How *alive* the children look, almost as if they would speak, or as if you could take them in your arms and carry them away! Would you not like to jump in among them, and take part in their play? I should, old as I am.



GOOD LITTLE ARTHUR.

SWEET boy, lift thy little hands in prayer. A blessing shall come upon thee if thou wilt open thy heart to thy heavenly Father. Thou wilt be kind and gentle; a good son, a loving brother and friend.

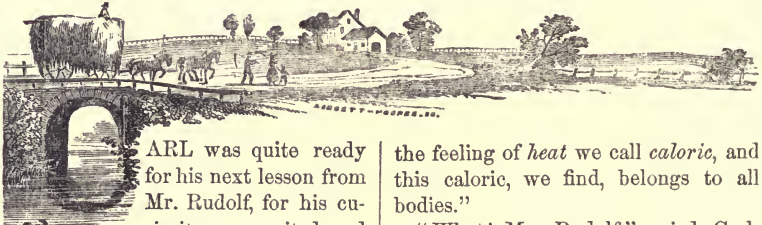
“Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.”

Laura Elmer.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



ARL was quite ready for his next lesson from Mr. Rudolf, for his curiosity was excited, and he longed to learn more about the hidden properties of things near him. He found his teacher already in the study, with some strange-looking tubes and glasses lying on the table before him.

"What are these, Mr. Rudolf?" asked Carl.

"They are the apparatus for our lesson to-day," said his teacher. "Take your note-book, and be ready to write down whatever is necessary. Do you know what *caloric* means, Carl?"

"No, sir," said Carl, seating himself, with his pencil in his hand ready to write.

"Well, then, we will talk about caloric to-day. When you touch red-hot iron, what do you feel?"

"I *never* touch it," said Carl, laughing; "I know I should be burned if I did."

"Then we must think of something less dangerous," said Mr. Rudolf, good-naturedly, "since you are so cautious. When we touch different substances, we say one is hot and another cold, as the case may be. Now the principle which causes

the feeling of *heat* we call *caloric*, and this caloric, we find, belongs to all bodies."

"What! Mr. Rudolf," cried Carl, "heat in everything? I'm sure there can't be any in *ice*—it's nothing but *cold*."

"Yes; I mean to say that there is caloric in ice, even; for if a piece of ice should be frozen here at 32° , and I should take it to Siberia, where the temperature is 60° lower, that ice would throw off heat till it became as cold as the atmosphere around it."

Carl looked decidedly puzzled, but said nothing, and Mr. Rudolf only smiled to see his pupil thus amazed.



"I think we must put down a few simple facts, and then have some experiments," said he.

Carl settled himself to write, and Mr. Rudolf continued.

"First, we will say that *caloric exists in everything*, and next, that *it seeks an equilibrium*, that is, *it will pass from a warm body to one that is colder, till both have an equal temperature.*"

Carl wrote both these sentences, and then Mr. Rudolf lighted a small spirit-lamp, and said:

"Now, Carl, we will try the effect of heat upon water. Fill this little cup with water and let it boil—then tell me how high the thermometer rises in it."

Carl did as he was ordered, and kept watching the water, every now and then putting in the thermometer and watching it rise. It seemed to him that it never would boil; presently he called out, "Why, Mr. Rudolf, here the thermometer says 120°, and the water don't think of boiling—isn't something the matter?"

"No, no; watch it, and see—'tis all right," said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl watched, and called out, every now and then, "150°—now it's 190°—and now it's 200°. I declare it takes plenty of heat to boil water." At last he shouted, "Hurrah! it boils at 212°! I don't think I shall forget that very soon."

"Well, now, wait three minutes, and see how much hotter it becomes," said Mr. Rudolf.

"It isn't one degree hotter," said Carl, with a disappointed look.

"It seems to me your water is disappearing very fast," said Mr. Rudolf, looking into the cup.

"Yes, it is—it all goes off in steam," said Carl.

"You are right: the water goes off in steam, and the extra heat, too. Remember this, Carl, you can't heat water higher than 212°. Then it boils—turns to steam, and all the after-increase of heat the steam carries away."

"And now I will tell you another thing about heat: it expands or enlarges *everything*; therefore things are larger in summer than in winter."

"I wonder how you prove that, Mr. Rudolf," said Carl.

"One way is by making experiments on small things, and then reasoning from the effect of heat on them—as we did with the ball just now."

"Can't you let me try another experiment?" asked Carl.

"Yes, if you will remember another thing in regard to heat," said his teacher, "and that is, *heat expands all bodies.*"

"Oh, yes, I can easily remember that," said Carl.

"Well, then, to prove that heat expands water and other liquids, I suppose you want an experiment?" said Mr. Rudolf.

"Yes; you let me try with that copper ball, the first thing," answered Carl.

"But the copper ball is not a liquid, Carl."

"No, sir," said Carl. "It is a solid body, I know; I only meant that the experiment I tried then, showed that heat made the ball larger."

"That is right," said Mr. Rudolf, with a pleasant smile; "if you always remember to such good purpose, you will make a philosopher one of these days, perhaps. But now for our experiment. Here are three glass tubes, with bulbs on the ends; and each contains a fluid—this is water, this is alcohol, and this mercury, and you see they are filled equally."

"Yes," said Carl.

"Now, put them all in this vessel of boiling water—what do you see?"

"I see that they are climbing up the tubes," said Carl, laughing; "I guess it's too warm down there, and they want to get out."

"Well," said Mr. Rudolf, laughing too, "which is *most* afraid of the heat?"

"The alcohol," answered Carl; "that is the highest, and the water is next, and mercury the lowest."

"Now can you tell me why?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"I suppose," said Carl, looking thoughtfully at the tubes, "it is because the heat expands the alcohol most, and the mercury least."

"That is it, exactly," said Mr. Rudolf. "Now look at this thermometer. The bulb or tube was partly filled with mercury; then it was heated till the mercury rose to the very top, and drove all the air out, and at that moment the glass top was melted and sealed. What was there, then, in the tube?"

"Nothing but mercury," said Carl, "not even air."

"That is right," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Now how do you suppose this scale is made of degrees of heat?"

Carl shook his head.

"The tube is put in melting snow," said his teacher. "What happens then?"

"The mercury goes down," said Carl.

"Yes, and there is the mark for *freezing*. Then it is placed in boiling water."

"And there is the mark for boiling. What number is that on our thermometer?"

"212°," answered Carl, promptly; "I shall not forget *that*."

"Yes; and freezing is marked 32°,"

said Mr. Rudolf; "then the other degrees are marked between."

"Why, we could make a thermometer," said Carl. "Couldn't we?"

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Rudolf.

"I mean to try some day," said Carl, "if you will help me melt the glass top. How do you do that?"

"With a blow-pipe," said Mr. Rudolf. "But we have spent all our time now—we must talk of that tomorrow."

HOW THE BOSTON BOYS TALK.

SOUTH Boston, Mass., and Christmas day;

Dear Hatchet, may I have my say?

I will be short, for dinner waits,

And after that, the girls and skates.

"The *girls* and skates," now you will

"That's pretty cool, sir, any way." [say,

Of course it is, and so's the air;

But not the girls, they're pretty fair.

And skating will true pleasure yield,

When, gliding o'er the icy field,

With joyous shout and laughter gay,

We drive each thought of care away.

Dear Uncle, did *you* ever go

A skating with the ladies, though?

[Of course I did—you need not doubt;

I am a Yankee, out and out.—H. H.]

And Willie Coleman, how with you?

Are you O. K., the real "true blue"?

[Don't twit poor Willie, just because

He hails from where they make *blue* laws.

H. H.]

Well, Gotham is an awful place—

Mud and water, silks and lace;

Omnibuses, hacks, and ferries,

Boats, from packets down to wherries.

Though one good thing I there did meet

At a certain place, in Nassau Street.

Now what it was, I think you know,

And thus, with love to all, I'll go.

OLIVER ONLEY.

HERR WINTER.



REAT was the cold of a clear December twilight. It was Christmas eve, and Herr Winter was abroad in the streets.

He was wrapped in a great gray cloak, and a shapeless hood was thrown over his head. His beard, which covered his mouth and chin, hung over his breast stiff with icicles.

He held in his hand a broom made of twigs bound together, and as he went along muttering to himself, he swept the snow in heaps, and sometimes he swept the earth quite bare.

When he came to the rivers he only touched them with his foot, and they became hard, so that he had no trouble when he wished to cross them.

It was a bitter cold night, and Herr Winter was not the only one abroad. Amid the snow a little boy might be seen hurrying along the road. It was little Friedrich. Everybody knows little Friedrich; he is the only son of the Widow Holymann, who lives back yonder in a neat little cottage.

Her parents live some miles distant, and Friedrich was on his way to visit them, and his cousin who lived with them. He is late, for he had his work to do as usual, and the cow strayed away to-night, so that he had her to look for; but he is happy, for he is thinking of his cousin Gretchen and the feast, and he goes along whistling all alone.

He does not notice the old man, but

he is following him. He has stopped muttering now, and treads softly along. Friedrich is wrapped in his cloak and fur-cap, yet he feels the cold. He slaps his hands across his breast, for they begin to ache. "I might have been nearly there," thought he, "if it had not been for the cow." But he tries to forget the snow and cold, and think of the nice time he will have when he arrives at his grandmother's.

He sees a bright star far in the distant sky; he thinks of the star of Bethlehem, and wonders how he should feel should the angels appear to him as they did to the shepherds.

He feels the cold more as he goes on. Now he can see the light in his grandmother's window. "I shall soon be there," says he—"Gretchen is waiting for me;" and at the thought he quickens his pace, but Herr Winter goes faster. Friedrich feels a strange sensation creeping over him, and he longs to lie down in the snow. He turns and looks behind, and sees the old man close to him, stretching forth his hand to grasp him.

He springs forward to get beyond his reach, but Herr Winter is soon close to him again. He lays his heavy hand upon him. "Let me go, old man," cried little Friedrich, "they are waiting for me at the feast."

But he answers him in words that make his heart die within him. "I give you five minutes to say your prayers." Friedrich falls back, and says "Our Father;" then dreaming of his mother, of little Gretchen and the feast, he lies down in the snow.

Gretchen is waiting, but Friedrich will not come. He has gone to a far better feast than that prepared by his cousin Gretchen.

P. A. B.



FLOWER OF COTTON PLANT.

SOMETHING ABOUT COTTON.

I WISH all my readers could see a large field of cotton, ready for harvesting. It is one of the most interesting sights in the whole range of the vegetable world. Think of a tract of two or three hundred acres, all covered with a luxuriant growth of the purest white! At a distance, a cotton-field, in its mature stage, appears almost exactly as if it were a Northern field of snow.

In the picture which I have had prepared for you, there is a representation of the flower—the capsule closed and the capsule open—exhibiting the cotton. The seed is of course contained in this capsule, or envelop. It used

to be a very slow and difficult process to separate these seeds from the cotton; until within a few years, all that labor was done by hand. But a genius sprung up out of obscurity, and invented the cotton-gin, which is propelled by horse or steam power, which does this work in the handsomest possible style, and in an incredibly short space of time.

It is fun to see a cotton-gin in full operation. It goes as if forty cotton factors at least had all spoken for that particular lot of cotton, and wanted it just as soon as it possibly could be put into the bales and sent to market.

The seeds are numerous. There are

a great many more of them than are needed for planting. But the planters turn them to good account. They feed them to their cattle, and I have known of cases where they have been used for enriching the land.

It is a busy season on a large cotton plantation, while the picking is going on. I have seen a hundred negroes in Georgia, all at work in one field. The picking process is very simple. The cotton, with the seeds, is simply removed from the capsule, which, like a chestnut burr, after a hard frost or two, is already sufficiently opened; and the negroes strip a cotton-field of its snowy garment much more rapidly than you would suppose it possible. The stalks are left standing.

The plant, in its earliest stage, is extremely tender. It don't like cold weather, and the slightest frost kills it. Sometimes hundreds of acres have to



be replanted. There is a vast quantity of cotton produced in the Southern States. It is the great staple of several of them. Georgia yields more than two millions of pounds annually, and Louisiana, I think, nearly eight millions. Here are ten millions of pounds of raw cotton in two States alone! Now, considering it takes a good deal

of cotton to make a pound, don't you think, with me, that if all this cotton was spun into a thread such as our mothers and sisters use in their sewing, it would afford us a pretty respectable lengthy cord? I wish some of our curious readers, who are never so happy as when they are at work on some such calculation as this, will give us some definite light on this subject.

UNCLE FRANK.

THE WINDOW-BLIND.

Of all the trials met in life,
From neighbors' hens to scolding wife,
There's none more jarring to my mind
Than an old squeaking window-blind.

Just after you've retired to bed,
Some windy night, your weary head
Is greeted with the doleful grind
Of an old squeaking window-blind.

In winter, just as you get warm,
Fierce blowing up a northeast storm,
You hurry from your nest to find
Somewhere a squeaking window-blind.

In summer nights, when few can
sleep,
And fewer still their temper keep,
Your thoughts and plans are undetermined
By an old squeaking window-blind.

In early spring, when ice and sleet
Against the panes in anger beat,
You deem their presence not unkind
Beside a squeaking window-blind.

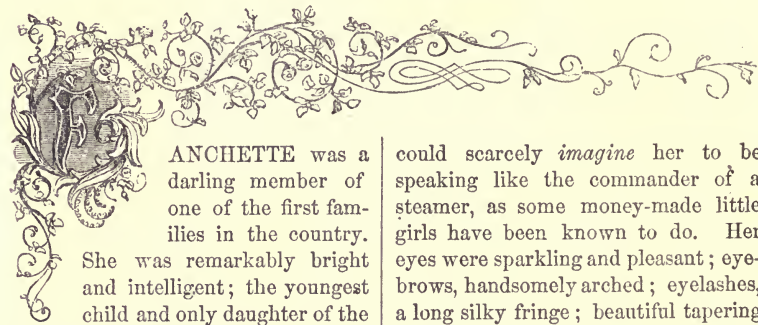
In autumn, when the bleak wind sighs,
And in the chimney moans and cries,
Distinct, above the solemn wind,
Is heard the squeaking window-blind.

W. W.

STORY OF FANCHETTE.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS BY CHILDREN.

EXAMPLE OF FANCHETTE.



FANCHETTE was a darling member of one of the first families in the country. She was remarkably bright and intelligent; the youngest child and only daughter of the family, which was wealthy, and high in official station.

Of course she had around her that which often spoils children, making them overbearing and imperious, particularly to servants. This little girl of nine years was a model of politeness; and one could not but respect her for her lovely manners. She *requested* of a servant, not coarsely demanded, anything which she wanted—commonly saying, “Will you?” often saying, “If you please;” indeed, it must be told that she had an example of this from her parents, who were in the uniform habit of speaking in this way to their domestics, who, of course, delighted to do their bidding. And truly this often distinguishes the born lady or gentlemen from the mushroom upstart, who has become suddenly *moneyed*; so suddenly, that there has not been time to polish away the native coarseness.

It was not because the little Fanchie did not know that she had power and right to demand any fulfillment of her wishes; but she was refined in heart, and her words were graceful as well as her actions. One

could scarcely *imagine* her to be speaking like the commander of a steamer, as some money-made little girls have been known to do. Her eyes were sparkling and pleasant; eyebrows, handsomely arched; eyelashes, a long silky fringe; beautiful tapering fingers, that could not by any possibility be made to *scratch* or *pinch* a nurse or maid, as some little girls have done—often; a pretty foot in a bronze gaiter, that could not be excited to stamp as an outlet to foolish anger; a voice musical and soft, never having been strained and cracked by screams of wrathful feeling at some thwarting of her wishes.

Gentle child, she was the delight of all about her; and no servants could be found more subservient, performing her slightest wishes without compulsion and with real respect. Servants know quickly *whom* they are serving, and they are very apt to render accordingly.

CHARITABLE LITTLE GIRLS.

This little girl, so polite and kind to all about her, was thoughtful of those *not* immediately about her, but of whom she heard and saw occasionally—I mean the poor. One family in particular, of whom the mother had been a servant in the house of Fanchette's father when a child, being very poor in consequence of the large

number of children and an improvident husband, excited her sympathy, and of course she lent her hand to *do* something to make things better. She did not just simper and be very sorry, and there let it end, as many young girls, and even young ladies, with less around them to occupy their vanity and their time, very often do.

Fanchette had the eldest daughter from this poor family come to her every day for lessons in reading, etc., notwithstanding she was two years older than herself. Without putting on any airs, there was a real dignity about the little teacher, for the reason that she was in earnest to do good; and the pupil, Sophie, I have no doubt, was more diligent and attentive than if she had been a member of a class in a school-room; for here she was the whole school. Fanchie also made some clothes for Sophie's little brothers and sisters, especially the baby. She devoted a portion of her weekly spending money to purchasing materials, which she made into little garments as she learned to sew, such as aprons, pantalettes, etc.

It was surprising how well she could sew—it must have been that the willing heart had something to do with the successful fingers. At the "Ladies' Society for the Benefit of the Poor," every autumn, would come in a servant bearing a bundle "from Miss Fanchette D."—dear child! and she was so quiet about it all, and yet it cost her real labor—of course a little girl could not make *one* garment without a good deal of painstaking and often getting tired. But she rested, and began again, and persisted, and accomplished. It was all one could do to find out *why* she was making such little clothes; it was plainly not for herself, for the material was coarser

than she ever wore; and she was not telling every one, indeed, not any one, unless closely questioned, what it was all for.

Oh, there are not Fanchettes as plenty as blackberries; would there were! Well might she be a happy child, as she certainly was. She was much alone, having no sister; and the brother next her in age was some five or six years older than herself. She was seldom uncomfortable—her child-resources were very remarkable, though she was very social and exceedingly affectionate. Her disposition made heart-music *within*, and, quite naturally, *without* was peace and joy.

PLAYFUL LITTLE GIRLS.

Notwithstanding Fanchette would take so much pains to sew and to teach, she was very social in her feelings, and quite as playful as any little girl who devotes all her time to play, and only play. She would climb a tree like a squirrel, pick the fruit and down again. In the winter (it was in the country), when the snow was three and four feet deep, she would be out flying about, almost like a snow-bird or snow-flake; sliding on the snow-crust, tumbling down and over; and when it was newly fallen and lay like heaps of down, and even while it was snowing, she would roll huge balls of it, like a very mate for Jack Frost himself.

She made for herself—that is, she did the sewing, after the seamstress had cut—a pair of long flannel, what shall I call them?—pantatrowserloons, which she put on over all her other garments, and then, in stuffed hood, sacque, and mittens, away she would go. Although she could, and did,

read Shakspeare understandingly, she was uncommonly fond of dolls, and would work on their dresses for hours together, *tend* them, talk to them, like any other child.

She always had some pet—a kitten, a large house-dog, a terrier, and a white dove which was free to go and come, having never had a cage-door shut on him but one day; after that, he was wise enough to make himself at home, soaring away often through the day; then sitting on the barn roof, or on a projecting part of the house near her windows; or eating from the crumbs and corn which she scattered for him in the court-yard; and at night roosting upon a beam in the wood-house.

As a thing of course, she delighted in flowers. A *heart-gartchen* (the German word for *little garden*; and I think it so pretty that I can not help using it) nurtured like hers, could not but love everything beautiful. Among the quiet flowers, her verbenas, pansies, carnations, and roses, with her long silken eyelashes hanging over them, and her graceful fingers among them, one might fancy her a nymph or fay assisting to bring them up from the dark earth.

She was a great reader withal—an admirer of Hans Andersen's book for children—and all fairy tales and poetry. You will think she was an *industrious* little girl, as well as playful—yes, indeed, and you see how very much industry will accomplish. Often would she fold a half sheet of paper to a tiny book, of three or four inches in size, and write it *through* with a story of her own, interspersing *pen-pictures* to illustrate the story; and they were so well done, one could not but be interested and amused by them. Often these were sprightly caricatures, for

she could sketch and draw wonderfully for a little girl.

Ever was she doing some lovely interesting action—like this. She laid by her weekly allowance till she had sufficient to pay a manufacturer for making into a ring a lock of her own hair, which upon her mother's birthday she placed upon her finger, a sweet surprise. What prettier thing could have been done? The mother was doubly gratified by the affection and lovely taste of her little daughter.

It was scarcely half the time that her weekly spending money was used for herself, that is, for her outward wants; but it must have been satisfying a want of her dear little heart when she bought materials for clothes for the poor, and made little presents to her friends, for her weekly sum was not large. It is true she was so much beloved, she was always receiving valuable presents herself, so that she hardly wanted for anything; and there appeared to be no fear of spoiling her, she had too much good sense, read too many good books, and listened to too much good conversation, to be *spoiled*; she seemed to become only more gentle and meek. Who will be like Fanchette?

Fanchette at the dinner-table must also speak to others by her example. When the family all assembled, seven in number, not one was more attractive than she. She had not a thought of being first served, as I have seen many children who had only such a thought. She would have been shocked at receiving anything upon her plate, before mamma and auntie were helped. When her father said, "Fanchie, what shall I give you?" she answered, in a soft voice, "What you please, pa;" and he said, "My good girl, I think you will like that," giv-

ing a piece of fowl or beef. She never made an objection, nor looked it over and under, to see if it were the very best piece in the wide world. Sometimes she had a young cousin with her at the table, and the meal was never made disagreeable by loud talking from these little girls, but they often desired a part of one dish or another which was upon the table, for they had their *likes* and *dislikes*, like everybody; always asking modestly, they were never refused, because never gormandizers nor greedy.

Never was William, the waiter, rudely ordered by Fanchie to bring her grapes, or pears, but *requested*, as I said before. She was never kept whist or demure, during the meal, but had freedom to speak, for all knew she would do it properly; and all were interested in her little chat. Such children are indeed a well-spring of pleasure in a house.

Who will go and do likewise?

"AN AX TO GRIND."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

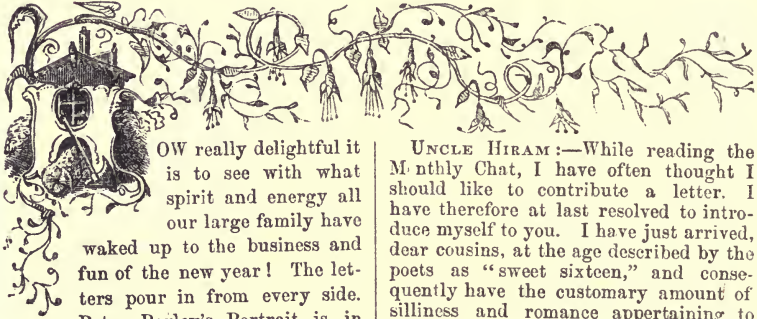
WHEN I was a little boy, says Dr. Franklin, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of the "fine little fellow," "O yes," I answered; "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my little fellow," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" Could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without

waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest little fellows that I ever saw—will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled at the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud for school or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it is hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great profession of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas! deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a body.

A FLAG, used during 1775, in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, with the motto—"Don't tread on me."

Is there a reader of the MUSEUM who does not know what led to such a motto? Who does not know the history of his own country! Boys, can you tell what the American Flag is now?

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



OW really delightful it is to see with what spirit and energy all our large family have waked up to the business and fun of the new year! The letters pour in from every side.

Peter Parley's Portrait is in great demand. The Book of Rhymes and the Puzzle-Book are loudly and largely called for. The Chat is full to overflowing, and large baskets full of letters are—not put under the table, nor into the fire—but laid over for next month. The greetings of our friends are cordial and encouraging. The young folks are at work with a will, and we expect great results, which we shall report by-and-by. Meanwhile, we return our cordial thanks for all that has been done, and renew our affectionate greetings for the new year, and hope that each of you will ask your friends to take the MUSEUM. For particulars see "premiums" offered in the January number. We have already received several answers to the Algebraical Problem, some with the solution wrought out, and some without it. One of our correspondents is in ecstasies at having, as she supposes, discovered the answer to Hiram Hatchet's Riddle. We shall see, when the answer comes. But we hope all who send answers will remember the conditions. The answer, to secure the Premium, must not only be correct, but must be the best expressed and shortest of the whole; and must correctly and handsomely answer every allusion in the Riddle. No answer yet to the Mechanical Puzzle.

UNCLE HIRAM:—While reading the Monthly Chat, I have often thought I should like to contribute a letter. I have therefore at last resolved to introduce myself to you. I have just arrived, dear cousins, at the age described by the poets as "sweet sixteen," and consequently have the customary amount of silliness and romance appertaining to that age. I live in the country, near a beautiful lake, in the central part of New York, and, what is rather unusual with young girls of my age, I do not deplore the "fate which has cast my lot in this dismal land," but think I am the happiest girl in America, and have the most pleasant home. Please forgive my haste, when I tell you how much I should like to see in the February number the name of

ORIANNA.

Don't be afraid, Orianna, to let us know where you live, for if you are "the happiest girl in America," Uncle Merry wants to call and see you.

HILLSBOROUGH, Jan. 4, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have found out the "Prize Puzzle," and am so full of joy thereat that I can not forbear writing to you, and informing you of that wonderful fact. I am waiting to put the answer into proper shape before sending it to you.

KATE CURTIS.

We can judge about that "answer" when we see it.

METAMORA, WOODFORD CO., ILL. }
Dec. 12, 1858. }

J. N. STEARNS & Co.:—I have been "just agoing" to send for the CABINET for some time, but have deferred it, hoping to get some new subscribers, but the times are hard, and money is a *cash* article with us in Metamora, so I suppose I shall be obliged to send my lone dollar. I am sorry I could not succeed better, but hope at some future day to be able to

send a large list of names. I received the December number last week, and from it see they are trying to revive the word-combination plan. I like the idea, and from the proposed word, *revelations*, have got some two hundred or more. Who will try the word *Palestine*?

H. N. ROUSE.

Charlie Pennington has sent us a list of 305 words from "Revelations." We can not spare room to print them.

BRADFORD, Jan. 5, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Will you let me call you uncle? May I be one of the 20,000? I hope you will accept this, with much love to yourself and Aunt Sue. I wonder if this will come out in the Chat? I shall laugh if it does, though I do not suppose it will. Love to all the 20,000. Good-bye.

NELLIE HAMILTON.

We are so fond of a laugh that we are not willing to have one lost or suppressed. So Nellie will please let us hear the "music of her joy."

Jan. 4, 1859.

UNCLE MERRY:—The answer to the Algebraical Problem in your last is, if I understand the question, 29 lines and 32 letters. I took hold of it, expecting to find something hard—and perhaps I have not got the "*git*" of the sum yet. If I am right, however, I would suggest that you invent something harder than that to send "up" into

VERMONT.

It is not always difficult to find the solution of a problem, even when it is very difficult to prove it, and show the process algebraically. The process is the part in which the difficulty lies. Let us have that in the briefest form.

WENTWORTH, N. H., Dec. 20, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—Will you allow me an introduction into the Merry family? I love Uncle Robert, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Hiram Hatchet too—for I guess he is not the *savage*, after all, that his name would seem to indicate. I wish that you would find somebody *sharp* enough to take his picture. Don't you think all of us would pay up pretty quick, so that we might get a look at him. Won't you try it?

FLOEA.

Too much in a hurry for the picture

just now; but here is our autograph. Please accept that as a substitute.



NEWARK, Dec. 16, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Although I have read the CABINET for some time with a great deal of interest, I have never before ventured to open a correspondence with you. Now, I thought that as it was near New Year's, I would make my first call on you in the shape of a letter, and do not doubt but that you will make me feel perfectly at home. Your loving niece,

GRACIE GREENE.

HARTFORD, Wis., Nov. 5, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I like to go down to the store in the evening, but as I am only ten years old my mother thinks that I had better stay at home. I like to look at your picture, and I wish I could see you too. I am practicing music. I can play "Few Days," "Home Again," and some others. I felt very bad the other day when I found Thomas Dydimus lying dead on the ground—that's our old cat. My ma says that is a sad cat-astrophe. I looked at that picture on the MUSEUM at the bottom of the page, and I wondered what that man was holding in his hand besides the shears.

CHARLEY E. WHELOCK.

"THE PINES," Nov. 22.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I fear the room is becoming very crowded; but do you think you could possibly find room for our note?

I had long wished to join the "Merry circle," and to be numbered among the "twenty thousand."

I enjoy the Chat very much; but if I can be admitted, would much rather be a member than merely a reader of it.

When I was a "little girl" I took the MUSEUM for some time, and then my brother took the *Schoolfellow*, but we were very much pleased when they were united.

I like the "Retrospectum," by Willie H. Coleman, very much, and as I have

several volumes of the MUSEUM, like to hunt up the letters to which he alludes.

Perhaps I should not make a request in my first letter; but may I be allowed to agree with some of the Chatters in wishing you would give us more music? I think the "Song of the Snowbird" emphatically "sweet."

As I am a new correspondent, I have not yet learned to dread the hatchet, but fear I shall if I write much more

Give a great deal of love and a kiss to each of my uncles and cousins (may I call them *so*?), and *two* kisses to Aunt Sue.

Good-bye. With many well wishes I remain, ever,

Your affectionate niece,
KATY DID.

TALLAHASSEE MISSION, CREEK NATION,
Nov. 12, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have never written to you before. I have taken the MUSEUM and CABINET ever since they were united. I like them very much, and it would be hard for me to part with them. From your affectionate nephew,

ROBERT H. LOUGHRIDGE.

PAINSVILLE, Nov, 13, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK, HIRAM HATCHET, MR. MERRY, AND AUNT SUE:—If there are really as many as 20,000 nieces and nephews of yours, I do not see how you can make room for me. But perhaps you will move aside and give a place. I am an entire stranger here. I do not know as I ever took so nice a book or paper before. I have taken the CABINET

four years now, and if mother is willing, and Uncle Horace, too, will continue to take it longer. I was ten years old the 20th day of September. I go to school now, but have not been at it at all this week, because the weather was so bad. We are having a fine snow-storm now, and I hope that it will be good sleighing. Auntie has got a fine fairy bell in blossom. How is Nippinifidget and all the rest of your nephews and nieces? So good-bye. Your niece,

MARINA A. CAREY.

P. S.—Please answer this soon.

November 8, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—It has been so long since I wrote to you, that I thought I would resume my pen, and have a short chat with you. Has "W. H. C." deserted the ranks, or only given place to some stars of less magnitude? "Nip," too, has left us, or goose quills are scarce in the Old World. Have "Black-Eyes" eyes become dim, so that she can not write but twice in a year? Cassius M. Clay's eyes must have been in the wrong place, or "Old Belmont" must have a host of pretty women within its limits. Which is it, "Black-Eyed Mollie?" But I have over-run the "ten-line limit." Yours niecely,
M.

W. H. C. has spoken for himself, as you see, as "Black-Eyes" did last month. As for "Nip," we feel badly that she should go off so, and not send a single word back. But we shall hear from her, by-and-by, no doubt, with a full report of all she has seen and heard.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

A LITTLE girl, whom I met in the summer of 1857, while visiting Lake Superior, writes me a pretty letter, and asks me whether I have forgotten her. No, indeed, my dear. I remember you, and the pleasant family of which you were then an inmate, with a great deal of pleasure. I am glad, on more than one account, that you wrote to me. Your letter wakes up some memories of that far-off north-western country which I must jot down for my readers.

I don't know that I ever in my life took more delight in rambling about the woods than I did in this wild region of our country. The flowers, many of them, belong to different races from those we are familiar with in this part of the country. He who teaches the flowers to grow gives them all the climate and soil which best suits them.

Those of you who are fond of winter-green berries—and most young people, as well as some who are older, take a

fancy to them—would find this modest little plant in sufficient abundance to satisfy you, I am sure, Acres and acres of ground are almost covered with the wintergreen.

Huckleberries—I have Webster's authority, recollect, for this orthography—are found in the greatest profusion. I have not the slightest doubt that while I was in Marquette, there were enough huckleberries growing within ten miles' circuit of that place to have freighted the largest ship that floats.

Berries, indeed, seem to have a special fondness for this Lake Superior country. Oh, how gay and beautiful some of them are! There is one species of the *Convallaria*, not common in this latitude, which bears from three to half a dozen light blue berries, that are the admiration of everybody. The plant is from eight to fifteen inches in height, with thick, fleshy leaves.

A species of the *Sambucus* (or elder) bears a red berry, which is very attractive. Our own elder, you know, yields black berries of small size. The Lake Superior elder has bright red berries, of a larger size, and in a panicle, instead of a raceme.

As to the birds, I am sorry to say that Lake Superior has a great scarcity of them. You don't hear such concerts in the forests there as you do in this latitude. You wonder what is the reason, perhaps? I take it to be this: Most of the singing birds—nearly all, in fact—spend their winters at the South, and their summers at the North. In a northern climate they rear their young. Now, I suppose that, in their journey northward, they stop and settle down for the warm months as soon as they find a temperature that suits them. I don't suppose that they are so fond of traveling, as to go very far just for the sake of using their wings. If this is not the reason, then let somebody tell me what it is.

There is one bird in those northern woods, however, whose music I quite fell in love with. He is a rare songster. I

never saw him before (and that is a bull, for I didn't see him this time; he always kept himself out of my sight), and don't think he is found in this vicinity. He does not give us a very scientific air; and perhaps you might consider it too simple, and leaning too much toward monotony. But the singer charmed me by his shrill, sweet voice, and by his exceedingly pleasant way of rendering his music. I can remember the air, I heard it so often. I will write it down for you. Those of you who can read music will like to see it, I am sure.



I heard the music of this songster all along the shores of Lake Superior, wherever I visited the forest—at Marquette, Ontonagon, Eagle River, Copper Harbor, La Pointe, and Superior City; but, strange as it may seem, I never could see one.

Messrs. Collins & Brother have placed Biblical readers under great obligations by bringing out an edition of the New Testament, in the shape and style of *any other book*. It is in paragraph form, the indices of the chapters and verses omitted. Blessings on the man! This is a reform. Why will they not go through the whole Bible in the same way? Somebody attempted it years ago, but he made a bulky thing of the book, according to my recollection. He retained the numbers of the chapters and verses, and the type in which the poetic parts of the Scriptures were printed was most provokingly minute. But this edition of the New Testament is faultless in both these respects, and I had almost said, in any other. The type is large, new, and clear; the paper fair, and the binding—which is in good, honest, every-day muslin—such as secular books may nestle down with in one's library, and not be afraid of.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

154. The trap.
 155. A law-suit.
 156. Because he is a Truro-man (true Roman).
 157. It makes a fast a feast.
 158. Mar-gin.
 159. It is a great tail bearer.
 160. They are hardships.
 161. A river.
 162. Water-loo.
 163. The palm-tree.
 164. Patch-work.
 165. Florence Lavana Davis, Bunker Hill.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

15. What is the difference between Elwes the miser and Howard the philanthropist?
Charlie P.
 16. Write the name of a Grecian goddess without using any letters.
Charlie P.
 17. My first is formed of the initial letters of a Latin term, given as a mark of distinction at our colleges and universities.
 My second is one of the signs of the Zodiac—its *English* signification.
 My first is also formed of the initials of another Latin phrase, denoting the oldest period that we date from.
 My second is also formed of the first syllable of the great annual feast of the Mohammedans.
 My whole is the name of the father of a very good and great man in the Bible.
Maia.
 18. What word of seven letters is spelled the same backward or forward?
Oliver Onley.

CHARADE.

19. The wintry morn breaks bright and clear,
 The shades of night recoil,
 When forth from home the woodman hies
 To his accustomed toil.

His path leads up the rugged steep
 That frowns above the mead,
 And when the summit he has reached,
 He sees my first indeed.

The splendid hall is bright with glare,
 The throng assembled gay—

They sit around in various groups,
 Engaged in various play.

Some faces wear a wreath of smiles,
 Some bear a thoughtful frown—
 A smile of triumph lights his face
 Who casts my second down.

When trouble comes and anxious care,
 And want afflicts the soul,
 'Tis then we look above for help,
 And then desire my whole.

W. R. D.

ACROSTIC CONUNDRUM.

20. An animal and its habitation.
 It is composed of an ancient philosopher, a goddess, a group of islands in the Indian Ocean, an image, and a tree of classical celebrity.

C. M. Gibbs.

N. B.—This is a double acrostic, the name of the animal appearing at the beginning, and his house at the end, of the words.

21. I am composed of 21 letters.
 My 5, 8, 2 is an article of clothing.
 My 1, 3, 7, 8, 2, 15, 9 is the office that my whole fills.
 My 18, 8, 4, 14, 11, 17 is a pet.
 My 20, 19, 10, 13 is a kind of soil.
 My 5, 6, 7 is a domestic animal.
 My 14, 16, 18, 12 is an adjective.
 My 21, 11, 10 is a relative.
 My whole is the name of a distinguished politician.
 22. I am composed of 23 letters.
 My 11, 5, 13 is a conjunction.
 My 13, 8, 9, 16 is a girl's name.
 My 16, 22, 20 is a rush.
 My 1, 10, 20, 14 are examples for mankind.
 My 6, 11, 3, 18 is one of the large primary planets.
 My 18, 15, 11, 6 was a son of Noah.
 My 15, 11, 9, 12, 20, 14, 18 is something pertaining to a horse.
 My 19, 21, 19, 10, 22 is something indispensable.
 My 17, 23, 10, 12, 20 is a celebrated writer.
 My 2, 4, 9, 10 is a phrase used by writers.
 My whole are three celebrated poets.
Cousin Willie.
 23. What is it that is no sooner before one than it is gone?
Oliver Onley.
 24. If a lion would eat a carcass in 15 minutes, a wolf in 30 minutes, and a bear in 45 minutes, how long would it take them all to eat it?
Edward M. K

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

THE boys of Bangor
 Two parties divided;
 One gloried in war,
 Which the other derided.
 One stoutly maintained
 It was duty to fight 'em,
 When of wrongs you complained,
 And your foes wouldn't right 'em.

The other avers—
 To the Bible appealing—
 "War makes matters worse,
 With its storms of ill-feeling;
 And, rights that are plain,
 Justly due from a brother,
 We can surely obtain,
 Without slaying each other."

"Nonsense!" *War* cries.
 "It is mean to fight!"
 "Never so," *Peace* replies,
 "Till you're sure you are
 right." [wrong!]
 "Our country, right or
 Screamed *War*, with rage
 igniting; [strong,"
 "Our country right, is
 Said *Peace*, "without
 fighting."

So arguments went round,
 And stirred the youthful
 mettle,
 Till both contestants found
 Mere words can nothing settle
 In a passion they decide
 No longer words to rattle,
 But let the point abide
 The issue of a battle.

A beautiful snow fort
 The *Wars* had just erected,
 To which they now resort,
 Leaving *Peace* all unprotected.
 But *Peace* cared not a whit;
 She had "laid aside the Quaker,"
 And did not think it fit
 To play the timid Shaker.
 NEW SERIES—VOL. VII.—5

It was a famous fight,
 And famously it ended;
 But did not fix the right
 For which the boys contended.
 It only served to show,
 Like wars of older fighters,
 That neither lead nor snow,
 When we are wrong, can right us.

The *Peace* boys were quite free
 To scatter and maneuver,
 To hide behind a tree,
 Or take to any cover;
 The *Wars*, within their walls,
 Were crowded thick together,
 So that the flying balls
 Must hit the one or t'other.



Soon, in a closing ring,
Peace had the fort surrounded,
 Assaulting every wing,
 And leaving many wounded,
 Till from the fort arose
 The cry of "Quarter! quarter!"
 At which their generous foes
 At once suspended slaughter.
 "Now, then," the *Peace* boys cried,
 "You'll own you were mistaken."
 "By no means," *War* replied,
 "Our faith can not be shaken—
 When victory's on our side,
 Your faith will be forsaken."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



AT THE GRAVE.

“Oh! it is so dark—so dark!” sobbed the heart-broken Herbert; “it never can be light again if she is not there.”

“Yes, darling, it is dark, all dark for us,” replied his sister, with a womanly effort to be calm, for his sake—“dark indeed for us; but let us try to think how bright it is where she is now. It will never be dark to her again, and, by-and-by, we shall go and be with her there.”

That thought seemed, for a little time, to quiet the tumult of their grief, and they sat silently dwelling upon it, as if it were something new which they could lean upon. But, suddenly, with a fresh outburst of grief, which

seemed wholly inconsolable, Herbert cried, “Oh! sister, how can we get there without mother? How can we live without her?”

Helen’s heart was ready to break too, but she nerved herself to say such words of comfort as might suggest a more hopeful train of thought to her brother.

“Brother, dear,” she whispered, after a few moments’ pause, “let us go home to dear father. He is all alone now; and mother, you know, told us we must try to make him happy, and to do as she would, if she could stay with us. Dear, dear father! what *will* he do? He has only you and me to make home cheerful. Let us try, and God will help us, for dear mother said he would.”

She could say no more;

but her words had reacted upon herself, and given her the courage she hoped to impart to her brother. Herbert felt them too, with a manly resolve to be strong and hopeful for his father’s sake.

With this new impulse working in their hearts, they knelt a moment by the grave, in silent prayer, and then walked silently but calmly home.

They opened the door softly, as if fearing to disturb so solemn a thing as grief. Their father was sitting at the table, reading the Bible, and drawing consolation for the deep sorrow of his soul “out of the wells of salvation.” He was calm, resigned, and peaceful, and felt that, with the promised help

of God, he might bear his burden, and, though dark and lonely, "finish his course with joy." When his children came in, with calm and loving faces, and tried to say what was in their hearts for him—it was too much even for the strong man. The tide of his grief rolled back upon his soul. He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. His little comforters, unskilled in the philosophy of grief, were unable to say a word. Helen leaned upon her father's shoulder, and Herbert clasped his knees, and they all wept together.

"Oh! my poor motherless children!" at length sobbed the father, with an effort to recover his calmness, "I have but a desolate home for you now. But, God helping me, I will do all I can to supply the place of your angel-mother."

"Father, dear," said Herbert, "we will try to;" but his words became sobs, and Helen took them up.

"Dearest father, she is not dead, but sleepeth." Then, suddenly remembering her mother's favorite hymn—

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,"

she began slowly to breathe it out, her soft, plaintive voice gathering strength with every word as she sang.

At the third line her father joined in, lifting his head, while the big tears still rolled down his cheeks. At the second stanza, Herbert put in his slen-



THE DESOLATE HOME.

der alto. Nothing was wanting to complete the harmony, but that other angel-voice, which was silenced here, only to take its part in the everlasting harmonies of heaven.

That house was sad and solitary still, as if a whole troop of angels had just left it; but there was light there—the light of faith, which made God's presence felt—the light of hope, which looked forward to a reunion in heaven—and the light of love, which made each heart so anxious to cheer and strengthen the others, that they all grew strong and cheerful together. For earth has no darkness, which this blessed light can not gild into a new day; and life no sorrow, which it can not turn into joy. This is the light that has "healing in its beams."

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BIRDS.



UI TE probably you are all interested in birds. The Bible tells us that not even a little sparrow falls to the ground

without our heavenly Father's notice. Do you suppose the cruel sportsmen think of this?

How beautiful and varied their plumage! What thrilling melody pours from their little throats, ascending like incense to their Creator! Now, instead of awakening us with their sweet notes, we see them winging their way southward. Often in the early dawn several small flocks pass. We call this wise preparation for the winter, instinct. It is God who maketh the stork to know times and seasons. Just this moment, a flock of twenty birds or so have alighted upon a cherry tree opposite my window. What a chattering! no soothing melodies as in spring, no snatches of song. They only utter short, twittering notes; often many endeavor to be heard at the same time. Now one flies to the topmost bough, then back again, uttering a sharp chirp; then all scold, then part consult in a moderate voice. It reminds me of one of the chats in the MUSEUM, for they are very earn-

est, and I fancy it is as important, for the birds are discussing winter arrangements. They have no wardrobes to prepare, like the city belles—who return to their homes. Now they are off, away over the wide plains, until they are lost to sight. They will return to their birth-place in the spring, and again enliven us with their glad rejoicings. I suppose that some of my readers do not know that the robin at the South, during the winter, mopes away his time, seldom uttering more than a weak chirp. No little nest is made, no joyous outbursts of song as in New England. If you should chance to see him in the everglades of Florida or the wilds of Texas, you would hardly recognize



red-breast. Bobolink, too, loses his mirthful voice, and is called a rail in Virginia, and a rice-bird in Carolina, where he fattens in the rice-fields the last of autumn. I saw several in the West Indies. The natives call them brown birds—I never heard a song from one of them. So all lands have their peculiar charms, and the presence of singing birds adds greatly to our enjoyment in spring. Their migration affords us a lesson. We, too, are passing away, to the silent land of death! If we are prepared to go, we shall arise in the morning of the resurrection with songs of joy and everlasting gladness, praising our Saviour who died to redeem us. Dear readers, have you accepted of His sacrifice? If not, no longer grieve Him by delay. Oh, give Him your hearts now, in the spring-time of existence! You may never see the *autumn* of life. Now only can you claim the promise: "They that seek me early, shall find me."
 COUSIN ZAYDEE.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

OF the fifty-six signers of the immortal "Declaration," nine were born in Massachusetts; nine, in Virginia; five, in Maryland; four, in Connecticut; four, in Pennsylvania; four, in New Jersey; four, in South Carolina; three, in New York; three, in Delaware; two, in Rhode Island; and one, in Maine.

Eight were foreign born, and of these, three were natives of Ireland; two, of England; two, of Scotland; and one, of Wales.

Two were elected to the Presidency of the "United States:" two, to the Vice-Presidency; fifteen were chosen Governors of their respective States; and the remainder all occupied responsible stations of trust.

Twenty-four were prominent lawyers; fourteen, practical farmers; nine, merchants; four, physicians; four, educated for the ministry; one had been a shoemaker in early life; one a printer, and one a mechanic.

Four lived over ninety years; ten, over eighty; ten, over seventy; thirteen, over sixty; eleven, over fifty; and seven, over forty. RALPH WILSON.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

WINTER days are coming—

Summer passeth by;
 All the sweetest flowers
 Soon will withered lie.

Many children plucking
 Flowers in the spring;
 Roaming in the woodlands,
 Bringing bluebells in.

Through long days of summer,
 Making music sweet;
 Tones of childhood's happiness,
 Birds and flowers to greet.

Do ye hear a murmur
 Of the falling leaves?
 Twittering of the swallows
 Gathering in the eaves?

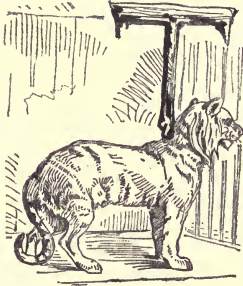
Do your spirits sadden,
 As the thoughts flit by?
 Winter days are coming—
 Summer passeth by.

Hope again, and ever;
 The great God who made
 Bright-eyed flowers to blossom,
 Bright-eyed flowers to fade,

Covereth them in winter
 With the pure white snow,
 From the frost that nippeth,
 From the winds that blow.

He will make them blossom,
 Springing fresh and free,
 And call back the swallows
 O'er the distant sea. K. Y.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



HERE are two men, who pass my door every day, that have particularly attracted my attention. One is a farmer, and comes from the eastern part of the town; the other is a doctor, and comes from the west. The farmer is a large, rugged, healthy man, and one would think that he might take a great deal of enjoyment in this world, as he lives in a pleasant house, on a fine farm, and has a good wife and three or four nice little children.

But I never see his face without thinking of what my grandmother used to say to sulky children, "Don't look so sour, or you'll turn all the milk to bonny-clabber."

This farmer seldom passes unless in his wagon, or driving a yoke of oxen, and his animals always excite my compassion. The sides of the oxen are scarred by his goad, and his horse is always urged by the whip. He never gives them a pleasant word, and looks upon them as mere machines, that must be made to go, and are destitute of feeling. He never stops to accommodate an old lady on the road, or to let a child have a ride on

his empty cart. The other day a little boy jumped into it at the foot of the hill, as it stood at the shop-door.

"What are you in there for?" said he, gruffly.

"I would like to ride, sir."

"Get out, or I'll thrash you," was the harsh reply.

Now, no one goes to this man if they need sympathy or aid. He borrowed a horse some years since, and it died on his hands from cruel treatment. Of course, men do not like to lend animals to him, neither do they like to buy horses that have been trained to speed only by the whip.

There, he has just passed, on his way to the village. Look at that raw hide in his hand, worn to a stump by



constant use. "Holloa, there!" my little boy says. "See Prince!" And a noble horse comes trotting up the hill, his head erect, and bearing himself proudly, as if he delighted in his strength. He is a large horse, stands very high, and has a fine silky mane; his color is a very dark red, almost black. The carriage is a light colored vehicle, and the driver—no, the man who holds the reins—is the Doctor. There is a whip in the case, but more for ornament than use, I fancy, for the red silk snappers are dancing in the breeze. He, too, is a strong, robust man, taller and more supple even than the farmer. In a wrestling match he would be the victor.

See! Prince has stopped. Some men are drawing logs, and their team is in the road. They are trying to move a huge log that has just been drawn from the woods. It defies the strength of three sturdy men.

Out jumps the Doctor. "Want some help there, I see." And he puts his strong shoulder to the log, and it moves obedient to the Hercules push. "Thank ye, sir! thank ye, sir," say the laborers; but the Doctor has no time for thanks, and jumps into his carriage. Prince had turned his head, and eyed the transaction, and now trots off seemingly with a boast, "We're a fine match, ain't we, Doctor?"

Two little girls are going to school. "Jump in, little ones." And up they come, delighted with the offer. There is always in the Doctor's pocket a red apple or an orange, or a bright little silver piece, for the boy or girl that comes to have a tooth drawn; and he always gives a pleasant word to the children who pass him in the street. Horses, dogs, and cats understand that he is a friend to them, and certain of

them that reside in the neighborhood are in the habit of making him calls, so that his sitting-room is on some days almost a menagerie. Now this man is very happy, and is singing his way through life like the birds; and the secret of it is, that he was taught, when young, to be kind to everybody, and by practice he has acquired the habit. Boys do not often think how much the habits of childhood will affect them when they come to be men. Those boys who torment toads, because they do not like their looks; who impale worms on a sharp hook, that they may attract the fish; and shoot birds, just to show their skill with a gun; and shut up little squirrels in cages, when the poor little things love the woods so much better, are forming habits which will follow them when they become men.

Such men will spur their horses with the whip, exacting the last farthing from the poor widow, and grumble at the poor-tax.

Henry IV. of France was known to whip his son (afterward Louis XIII.) twice with his own hand; once because he disliked a nobleman of the court so much, that his attendants, to pacify the young tyrant, shot at him with a pistol loaded with powder, the ball being withdrawn; and at another time for crushing the head of a sparrow. His mother objected to the whipping, at which the king said, "Pray to God that I may live, for when I am gone, he will ill-treat you."

There are, I fear, some such boys now-a-days, whose mothers need to make the same prayer.

When I see farmers shooting the birds, because they eat a few of their cherries—or even crows, because they take some corn—I think they forget how much all God's creatures enjoy

the life which he has given them. The birds live upon the insects that destroy the fruit, and crows prefer worms to corn. Be merciful, then, to all, and treat not the meanest thing unkindly, lest you form the habit of being cruel, which will follow you when you become men.

[friends,
"I would not enter on my list of
The man who needlessly sets foot
upon a worm." AUNT ANN.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the well-known missionary and traveler, is a native of Scotland. His parents were poor, and at the age of ten he began a busy life of toil, by working in a cotton factory. His thirst for knowledge was so great, that when his work admitted, he wrought with a book before him, amid all the din and tumult of the busy place. A Latin grammar was purchased with his first earnings, and though his daily labor lasted from six in the morning until eight at night, he still found time for study, and at the age of sixteen he was a good Latin scholar.

When about the age of nineteen, he commenced attending the medical classes in a college in Glasgow through the winter months, but still supported himself by his labors in the factory the remainder of the year.

In 1840, Dr. Livingstone, who had prepared himself for his anticipated duties, was sent out by the London Missionary Society, as a medical missionary to South Africa.

For eight or nine years he toiled among savage tribes, often in danger of losing his life from fierce beasts and fiercer men, without many being converted from their cruel and superstitious ways to the light of Christianity.

In 1849, the British Government, wishing some one to explore the southern part of Africa, Dr. Livingstone, who was ever ready to work for the cause of religion and knowledge, said he would go. Through pathless forests and over dreary deserts, among the rough, fierce negroes, he journeyed for many months; but he was repaid, for he was the first white man to look upon the great Lake Ngami. By the publication of the story of this journey, Dr. Livingstone first became known throughout Europe and America.

In a second journey which he made through Africa, in company with two negro servants, he discovered several rivers, until then unknown to the whites, besides learning the customs and habits of numerous tribes among whom he journeyed, with many other things which have added greatly to the knowledge of the world.

In 1856, after spending sixteen years of his busy life in Africa, he returned to Great Britain, to find that he had made a world-wide reputation, for the poor Scotch spinner had indeed become famous.

But he was not yet satisfied.

An active mind and a willing hand—and Dr. Livingstone has both—must work; and while knowledge was to be gained, and good done, he could not be idle; so, a few months ago, he departed once more to Africa, in the double capacity of missionary and traveler.

RALPH WILSON.

Hope and labor, never faint,

Weak misgivings banish;

When the heart is strong and clear,

Obstacles will vanish.

Every effort, every hour,

Nerves the struggler with new
power.

ELIJAH.



THE story of Elijah is a very remarkable and interesting one. In some respects he resembles Melchisedec, as we are nowhere told of his parentage, the place of his birth, or his early history. He is called "The Tishbite;" but whether this refers to his office, as a reformer, which the word may signify, or to the name of his family, or to the place of his residence, it is impossible now to decide. He is said, also, to be "of the inhabitants of Gilead." This, being a considerable tract of country, on the east side of Jordan, occupied by several tribes, throws but little light on the subject. We do not know to which of the tribes he belonged, nor when, where, or how he was educated, and called to the prophetic office. When first we hear of him, he stands suddenly before us, in the full vigor of his manhood, and the sublime dignity of his prophetic office, and thus addresses Ahab, the most wicked, and the most daring in his wickedness, of all the kings of Israel: "As the Lord God of

Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." No greater calamity could have befallen the nation, than the want of rain, nor any in which, it would seem, the hand of God would be more manifestly seen and felt. By this God had determined to prove them. That it might be more fully shown to be of God, Elijah withdrew and hid himself for three years and a half. The first year he spent in a solitary place, on the banks of the Cherith, a small brook that emptied into the Jordan. The place, being desolate and barren, he had no provision for his own wants but the water of the brook. But God took care of him, and taught the ravens, who frequented the place, to bring him, every day, an abundant supply of food. The raven, or crow, is a bird of prey, and a thief, and much more disposed, generally, to steal and carry off what belongs to men, than to share with them what they chance to find. But God, who changes the hearts of men, can also change, or control, the natures of the most savage animals, so that not only shall the raven laboriously feed the

prophet, but the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the leopard and the kid shall feed together.

When the brook dried up for want of the rain, on which it depended, Elijah was sent to look after a poor



MOUNT CARMEL.

widow at Zarepta, who, though a heathen, had faith to be saved. Here, for two years, the prophet, with the widow and her son, were sustained upon that inexhaustible cruse of oil and barrel of meal, the last cake of which was about to be baked when the prophet arrived.

At the end of the time appointed, Elijah returned to meet Ahab, and to show him that his only dependence was in God. Ahab had sought for him everywhere, so eager to find him, that he even made the rulers of the places where he supposed he might be concealed, take a solemn oath that he was not there. He probably intended to put him to death, if he found him. But now, when he voluntarily appeared before him, alone, unexpected in the calm dignity of a prophet, the haughty king was as humble and docile as a child. He did whatever the prophet commanded. He sent and gathered together all the prophets of Baal, four hundred and fifty in number, to meet Elijah near Mount Carmel. Vast multitudes of the people assembled with them. All these—with

the king and his army on one side—idolaters; and Elijah, alone, on the other, to represent the servants of God. Elijah then proposed to prove to the people that Baal was no God, and that his prophets were deceiving them to their own destruction. To this end, he directed the prophets of Baal to kill a bullock, and lay it upon the altar, putting no fire under, and then call upon Baal to consume the sacrifice, by fire from heaven. He would do the same, calling upon Jehovah; and the God that answered by fire should be thenceforth the God

of the people. The prophets, no doubt, would gladly have refused this test, for they knew that Baal was no God, and that they were deceivers. But the people thought the proposition a reasonable one, and demanded the trial; and the prophets were compelled to make it. From morning till evening, they cried aloud, but there was no answer. Then, alone and unaided, Elijah prepared his sacrifice, and laid it upon the altar. He then dug a trench around it, and poured water upon it, drenching the



wood and altar, till the trench was filled. He then addressed a few simple words of prayer to "the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel," which he had no sooner uttered, than the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed

the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench."

Then all the people fell on their faces, and said, "Jehovah, he is God! Jehovah, he is God!"

Then Elijah, taking advantage of this enthusiasm of the people, commanded them to seize the lying prophets of Baal, and slay them. And of the four hundred and fifty, not one escaped.

Elijah then told Ahab that there would soon be an abundance of rain, so he went up to the top of Carmel, which overhung the Great Sea (the Mediterranean), and watched for the coming shower; for he knew, as well as the disciples of the Divine Master, that, to obtain a blessing, one must *watch* as well as pray.

A WONDERFUL COTTON TREE.

THERE is a silk cotton tree at Nassau, fenced around with all the watchful care which guards the patriarch elm of Boston Common. It is one of a species rarely seen, and not indigenous to these isles. Its age is beyond memory. Perhaps Columbus saw its youth! A drawing, taken in 1802, gives the same gigantic proportions which it at present exhibits.

It is in Court-house Square, and now covers the whole area with its dense shade. Indeed, one immense horizontal limb pushed rather hard against the handsome stone edifice, and the edict went forth to saw it off! I look on the enormous scar with deepest regret, and tremble for another arm, which holds itself forth most defiantly in the same direction. Its shade is 115 feet in diameter; its root, which rises 11 or 12 feet before uniting with the

trunk, is 35 feet in diameter, where it comes out of the ground. Having such a solid base, it may well spread widely. In the early spring-time it is thickly covered with pink, azalia-like blossoms, of the sweetest fragrance.

Nassau is the principal town on the island of New Providence, in the Bahama group.



THE CHINAMAN.

THE Chinaman his life consumes,
On opium regaling—
The Yankee his tobacco fumes
With equal zest inhaling—
Though trembling nerves and fitful
glooms
Warn them that health is failing.

For almost everything that's done
Some reason wit supposes,
But for the smoker's faith, not one
The keenest wit discloses;
'Tis filthy, vulgar, costly fun,
Hateful to all good noses.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.

ALICE, AND THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

“SHALL I sit here and die?” said Alice to herself, “or shall I go home to see poor, dear nurse die, and then die with her?” and she buried her face in her shawl, and tried to weep. But the tears would not come. It seemed as if their fountains were dried up.

How long she sat there, and whether she had slept or not, she could not tell. But she was suddenly startled by the rattling of wheels and the shouts of merriment. She looked up; it was night. The stars were bright above her, and torches and lanterns were flashing along the street. A splendid bridal procession was about entering the church, at the gate of which she had been sitting. Everything was rich, magnificent, dazzling. Alice thought she never saw anything so beautiful, so heavenly, as the bride, when, with smiles of gentle joyousness, which seemed not too proud to

gladden even the beggar at her feet, she alighted from her carriage and entered the holy place. It was as if an angel had crossed her path. For a moment she forgot her own wretchedness. But the dark shadow came back upon her soul, as the undertaker, on his way to the house of death passed by, with a coffin upon his shoulder. A cold shudder ran through her frame, for she thought of her dying nurse. She had been long away, and had nothing to carry home to her. She started to run, but was arrested by seeing something bright on the pavement near her. It was a splendid diamond bracelet, and Alice knew that it must belong to one of the bridal train in the church, and she thought she would wait till they came out, and restore it to its owner.

Modestly approaching the bride, as she was about to enter her carriage, Alice said, “Please, madam, excuse

me—I found this at the gate after you had gone in.”

With surprise, alarm, and gratitude the valued bauble was received. “You are a good, honest child,” said the beautiful lady, at the same time asking her name and residence. “You shall not be forgotten, Alice,” she said, putting money into her hand, “and your good nurse shall be taken care of.”

Alice hurried home, laden with the little comforts she had bought for her nurse on the way.

“Dear, dear nurse,” she exclaimed, as she threw open the door of their poorly furnished but neat little room, “you shall have a good fire and a warm supper, and kind friends will take care of you, and then you will get well again.”

The fire was made while she told her story. The warm supper, and, more than that, the cheerful smiles of Alice, who now had a new hope in her heart, quite revived the poor old sufferer, and she declared she had not felt so well for many long weeks.

It was a long time before Mrs. Evans, the good old nurse, was able to be about. Alice was a most faithful and affectionate nurse. Her new friend, Mrs. Asgrove, the owner of the diamond bracelet, had fully redeemed her promise. By her means a physician had been procured, and everything that money and skill could do had been done to restore her to health. She had been so very feeble, that it was not thought prudent, for a long time, to inquire into Alice’s history. Alice knew little else herself than this, that her mother died when she was an infant, that her father died soon after, and that if somebody had not been very wicked, she would have had a home of her own, and plenty of money.

When Mrs. Evans was able to sit up and talk, Mrs. Asgrove, little by little, drew out the rest of the story. She learned that Alice Morley was left an orphan at a very early age; that her mother, Alice McKay, was the only child of a very worthy man, who once resided at Lofton, and owned an estate of considerable value there; that he went to India, many years ago, connected in some way with the army; that, having never been heard from, he was supposed to have been killed in battle; and that his estate, by some means which she did not understand, had been swallowed up in a lawsuit, and was all lost.

“What was his name?” inquired Mrs. Asgrove.

“Donald McKay,” replied the nurse.

“Donald McKay!” echoed Mrs. Asgrove—“it seems as if I had heard that name before, but I can not tell where.”

That evening Mrs. Asgrove related to her husband the story of Alice. He listened with great interest, exclaiming, when she had finished, “Good! Thank God, I know all about it. Old Donald McKay is alive, and Alice is rich. You have told me Alice’s story—I will tell you his.

“Some months ago, I was sitting in my office, one cool afternoon, enjoying, as well as bachelor may, a quiet pipe, when an old soldier entered, requesting to see me on business. I gave him a chair, and requested him to tell me his story. It was a long and a sad one, but was soon told, for he came directly to the point, employing as few words as possible. He had recently returned from a long absence in India. He had been eighteen years a captive in the hands of the Tartars, and was supposed to be dead. Since his return to England, he had



THE OLD SOLDIER.

visited his old home, and found that his wife died soon after he left home. Of his only child he could find no trace, and did not know if she was living or dead. His property had, by some means, fallen into the hands of thieves, and his daughter, with a faithful servant who attended her, had been turned adrift upon the world. This was the substance of his story, and he wanted my professional aid in finding his child and recovering his rights.

"There was something in the honest old soldier's countenance, and the manner in which he told his story, which was calculated deeply to interest a young lawyer. His face was covered with scars, and his wooden leg and staff bore further testimony of the rough handling he had experienced. I drew from him the whole story of his captivity and escape, as well as a full account of his early life and rela-

tions at home, taking notes of such matters as might assist my inquiries. I was well acquainted in the county where he had lived, and I set about his investigations with great earnestness. Visiting the place in person, I took up my quarters at a village inn, a few miles from the spot where Donald was born, and where he left his wife and child. Here I made myself quite at home for a few weeks, hunting and fishing for amusement, but always seeing and hearing everything that related to the business I had in hand.

"One day, as I sat at the old deal table in the inn, in social chat with some half a dozen of the neighbors, whom I had contrived to draw together, I said abruptly, addressing myself to the landlord, 'Do you know, that old soldier we were talking about yesterday has come to life and will

soon be back among his old neighbors.'

"'It can't be!' exclaimed an old man in spectacles, who sat next to me, turning pale and trembling as he spoke.

"'If it is so,' said the sturdy blacksmith of the village, who sat upon a tub on the opposite side of the table—'if it is so, I know one old fellow who will tremble more and look paler than he does now.'

"The old justice glared furiously at the blacksmith, who returned his look with one of fierce defiance, saying, 'I was but a boy then, sir, but I have the memory of a man, and you shall have the benefit of it.'

"I pursued the matter straight through, and had the satisfaction to succeed at every point, so far as the property was concerned. A great fraud was proved, the blacksmith being the principal witness. The mis-

erable man who was the author of all the mischief has fled from the country. The old soldier is in full possession of his rights, and surrounded by some of his old friends. He is now, with my aid and advice, turning the world upside down to learn something of his child. He has not yet discovered any trace of her, or of the faithful servant who took care of her. I am most thankful now that I can tell him something about them both."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Asgrove, "what a joy is this for Alice—our Alice! What a story I shall have to tell her to-morrow! And that dear, good nurse, Mrs. Evans—how this will repay her for all her care and fidelity to her little charge! What a singular train of events to come from a lost bracelet! But, Harry dear, how shall we manage the meeting of these dear, good folks? We must have them together as soon as possible."



THE JUSTICE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

"Exactly so, my love. It shall be done to-morrow. You must bring Mrs. Evans and Alice to pass the day with you. Mr. McKay is coming to my office at twelve o'clock. By that time you can have them prepared for the scene. To him I can open the matter abruptly, for he is an old soldier, and not used to fainting. At a signal from you, I will bring him in. What a happy old man he will be! But his greatest treasure and joy will be a good, honest, kind-hearted, faithful child for a grand-daughter, to take care of him in his old age. And it will give us great joy to remember that we have found for him a far richer jewel than the diamond bracelet which Alice found for us."

The meeting between the old soldier and Alice, and the trusty old nurse, who had been parent and friend and servant to her and her mother, can not be described. We might, but shall not undertake to, describe their first meeting in the old family dwelling at Lofton.

THE ELDER-STAFF.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A HUNTSMAN went out with his son into the fields, but soon they became separated, and a wide brook flowed between them. The boy wished to get to his father, but he could not cross the stream, for it was broad and deep. He cut a branch from a neighboring bush, set one end of it in the water, and leaning with all his strength upon the other, gave himself a spring toward the other side. But, alas! it was a branch of elder, and as the boy swung himself across the brook, it broke in two in the middle, so he fell into the water, and the waves rushed and foamed over him.

A shepherd who was near saw it all, and ran to help him, uttering a loud cry; the boy only laughed, and tossing the water from him swam to the shore.

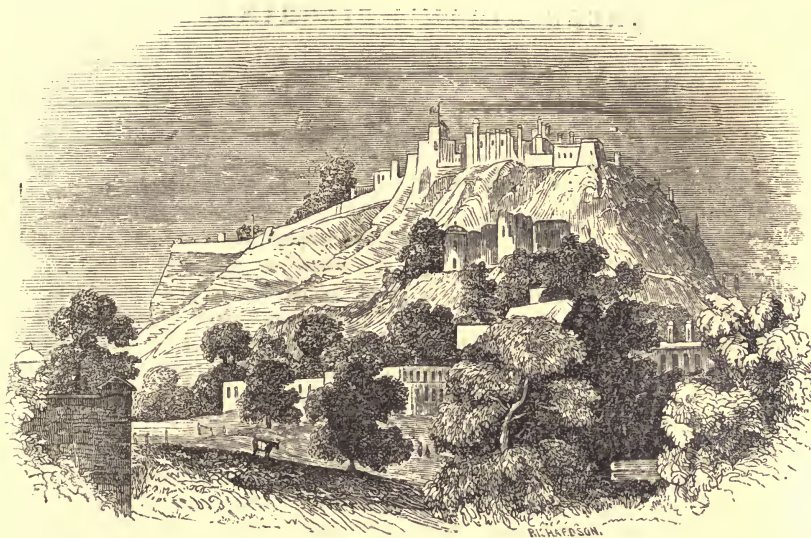
Then said the shepherd to the hunter, "You have taught your son well, but one thing you seem to have forgotten. Why have you not also accustomed him to look within, and not trust himself to outward appearances? If he had seen the soft white pith, he would not have put so much faith in the deceitful rind."

"Friend," answered the huntsman, "I have sharpened his eyes and trained his limbs, and, as far as I can, fitted him for what is to come. The rest he must get by experience. He has gained more wisdom by that tumble than I could have preached into his head in a dozen sermons."

Give a boy the use of his faculties, and teach him skill in his calling, then send him forth to encounter difficulties and misfortunes, and never fear but he will succeed.

THE earth is believed, by astronomers, to have not two motions only, but three. One round its axis, by which we have day and night; another, round the sun, which brings summer and winter. The third is most remarkable, for the earth, and all the other planets, with the sun, are moving with great velocity, at the rate of a hundred and fifty thousand miles a year, toward a star in the constellation Hercules.

I BRING to thee a simple gift,
 But fraught with treasures rare,
 Culled in the garden of the heart—
 They blossom only there.



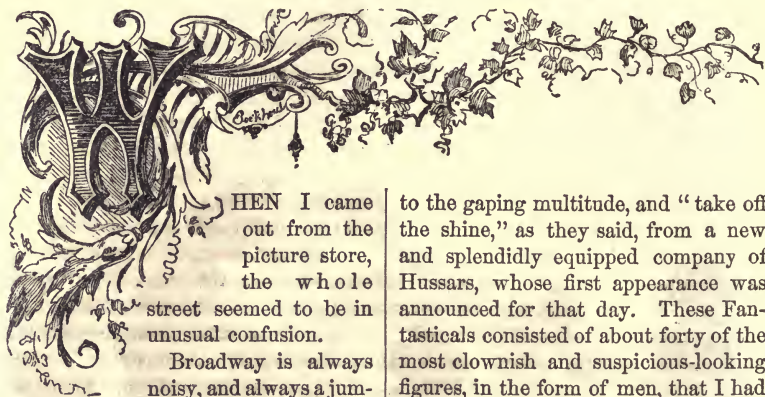
GWALIOR—THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST.

FORT GWALIOR, IN INDIA.

GWALIOR has been a place of very considerable importance in India, though comparatively but little known in our part of the world. It is a very strong fortress, in the province of Agra. The fort or castle is situated on a rock, about four miles in length, but very narrow, and nearly flat on the top, with sides almost perpendicular, from 200 to 300 feet above the surrounding plain. The rampart is built flush out to the edge of the precipice, all around; and the only entrance is by steps running up the side of the rock. The steps are defended by walls and bastions built up from below, making the passage a sort of tower by itself. The area within the fort is full of noble buildings, reservoirs of water, wells, and cultivated land, so that it is a little city of itself. This fortress has always been regarded as the Gibraltar of the East, and for a

very long period was held to be absolutely impregnable. It has, however, been taken several times. In 1780, Major Popham took it by scaling the walls in the night, a daring and very difficult enterprise, and probably successful only because it was considered impossible, and therefore was not guarded against. It was considered the remarkable event of that war. This place was the citadel and stronghold of Sindia, the great Mahratta chief of that day. Since that time, though under the general dominion of the British government, this fort has been in the possession of the powerful family of Sindia, until 1827, when the last prince of that house died, without a heir. The sovereignty then became a subject of bitter dispute, until 1843, when the British interposed, and, not without great sacrifice of life, restored peace to the empire.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



WHEN I came out from the picture store, the whole street seemed to be in unusual confusion.

Broadway is always noisy, and always a jumble. But now it was stormy, uproarious. I paused at the door to see what was going on. I found the sidewalks crowded with moving masses, principally of the "lower ten," men in ragged coats and red noses, boys ragged all over, with dirty hands and faces, and here and there one of a different sort, who seemed borne along with the wave, and who served, by his decent appearance, to show off the mob to better advantage. Omnibuses, carts, carriages, were wedged in among the masses which had crowded into the street, and were slowly, and with great difficulty, struggling to get ahead.

And what was the cause of all this bustle and confusion? It was a slight effervescence of New York folly. It takes all sorts of people to make a city. And it is nothing more than should be expected, that, if there is a great excess of population in New York, there should be a proportionate excess of fools. Except Washington, there is probably no place in the country so afflicted in this way.

The present uproar was occasioned by a company of "Fantasticals," who had turned out to display themselves

to the gaping multitude, and "take off the shine," as they said, from a new and splendidly equipped company of Hussars, whose first appearance was announced for that day. These Fantasticals consisted of about forty of the most clownish and suspicious-looking figures, in the form of men, that I had ever seen. They were mounted on quadrupeds, most of them supposed to have been horses once, but so emaciated, bruised, and broken-spirited, that they seemed to be but a poor burlesque on that noble animal. The equipments were in keeping with the beasts. Bits of carpet, or an old sheep-skin, served for saddles, and ropes of various colors and sizes for bridles. The captain of the motley band was a tall, long-legged skeleton of a man, with a small coal-scuttle for a hat, tied down with a leather strap—a very short red jacket—broad, full, duck pantaloons, which reached a little below his knees, with bare legs and feet. He rode a mean little donkey, so small that his feet often touched the ground. His epaulettes were two huge sun-flowers, and his sword, a broad, flat, wooden shillaly, painted blue, with a white edge. Next following him, was a very small, hump-backed negro, dressed all in white, riding a large, raw-boned cart-horse, and brandishing a huge wooden axe. Next came the music—a trumpeter, with a slender tin horn, some five feet long, with which he ever and anon executed a kind of shriek. He rode a

long, lank, calico beast, with large spots of white on his head and back. His dress was striped red and white, with long fringes of red at his wrists and ankles, and a cap of straw in the shape of a sugar-loaf, with a paint-brush for a plume, at the top. By his side, on a lame, gray pony, was a drummer pounding on an old tin kettle. He was bare-headed, with a check shirt, bright, yellow pants, and red woolen boots. The grotesque figures that followed I will not attempt to describe in full. They were all in character with their leaders. It would seem as if they had selected all the worst-looking, worn-out, broken-down animals that could be found in the city, or its precincts, and mounted upon them the most ungainly specimens of human nature in all the world. One was covered with rags, which would scarcely hold together, and mounted on an ox. Another, in a tattered uniform of the old continental style, with a paper cap, rode a large Newfoundland dog. Another, with a dress which defied all description, rode backward on a limping mule. The standard was an old tattered bed-quilt, of all colors, borne by a very short, thick-set man, on a tall skeleton of a horse, so lame that it was painful to see him move. Immediately following him was a monkey, in a motley dress, mounted on a quiet old gray, and playing all sorts of antics as the cavalcade moved along. And so the whole company was made up. Some wore hideous masks, some had painted their faces hideously—the strife among them being to see who could make himself look ugliest. If I had been called upon to award the palm, I should have divided it equally among the men, the monkey being the only decent-looking fellow in the company. The crowd of attend-

ants were greatly delighted at his antics, and kept up a continual volley of shouts to encourage him.

The "Hussars" had passed down the street a few minutes before. I did not see them. If called upon to judge between the two companies, I should say the Hussars were the greatest fools of the two. Their uniform and equipments are expensive, and their time too valuable to themselves and their families to be wasted in such boyish shows. The other company was composed of drunken loafers and rowdies who were never doing so little mischief as while making this burlesque parade. Their dress and equipments cost them nothing, and their time was of no value to themselves or any one else. And yet, though so degraded, they had sense enough to see the folly of the military shows. In a country like ours, and in a time of peace, and with no possible temptation to war, it is an unmeaning, ridiculous, costly, and demoralizing amusement, in which I hope none of the Merrys will ever be found engaged.

N. B.—I don't believe in duels. So the little colonels or corporals, who may chance to read this, can keep cool, and save their spunk for some worthier subject.

ECHOES EXPLAINED.—When sound is interrupted by obstacles of sufficient extent and regularity, it is reflected, and produces the phenomenon called an echo. A wall, the side of a house, the ceiling, floor, and wall of an apartment, an arched roof, will call forth echoes more or less audible. If the reflected sound meet with a second obstacle, it will be again reflected, and thus the echo may be repeated many times, becoming fainter at every repetition, till it dies away.

THE COLD SNAP OF JANUARY 10TH.

BITTER, bitter cold! Nine degrees below zero, says the thermometer in the city. Away to the northward, it creeps down to thirty and forty. The snow *creaks* under foot, and rings with a musical sound, as the heavy wheels roll over it, for Jack Frost can make music as well as paint pictures. What wonderful scenes grow under his busy hand on window-panes in hall and hovel! Trees, and flowers, and castle, and mountains, and fairies, glittered on the wrinkled panes of the Five Points, and on the plate-glass of Fifth Avenue. But few people care to look at them. Glowing fires are pleasanter pictures to those in-doors. And who can stop in the biting air, outside, to look at anything?

People trot along the walks, slapping their sides, blowing their fingers, and now and then slipping up, and coming down with a heavy thump on some bit of ice.

Youthful beards are venerably gray; whiskers of every hue are edged with white, and even the horses have a fringe of icicles around their noses. Slim clerks and portly merchants, muffled in overcoats, shawls, furs, and comforters, rush hastily down-townward, puffing clouds of frosty breath like so many locomotives. The rivers are smoking too. Down in the bay a white mist is rising from the water. One would think old Neptune was getting up a grand vapor-bath, or that some waggish imp were really "setting the river on fire." The poor omnibus drivers! Well may they dread this weather. Tough as they are, the nipping air touches them cruelly during their long, bleak drives. We do not wonder when the morning

journal tells us that one poor fellow was taken senseless from his box.

The sun shines bright, but there is no heat in his rays. One can look him in the face at noonday without harm; he is shorn of his strength. In-doors, furnaces, grates, and stoves are choked with coal, till the red-hot iron glares in fury. Jack Frost and the Fire King are in fierce contest. Folks shiver and shake, and confess Jack the victor.

So the day wears on. Night comes with increasing cold. Frozen noses, hands, and toes are to be met with in all parts of the city. People hie them home with all speed, and none walk that can ride. "The cold has got into the house," says mother; and father believes it. Water-pipes are on a "bust," and the meter won't mete, unless it has plenty of whisky. Extra cups of tea are taken at supper; and not a few warm their stomachs with something stronger. The spare blankets are brought out, the beds are loaded, and the household retire at an early hour, to curl themselves up into little balls, and shiver through the night; getting "warm as toast" just as the bell rings the next morning.

But how fare the poor to-night? In dwellings cold and cheerless, with scanty fires and scantier beds, or destitute of both, let imagination picture *how*. Let her picture those homeless ones, wandering through the streets, sleeping in coal-boxes, or on the bare ground—to awake in another world. I will not do it. And so New York passed through the Cold Snap, snapping its cold fingers at old Boreas, as if he had no right in the city.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.



ROLLO CROSSING THE PONTINE MARSHES.

ROLLO IN ROME.*

THE whole business of traveling by diligence in Europe is managed in a very different way from stage-coach traveling in America. You must engage your place several days beforehand; and when you engage it you have a printed receipt given you, specifying the particular seats which you have taken, and also containing, on the back of it, all the rules and regulations of the service. The different seats in the several compartments of the coach are numbered, and the prices of them are different. Rollo went so early to engage the passage for himself and Mr. George that he had his choice of all the seats. He took Nos. 1 and 2 of the *coupé*. He paid the money and took the receipt. When he got home, he sat down by the win-

dow, while Mr. George was finishing his breakfast, and amused himself by studying out the rules and regulations printed on the back of his ticket. Of course they were in Italian; but Rollo found that he could understand them very well.

"If we are not there at the time when the diligence starts, we lose our money, uncle George," said he. "It says here that they won't pay it back again."

"That is reasonable," said Mr. George. "It will be our fault if we are not there."

"Or our misfortune," said Rollo; "something might happen to us."

"True," said Mr. George; "but the happening, whatever it might be, would be *our* misfortune, and not theirs, and so we ought to bear the loss of it."

"If the baggage weighs more than

* From Rollo's Tour in Europe. Published by Brown, Taggard & Chase. Boston.

thirty *rotolos*, we must pay extra for it," continued Rollo. "How much is a *rotolo*, uncle George?"

"I don't know," said Mr. George; "but we have so little baggage that I am sure we can not exceed the allowance."

"The baggage must be at the office two hours before the time for the diligence to set out," continued Rollo, passing to the next regulation on his paper.

"What is that for?" asked Mr. George.

"So that they may have time to load it on the carriage, they say," said Rollo.

"Very well," said Mr. George, "you can take it to the office the night before."

"They don't take the risk of the baggage," said Rollo, "or at least they don't guarantee it, against unavoidable accidents or superior force. What does that mean?"

"Why, in case the diligence is struck by lightning, and our trunk is burned up," replied Mr. George, "or in case it is attacked by robbers, and carried away, they don't undertake to pay the damage."

"And in case of *smarrimento*," continued Rollo, "they say they won't pay damages to the amount of more than nine dollars, and so forth; what is a *smarrimento*, uncle George?"

"I don't know," said Mr. George.

"It may mean a smash-up," said Rollo.

"Very likely," said Mr. George.

"Every traveler," continued Rollo, looking again at his paper, "is responsible, personally, for all violations of the custom-house regulations, or those of the police."

"That's all right," said Mr. George.

"And the last regulation is," said Rollo, "that the travelers can not smoke in the diligence, nor take any dogs in."



DOING PENANCE.

“Very well,” said Mr. George, “we have no dogs, and we don’t wish to smoke, either in the diligence or anywhere else.”

“They are very good regulations,” said Rollo; and so saying, he folded up the paper, and put it back into his wallet.

The Pontine Marshes form an immense tract of low and level land, which have been known and celebrated in history for nearly two thousand years. Though called marshes, they are so far drained by ancient canals that the land is firm enough for grass to grow upon it, and for flocks of sheep and herds of cattle to feed; but yet it is so low and so unhealthy, that it is utterly uninhabitable by man. The extent of these marshes is immense. The road traverses them in a direct line, and on a perfect level, for twenty-five or thirty miles, without passing a single habitation, except the post-houses, and, in the middle, a solitary inn.

At length the diligence arrived at the gate of the city of Rome. It passed through an arched gateway, leading through an ancient and very venerable wall, and then stopped at the door of a sort of office just within. There were two soldiers walking to and fro before the office.

“What are we stopping for here?” asked Rollo.

“For the passports, I suppose,” said Mr. George.

The conductor of the diligence came to the door of the *coupé*, and asked for the passports. Mr. George gave him his and Rollo’s, and the conductor carried them, together with those which he had obtained from the other passengers, into the office. He then ordered the postillions to drive on.

“How shall we get our passports again?” asked Rollo.

“We must send for them to the police office, I suppose,” said Mr. George.

It is very customary, in the great capitals of Europe, for the police to take the passports of travelers, on their arrival at the gates of the city, and direct them to send for them, at the central police office, on the following day.

After passing the gate, the diligence went on a long way, through a great many narrow streets, leading into the heart of the city. There was nothing in these streets to denote the ancient grandeur of Rome, excepting now and then an old and venerable ruin, standing neglected among the other buildings.

Rollo, however, in looking out at the windows of the *coupé*, saw a great many curious sights, as the diligence drove along. Among these one of the most remarkable was, a procession of people dressed in a most fantastic manner, and wearing masks which entirely concealed their faces. There were two round holes in the masks for the eyes. Mr. George told Rollo that these were men doing penance. They had been condemned to walk through the streets in this way as a punishment for some of their sins.

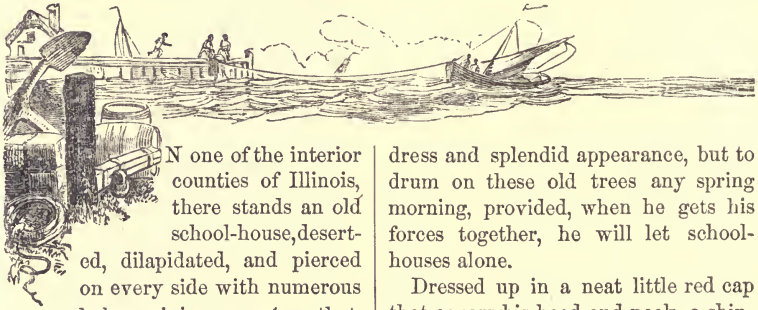
“Why, they treat them just as if they were children,” said Rollo.

“They *are* children,” said uncle George, “in everything but years.”

O COME! I am going to dreamland to-night,
To see the fay queen with her elfins so bright;
I shall join in their revels, and dance round with them,
And in many a beautiful place I shall roam. BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE BOYS AND THE BIRDS.

BY UNCLE TIM.



None of the interior counties of Illinois, there stands an old school-house, deserted, dilapidated, and pierced on every side with numerous holes—giving sure signs that, in days past and gone, there has been a hard-fought battle of some kind. But who could have selected a school-house for a fortress? or what enemy could have fired so many shots into it in such a peaceful, quiet neighborhood, without being brought before the proper authorities and punished to the full extent of the law? This is the mystery which has fallen to my lot to unravel.

The school-house stands on a ridge of land, surrounded on every side with shade trees, while a few rods in front runs a small creek, making a most beautiful play-ground for the school. Still farther on is a large field, once covered with thrifty forest trees, but the farmer who owns the field has girdled them all, and now they stretch out their long skeleton arms, waving, cracking, and breaking with every wind that blows, and falling into the corn growing around them.

These old decaying forests afford homes for large colonies of woodpeckers, who, by habit or instinct, like to burrow in old trees.

Now the woodpecker is decidedly the most military in appearance of any bird flying, and has not only a natural right to be proud of his rich military

dress and splendid appearance, but to drum on these old trees any spring morning, provided, when he gets his forces together, he will let school-houses alone.

Dressed up in a neat little red cap that covers his head and neck, a shining black coat, with white lappel, with a white waistcoat and black pants, he can make as splendid an appearance on a dry limb as any other bird known.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in the year 1856 when the children were assembled at the old school-house, to learn to put four letters together in such a way as to make *baker*, to get their young ideas started in the way to shoot strait. The classes had nearly been through with their morning lesson, the older boys and girls had taken slate and pencil, and were trying to put two and two together so as to make five, and all as busy as they well could be, when tap, tap, whir-r-r-r-r-r, went somebody or something on the outside of the school-house. "Boys, be still, drumming on the school-house!" angrily snapped out the teacher. The boys clapped their hands to their mouths, the little girls smiled and hung down their heads, and quiet was hardly restored when tap, tap, tap, whir-r-r-r-r-r-r went on one side and then on the other side of the house, and it really seemed as if an invading army had made a general attack on the house.

"Really this is too bad," shouted the enraged teacher; "if I can find out who

is making this disturbance I will punish him severely."

"Please, then, 'taint nobody but the birds," said a bold little fellow who sat by the window, and knew all about it.

"The birds! the birds!" said the teacher as he walked to the door; "I would like to know what business the birds have to come here and disturb us in this manner?"

As he reached the outside of the house, some half dozen of the red-capped rascals flew from the house, proving that the little fellow was right. The woodpeckers had actually made an attack on the school-house. "Well, well," said the teacher, "if the birds don't let us alone, we must punish them if we can catch them."

Half an hour passed quietly away, and all were so busy with their lessons that the birds were nearly forgotten, when a general attack was again made by the birds. This could not be tolerated, and three or four of the older boys were sent out, with full license to kill them if they could. But the rascals were too nimble for them. Before the boys could pick up a stick or a stone to throw at them, they would be off and up on a dry limb, peeping out from behind it, winking and shaking their heads at the boys, as much as saying—"Catch a woodpecker asleep, if you can."

Such was the disposition of the birds that it was necessary to keep a watch during school hours to guard the house from their attacks. When school was out for the day, they made a general attack upon it. Affairs continued in this way for some three weeks, when their attacks became so furious that the teacher was forced to dismiss school, and let them have their own way. In a short time the birds had billed some one hundred and fifty holes in the out-

side covering of the house, and it was nearly ruined. The cause of the attack was easily explained, from the nature and habits of the birds themselves.

The woodpecker, or sap-sucker, as it is sometimes called, is a bird which lives upon the grubs and worms which breed in old and decayed trees and wood. For this purpose he is armed with a long, sharp bill, which he drives into the wood where the wood-worm burrows; and then he uses another weapon, which is a long, sharp tongue, with a barb on the end of it. When he reaches the insect, he thrusts his spear through him, pulls him out, and in this way works for his living.

To enable him to discover his prey, his hearing is so extremely acute that, by hopping up a decayed tree, and laying his ear against it, he hears the worm at work in the tree, bores into it, and pulls him out.

The school-house in question was covered with a kind of half-decayed lumber, taken from the forest at a time favorable to the attacks of these insects. The birds were the first to discover their existence in the house, and consequently made their attacks for that purpose. The results were, the school was broken up, the house nearly ruined, and the birds, for once in their lives, came off victorious from the attacks of their common enemy—the school-boys.

A FINISHED PUNSTER.—The celebrated comedian Finn issued the following *morceau*, on the day previous to one of his benefits at the Tremont Theater, in Boston:

Like a *grate* full of coals I burn,

A great, full house to see;

And if I prove not *grate*-ful too,

A *great* fool I shall be.

THE CANARY AND THE BLUE-BIRD.

The canary is in the warm window,
The blue-bird is out on the tree;
Both sing, and I can not but wonder,
If happy alike they can be.

Pretty golden-coat, tell us your story;
How goes your life in the cage,
With plenty of sugar and sunshine,
And no fear of storms as they
rage?

Little blue-jacket, tell, for we listen,
About your life floating and free;
Don't you tremble when shakes the
whole forest,
And wish in some warm room to be?

"Twit-twit-twee, twit-twit-twee,"
sings canary—

"I've enough in my snug little
home;
I'm amazed, when I look through the
window,
To see how the simple birds roam.

"Poor things! they've no porcelain
for bathing,
No perch but the crooks on the
trees;
And all know that Grimalkins and
squirrels
Can fright them, or eat them with
ease.

"I can flit to my mistress's shoulder,
And pick the cake-crumbs from her
lip;
She looks in my eye as I'm warbling,
While perched on her neat finger
tip.

"I should tire in the far blue air wing-
ing,
And shiver outside there to dwell;
Here I've little to do but my singing,
And waits on me dear, darling
Nell."

Now, the blue-bird half smiles at this
ditty,

And trilling a bit, speaks his mind:
"That's a bird-heart that never knew
freedom!

For me, I'm to free air inclined.

"Oft I pity *him*, shut in his window,
With keen wind of March on *my*
toes.

Ha! my wings need no Nell for pro-
tection—

No cage-door upon them to close."

Now, it seems to me, these little beau-
ties,

The gold-colored and the bright
blue,

Of contentment have taught us a les-
son.

I think them both happy—don't
you?

Laura Elmer.

NEVER pour hot water into a glass
tumbler, or any glass vessel with a
round bottom; for the heat of the
water will cause the bottom of the
glass to expand, while the sides,
which are not heated, retain their
former dimensions. If the heat be
sufficiently great, the bottom will be
forced from the sides, and a crack
or flaw will surround that part of the
glass by which the sides are united to
the bottom. If the glass be previously
washed with a little *warm* water, so
that the whole is gradually heated,
and therefore gradually expanded, then
the hot water may be poured in with-
out danger. Who has not known
practically that very hot water will
break a glass tumbler? Now we learn
the reason, or the philosophy of it.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



GOOD morning, Jemmy Spring—right glad to see you, with your smiling face, so prompt and early on the first day of March, your spade in hand, all ready to go to work in the garden and put things in order for Summer, who, I dare say, is tripping as usual on after you, and can't begin her work till you have done up yours. You are right welcome to our Chat, and right welcome you should be to every one of our 20,000 as you look in upon them all this morning. Your kind-looking old ram (March) must be swifter-footed than Pegasus, if he can go with you in all your rounds, North, South, East, and West. But you are welcome. I give you a welcome in the name of the whole family! Ha! your very breath smells now of the coming violets. Go, Jemmy, tell all the Merrys

“Sweet is the voice of Spring,
And—”

You know the rest; but hark'ee, Jemmy, don't say a word about money, even if you haven't a shoe to your foot. Some of them might take it as a hint. Go, take Uncle Hiram's kiss to every one, and see if it don't come back in smiles, and love, and poetry.

Tell “Black-Eyes”—but here she is herself. It is so long since I saw her, and she has grown so grave and matronly, I hardly knew her till she spoke out. Welcome, darling. What more appropriate than for you and Spring to come together. Music and poetry, love

and flowers, are fit companions. Then, take the easy-chair and say on.

Jan. 20, 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I suppose we are privileged to ask questions concerning the prize puzzle. And also, of course, you are privileged to answer—if you please so to do. I want to know if all three—Charade, Enigma, and Conundrum—refer to the same word. If so, it's monstrous mysterious. I can fix up the last two—the Enigma and Conundrum—quite to my own satisfaction (though I fear not to yours); but if the Charade is intended to describe the same thing, wo is me! I can't divest it of its mystery, do all I will. Then I am laboring under another great difficulty. You didn't say if we aged Museumites might compete for the prize.

Elma! Elma! would you make a fuss in the family? Now, if Uncle Hi *should* obey you, and give Aunt Sue a kiss, wouldn't *Uncle Sue* be mighty apt to “elevate ancient Henry.”

Don't forget to answer my *important* query, please. As ever,

BLACK-EYES.

Yes, Ebon-eyed Pet, the puzzle is all one—a unity, and even the gray-haired Museumites may come in for a share of the fun.

And now, N. B. ! I take this opportunity to repeat the terms of this conflict. The puzzle must not only be fully answered in all its parts, but the answer must be handsomely and briefly expressed. All these circumstances will be considered in awarding the prize.

WOODLANDS, VA.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hope there is room enough for me among the little Merrys. Though I live quite far away from you, I have been a subscriber for some years. I wish, in your journeys round, you would take a peep at us, in our beautiful mountain home, and take some of our long rides on horse-back. You would have a great deal to tell all

the little Merrys, particularly if you came in the summer-time, as we live not far from the White Sulphur Springs. We will all be very glad to see you. Remember me to all the Merrys—Black-Eyes, Susie, Ellen, Emma, Walter, Uncle Ben, etc., etc.

MARY A. VALK.

When we go South we shall give you a call, and try one of those long rides.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA.

DEAR UNCLE:—I send a few answers; I would have sent more had I time to look them out; but I am afraid to delay writing, for fear I may be too late for the engraving of Peter Parley. I think Willie H. Coleman quite a genius; will my Uncle introduce me to him? But I must stop now, or be cut up. *Au revoir.*

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

Enter Willie and Cornelius.

Uncle Merry addressing them alternately.—Willie, Cornelius—Cornelius, Willie.

SELMA, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—How are the other Uncles, Aunt Sue, and the 20,000 cousins? Tell Aunt Sue, if she will visit us she shall be welcome to many a good ride on my beautiful pony (Leona); and if it gives her as much pleasure, and improves her health as it has mine, it would be worth a trip this far. It may be I shall visit the North next summer, and if so, shall call to see my "Merry" Uncles. But with my best bow I make my adieu.

EDDIE.

Do come, Eddie. You shall be welcome, and well treated. Uncle Hiram stopped at Selma about eight years ago, on his way down the Alabama, and would like to inquire for some old friends left there.

NEW CHRISTMAS VALE.

DEAR EDITORIAL CORPS:—I entered college in October, and have been prevented from doing anything except attending to my studies till now.

I ask, with A. Older, "What has become of all the old Cabinet-makers?" I am one of them (though under a different name); but I don't claim to be one of "the bright particular stars" whom he speaks of.

A. C. Whitner, "tender us thy dexter paw," which, in good English, means, "Here's my hand in return." After the

terrible cutting up which H. H. (what awful meaning lies hidden in that letter H, written twice!) has given you, I would be ashamed of myself if I wouldn't make friends.

They called me "Black-Eyed Mary." Mrs. Black-Eyes, are *you* the original of that song? Can you tell me what has become of that "budget of news," which far-away "Nippinifidget" was to send to "116 Nassau St." every now and then, from "ye foreigne contree?"

Has inflammation of the brain seized Aunt Sue, or what is the matter, that those poetical frenzies which Black-Eyes mentions, are becoming so frequent? Really I think a mustard plaster is the best remedy for all such eccentricities—to draw out the heaven soaring proclivities in her head, and bring her down to sober, prose mother earth again.

Now, H. H., spare, "oh, woodman, spare this"—letter. Do remember that I haven't said anything for three or four months, and keep down your ire, thus extremely obliging and satisfying

Your suppliant nephew,
1
20,000

ST. CHARLES, MO., Jan. 1, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The writings of Miss Mattie Bell, which you so often publish in the MUSEUM AND CABINET, I read with much pleasure. I send you an acrostic on her name, which you are at liberty to publish, if you think it worthy of a place in the M. and C. I suppose I am the oldest cousin in the Chat—not quite 76 years.

Yours most respectfully, J. CARY.

ACROSTIC.

Many sweet sentences flow from your pen,
Amusing to children and pleasing to men;
To you it is pleasing to write for the press;
To those who are readers 'tis pleasing no less:
It seems you begin to write early in youth,
Easily rhyming whatever is truth.
Begin then, young lady, to serve your dear Lord—
Eternal redemption will be your reward;
Let nothing deter you, but give Him your heart;
Let every vile passion forever depart.

GRANDPA.

WASHINGTON, Dec., 1858.

SIR HIRAM THE HATCHETER:—I inclose my little note with that of my nephew, *alias* Gilbert Go-ahead. By-the-by, when he is too *sarcey*, cut him up short—that is, his letter. He has too much of the *go-ahead* in him. I think that the *Chat* is almost the best part of your valuable magazine. Have you any objection to my writing *now* and *then* to the *Chat*?
OLD UNCLE NED.

P. S.—The one who has *no* wool on his head.

Not only have we no objections, but would like it very much, provided you take pains to write that which you and your friends would like to see printed.

CHICOPEE, MASS.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Can a very "bashful" nephew be favored with a seat by your side? If I can glide in quietly, without attracting the attention of Uncle Hiram, I should like to tell you what an old friend of mine the CABINET is. I can not remember when it did not visit us, for my older sister took it when she was only eight years old, and now she is—well, I suppose I mustn't tell the ladies' ages—but it is a long time.

Your affectionate nephew,

HENRY WHITE.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—It's been a long time since I wrote to you last, but I've read the MUSEUM with just as much interest as ever. The fact is, I've been too busy to write, and doubtless you wish I were now! What a breeze I did raise by sending only my respects to my Northern cousins! I thought they would hardly receive them from such a pagan as some think all Southerners are. Where is Laura? I'm proud of her, as she is "one of us," and an honor to us, too. I wish she'd revive again. And my friend Sigma? What's become of her? Ugh! She's got spirit enough for a dozen! I pity the man that gets her for a wife. The fact is, I'd as soon mate with a hornet or a snapping-bug as one of these Yankee girls! I pity Black-Eyes' husband sincerely, and congratulate Willie Coleman on his escape from her.

Now don't you say the Northern girls are "sour grapes" to me, for they aren't. To be sure, I did have some dreams in which a pair of black eyes showed con-

spicuously, but I'm thankful now that I've escaped all danger. Give my *love* to Fleta Forester, if she is a Northerner. As for Laura, I prefer giving *her* my love in private. I'm glad you've got into Algebra once more. When Black-Eyes gave out her problem I was first beginning Algebra; but now, having "arriv" at Calculus, I can work in Algebra.

Yours from the South,

TENNESSEAN.

HARPERVILLE.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Inclosed I send you \$2 for the MUSEUM; it is money that my parents gave to me for not drinking tea and coffee. I am a little girl, eleven years old. I have taken the *Schoolfellow* one year, and the MUSEUM two. I have two cents a week.

GERALDINE.

That is right, Geraldine. A good example you set to all the family. You gain a double reward for your abstinence. First, you get your MUSEUM; and second, you will have better health, a clearer head, and fairer complexion than if you indulged in tea and coffee.

JERSEYVILLE.

DEAR UNCLES:—The advice given to one of my cousins encourages me to "call again," * * * Somebody talks about having their first snow-storm. I will leave it to the present company to say if this does not make one long for a sleigh-ride. Here we are, in Southern Illinois, on the eve of New Year, and not a particle of snow to be seen—nothing but mud, mud, about *so* deep. I have a faint recollection of a good time we had sleighing long ago, when the snow was not measured by *inches*, but *feet*, but that was in a far different clime—the old Empire State. Don't imagine from this that I am very *old*. My ma says I am not old enough to be—well, never mind the rest. Am I too long?
LOUISE.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Jan 7, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I was not a little surprised to learn that so small a flower as the Mignonette had not escaped your notice. I find that the New Ipswich climate is rather severe, and I might have been completely withered ere this had I not been transplanted to the sunny side of the second story of the house. Two feet

of snow have completely hidden all my sister flowers, and the whistling winds mournfully sound the knell of their departed loveliness. Your MUSEUM came by the way of Santa Claus on Christmas, and it received a hearty welcome. Although the flowers have disappeared, their goddess Flora still lives, notwithstanding the depredations of old King Winter, and as soon as he makes his retreat, we may expect to see her arrayed in royal apparel, sitting in state and joyously presiding over the destinies of her beautiful subjects. Oh, yes, Uncle Merry, I long to see the ground dismantled of her white robe, for then my sister flowers can venture out without the fear of being buried alive. Yes, green suits my complexion better than white. Hasten, Miss May, and bring along with you the time for the singing of birds and blossoming of flowers. From your niece,
MIGNONETTE.

When winter is over, and old Monadnock lays off his white night-cap for the "*Flora-l* wreath" of spring, we will call and see you. We saw that same old Monadnock, a few days ago, frowning cold and dreary from a distance of fifty miles, and little supposed that "*Mignonettes*" were now blossoming at his base.

T—, Feb. 16, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Thank you very much for the face of our good friend, Peter Parley. He looks younger than we expected to see him, and his head appears not much larger than any common man's, which makes us feel like the rustics in the "*Deserted Village*"—

"And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all he knows."

And so, Uncle, we are to conclude you are a bachelor—"free to love," as you say. How delightful, especially when you have such a host on whom to expend the wealth of your affections.

We think we see your good-natured phiz directly before us, lighted up with a benevolent smile for everybody, but especially the little folks—a decided characteristic of these old bachelor uncles. We have also an equally clear conception of Miss Flibbertygibbet, *alias* F., *alias*—no matter—a little sprite of a humming-bird—a miniature lady—a second edition neither revised nor corrected, cause why,

there's no need of it. *We don't feel free to love* by considerable. Young girls must be cautious. We used to *make an entire sweep*, but have grown older, and things have changed, etc. Hope the time will come when the range of your affections will be properly and delightfully curtailed; and when that time comes, please give our kindest regards to the very fortunate Mrs. M. Do be sure and get one who loves children, otherwise we shall never think of you again with the least feeling of satisfaction. Think of Aunt Merry not loving children, and Uncle Merry absolutely overflowing with affection—*free to love* not only his friends in N. I., but all the rest of us.

Your very affectionate MINNIE.

Thanks, Minnie—though your letter oversteps Uncle Hiram's rule—we have held back his hatchet that you might "*make the entire sweep*" this time; but—but you are perfectly right about that "*second edition*;" the original *type* was too good to admit of revision, correction, or improvement. "*Mrs. M—!*" how odd that looks, and yet you think I am odd without it. Well, if I am odd now, I will try to be *even with you*, by-and-by.

Now let the Chatterers have a little rest, and repeat in concert the following as fast as possible, speaking each word plainly, taking special care to pronounce the *r* distinctly. Now, all together: Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear-trees; if, then, Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear-trees, where *are* the three pecks of prickly pears that Peter Prickly Prandle picked from three prickly prangly pear-trees? Success to the prickly prangly pear-picker.

If there is any one of the Merry family who has not read the Rollo Books, and who does not know Mr. Abbott, the author of them, as the children's friend, let him hold up his hand—not one. I thought so. In the affectionate regards of all

young readers, Jacob Abbott is the nearest rival of Peter Parley, if indeed there can be any rivalry in such pleasant work as entertaining and instructing the young. They are friends and brothers who enter into such work. Uncle Hiram could tell you many things about Mr. Abbott, for they were intimate friends in their youth. One of these days he may tell you of those "days of auld lang syne," when Peter Parley, Jacob Abbott, Robert Merrey, and Hiram Hatchet were boys.

Rollo's Tour in Europe is the series now in progress. The tenth volume, "Rollo in Rome," is on our table, and very likely on the tables and in the heads of a large number of our family. They sometimes get ahead of us in these matters. Well, I was young once, and could run as fast and keep as sharp a lookout for a new book as any of you. Go ahead, boys! and go ahead, girls! Run to Brown, Taggard & Chase's, Boston, and get this new Rollo, price 50 cents, or send for it by mail, which will do just as well.

Now what *do* you think Aunt Sue has been doing for you? You know she is always up to something for the benefit and amusement of her nephews and nieces. You know, too, that she is a first-rate puzzle herself, a genuine enigma, and has quite posed the Merry family to find her out. Well, she has just got you up a nice, tempting little book, called "Aunt Sue's Complete Puzzler," as full of pictures and puzzles, of fun and fine fancies, as your precious old aunt is of wit and love, and the milk of womanly kindness. Run, boys! see who will get it first; send it round to the girls, and when you gather round the table or the fire, in the evening, you will find it a most enlivening companion, an excellent promoter of good humor and good health. Price 25 cents.

As we are in favor of mingling "the grave and the gay," suppose we look at this new book just sent in by H. Dayton. It is "The Word and Works of God," by John Gill. If any of you wish to go into

the very depths and intricacies of severe theology—to know how hard and how straight the good old Puritans wrought out their system, without any of the timidity or the squeamishness of the present day, with no more fear of a tough word or a "hard saying" than we have of ghosts and hobgoblins, take up this book of Dr. Gill's, and study it.

We have received from Horace Waters, the well-known music publisher, some very pretty songs—among them the following: "I'm With Thee Still," words written on the death of Lizzie Waters. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" "Never more let a tear thine eyelid fill, For mother, sweet mother, I'm with thee still."

Also, "The Land of Dreams," "A Mother's Prayer," "Wake, Lady, Wake," "The Wilds of the West."

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

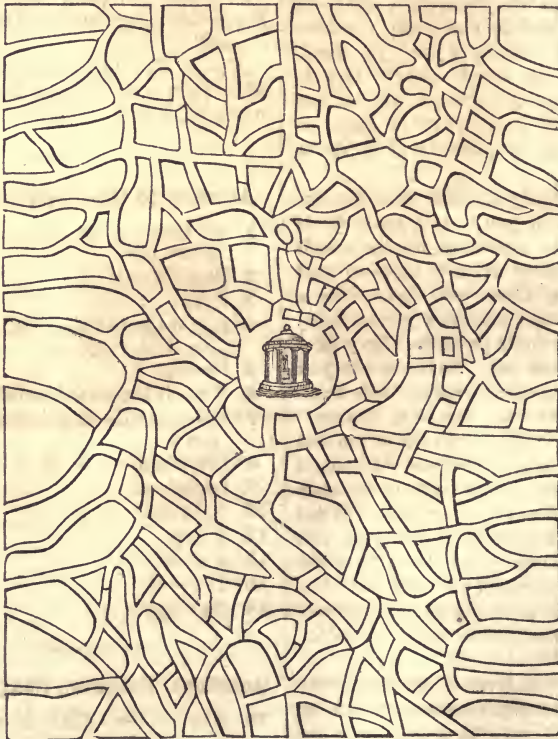
1. We have lost an old (y)ear and got a new one.
2. Night-in-gale.
3. In-to.
4. It is the end of time and the beginning of eternity.
5. Fire-fly.
6. When it is outward bound.
7. You must catch it before you can pen it.
8. Leviathan.
9. Leviathan.
10. Ma-d-am.
11. A ring.
12. A clock.
13. The road.
14. Star-light.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

25. Why is a little child like wheat?
Hal.
26. Why is an idle school-boy like a fisherman?
Geo. H. B.

27. What English poet should the Catholics think most of?
 28. If it is evening now, I ween
 I am before you plainly seen;
 Transposed, a tree I shall disclose
 That in the torrid region grows.
Oliver Onley.
29. What party is it that never enters
 into an election with high spirits?
Oliver Onley.
30. Was Joshua a Protestant or a Catholic?
Hal.
31. Why should Uncle Frank be the next
 President?
Hal.
32. Why can't he be elected?
Hal.
33. Half a circle, a common cipher, and
 twice yourself is an animal.
Oliver Onley.
34. Why are the harbor-master, the village gossip, and the owner of a portrait gallery alike?
C. W.
35. I am composed of 17 letters.
 My 12, 6, 6, 15, 8 is a reptile.
 My 14, 7, 15, 10, 11, 7, 8 is a celebrated clergyman.
 My 1, 17, 14, 12 is an island.
 My 10, 9, 3, 4, 5 is a title.
 My 13, 16, 8, 10, 11 is one of the months.
 My 1, 2, 6 is a cape.
 My whole was a distinguished French officer.
Bay State Boy.
36. When do ladies in the street transgress the laws?
J. D. C.
37. Why must Satan be a gentleman?
J. D. C.

THE LABYRINTH OF THE TEMPLE.



THE PUZZLE IS, TO TRACE A PASSAGE TO THE TEMPLE IN THE CENTER FROM ONE OF THE OUTER OPENINGS.



THE PARLEY.

THE AFTERNOON RIDE.

“I TELL you what, Ralph,” said Sherman, with animation, “you shall not make sport of my Ponto. He is a first-rate dog, if he is not a handsome one; and I would not part with

him for a score of your Spanish terriers.”

“Well, well, Sherman,” replied Ralph good-humoredly, “Ponto is not such a perfect beauty as my Carlo, but I have

no doubt he is a jewel in his way. I would like to try his mettle to-day, if you will. So, mount quick, and let us be off, without any more words."

"Why in such a hurry, Ralph? There is time enough yet for the circuit of Long Pond, though we take it quite leisurely."

"Yes, Sherman, my boy; but, with your leave, I would like to try the beach this afternoon, and we must get round the North Crags before the tide turns, and that will give us daylight for the entire ride. It might not be safe, you know, to come out by the Ravine after sunset."

Before Ralph had finished his argument, Sherman had sprung to his saddle, and was ready for a start. Ponto pricked up his ears and wagged his tail, as if he knew there was fun at hand.

Few of his race could beat Ponto at any species of canine fun; a very few could match him in a long run; and even Ralph acknowledged, as he leaped a wall at sight of a bird that had lighted on it, or chased a swallow as he skimmed along the ground, that Sherman might boast of his pet as much as he pleased—he would never gainsay a word that he said.

As they passed Ralph's house, dashing by in easy and gallant style, Carlo rushed out and joined in the chase. He and Ponto were old friends, and had had many a rollicking feud while

their masters were walking, or riding, or watching their gambols, from some shady nook by the lake-side. They saluted each other with a bark of delight, and a collision which sent them both rolling down the bank, and then they dashed on their way, as if the whole programme of the day had been fully arranged beforehand.

It was a rare afternoon. The air was fresh and bracing, and the roads were in the best possible condition. The hedges were alive with flowers, and the groves with the music of birds.



"THE CRAGS."

The young men enjoyed it highly, and felt a new glow of health and manhood as the wholesome exercise quickened the vigorous pulses in their veins.

The sun was yet an hour above the horizon, when they reached "the Crags," and the broad blue ocean stretched out before them in all its majesty and glory. The tide was out, but just on the turn. The beach was hard and smooth as a floor, with scarce a mark or a line on its surface to show where the scores of hoofs and wheels had passed and repassed that day.

Our young men paused a few moments, as they reached the open beach; then walked leisurely along in the edge of the water, till their ponies had cooled their feet, and regained their breath, while Carlo and Ponto looked wistfully on, their tongues hanging out to the cool air, as if it were a luxury to breathe. Many pleasure-seekers were out that day, and several splendid equipages were in sight, with a large company of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. They had traced the entire length of the beach southward, and were now returning; so that Ralph and Sherman, in passing them, had the whole race to themselves. They did not, however, feel like racing just then. They were in a mood for a more quiet enjoyment. At a gentle trot, they went calmly on, conversing of the scenes before and around them, and of the many associations connected with them. So pleasantly did the time pass that Ralph, who, in starting, had calculated his time wisely, now forgot that there might be "danger in delay." The sun had nearly set before he took note of its rapid movement, and they were only about half way to the Ravine, by which only they could reach the road, from the southern extremity of the beach. The tide had turned, and little by little, the waves came dashing up, higher and higher, stronger and stronger, as if they had a purpose to overtake the riders, and hem them in, or swallow them up.

"What are we doing?" exclaimed Ralph—"we have hardly time to get through, though we do our best."

They did their best, but it was almost dark, even on the open shore, when they reached the mouth of the Ravine.

As they turned in, it became very dark before them, and it seemed

scarcely possible to thread their way through. It was nearly three quarters of a mile, a broken, rugged, ever-changing path, difficult enough by daylight, and almost impracticable at night. Ralph, though not timid, had a sense of the danger before him. Sherman was confident, and perfectly at ease. Ponto kept close at his side, occasionally giving a slight bark, by way of encouragement to his master. Carlo whined and seemed in great distress, as if he wanted encouragement himself. After groping slowly along for some twenty minutes, during which time the horses had several times lost their footholds, and slipped back, to the no small danger of unseating their riders, they came to a full stand. No urging could persuade them to move a foot. Ponto leaped forward, barked, and returned—alternately going and returning several times, as if he would say, "Follow me—I know the way."

"What shall we do now?" said Ralph.

"We must do something, at once," replied Sherman, "for the tide has already reached the mouth of the Ravine, and will soon be upon us in all its fury. We must dismount and lead our horses, following Ponto as our guide. He will carry us through, I am quite sure."

No sooner said than done. Ponto was delighted to find his master at his side. Leaping a small brook, which Sherman found no difficulty in stepping over, he pressed up the bank in the only place where there was a chance for the horses to follow. Sherman, knowing the place, and understanding just how to climb it, scrambled up, and coaxed his pony to come after him. Carlo kept close to Ponto, and Ralph, encouraged by the voice and the success of his friend, was not long in accomplishing the difficult ascent. It

was a narrow escape. They had scarcely gained the solid bank on the other side, when a huge wave, like some raging fury, came rushing and roaring up the ravine, and whelming the spot where, a moment before, they had been groping their way in darkness.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Sherman, "we are safe; and you, my good Ponto, you are worth a thousand handsomer dogs, who have little else than beauty to boast of." Ralph was profuse in his praises of Ponto, and in commendation of Sherman's courage and self-possession.

The moon now rose in the east, and the ride home was all the pleasanter for the excitement of this scene of difficulty, danger, and escape.

A FISH STORY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I saw in the CABINET, some years since, what was called a fish story, in which a person informed you that he was fishing, I think, in Kansas River and caught a perch, but before he got it out of the water, a cat-fish caught the perch, and he succeeded in taking both—the cat-fish weighed 20 lbs. The writer said he could send you more, but you thought that would do. I can tell you a fish story also, which is nevertheless true, strange as it may appear to some of your little readers, living on *little* mountain streams.

I went one day with a friend, and set six hooks in the Missouri River, one of which was attached to a bed-cord, for want of something better, bating the hooks with an old Shanghai that had been badly abused by his fellows. In the morning the friend went to the hooks, I being busy, and

brought up three cat-fish; one weighed 20 lbs., one over 50 lbs., and the other over 80 lbs., reporting that the bed-cord was lost. In the evening I went down with my little daughter, and after exerting all my strength, succeeded in getting the line a little nearer shore (it was round a small root), and in doing so found there was a cat-fish on the hook. It was very miry and deep a few feet from shore, but I finally got his fishship near enough to the shore to get the other end of the cord through his gills, and then got the line loose from the root. We then dragged it up the bank, and got it home in a neighbor's wagon. It weighed 93 lbs. I hung it on a post to skin it, head up, with the rope in its mouth, and as the mouth was open, it measured six by nine inches. The meat on the ribs was from an inch to an inch and a half thick, and very fine. The four fish weighed about 250 lbs. I have heard of them weighing 150 lbs., but that is the largest I ever saw. That corresponds, however, with our large prairies and large river, which is about 2,000 miles to where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, and as much farther to its source in the Rocky Mountains. Respectfully yours,

NEBRASKA.

COFFEE.—The English word coffee comes directly from the Turkish *kahve*. The coffee plant is a native of Abyssinia, and not of Arabia, for it was not known at Mecca until 1454—only 40 years before the discovery of America.

THE term leaf was first applied to paper from palm leaves being used to write upon—so we now speak of the leaf of a book as of the leaf of a tree.



APRIL.

APRIL is a fitful child,
 Full of wayward fancies,
 Laughing, weeping, sober, wild,
 Sunny, showery, frantic, mild—
 Anything that chances.

April is a fickle fool,
 Knowing not his season ;
 Like a truant out of school,
 Out of temper, out of rule,
 Out of rhyme and reason.

April is a mere coquette,
 Ill-behaved in meeting ;
 Warm and cool, and dry and wet,
 Apt to tantalize and fret—
 Very fond of cheating.

April is a faithless youth,
 Speaks but to undo it ;
 Like a broken limb, or tooth,
 Trust his honor or his truth,
 And you'll surely rue it.

April is an arrant wag,
 Full of idle humors ;
 Apt to grumble, apt to brag,
 Sure to give your hopes the bag,
 Ere they come to bloomers.

April will not tend your sheep,
 He will kill or lose them ;
 Give him what you will to keep,
 He will wake and he will sleep
 Only to abuse them.

What is like an April day,
 Save a broken promise ?
 When he sweeps the clouds away,
 Smiling softly—who can say
 What of that to come is ? H. H.

I LOVE THEM ALL.

THE Spring has many charms for
 And many pleasant hours, [me,
 To ramble unrestrained and free,
 Among her blooming flowers,

And Summer, when she visits earth,
 In leafy garb arrayed,
 I bless her for her cooling showers,
 Her sunshine and her shade.

And Autumn, laden with the fruits
 Of diligence and toil,
 Is welcome as the sky that glows
 Above the sunny soil.

The Winter, too, has many joys
 The cheerful only know ;
 For love, and hope, and happiness,
 May bloom amid the snow.

I love the seasons as they pass
 God's blessings as they fall—
 The joys that sparkle in life's glass,
 I love—I love them all.

MATTIE BELL.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



THIS seemed destined to be a noisy hour, for the next thing that attracted my attention, was the sudden outburst of an uproar of musical small talk from a hand-organ, at which a tall, grum, savage-looking loafer was grinding with all his might. He had taken his stand on a side street, a few rods out of Broadway, and was beginning to draw crowds of children round him. The great attraction was not the music, nor the man, but a very bright, brisk, musical, fun-loving boy who accompanied the organ with his voice and tambourine, dancing and capering with great vivacity, the while. He was fantastically dressed, and entered, with so much interest, into his part of

the play, that he became a general favorite, wherever his master chose to exhibit him. There was so much genuine good-humor and boy-fun in him, and he seemed so entirely independent and original in all that he did and said, that it left the impression on all that his master, notwithstanding his hard look, had a kind heart, after all, and that the boy was happy in his calling. At any rate, he had a wonderful knack of pleasing the children, and getting the pennies from all, young or

old, who chanced to have any. The music of the organ was but little short of execrable. The boy music was natural, sweet, and very effective, but the pleasanter music to me was that of the bright looks, the encouraging smiles, and hearty applause of the wondering groups of children. It may seem a weakness in an old man like me, but I really would have enjoyed it highly, could I have followed that organ an hour or two, just for the pleasure of viewing the different groups of children that would gather round it, seeing their happy faces and listening to their exclamations of delight. Children are a pleasant study anywhere, and it does an old man's

heart good to take lessons in it daily. There was another show connected with this organ, which amused the children very much, though it did not take their hearts like the boy-dancer. This was a group of puppets performing a sort of promenade dance, in a small opening in the front of the organ box. It was a procession of fantastical figures, that moved whenever the organ crank was turned, and kept time to the music. Occasionally, the boy would turn round, and address some comical remark to one of the figures as it passed, whereupon the figure would throw up its arms, and look, for all the world, as if laughing at the fun. This surprised the children exceedingly, but they gave the whole credit of the thing to the boy, who seemed to them to have all the marvelous powers of a young magician. I heartily wished myself as simple as they, that I might enjoy a genuine astonishment. But, unhappily, I knew too much. The boy took his own time for acting this bit of play, knowing precisely in what part of the music his laughing figure would come along, and just when the wires inside would make him throw up his arms and show his teeth. I saw this at once, and, instead of increasing my interest in the actor, as it did with my simple-hearted companions, it lessened it very much, showing that, after all, he was only an actor, already skilled in deceiving. He was not the joyous natural child I had taken him to be; but just a bit of trained machinery, like the puppets in wood, save only that he was capable of doing better, but they were not. So with that happy group of children, in an ecstasy of delight at what they saw and heard, I was obliged to turn away with the reflection, that if we gain much, we lose something by growing old.

NEVER GIVE UP.

A LYRIC FOR YOUTH.

WAX strong in well-doing—
Sloth drinks but life's dregs.
'Tis industry prospers,
'Tis idleness begs.

The good of life gather,
The evil eschew;
The pathway of wisdom
And virtue pursue.

With free hand and willing,
A soul to endure,
Man is noble and wealthy,
Though outwardly poor.

And though all must drink
From adversity's cup,
Have courage and patience,
And never give up.

The way may be dreary,
The road may be long,
And hearts may grow weary
Contending with wrong.

But they who faint not,
'Neath the burdens they bear,
Find success is the crown
Which endurance will wear.

Then up and be doing,
Life passes away;
Thy duty pursuing,
As day follows day.

Sweet is the elixir
They drink from life's cup,
Who toil by the wayside,
And never give up.

S. WILSON, JR.

WEST UNION, OHIO

WHEN thou doest good, do it because it is good—not because men esteem it so. When thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil—not because men speak against it. Be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so.



THE POLAR BEAR.

THE Polar bear is sometimes called the maritime bear, because he is so fond of the sea. He is not exactly amphibious, but is an excellent diver and swimmer, and lives nearly as much in the water as on the land.

The Polar bear is always white, very large, powerful, ferocious, and daring; a terrible fellow to encounter unless you are remarkably well armed. He is more fond of animal food than any other species of bear, though equally capable of living on vegetable food. He finds an ample supply even in the

desolate regions where he chooses to reside, of seals, young whales, and the carcasses of whales, which are thrown out by the whalers, after they have taken what they want for oil, etc. How he manages to live in such regions of perpetual ice, it is difficult to imagine; but he is never found except in the high northern latitudes, along the borders of ice-bound seas. He seems to require a large range of coast for his domain; for he never comes down into Siberia or Kamschatka, on the Eastern Continent, or to the same

latitudes on the Western, except occasionally to the upper shores of Hudson's Bay. He is not even found in the islands that lie between the two continents. He is sometimes, though very rarely, caught out of his latitude. This is when some field of ice, on which he has fixed his temporary residence, breaks away from its moorings, and is floated by the currents out into the open sea. Some of them perish in this way, not being able to regain the land, and their ice-boat melting under them as it comes into a warmer region. Some of them are taken or killed by the sailors who discover them in this situation, though it is generally found a very dangerous kind of sport to meddle with them.

The Polar bear is very seldom seen in our caravans or menageries, because in the first place it is almost impossible to catch them, and in the second place, quite impossible to keep them alive in our warm climate. There was one, and a very fine large one, exhibited in New York in the spring of 1826. Though the weather was very cool at the time, he suffered greatly, bathing himself in cold water as often as he could, and seeming never satisfied except when he could have ice in his cage to lie upon. Uncle Hiram says he saw him, and he was sweating and panting like a race-horse in August.

BY THE LAKE.

MOONLIGHT gleams upon the lake;
Noiselessly the waters break
On the white and pebbly shore,
Then return, to break once more.

Yonder moon, the sky's bright green,
Glitters in its depths serene,
And the stars, above that glow,
Seem another heaven below.

On the white lake shore I stand,
Where the waters meet the land,
Shadows all around me lie,
Shutting out the starry sky—

Shutting out the world around,
In their close and narrow bound,
And the past awhile doth seem,
But a half-forgotten dream.

In the starry night, alone,
Earthly cares and thoughts are gone.
In this silence, deep and still,
Who could harbor thought of ill?

Far from all the care and strife,
All the agony of life,
Who would deem the sun could rise
On earth's thousand miseries?

One by one my thoughts come back
To the old, familiar track,
And I turn me from the shore,
To the busy world once more.

ADELBEIT OLDER.



THE PENITENT.

MY dear little children, I am going to tell you a true story to-day. Last evening I was sitting by a window talking to a friend, and two little ones, whom I love very dearly, were playing outside on the piazza. The eldest was a boy, five years old, and he was walking back and forth with a beautiful flag in his hand. Pretty soon he began making a noise, and when I asked him to be quiet he did not mind, so I had to call his little sister into the house. Then he was angry, and made more and more noise, so that I could hardly hear my friend speak. It grieved me to take his flag away and tell him that his papa would be told of his naughty conduct, but I felt obliged to do so. He sat down and looked very cross for a time, but at last he began to think how naughty he had been, and was afraid his father would punish him. And then he began to weep, and he looked so sad that I went out to see if he was sorry that he had done wrong. I found that he did feel grieved that he had offended me, and wanted me to forgive him. Then I kissed him and went back to tell his little sister that Eddie wished to try and be a good boy, and I was now willing she should go out and play with him. After that they played very quietly together, and he was happy to be loved once more, and I was happy to think that he had not merely said that he was sorry, but really felt it in his heart. When he went to bed he sung me a beautiful hymn, and I want you to learn the first verse of it next Sabbath. Your kind teacher will explain it to you.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

Wayward—that means desiring to have our own way. We do not love to be *controlled*, that is, we do not love to mind. God says, "My son, give me thine heart," but we are wayward—we do not love to mind what



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

God says. Is it not so? Are the dear little children who read this all willing to be lambs of the Shepherd's fold? No, they are not! They do not wish to listen to the kind Shepherd's voice. There are some dear little girls and boys in the Sabbath-school where I now teach who have lately become Christians, and there is one of the verses of that beautiful hymn which they love to sing, because it speaks the language of their hearts. Here it is:

No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Dear little children, do not be wayward. Do not be unwilling to be controlled, so that God will have to come and take away a little sister or some other dear friend, before you feel sorry that you have been naughty. If you do now repent, He will forgive you, because the dear Saviour has suffered and died to bear the punishment of your sins. And now your heavenly Father will not have to take away all the good things He has given you, if He sees that you are willing to hear His voice, and that you really and truly desire to be no more wandering sheep.

I pray that God will help you this very day to enter the fold of the kind Shepherd. Adieu, my precious little ones—do not forget your absent friend,

LEILA.

BROOKLYN.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY KARL SCHENCK.

DEATH and Sleep, the angels of slumber and of death, in brotherly embrace walked over the earth. It was evening. They lived down in a hill, not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy silence reigned around, and the vesper bell in the distant village was mute.

Still and silent, as is their custom, the two beneficent guardian-angels of mankind sat in cordial embrace, and already night approached.

Then the angel of slumber arose from

his moss-covered couch, and strewed with noiseless hands the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening winds carried them to the silent habitations of the tired farmer. Sweet sleep now enfolded in its arms the inmates of the rural cottage, from the gray-haired sire who walks with a staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his griefs, the poor his sorrows. All eyes were closed.

Then, after his task was ended, this benevolent angel laid himself again by the side of his stern brother.

"When the morning-dawn appears," he cried with cheerful innocence, "the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor! oh, what joy, unseen and secretly to do good! How happy are we invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful our silent vocation!"

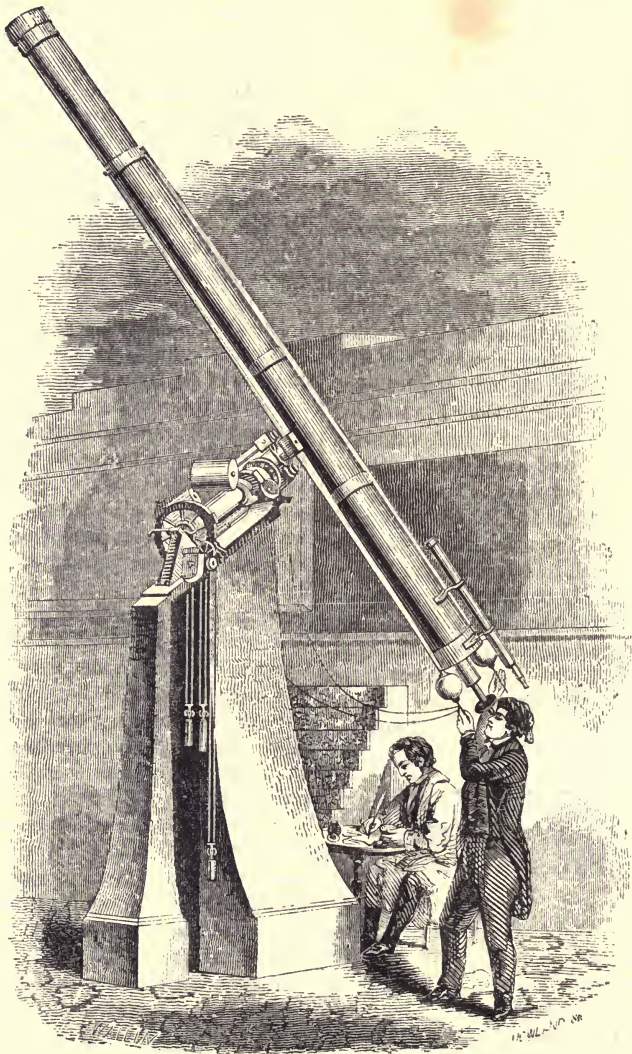
So spoke the friendly angel of sleep. The death-angel looked at him with silent sadness, and a tear, such as mortals weep, stood in his large, dark eye.

"Alas!" said he, "that I can not enjoy, like you, their cheerful thanks; the world calls me its enemy and disturber of its joys!"

"Oh, my brother!" answered the angel of sleep, "does not the good man at his awakening recognize thee as his friend and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and the messengers of *one* Father?"

Thus he spoke; then the eye of the death-angel glistened, and the brotherly angels embraced each other tenderly.

ASLEEP in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour
 Which manifests the Saviour's power.



TELESCOPE USED AT THE OBSERVATORY.

CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY.

WE present our readers with a cut of the observatory in Cincinnati, which owes its existence mainly to the liberality of the inhabitants of that

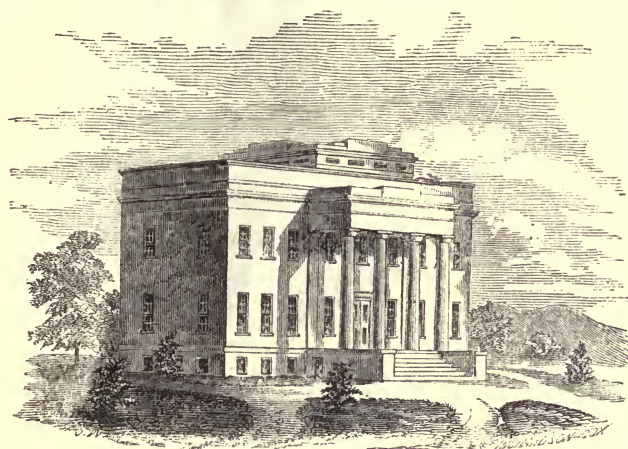
city, and the persevering and self-sacrificing labors of its eminent director, Professor Mitchell.

The cut is a correct representation

of the telescope which is at the observatory at Cincinnati. The tube of the telescope is about seventeen feet in length. The object-glass at the extremity of the tube is twelve inches in diameter, and is composed of two lenses, one of flint glass and the other of crown glass; this is called a DOUBLE ACHROMATIC glass, and reflects a clear and distinct image. The balls near the observer's hand are spheres of

order to see the object desired. In order to find a particular star or planet with facility, there is a small telescope attached to the large reflector, as is represented in the cut, above the head of the observer. This is called the FINDER, and as it does not magnify much, a star is readily seen through it.

Since the completion of the Cincinnati Observatory, several observato-



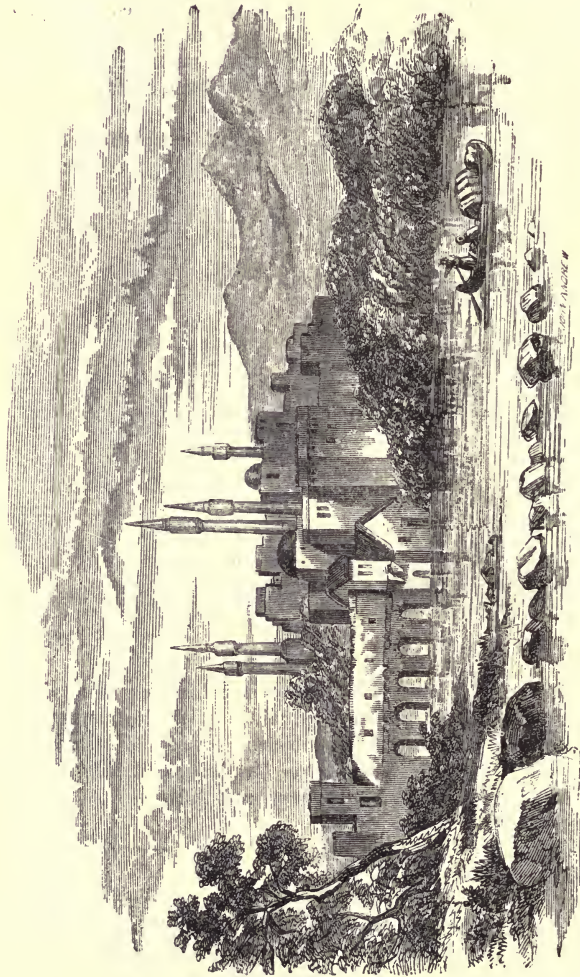
OBSERVATORY AT CINCINNATI.

brass filled with lead, and are connected by chains with the place where the tube rests, for the purpose of balancing it. So perfect is the machinery by which it is retained in its place, or moved in almost any direction, that Professor Mitchell says even a child a year old has strength enough to direct it to any part of the heavens. Its weight is two thousand five hundred pounds, and it will magnify with a power of fourteen hundred.

A refracting telescope does not require so large a lens as the reflecting, because in the latter much light is lost when reflected from a mirror, and therefore more must be reflected, in

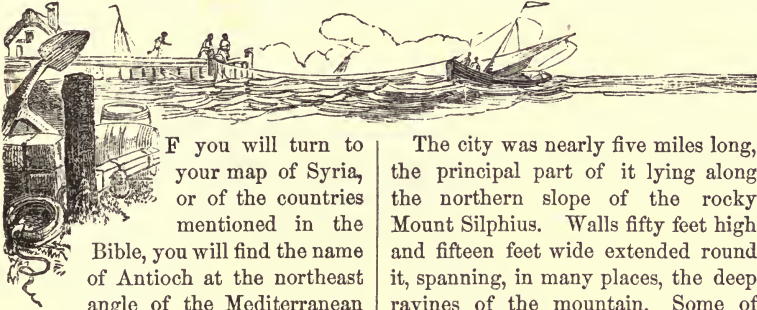
ries have been constructed and well provided with instruments and an efficient corps of observers at Washington, Cambridge, Philadelphia, Georgetown, and Albany

WHAT IS A BILLION?—We can say a billion is a *million of millions*; but if a person were able to count at the rate of 200 in a minute—count without intermission twelve hours in a day—he would take to count a billion, 19,325 years 319 days. How many days, then, would it take to count a trillion?



CITY OF ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH.



If you will turn to your map of Syria, or of the countries mentioned in the Bible, you will find the name of Antioch at the northeast angle of the Mediterranean Sea, the Island of Cyprus, with its long projecting cape, St. Andrea, pointing directly at it. The site of the ancient city, once so renowned as to be called "the Queen of the East," and to be recognized as the third city in the Roman Empire, was on the river Orontes, about twenty miles from the sea. It was founded about 300 years before Christ, by Seleucus Nicator, the greatest of the four generals among whom the world was divided after the death of Alexander the Great. His empire was that of Upper Asia, of which Babylon was then the center, at which place he first established his capital. After a few years he removed to Antioch, perhaps with a view to the then increasing commerce of the Mediterranean, and to extending his empire westward, as he had already done in the opposite direction.

The situation of Antioch was admirably chosen. It was an important point in the land travel between the East and the West. It was about 300 miles from Jerusalem, and equidistant from Egypt on the south, and Macedonia on the north. It grew rapidly in power and magnificence, and became a great mart of Eastern luxury, commanding, as it did, the whole trade of the Mediterranean.

The city was nearly five miles long, the principal part of it lying along the northern slope of the rocky Mount Silphius. Walls fifty feet high and fifteen feet wide extended round it, spanning, in many places, the deep ravines of the mountain. Some of the remains of this wall appear, at this day, as miracles of art and labor. A remarkable island was formed in the center of the city, on which stood the palace of the Selencidæ. The crags of Mount Silphius were, all of them, bold and rugged. One remarkable column of rock overhung the town, which Grecian art and taste formed into an immense head, with a crown upon it, distinguished as "the Head of Charon."

Here, also, was the celebrated grove of Daphne, which was consecrated to the worship of Apollo and Diana. Like all the "groves" of the ancient idolaters, it became a resort of the most dissolute and vicious of the people, who rioted in every species of idle pleasure and debauchery. To such an extent did this grow, that Antioch had a wide reputation for luxurious wickedness. To this may be attributed many of the numerous calamities which befell that devoted city. It was often the scene of violent tumults and seditions, in which thousands of the inhabitants were killed, a natural consequence of such a loose state of public morals. It was also visited by a series of providential judgments—fires and earthquakes—which remind us of the Bible predic-

tions of vengeance upon the wicked cities of the East. In the reign of Trajan, an earthquake shook the city while the Emperor was holding his court there. A great part of the city was laid in ruins. The Emperor himself escaped with difficulty, not unhurt, through a window. In the year 587 an earthquake leveled almost every house in Antioch, and destroyed 30,000 of the inhabitants.

Most of my readers will remember that "the disciples were called CHRISTIANS first at *Antioch*." It was in this celebrated place that Paul commenced the ministry of his great apostleship. Divinely warned to leave Jerusalem, where he hoped to begin his testimony for Jesus, he went to Tarsus, his native city, which was about 100 miles west from Antioch. Some Jewish converts from Cyprus and Cyrene visiting Antioch, perhaps on business, preached the Gospel there, and "many of the Greeks believed and turned to the Lord."

When the Apostles at Jerusalem heard this, they sent Barnabas, who was a native of Cyprus, to their assistance. Finding a great work to be done there, and feeling the need of help, Barnabas "departed to Tarsus to seek Saul." This same Barnabas had introduced Saul to the Apostles at Jerusalem, and vouched for his sincere conversion. And now they are laboring together in the great city of Antioch. It was here that "the Holy Ghost said [to the Church], Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." From this place they went forth on their great mission, having John Mark for their minister. To this place they returned, and made their report to the Church, "rehearsing all that God had done with them." And here they re-

mained a long time, preaching the word, and gathering a great company of believers; and then separating from each other, went out to fulfill their great commission—"to preach the Gospel to every creature."

In a few years this Pagan city became wonderfully changed. Heathen temples gave way to Christian churches. Antioch was, for some centuries, the capital of Christendom, so that it was called *Theopolis*, "the City of God."

THE FOOLISH MOUSE.

ALWAYS nibbling, little mouse,

Fear you not your teeth to spoil,
Gnawing wood, cake, cheese, and nut-
shells?

Have you dentists with gold foil?

Betsey daily tries to kill you,
Know you that, you silly elf?
Sure as fate, and will you—nill you,
Springing trap is on that shelf.

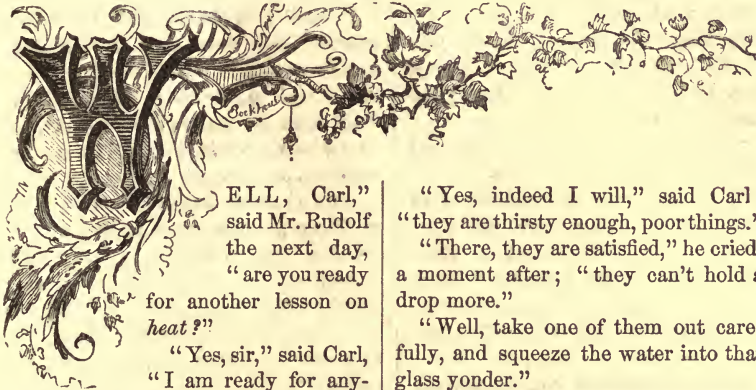
There you go, pell-mell, head foremost,
Anywhere you'll go for cheese—
Snap! now Betsey's trap has got you—
That must be "von too much"
squeeze. LAURA ELMER.

THE LIBERTY CAP.—After the death of Cæsar, the conspirators marched out in a body, with a cap on a spear, as the ensign of Liberty. There was a medal struck on that occasion with the same device. Before this, Saturninus, when he had possessed himself of the Capitol, exalted a cap on the top of a spear as a token of liberty to all slaves who should join him. Marius used the same expedient to incite the slaves to join him against Sylla. For slaves to wear the cap was a prize. We can now understand the Cap of Liberty.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



WELL, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf the next day, "are you ready for another lesson on *heat*?"

"Yes, sir," said Carl, "I am ready for anything." So he brought out his pencil and book, and prepared to write. "I suppose I must write first, and experiment afterward, Mr. Rudolf," he said.

"Yes, that is the best way," said Mr. Rudolf, "and you may write this: '*Different bodies have different capacities for heat.*'"

Carl wrote it, and then said, "I don't quite understand this, Mr. Rudolf."

"No, perhaps not now—you will soon, I think," said his teacher; "take these two sponges and compare them."

"Well," said Carl, after looking and feeling of the sponges, "I see they are of the same size, and one is fine and the other coarse."

"Put them both in water, and let them stay till they have each soaked up as much as they can."

Carl did as he was told, and pretty soon he called out, "The water has all gone!"

"Put in more, then," said Mr. Rudolf, without looking up; "let the sponges drink as much as they want."

"Yes, indeed I will," said Carl; "they are thirsty enough, poor things."

"There, they are satisfied," he cried, a moment after; "they can't hold a drop more."

"Well, take one of them out carefully, and squeeze the water into that glass yonder."

Carl did as he was directed, and then asked, "Shall I squeeze the other sponge into this glass or another one?"

"Into another," said Mr. Rudolf, "and tell me which holds the most water."

"This loose, coarse sponge holds almost twice as much as the fine one," said Carl in a moment.

"Then what would you understand if I should say that the coarse sponge had a *greater capacity for water* than the fine one?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"I should suppose you meant that it would *hold* more water," answered Carl.

"Yes, that is just it, and in the same way some bodies hold more *heat* than others."

"I understand," said Carl; "hurrah for our experiment," he cried, as Mr. Rudolf walked toward the table on which were many instruments.

"I am afraid chemistry would not interest you much without the experiments, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf, smiling.

"I don't believe it would—the ex-

periments are fine fun," said Carl, "they mean something."

"Very well; please to fill that flask with an ounce of water, exactly."

"It is done," said Carl.

"Put it into hot water and raise the temperature to 200°," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Well, Mr. Rudolf," said Carl, after some time of silent watching, "my water is 200°."

"Do you see that block of ice just outside the window?"

"Yes," said Carl; "I wondered when I came in what it was there for."

"Open the window and we shall soon see," said Mr. Rudolf; "let us take off the top," and he raised the upper piece of ice, while Carl exclaimed—

"It's a regular ice box, isn't it—a hole in the middle to hold something, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf, "it is to hold your flask of hot water."

"But it will melt the ice," said Carl.

"That is just what I want. But why do you suppose the hot water will melt the ice?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"I *know* it," said Carl, "and the reason is—" He hesitated a moment and then said quickly, "Yes, the reason is because the water will cool and throw off its heat till it becomes as cold as the ice, and that heat will melt the ice around."

"That is right, my boy," said Mr. Rudolf; "now put your flask into the ice and cover it, and we will see how much it succeeds in melting before it freezes."

"Then what shall I do?" asked Carl.

"Then you may pour off the water and measure it exactly, and then try the same experiment on an ounce of mercury, and report to me the difference between the water and mercury,

in their capacity for melting ice, after they have been heated to 200°."

"And will you go right on with your writing, and let me do it all alone?" asked Carl.

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf; "only be careful about breaking my flasks and thermometers."

"I will, never fear," cried Carl. "I'll heat my mercury right away, so as to be all ready when the water is ready to come out."

Carl was very busy for the next ten or fifteen minutes, running first to the window, then to the table, measuring the water, etc. At last he called out: "Mr. Rudolf, I have finished; here is a glass of water that the water melted, and here is another that the mercury melted."

"Well, which did the most?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"The water," said Carl; "why, you never could guess there would be such a difference—the water melted 23 times as much as the mercury."

"Yes, I knew it would," said Mr. Rudolf, "because it had 23 times as much heat in it. Would you understand me now if I should say *that water has twenty-three times as much capacity for heat as mercury has?*"

"I think I should," said Carl; "it is because water needs a great deal more heat to raise it to 200° than mercury does, and so has more to throw off before it freezes."

"That is true, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Have you something more for me?" said Carl.

"Yes, one thing I wish to explain—you have learned that heat expands everything. Do you suppose everything, then, grows smaller as it freezes?"

"Yes, it ought to," said Carl, confidently.

"But it does not," said Mr. Rudolf; "it does contract until its temperature reaches $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, then it begins to expand, till at 32° , as you know, it freezes."

"Why, I might have known that," exclaimed Carl, "for I have seen ice float often, and I know that could not be, if it were heavier than water."

"Capital, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf. "You are a pretty good thinker; I was afraid I should have to explain to you that, as water expanded in freezing, it was lighter as ice than the same bulk of water. If it were not so, our rivers and ponds would become solid in very cold weather, for the ice forming on the top would sink to the bottom, then another layer would be formed, and sink, and so the whole would become a solid mass, which all the heat of summer would not be sufficient to set flowing again."

A BEAR STORY.

THE following incident is told in a very pleasant letter from a young friend in California to "Uncle Frank." The letter is dated at "Mountain Home."

"Did you ever see a grizzly bear? Perhaps you have seen them in cages, but I suppose you never saw one in its wild state. I have been favored with several such sights, and if it will not trouble you too much, I will tell you about the first I ever beheld.

"It was a fine autumn afternoon, when my father and I were at work thirty rods from the house, just at the foot of a steep hill, about three rods long. I had been shooting some quails, and had left the gun, as I supposed, at the stack, between where we were and the house. All of a sudden we heard a strange noise on the hill above

us, and as it ceased, a drove of hogs came rushing down. Father said he would go and see what was the matter; so, shouldering his axe, he climbed over the fence and started up the hill. He had not advanced more than a step or two when, on looking at the top, I saw an old bear, followed by a cub; both were running down at the top of their speed. What was to be done? father had no chance to escape; they would spring upon him in an instant. Oh! there they were. Father raised his axe as the old bear advanced with her mouth wide open; but before he could strike he was thrown down. My first impulse, on seeing father down, was to pitch into the old bear with the spade, but that would be worse than useless. A thought struck me—the gun was at the stack; that would be of some use to me. I was there in an instant. Imagine my disappointment when I perceived that my gun was not there. I could not get help; the only persons within a mile were my mother and sisters. I turned round, not knowing what to do next. Did my eyes deceive me? it could not be. Yes, there was my father, climbing over the fence. My surprise and joy knew no bounds. I had scarcely expected to see him on his feet again. It seems that the cub ran off, and the bear, after biting father, followed it. The whole time from when I first saw the bear until I saw pa climbing over the fence, might have been two minutes.

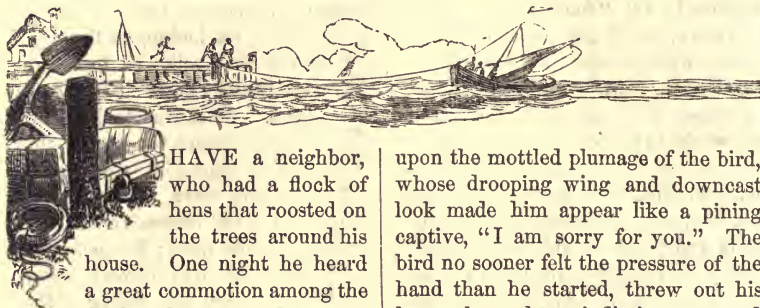
"The upshot of the matter was, that father was unable to get about for six weeks afterward, and it made such an impression upon me, that although the events just narrated occurred two years ago, I can still remember the minutest details as though they took place but an hour back. J. B. B."

THE HORNEO OWL;

OR,

NEVER TRUST TO APPEARANCES.

BY AUNT ANN.



HAVE a neighbor, who had a flock of hens that roosted on the trees around his house. One night he heard a great commotion among the feathered group, and suspecting some animal wished a fowl for his breakfast, he took a gun and went out. Sure enough, the depredator was there, and he supposed by its looks that it was a barn-yard owl with the chicken in its claws, just making its exit, without stopping to say, "Good-bye." The man fired, and the thief dropped to the ground, quitting his hold upon the chicken, and helpless himself with a broken wing.

On inspection he proved to be a great horned owl, a species rather rare in this region. As a curiosity, he was taken into one of the village stores for exhibition.

A group of boys were collected around him, but rather afraid of his owlship, even in his disabled state. As they stood at a respectful distance from the bird, a gentleman, remarkable for his love of animals and his dislike of boys, came into the store. "Ah! indeed, a horned owl! a great curiosity! What are you afraid of, boys? No animal will ever hurt you if he is properly treated. There, now, my good fellow!" he said, pushing aside the boys, and laying his hand

upon the mottled plumage of the bird, whose drooping wing and downcast look made him appear like a pining captive, "I am sorry for you." The bird no sooner felt the pressure of the hand than he started, threw out his large, sharp claws, inflicting a wound upon the gentleman's hand, which made him regret his misplaced confidence for some weeks.

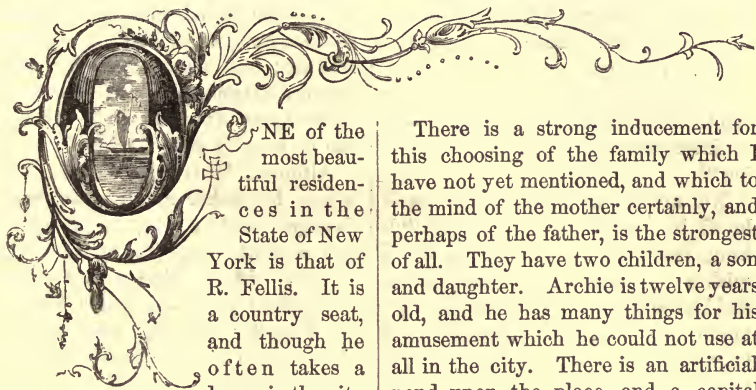
This same gentleman came into my garden once, as I was looking at the sun through a smoked glass, during an eclipse. It was at the moment of greatest obscuration, when there was a hush in all nature, as if the pall of death were about to be spread over the earth. My own heart was full of awe and wonder, and I was thinking of the desolation which would follow if God should withdraw the light and heat of the sun wholly from us, when a voice near said, hastily, "I must go up to the pasture quick, for my cows may be afraid."

I turned, and he was making his way out of the gate as fast as possible, while my husband, who stood near with a glass in his hand, was smiling as he watched his hasty departure.

HOME.

THOUGH care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

STORY OF A BOY WHO HAD PLENTY OF THIS WORLD'S GOODS.



ONE of the most beautiful residences in the State of New York is that of R. Fellis. It is a country seat, and though he often takes a house in the city for the winter, yet he is more and more inclining to remain the year through at "Cedar Hill;" for, being a man of wealth, he has everything the world can give to make life desirable.

His mansion, surrounded by glorious trees, is upon a gentle elevation, which gives him, by his observatory upon the roof, a view of miles and miles of landscape. A branch from the beautiful river Junia is seen like a thread of silver in a sun-bright day; and like a blue ribbon under the light, fleecy clouds, it takes its way, singing along through one of his large lots, where his sleek and soft-eyed cows feed, and chew the cud, and sleep, and furnish the brimming pails of milk with the froth heaped to roundness over the top, and glistening like pearl beads. He has five horses; two for the carriage, one fine saddle-horse, and two to work upon the land. All the products of fruit and vegetables are so palatable and wholesome compared with what he gets in a city market, that he is continually attracted to remain through the entire year. His family are all satisfied and happy to be at Cedar Hill.

There is a strong inducement for this choosing of the family which I have not yet mentioned, and which to the mind of the mother certainly, and perhaps of the father, is the strongest of all. They have two children, a son and daughter. Archie is twelve years old, and he has many things for his amusement which he could not use at all in the city. There is an artificial pond upon the place, and a capital row-boat, neatly painted, oars and all, are tied to a stake, always waiting the orders of Master Archie; and he has a waiting man to attend him whenever he wishes to go: this is for summer. In the winter he has an ice-boat which glides by a sail in the wind, when the pond is frozen over. He never skates, as I will tell you by-and-by.

He has a handsome dog, named "Charlie," which he might lose in a large city, but which now plays and capers around his young master wherever he goes. Archie has pet birds in the house, and doves that come around him out of doors to be fed like chickens. He loves the wild birds, too; not a blue-bird or robin ever sings to him in vain; he always listens.

He has a small carriage, with a leather top, which he can put down or up, and soft, red cushions on the seat, that he may ride to the pond and take a row in his boat, or ride around the garden through the shaded walks beyond the lawn.

I fear now that some hardy, active boy, or even girl, who reads this, may

begin to feel a little contempt for my hero, surmising that he is very tender of himself, and not very bright in the brain after all. Perhaps some one will say right out,

"Well, my opinion is, that Master Archie has been too much petted, and is altogether *lazy*, and good for nothing!"

No, not so, my friends; Archie is loved by everybody. He is gentle, kind, considerate of the feelings and wishes of others, a most obedient son and loving brother. You scarcely ever heard of a more loving brother. I only hope you who read are *half* as good, I was going to say. I will let you into the secret: Archie—poor, dear, gentle Archie is a cripple—hopelessly lame. He can not take one single step alone. What would he not give to run and bound, and have *one* game of ball, as he sees his playmates do? and this is why he has the man waiter, and the carriage, and the boat, etc., and no skating.

When a very small baby, he caught cold after having taken some powerful medicine, and it settled in his little feet and ankles, and destroyed them. He has never walked a step; twelve years he has been carried about, or drawn in the carriage in the same way. Oh, how tiresome! Now, some children in his situation would have become selfish and cross; but though he has no feet that he can use, he has a sweet disposition which seems every day to become sweeter. He is so patient, so unselfish; he never desires any one to put themselves out of the way for him; and his waiter, Jacob, is never harshly spoken to, as some boys have done to their attendants, threatening to "kick," and so on.

Archie's is a lovely face to look at. He has a large forehead and curling

hair; his eyes are large and dark; and sometimes there is a dancing light in them when he has some choice companions for visitors who get to merry-making; but, alas! generally those eyes are sad and thoughtful—too much so for a boy of twelve years; but how can he help it? poor Archie!

Although he is fond of these boys whom his father and mother invite frequently for his sake, yet the delight and comfort of his life appears to be his tiny sister. Ellie is her name; she is eight years old, and a little bit of a tender creeping vine couldn't cling more closely to its tree than she to her brother. She can be only gentle, for she is ever pitying Archie, and he is all loving and devoted to her. No mortal ever heard a cross word between them. He calls her "Lily-bell," for he says she is lovely as a lily, and her voice is just such music as he has heard come from the lily bells in the garden, when he has been sitting alone, while Ellie was away for an hour or two with her mother.

Archie knows a great many things from books, for his father has provided for him teachers; and now he loves to tell Ellie many things, and she will bring to him garden flowers, and wild flowers, and they watch the butterflies, and beetles, and dragonflies, and bees, and humming-birds; for, in one sense, the brother is a child like her. With Jacob near by to draw the carriage where he wishes, Archie tries to forget everything for the time but Lily-bell and the beauties of nature around them.

It is very sorrowful to see a boy bound by illness in such a way. Everybody pities Archie, and the more they love him for his amiableness, the more they pity him.

I don't know that he is half as much to be pitied as he would be if he had sound limbs and a teasing, fretting, morose disposition.

If Archie can possess such pleasant feelings, with so much reason for complaining, how much more should those who have all their faculties and natural gifts in perfectness?

Oh, cultivate rich, generous feelings, and drive selfishness out of your sight and hearing; this can not fail to be pleasing to God and man.

Laura Elmer.

PHILOPENA.

WE believe this pleasant amusement for boys and girls, and sometimes those of more mature age, originated in Germany, where it is called *viel liebchen*, which, as it is spoken, has the sound of *philipkin*—which may have been the origin of our word, to which we have given a Latin termination—*pena*—because it infers a penalty or forfeiture, exacted or won by the tact or management of the winning party. With us the thing is managed, however, excessively clumsy, and quite without skill. A person in company chances to find a double-meated almond, and hands half the meat to another, and says, or rather should say: "Will you eat a philopena with me?" The other may say, "I am afraid," and refuse, or may accept one of the nuts, and eat it at the same time the challenging party eats the other. Thus they separate; but when they meet again, the one that can think to say "philopena" first, to the other, wins the forfeit, and has a right to name what it shall be—generally, among children, some trifle; or among young folks, some little present,

suitable to the condition of the parties.

The thing is far better and more pleasantly managed in Germany, and calls into exercise some of the most useful faculties of the mind. When a couple meet the next time after having eaten philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other, until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time, he is watching to catch her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other ends the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: "Knowing that I should lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she should be thrown off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued at the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners—so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing.

How preferable is this German play to our own! And as the sport is very innocent and pretty, we commend it to the "young folks" of America.



THE RHINOCEROS.

OF all South African animals, not the least curious, perhaps, is the rhinoceros. He is, moreover, an inhabitant of Bengal, Siam, China, Java and Ceylon; but these are a different species from those found in Africa. Thus, there are the black and the white, and both species are extremely fierce, and, excepting the buffalo, are the most dangerous of all animals in Southern Africa. His appearance is not unlike an immense hog shorn of his bristles, except a tuft at the ears and tail. As if in mockery of its great size, its eyes are ludicrously small, so as to be almost imperceptible.

"Two officers belonging to the troops stationed at Dunapore, went down to the river to shoot and hunt, and they had heard at Derrzapore of a rhinoceros having attacked and murdered travelers in this region. One day, before sunrise, as they were about starting out to hunt, they heard a violent uproar, and on looking out, found that a rhinoceros was goring their horses, both of which, being fastened

by head and heel, were unable to resist or escape. Their servants took to their heels, and concealed themselves in a neighboring jungle. The gentlemen had just time to climb up into a small tree close by, before the furious beast, having devoured the horses, turned his attention to the masters. They were barely out of his reach; so, after keeping them for some time in terrible suspense, vainly endeavoring to dislodge them, seeing the sun rise, he retreated, not, however, without glancing back occasionally, as if regretting the loss of so fine a feast."

"Once," says Mr. Oswell, "as I was returning from an elephant chase, I observed a huge rhinoceros a short distance ahead. I was riding a most excellent hunter, the best and fleetest steed I possessed during my shooting excursions in Africa; but it was a rule with me never to pursue a rhinoceros on horseback, for this reason, that they were more easily surprised and killed on foot. On this occasion it seemed as if fate had interfered. Turn-

ing to my servant, I called out, 'That fellow has a magnificent horn; I *must* have a shot at him!'

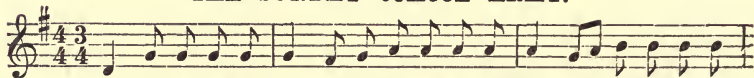
"Saying this, I clapped spurs to my horse, who soon brought me alongside the huge beast, and the next instant I had lodged a ball in his body—but as it turned out, without effect. On receiving my shot, the rhinoceros, to my surprise, instead of retreating, stopped short, turned round, and having eyed me for some seconds, walked toward me. I never dreamed of danger, but instinctively turned my horse's head. It was too late, for although the rhinoceros had been only *walking*, the distance was so inconsiderable that contact was unavoidable. In a moment I saw his head bend low; with a thrust upward he struck his horn into the ribs of the horse with such force as to penetrate to the saddle on the opposite side, where its sharp point pierced my leg. The violence of the blow was so tremendous as to cause the horse to perform a complete somerset in the air, coming down heavily on his back. As for myself, I was violently precipitated to the ground.

"The rhinoceros seemed satisfied with his revenge, and started off at a canter. My servant having now come up, I rushed up to him, almost pulled him from his horse, leapt into the saddle and without a hat, my face streaming with blood, pursued the retreating animal, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing him fall lifeless at my feet. My friend, by whom I was accompanied on this journey, soon after joined me, and seeing my head and face covered with blood, supposed me to be mortally wounded; but, with the exception of a severe blow on the head, caused by the iron stirrups, I received no injury, although my much prized horse was killed on the spot.

"On another occasion, while wending my steps toward my camp on foot, I espied at no great distance two rhinoceroses—called *keitloa*. They were feeding, and slowly approaching me. I immediately crouched, and quietly awaited their arrival; but though they soon came within range, I was unable to fire, as they were facing me, and a shot in the head is useless. In a short time they had approached so close that owing to the level open nature of the ground, I could neither retreat nor advance, and my situation was most critical. I was afraid to fire, for even had I succeeded in killing one, the other would in all likelihood have run over and trampled me to death. In this dilemma, the thought struck me that on account of their bad sight I might possibly save myself by running past them. No time was to be lost, and as the foremost animal almost touched me, I stood up and dashed past it. The brute, however, was too quick for me, and before I had gone many steps, I heard a violent snorting at my heels. I had only time to fire my gun at random toward him, when I felt myself impaled on his horn. The shock completely stunned me. The first return to consciousness was, I recollect, finding myself seated on one of my ponies, and a Caffre leading it. I had an indistinct idea of having been hunting, and on seeing the man, asked why he did not follow the animal. By accident I touched my right hip, and on looking at my hand, found it clotted with blood. While in my confused state, trying to understand what it meant, I saw my men coming toward me, who told me they were coming to fetch my body, as they had been told I was killed. The wound I received was dangerous, and though after a long time it healed, still the scars will remain as long as I live."



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

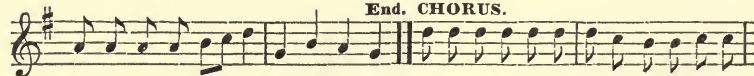


1. O do not be dis-couraged, For Je-sus is your friend; O do not be dis-
2. Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win; Fight on, ye lit-tle
3. And when the conflict's o-ver, Before him you shall stand; And when the conflict's

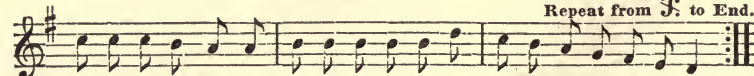


- couraged, For Je-sus is your friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you
soldiers, The bat-tle you shall win. For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour
o-ver, Before him you shall stand. You shall sing his praise for ev-er, You shall sing his

End. CHORUS.

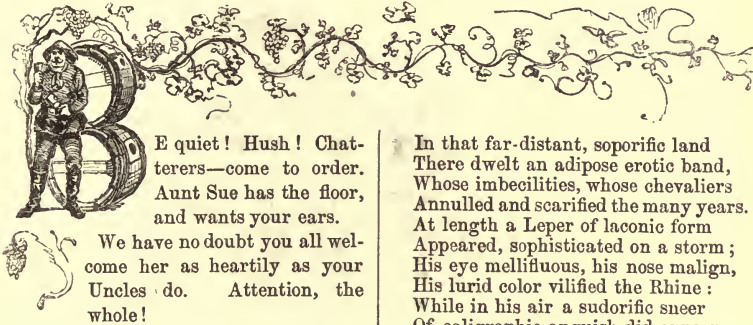


- grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm
is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin. I am glad, &c.
praise for ev-er, In Cansan's hap-py land. I am glad, &c.

Repeat from ♩ to End.

in this ar-my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar-my, And I'll bat-tle for the school.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



Be quiet! Hush! Chatterers—come to order. Aunt Sue has the floor, and wants your ears.

We have no doubt you all welcome her as heartily as your Uncles do. Attention, the whole!

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 8, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I think it is quite time I was giving an account of myself. It is not my wont (and certainly not my *will*) to play *dummy* so long. The fact is, I've been mostly sick a-bed—that's the long and short of it.

While so employed (?), the kind messages from my "Merry" friends were very refreshing. Elma's "kiss" was received, but not so much "to the letter" as *by* the letter. Mrs. Black-Eyes appears to speak feelingly. Concerning the delivery of Elma's message: should poor Uncle Hiram be intrusted with such a message to her, methinks *Mr.* Black-Eyes would be more likely to elevate ancient Hiram than the "Henry" spoken of!

Now, Uncle Hi, let me intrust you with some messages which are not so extra-hazardous as to affect your life-insurance policy.

Tell Augusta I *am* "partial"—to nice folks; and if she can't find a vacant chair near, she's welcome to sit in my lap.

I should like to know what $\frac{1}{20,006}$ means by my "poetical frenzies." One would think I had been perpetrating something like this:

"In that spasmodic region, where mankind
Are deeply synchronous and vaguely blind;
Where elemental anodynes prevail,
And Stygian carboys ventilate the sail;
Where man is analyzed, and nature's voice
Bids esoteric fallacies rejoice;—

In that far-distant, soporific land
There dwelt an adipose erotic band,
Whose imbecilities, whose chevaliers
Annulled and scarified the many years.
At length a Leper of laconic form
Appeared, sophisticated on a storm;
His eye mellifluous, his nose malign,
His lurid color vilified the Rhine:
While in his air a sudorific sneer
Of calligraphic anguish did appear.
On either side of his savanna ran
A tall, narcotic, convalescent man;
While all around a crowd of granite
spread,

White as a coal, and as a lily red.
From this a salamander floated in,
And stood where once a terebinth had
been;
Paused for a moment, shook his amber
mane,
And rushed upon the Leper;" * * *
(*Not to be continued.*)

Now, have I ever done anything as terrible as that? I pause for a reply. May I try my hand at the prize enigma? Or, are *old folks* excluded?

Please give my love (and *kisses*, if you think you are quite safe) to Nellie Hamilton, Elma, Eddie, Gracie Greene, Flora, Henry White, and Lillie. You may give Oliver Only a kiss for me, if you like. I wouldn't dare to do it myself. Adieu.

AUNT SUE.

Now, Auntie, I want to know if you think H. H. is ubiquitous, that you commission him to kiss all the girls and boys, East, West, North, and South. However, I will do it, and draw on *Uncle Sue* for travelling expenses.

Thanks, Auntie, for your luminous, lucid, and logical poem—a wonderful specimen of sweet simplicity and sublime clearness.

CITY OF ELMS, March, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I can imagine your brow contracting and your hatchet

uprising as your eye rests upon my half-forgotten signature. But, since I have taken it into my head to write you a letter, I advise you to submit to the infliction with the best grace possible.

Well, in the first place, to ask the question every one else is asking: "Where, oh! where are the" "bright particular stars" that twinkled so brightly, not long since, on the horizon of the Chat? Our literary sky has become obscured, mayhap. Might it not be worth while to signal to the "old woman" who, it is well known, was once upon a time "tossed up in a blanket seventy times as high as the moon," to look after a few of our "cobwebs?"

I am surprised that "Tennessean" does not yet seem to have got the fact through his decidedly thick "caput," that Sigma and Fleta are *one* and the *same* person. Verily, if the above-named gentleman be a fair specimen of Southern brains and Southern *gallantry*, deliver me, say I, from all such! As for the "mating," he speaks of, "*chacun a son goût*," of course. If said "Tennessean" prefers a wife who would obediently wipe the dust from his feet with her hair, when commanded — instead of giving him a good, vigorous "*shaking*," as he would deserve — so be it. I think, in that case, no "Yankee girl" would care to "waste breath" on *him*. Their indignation would be solely directed against the pusillanimous being who could thus tamely submit to be trampled upon. I can easily imagine the enormity of his condescension in making me an exception to the general rule — "*respects*, merely;" but he will pardon me if I remark, that I am unable fully to appreciate the honor he would do me, and beg that he will confine his patronage to such as can.

"¹/_{50,000}" — if you are, indeed, an old "Cabinet-maker," I can not resist the impulse to extend to you my "*dexter*" even though unasked. Is your former signature a never-to-be-disclosed secret? I should so like to know which of my old friends you are!

I am glad to hear that "Black-Eyes" is once more among us. Is that her over in yonder corner, shaking her head so gravely, and looking so sharply over her "*specs*" at "Elma?"

Uncle Hiram, don't be so sure of us Northerners giving spring such a hearty welcome. We have all had too glorious times this winter, *wheeling* "the light

fantastic toe" on our graceful skates, to part with merry old winter otherwise than grudgingly.

FLETA FORRESTER.

Fleta, dear, you have not only been long absent, but have sent a very long letter, which Uncle Hi excuses, this time, on the ground that it took you so long to write. He says: Please, come *along* oftener, but come *short* when you come.

NORWALK, CONN

DEAR UNCLE HATCHET: — Will you be so kind and obliging as to allow another correspondent to introduce himself to "Our Circle?"

The smiling visage of the MUSEUM is hailed with delight in this ancient town, and we are impatient to have the month pass, that we may have another copy to devour.

Father brings home the "Eclectic," "Harper's," "Atlantic," Reviews, etc., etc. We youngsters can't digest such literary matter as yet; and I'm glad brother "Will" is so thoughtful and kind as to send us the MUSEUM every month, as it affords us much pleasure and profit.

HARRY HARSIN WILLIAMS.

DEAR COUSINS: — I must confess I was a little surprised to hear one of you ask for Uncle Hiram's picture, in our last "Chat." Why, I can see him as easily as I can W. H. C.'s laughing eyes and curly hair. Shall I tell you how he looks? His hair is parted in the middle, and descending in wavy locks, mingles with his snow-white beard, which is worthy of one of the old Roman senators, who inspired even the Gauls with respect.

One would think, from the merry twinkle of his eye, and his roguish smile, that he had drank of the fountain of youth and beauty, which Peter Parley speaks of. He is engaged in pruning with his "hatchet" the literary tendrils which some young vines have twined around a pole of Uncle Hi's own erection.

I have not such a good idea of Uncle Merry or Aunt Sue. Willy C., will you tell me what they are like, next month?

Your loving cousin,
ORIANNA.

There is a note for "Orianna" at the MUSEUM office. If she will send her address, we will forward it at once.

Your sketches are true to the life.

ANN ARBOR, Jan. 19, 1859.

Here I am, dear Uncle. Now, please, open wide your eyes, and look sharply at me over your spectacles, and tell me did you ever see this wild little niece before? Don't scold because I present myself so unceremoniously before you. I found the door open, and having a great desire to look upon your kind, sunny face, I could not resist the temptation to run right in, and confront you in the very heart of your "sanctum," as the printers say, notwithstanding I am bare-headed, and my curls have not yet been put in order.

I have a dear, kind Aunt Fanny, my own aunt, who is not claimed by all the little children in the world. And what did she do but make me a beautiful present—New Year's present—nothing less than the MUSEUM for the coming year. Isn't she a sensible, generous aunt? Now, I know you will not think me an intruder, for I am fairly and regularly enrolled on your long list of subscribers, as my certificate will prove.

Your loving niece, ADA.

Ada, you have turned Uncle Hi's head, and he thinks he shall have to take you into the list, when he goes out to fill Aunt Sue's kissing commission.

January 18, 1859.

DEAR UNCLAS AND AUNTS:—I did mean to keep quiet a little longer; but that Prize Puzzle of Uncle Hi's has "rather" stirred me up a little; so I don't see but that I shall have to trouble you with a few more lines of nonsense.

Charles Frederic Warren, you'll be content to write your name in initials hereafter, won't you?

Oliver Onley, which looked the sharpest—Uncle Hiram or the hatchet? I suppose I shall find out how sharp one of them is, if not both of them, before this letter is printed.

I have spent so much of my time on Uncle Hiram's Enigmatic Charade and Puzzle, that I have not solved any of the other problems. ADRIAN.

FINWOOD, Jan. 25, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I have been a Merry boy for a year, and I would like to be introduced to the Merry circle. I am but a little fellow; but I think you will let me come in, especially as I have earned a dollar for my subscription to

the little *Schoolfellow*. I should like to bring my little two-year-old sister Mary with me. She is a little lady that thinks very highly of her own attractions. One day she was visiting grandmother, when Uncle Eddie proposed taking her to the chicken-house. "Oh! that will be nice," she exclaimed; "then the chickens can see me, can't they?" They might well be glad to see her; she is such a pretty little thing. How I should like to see all the Merry boys together! Wouldn't that be fun? WOLVERINE BOY.

Tell Mary, Uncle Hiram sends a kiss.

MR. MORRIS, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

Most worthy *Aunt Sue*,
My first bow to you,
For your finely-spun tales,
And humorous catering,
And pleasant chattering,
Sent forth through the mails

And you, *Uncle Frankey*,
Accept a kind thank ye.
Your CABINET's teaching
And good moral preaching
Proclaim you a genuine Yankee.

Next, our friend *Hiram Hatchet*—
What a name! Who can match it?
With that your pen can hack and hew,
And line your pages black and blue,
With rich instruction, old and new,
For boys and girls to catch at.

And last, though first of all the four,
A reverent bow to *Parley-ing Peter*,
That *Merry* old gentleman of three-score,
Sure none can write better or neater.
Whose juvenile volumes, some dozens or
more,
With knowledge in richest profusion pour,
In sparkling prose and meter.

Thus comes the CABINET, seeking its
patrons
'Mong boys and girls and maids and
matrons.

No juvenile monthly is better or cheaper,
So here goes the dollar from

FRANK H. SLEEPER.

CITY OF NOTIONS, Feb., 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—I am in a great state of perplexity regarding my name. It seems to me, when I think of it coolly and deliberately, that I am Oliver Onley. But I came home the other day, which was quite warm, even if it was the middle of January, "all of er" sweat. Now,

all I want to know is, which of them is my name—Oliver Sweat or Oliver Onley? If you can inform me, you will do me a great favor, and perhaps prevent a great dispute between a couple of lawyers, for I shall surely “hire ‘em” if you can’t decide and relieve my mind.

Yours, OLIVER—ONLEY (?)

Uncle Hiram can’t decide these nice points; but he says you may better be Oliver Sweat than Oliver only—especially if you be any way connected with H. W. Swett, 128 Washington Street, who is agent for the MUSEUM—and one of the *best* that even Boston can boast of.

So many wish to speak at the same time, we can not give them all a chance, except by speaking for them in very few words.

Jeannie, after making wonderful queries about Aunt Sue, inquires about Pike’s Peak. Uncle Hiram says he is peaked enough now, and I never handled a pike in my life; and therefore we shall not, either of us, go that way. Uncle Frank is at St. Augustine, breathing new life in the balmy air of Florida, and we shan’t let him go West.

Blue-Eyed Flora says she has written several times before, but has not had a chance to get in her word. In this she is not solitary. She has a very large company, who make the same complaint. Perhaps this will comfort her; though we might tell her, we do not remember having seen her name before, and possibly her letters were not received.

Dean sends compliments to W. H. C., and would like to see the “boat and figure-head.” He wants Uncle Merry to visit Stromboli and Rome, etc., and write all about them. Nothing would suit the old gentleman better.

Minerva sends us farewell, with a kiss for all the cousins. Sorry to part, and hope she will come back soon.

B. W. B.’s puzzles have appeared in the MUSEUM before. So has that of *Francis Blank*.

E. D. Price.—Uncle Hiram is not a bachelor.

S. & E. W. have our thanks for their kind remembrance, and their efforts to extend our circle. Uncle Hiram sends greeting to *J. F. W.*, hoping “his shadow may never be less.”

Cousin Sarah will please walk in and be introduced to Uncle Hiram, Aunt Sue, and all the rest; and then just make herself at home. Her enigma will appear when we can make room for it.

I. N. B. is so excruciatingly puzzling, that we have laid him by for a leisure hour, when we will see what we can do with him. He is welcome, now and always.

Cousin Gussey.—Much obliged for your sketch of Ypsilanti. Expect a call one of these days.

Thanks, *Martha*, for that kiss; and here goes one in return. Your trees shall be planted in due season.

Funny Body is so funny we can’t let him come in, lest some of the cousins should split their sides with laughing.

Podunk is right—a “junction” let it be.

Lydia A. O. will be so kind as to present our respects to Uncle William, and our love to little Alice, who must come with you as often as you come to the Chat.

Cornelius M. G. can not know how “pretty” he can make that answer till he *tries*.

Germ is quietly introduced in the soil of the MUSEUM, where we hope she will germinate.

John W. Young, or young John W., your kind wishes are cordially reciprocated.

Rhine should have invited us to share in those Christmas holiday sports. We have long had a fancy for going up the “Rhine.”

Eunice Phæbus.—Sorry we have not room for your jingle. However, come in and wait. The cousins all bid you welcome.

Jennie, with her smiling face and kind wishes, is heartily welcome.

Infrequency is requested to drop the *in*, and come in frequently.

James H. M., we thank you for your charade, which shall be inserted as soon as we find the answer.

George C. C.—The "little son" must send us some of those "little things" that amuse him so much. Perhaps they will amuse us and our circle.

"Imogen L.," "Jesse M. C.," "Edward W. C.," "George W. G.," "Ike R.," "Charley P.," "Jennie Ward," "Harry Budd," "Lilly," and many others, are just as welcome as if we took half an hour to say so, with half a page for each of them to reply.

"*Black-Eyes*," you are late, and will have to wait for a more convenient season.

Next to a sensible, good-humored, Merry child, we love a good book for children, and would like nothing better than to be able to send one, with every letter, to all our large family. Among those that have recently come under notice, we would like to know if the young folks have read "*Honey Blossoms for Little Bees*;" "*Henry Willard, or the Value of Right Principles*;" or "*Sunday Sketches for Children*?" They are all good in their way—the first for the younger class of readers, a simple story, in large print; the second for older ones, a long story, in twenty-one chapters; and the third for Sunday-school children. They are all from Mr. Dodd's, who has a happy faculty of turning out good books for earnest readers.

One of the most hopeful and encouraging features in the progress of our country is the desire and effort to extend the benefits of universal education. We have before us, and hail with unfeigned pleasure, "*The Illinois Teacher*," "*The Massachusetts Teacher*," "*The New York Teacher*," "*The Ohio Journal of Education*," "*The Michigan Journal of Education*," and "*the Teachers' Journal of Pennsylvania*—all devoted to the same great and good cause, and all showing

how deep-seated and practical is the interest felt throughout our land, in behalf of the Common School—the great bulwark of liberty and civilization. Heaven speed them all, and increase them a thousand-fold! And let all the Merry children say *Amen*.

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

15. One loved his specie; the other his species.

16. 8—(ate.)

17. Am-ram—father of Moses.

18. Reviver. Deified.

19. Sol-ace.

20.
$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{S—ocrate—s} \\ \text{N—ymp—h} \\ \text{A—lmirant—e} \\ \text{I—do—l} \\ \text{L—aure—l} \end{array} \right\}$$

21. Stephen Arnold Douglass.

22. Byron, Moore, and Shakspeare.

23. The letter *g* before *one* makes *gone*.

24. One says—15, because the lion will not let the wolf and the bear have any.

Another says—60, because it would take the lion 45 to kill and eat the other two, and then 15 to eat the carcass.

Another says—the lion will eat $\frac{1}{15}$ in 1 minute, the wolf $\frac{1}{30}$,

and the bear $\frac{1}{45}$; thus $\frac{1}{15} + \frac{1}{30} +$

$\frac{1}{45} = \frac{11}{90}$ amount eaten by all in 1 minute. Hence, if they all eat $\frac{11}{90}$ in 1 minute, it will require

as many minutes to eat the whole carcass as is contained times in 90, which is 8 minutes $\frac{10}{11}$ seconds.

Another says—8 minutes and $\frac{2}{90}$ seconds.

Another says—8 minutes and $\frac{1}{45}$
= 8 minutes $1\frac{1}{3}$ seconds.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

38. What is the difference between a suit at law and a suit of clothes?

H. J.

39. When was Mardonius engaged in foul play?

C. W.

40. What is the best country to travel in?

Hal.

41. Spell hat, so as to make it talk.

Susie.

42. Add 2 to 2, and make it 6.

N. S. T.

43. I am composed of 16 letters.

My 12, 15, 14, 14, 13, 12 is very elastic.

My 3, 4, 16, 6, 12, 10 is bright or shining.

My 9, 8, 7 is something adhesive.

My 1, 2, 3 is what all are liable to be.

My 6, 1, 2, 3 is an agricultural process.

My 9, 10, 16, 6 is employed to prove the merits of any new thing.

My 9, 10, 11 is a boy's nickname.

My 9, 11, 8 is a girl's name.

My 5, 3, 13, 11 is what boys are fond of.

My 14, 10, 11 is a comfortable place when fatigued.

My 3, 10, 11 is guided.

My 12, 8, 6 is a mischievous animal.

My 6, 1, 12, 13, 11 is to be weary.

My 12, 10, 11 is a bright color.

My whole is something requiring study.

Sub.

44. What flowers do we always carry about us?

Minnie.

45. My first is often seen in Broadway.

My second is seen in the forests of Africa.

My whole is a humble flower.

Hattie.

46. O can B 501 not within F 40.

Oliver Onley.

47. Why is an infant like wheat?

Hal.

48.

A REBUS.

I am a weapon strong and keen,
And used when kings dispute;
Behaved, and my body's seen
To change into a fruit.

Curtail me now, and I become

A plant none will deride;

One letter drop, replace my head,
And navies o'er me ride.

Buckeye Boy.

49. Suppose a railroad car be going at the rate of a mile a second, and on it there be a cannon with a charge sufficient to send a ball a mile a second. Now, if the cannon be fired in the direction opposite to that in which the train is moving, and the train stopped a mile from the spot where the cannon was fired, will the ball be *one* or *two* miles from the train?

A Celestial.

Now, boys, wake up, and answer this question.

50. A denial, a *t*, and the name of an ore,

And what to his team the plowman will roar,

A relishing piece from the swine we obtain,

Discover a town, which I beg you'll explain.

???

51. My first is a place where ships may safely stay,

After being tossed about, day after day;

My second always will maintain command,

Wherever found, upon the sea or land;

My third—although we spell it not the same—

Is a good member of the human frame;

My whole to travelers useful will be found,

As they from place to place are moving round.

Adrian.

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 1 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

WHICH &



HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



THE RIDE.



THE RIDE.

THE RIDE.

"Oh, mother! mother! there comes James with his cart. Now may we not have a ride? He said we might ride again, some day."

"I don't know, my dear. Perhaps James is in a hurry to-day, and not able to wait for any such sport as this. You must not trouble him, because he is so kind as to wish to amuse you."

"No, mother, we will not trouble him, but perhaps he is not in a hurry now. Please let me ask him."

The mother's silence gave consent, and Charlie started in great glee to meet his friend James, who was well pleased to meet his little friend again, and quite ready to give him a ride.

He very carefully lifted Charlie up into the great square saddle, and then placed his little sister, May, carefully behind him. Charlie held on firmly to the stout, heavy piece of wood which formed the front of the saddle, and May held on to Charlie. Little Pomp barked furiously, leaping up as if he too wished to have a ride. And so the little folks went on singing and laughing, their mother walking by their side, and James leading the horse, so as to be sure that everything should go smoothly and well. Even the old horse seemed pleased with the frolic, and was careful to move gently, so as not even to alarm the children.

When they reached the lane that led down to the mill by the river side, James stopped his horse, for he said he was going to the mill.

"Oh, mother! do let us go too," cried both of the children together.

"Not now, my dears," she replied, "for then we should be too late to see grandpa. He is going away this afternoon, and we must hurry on if we wish to see him before he goes."

"Yes, dear mother, that's right. But, James dear, you are very kind. We have had a beautiful ride, and we thank you."

James took them carefully down while they were talking, telling them it gave him as much pleasure as it did them—he loved to see children happy.

Charlie stepped up to the horse, and patted him on his leg, for he could reach no higher, and said, "Thank you, good horsie; when you come to our house, I will give you some nice, fresh grass to eat."

"Yes," said May, who had not courage to touch him, "and you may drink from my little tub."

And so, saying "Good-bye, James, good-bye, horsie," at least a dozen times before they lost sight of the cart in the winding of the lane, the happy children tripped along to the old homestead, where not only grandpa, but uncles, aunts, and cousins were gathered at a family meeting.

It was a beautiful place. It was not an elegant, costly mansion, nor a romantic country seat; but a plain, substantial farm-house, in the antique style, and wearing, on every side, and in all its features, the comfortable aspect of home. The front was shaded, and at times almost buried, by a sturdy, spreading oak that had sheltered the house and its inmates for many generations. Sweet vines crept up the sides, and climbed over the roof, and flowering shrubs nestled in all the corners, as if they loved the society of those who admired them. The road, for some distance on either side, was lined with tall trees, whose branches intertwined, forming an arched aisle, into which the summer sun could seldom find its way.

As soon as they came in sight of the house, Charlie exclaimed, with great delight—"There, there! I see grandpa sitting under the great tree, and grandma is reading to him."

"Yes," said May, "and there is uncle George, and another man standing close by. Who is that man, I wonder? I wish he was not there, then I would run and kiss uncle George."

"You may run and kiss him now, dear," said her mother, and the other

run to meet them. Without stopping to salute his sister, he seized Charlie, lifted him high in the air, and seated him on his shoulder. His brother, who was close at his heels, without waiting for an introduction, took up May, held her a moment at arm's length to get a good look at her, then kissed her a dozen times, as if they had been old friends; then, placing her on his shoulder, galloped off at full speed, and dropped her in grandma's lap. Then, giving chase to his brother, he



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

man, too, for that is your uncle Edward."

"Why, mother," said May, timidly, "I never saw him before, and I shall be afraid of him, at first."

"It won't last long, you will find, May, for uncle Edward is a dear lover of little girls, and will be right glad to see you. He has just come home from a long voyage, and is going to the city with your grandpa, this evening."

They had, by this time, approached so near the house as to attract the attention of the group under the tree.

"Hollo!" said uncle George, "there they come!" and off he started on the

seized Charlie, and treated him in the same way. May was a little alarmed at first, because he was a stranger. But, as her mother had said, this feeling did not last long. In a few minutes both the children had come to the conclusion that uncle Edward was just like uncle George, only a little more so. They were very sorry to know that he was going away so soon again, and they told him so. He told them he should only be absent a few days, and then he should bring grandpa back with him, and stay a long, long time. He then showed them a great many curious and beautiful things, which he

had brought home, told them amusing stories of the countries, and people, and animals he had seen, till they began to think there never was another such a man as uncle Edward. What he showed them and what he told them, I may give you some account of at another time.

UNCLE SIMEON.

DEAR Uncle Simeon, methinks I see him before me now, with his mild gray eye and snowy locks. The children of Ashdale regarded him both as their playmate and adviser. Often have I known him to close his little shop, and with some half-a-dozen children sally forth to wander through the woods and meadows; occasionally halting in the shade of some gigantic chestnut, while he would tell them some incident of his former career. When his narration was finished he would give the word, and away they would go, stopping here to examine a bird's-nest—there gazing at some rare shrub, chatting merrily as they went.

Uncle Simeon was of Scotch descent, his parents having emigrated from Scotland several years previous to his birth. When little Simeon was about twelve years old, he was bound as apprentice to a shoemaker. Shortly after he was of age the war of 1812 broke out, and he enlisted as a sailor in the navy. When peace was declared he was suddenly thrown out of employment, but fortunately secured the post of mate in a large whale ship. After making several voyages, he came and settled in Ashdale, rented a house, and went industriously to work at his trade. In a few years he had saved enough to pay for his house.

It was a small dwelling, containing but three rooms; a front room, in one corner of which he had his work-bench; a small bed-room overhead, and a back room, used as a kitchen. A small shed was attached to his house, in which he kept a cow and some half-dozen fowls.

Uncle Simeon had no children. His wife had died a few years after his marriage, leaving him childless. He cooked his own victuals and made his own bed. His dwelling was always kept scrupulously neat—his appearance in accordance. To the children he seemed to possess an inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes, some of which he invented for the occasion, while others were actually true. His little dwelling was situated near the village school-house, and scarce a recess passed without seeing several scholars congregated around him. One would think he would at last tire of having them continually around him, but he did not. In fact, I believe he enjoyed it as much as the children themselves. Such was Uncle Simeon—a kind, good-natured, loving old man. And if Uncle Hiram allows this sketch to appear in the "MUSEUM," you will yet hear more from him.

CAROLUS PIPER, C. R.

"Come, Tommy, get up," said an indulgent father to a hopeful son, the other morning—"Remember that the early bird catches the first worm!"

"What do I care for the worms?" replied the hopeful, "mother won't let me go a-fishing."

"Yes, Tommy, you may go, if you like," said his mother, "but remember what I have so often told you, that you must keep away from the water."



THE MONTH OF MAY.

THE month of May—I'd like to know
Why all the poets praise it so,
And make it sing and bloom and
glow

So much above the rest.
As if, within its magic ring,
As 'twere a living, breathing thing,
The very heart and soul of Spring
Had made its home and nest;

As if bright Summer's life and bloom,
Its sweetest music and perfume,
Its hopes and glories, yet to come,
Were here in embryo all;

As if the blossoms and the flowers,
The fruits of gardens, fields, and
bowers—

The wealth of all the harvest hours—
Were subject to her call.

What? none to answer? then I'll try
To sift out for myself the why;
Although it seemeth to defy
My utmost wit to say;

And I confess, like other folk,
I have been wont, and not in joke,
To deal in all this sort of smoke
About this month of May.

A knotty point. And I desire
The Merry family entire,
Harmonious as a village choir,
To act as a committee,
And sift this question through and
through,
And let the world in general know
Why fitful May is petted so,
By all the wise and witty.

It's my opinion that Miss June
Is fairer, morn and eve and noon,
And sings a sweeter, livelier tune,
And has a balmier breath;
And I propose that, from this
time,

The honest votaries of rhyme
Give June the jingle and the chime,
The crown and floral wreath.

But hold! I do but state the case,
When, with a sad and rueful face,
One of the ancient rhyming race
Protests it can't be done. [away,
And why? think you—oh! guess
For this is all he has to say—
There are full twenty rhymes for May
Where June can boast of one.

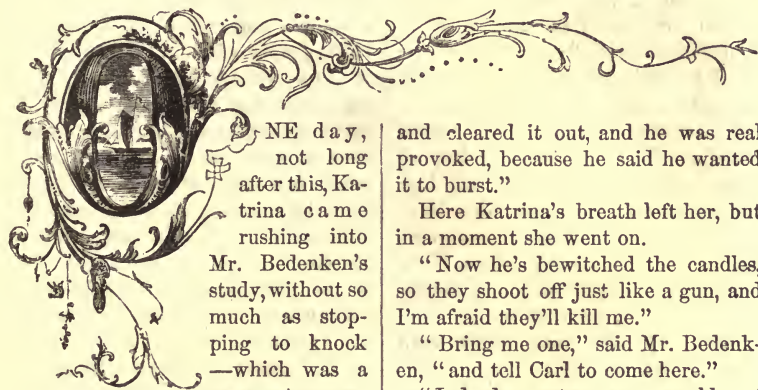
So, then, you have it, plump and round,
Nothing for sense, but all for sound—
I knew no reason could be found
For such a stupid choice; [soon,
Therefore, while moon, balloon, rac-
Baboon, dragoon, buffoon, doubloon,
Lampoon, harpoon, monsoon, bassoon,
Shalloon, platoon, rattoon, festoon,
Rigadon, pantaloons, honeymoon, mac-
caroon, [and spoon,
Boon, noon, prune, tune, coon, loon,
Tribune and swoon, all speak for June,
Sweet June shall have my voice.

H. H.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



NE day, not long after this, Katrina came rushing into Mr. Bedenken's study, without so much as stopping to knock—which was a very strange thing for her to do. She was always very careful not to intrude upon her master, and, indeed, he never liked to be interrupted by any one, when he was employed in his library. This evening—it was just about time to bring in the candles, and he probably thought that Katrina opened the door for that purpose—so he did not look up at first; but as no light followed her entrance, and she stood before him panting with fear, he started, and exclaimed, "Katrina, what is the matter?"

"Oh, master!" said the poor girl, "I wish Mr. Rudolf had never come here; poor Master Carl's crazy, I think, with the strange things he's been telling him!"

"What has he been doing?" asked the old man, while a slight smile played on his lips.

"Doing! Why, master, he's been doing all sorts of things. Only the other day he fastened the lid on my tea-kettle, and stopped the nose up. I watched him, though, and took it off

and cleared it out, and he was real provoked, because he said he wanted it to burst."

Here Katrina's breath left her, but in a moment she went on.

"Now he's bewitched the candles, so they shoot off just like a gun, and I'm afraid they'll kill me."

"Bring me one," said Mr. Bedenken, "and tell Carl to come here."

"Indeed, master, you would not light it yourself; it might kill you," cried Katrina. And all the way through the hall she could be heard muttering, "That's just it; Mr. Rudolf will have old master and me killed, and then he'll do just as he pleases with Master Carl."

In a moment she returned, bearing with her a candle and some matches, and Carl followed her in, laughing.

"What mischief now, Carl?" asked his grandfather.

"No mischief at all," said Carl. "I was only trying to teach Katrina some simple things I've been learning."

"Perhaps she does not wish to learn, Carl."

"No, indeed, master; perhaps I don't know much, but I've got along very well with what I *do* know. I can keep house for you, and that's enough for me."

"Well, Carl, light this candle for me."

Carl came forward, and Katrina sprang to the door-way, exclaiming, "Oh, master! it may kill you."

Carl lighted the candle, and in a moment there was a loud explosion, like a pistol report.

"There, grandpa, you see there's no harm in it, don't you?" Carl cried. "I only put one of those little candle bombs in the wick."

"What did you expect to prove by it, Carl?" asked the old man.

"The expansive force of steam, grandpa. You see there's a drop of water in that little bulb—it isn't bigger than a pea; and then this little neck is sealed up, so there's no escape, and I slip it into the wick—then, when the water becomes steam, it bursts the glass with a great noise."

"And why did you meddle with Katrina's tea-kettle?"

"Because I thought I would teach her a little about the chemistry of common things, grandpa," said Carl.

"Well, you young rogue," said Mr. Bedenken, "you may learn what you please, and experiment as you please, but take care how you invade Katrina's domains. She takes care of me. What should I do, if her tea-kettles were burst, for my tea and coffee; or if she went off in one of your explosions, would you keep my house and cook my dinners for me?"

"No, indeed, grandpa. And I think if *that* is to be the end of my attempts to teach Katrina, I shall stop."

"You will certainly find that you had better, if you try it again, sir," said his grandfather, shaking his cane at him, as he ran laughing from the room; while Katrina, entirely reassured, went her way to the kitchen.

NEVER violate a promise—always speak the truth—be industrious, be honest, and you'll do well.

OUR CANARY.

NEARLY everybody has one or more of these household pets, who enliven and make cheerful our homes alike when "the snow lies deep upon the ground," and when all Nature is clothed with verdure. How cheerful it seems, when without there is a driving snow storm; to have our birdie break the dreary silence that has stolen over us, as we sit watching the snow, which is whisked about by the Storm-king, by warbling one of his sweetest little songs! It brings back visions of the cheerful summer, when all flowers are in bloom, and multitudes of choral songsters enliven the scene, by adding their sweetest music.

Our canary, I suppose, to tell the truth, is nothing more than a great many others, but to me he seems to be worth a dozen common ones. His blithe little figure, his sparkling black eyes, his roguish look, and, above all, the sweet song he pours forth, richer by far than all the blended music man can produce, have so won me that I should indeed be lonely without him.

He utters his cheerful notes while day reigns; but when night "gathers her sable garments about her, and wraps the world in silence," he, with his little head beneath his wing, slumbers sweetly, having no dark dreams to mar his peaceful sleep.

A friend of mine has a canary to whom day and night are as one. He has no eyes! I know not whether they were burnt out, as is the custom in some parts of Europe, to make him sing better, or not. His little song is warbled day and night alike, when there is the least noise in the room. When all is silent, he, too, falls asleep; be it in the broad noonday, or at midnight, 'tis all the same to him.

OLIVER ONLEY, I

COUNTRY LIFE.



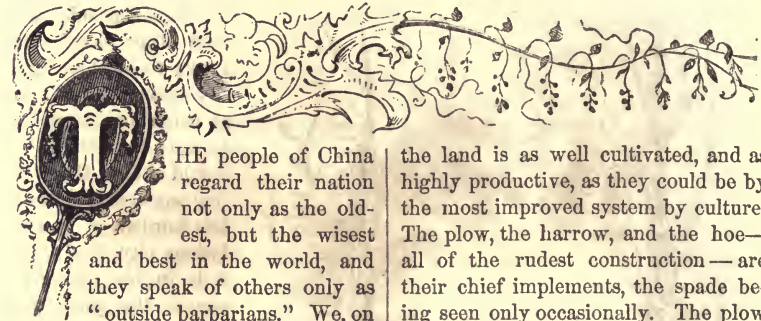
OUR VILLAGE.

IF there is anything that makes me homesick here, in the city, it is just such pictures of country life as this—so calm, so quiet, so full of sunshine and flowers, and of the very poetry and music of home. When I go into the country, I always love and enjoy it; but so many cares and duties at home are ever drawing me back, that I do not get a full relish of its sweetness. But, sitting down, in all the bustle and noise and vexation of Babel, and looking out, through such a picture, at the distant native village, I take in, at a glance, all its rare loveliness, and feel the full sweetness of its calm, quiet, unambitious repose. There seems to be an atmosphere of truth

and purity about it, as if it were nearer heaven than other places, and I long to be there, and to remain there as long as earth has anything for me to do. Oh! who would choose the fretting anxieties and needless burdens of an ambitious city life, when it is in his power to secure the pure and wholesome quiet of the country. There is health in its air. There is wealth in its soil. There is a sure, if not a very large reward in its industry and economy. There is far greater purity and strength in its friendships and its loves, more safety in its associations and influences, and more of the heart and soul of home in its homes, than can be known in the ever-changing and artificial whirls of city life.

THE EAGLE.—The device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted the eagle 102 years before Christ. Since the time of the Romans, almost every empire has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland, and France all took the eagle. As it is among birds the king, the eagle has been universally preferred as the emblem of sovereignty.

CHINESE INDUSTRY AND ART.



THE people of China regard their nation not only as the oldest, but the wisest and best in the world, and they speak of others only as "outside barbarians." We, on the other hand, in our self-conceit, look down upon them as quite inferior, and far behind us in almost everything that constitutes greatness and prosperity. We don't consider their round, dull, brown faces, small eyes, and straight hair as beautiful, and we amuse ourselves not a little over many of their customs and their attempts at art.

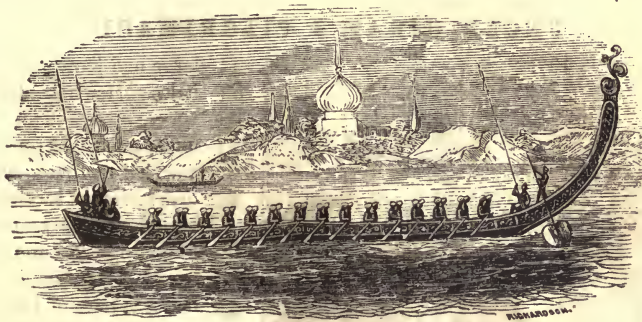
Yet they are deservedly celebrated for their industry and ingenuity. They accomplish many things in the way of art and skill, which we do not even attempt to imitate. They do not like to be instructed by "outside barbarians." They possess but little scientific knowledge, and are more skillful in ornamental than in useful works. In everything that contributes to the comforts and conveniences of life, they are inferior and not willing to be taught. They use very little machinery. Their agricultural implements are few and simple, without any of the improvements which are found so useful among other nations; yet so numerous and industrious are the people, that

the land is as well cultivated, and as highly productive, as they could be by the most improved system by culture. The plow, the harrow, and the hoe—all of the rudest construction—are their chief implements, the spade being seen only occasionally. The plow is drawn by buffaloes, but sometimes the labor is performed by men, and even by women.

The great object of cultivation is rice, which is the principal food of all classes, from the prince to the peasant. Most of the plains seem an endless succession of rice-fields, which are a rich bright green while the blade is growing, but turn yellow as the grain ripens. They sow the seed in small patches, flooding the ground with a liquid manure, which causes it to spring



CHINESE HUSBANDMAN.



WAR CANOE.

up at once, so that, in a few days, the shoots are five or six inches high. They then transplant it to the fields, the men who do it standing ankle-deep in water, as growing rice must be kept constantly wet. When the grain is ripe, the fields are drained, and the reaping is done on dry ground.

The climate is such that they generally get two rice crops, and often, between the two, a crop of cotton from the same ground.

On the west of China is the Empire of Burmah, which, for ages, was cursed by a cruel and despotic government, so that large numbers of the

people fled and took refuge in the British Territories. The government of Burmah claimed them back as fugitives. Great Britain refused to give them up. This led to a war, which ended in the conquest of the extensive province of Assam. The country is bounded on three sides by chains of lofty mountains, and bears a great resemblance to China, in its general features. Here is a representation of one of the war boats of the country, which, you can well imagine, would not make much in a contest with a British frigate or an American revenue cutter.

HAPPINESS.

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us, every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; and the merchant while he is making his fortune. If

he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

HOPE.

A BRIGHT and beautiful bird is hope; it comes to us 'mid the darkness and the storm, and she sings the sweetest song when our spirits are the saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibers of our hearts, that grief has been tearing away.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



THE BEGGAR CHILD.

AS I turned away from the laughing group, I saw, on the other side of the street, a small, interesting-looking child, with a basket on her arm, standing before an open door, in the act of taking a very unmusical scolding from a rough-looking woman inside. I wondered, at first, that this child was not in the group around the organ, but as I crossed over, and got a view of her face, I forgot the music and the group around it, in my interest for this one little girl. She was not more than nine years old. Her face was beautiful, but so marked with sorrow and suffering, that the beauty was the last thing I noticed. Her dress was ragged, and not very clean. Her shoes were

large and loose, and full of holes. Her hair, dark and wavy, straggled out from under a hat that must have been her mother's, and seen many years of service. Her basket was still empty, and likely to be, for all that she would get at this door. I heard a part of the storm as it fell upon her, and was grieved that anything wearing the form of a woman could wear such a look; and use such words, to a child who had simply asked for a portion of the crumbs that might have fallen from her table. It may not be right to encourage beggary; but what shall a starving child do, in such a great city as New York, with two other smaller sisters and brothers at home, as hungry as she, and all dependent upon what she

can get by begging? I took interest enough in her to inquire into her history. She told a very plain and simple story, and I felt from her manner that it was true, and resolved to go with her to her home, and see what I could do for her. On my way I stopped at a bakery, and put something in her basket to satisfy the immediate wants of the hungry. The little girl shed tears of joy, as she received it, but she could not speak, even to articulate the thanks that spoke, louder than words, in every feature of her face.

It was scarcely a stone's throw out of Broadway, on the other side, where the little medicant found a home, such as it was. It was a basement, or rather

a cellar, with a few panes of glass in the door, which furnished their whole supply of light. The room was about twenty feet square, low, dark, damp, and exceedingly uncomfortable in all its aspects, though much neater than many such places which I have seen. As soon as the door opened, the hungry little ones within rushed toward it, exclaiming, "Bread! bread!" but seeing me with their sister, drew back toward the bed, and were silent. On that bed lay the sick mother, wasted almost to a skeleton, weak, hungry, but worse than all, in agony of spirit for the helpless ones, whom she was soon to leave alone in this dark world. Mary, the eldest, my little friend, was her only dependence, her housekeeper, her nurse, her provider, her all. She had been confined to her bed some weeks, and Mary had taken care of her and the children. While the mother was telling her story, Mary took the hungry little ones into a corner, and gave them each a piece of bread, which, being fresh and sweet, they devoured most eagerly. She also brought a piece to her mother and begged her to eat it at once, "for," she said, "you have had none since yesterday morning." The mother hesitated; I told her not to regard me at all, and she attempted to eat. The effort was a severe one, she was so weak. I asked Mary for water, and assisted the poor woman to rise, so that she could drink. With the little strength thus obtained, she finished her story. It was a long one. I may tell it to you at some other time. I will only now say that I saw this family several times afterward, and that the last time I saw them, they were all well and comfortable in the very cottage, on the banks of the Connecticut, where the mother was born.

THE BLACK-HANDLED KNIFE.

CHARLIE sat beside a table
 With a modest dinner stored,
 For his mother was not able
 Richer viands to afford.
 If the God who kindly feeds us,
 Grants enough for life and health,
 In a safer way He leads us,
 Than the way of pampered wealth.
 Charlie's mother placed before him,
 Better than he well could claim,
 Food that would to strength restore him
 Should he know a weary frame.
 With a care that ever furnished
 All that could his comfort aid,
 Knife and dipper, clean and burnished,
 Near his portion she had laid.
 Yet his plate, his visage told her,
 Still a something seemed to lack;
 Soon, indeed, he dared to scold her,
 "Mother, look, my knife is black!"
 "Black its handle—see it, mother!
 Why, I wonder, give me such!
 If you bring me not another,
 Not one morsel will I touch."
 "Charlie, then, believes that neatness
 Has with black not much to do!
 Or that meat receives its sweetness
 From the blade that passes through!"
 As her fancies thus she uttered,
 Charlie high with anger burned;
 And, as something vile he muttered,
 Rudely from the table turned.
 Ere the sun his face had hidden,
 Hunger fiercely gnawed his breast;
 Deeply sighed he, and unbidden [ed.
 Tears from out their fountain press-
 MORAL.
 People for no cause offended,
 With the hottest passions boil;
 Deeds in way of spite intended,
 On their authors' heads recoil.
 THE OLD MAJOR.



SERPENT CHARMERS.

EVER since the old serpent crept into Eden, and did so much mischief there, snakes have been feared and hated by the whole human family, and they, in their turn, seem to have feared and hated man. Many, even of the poisonous and disagreeable reptiles are supposed to be of some use in the world, and are suffered to live unmolested about us. But no one ever shows this respect and tolerance for the serpent. He is never seen, in civilized or savage countries, but to be destroyed, if possible.

Serpents can not live in a cold climate. Even in our temperate regions they are never seen in winter, and only come out when the ground is warm, and the vegetation such as to allow them to glide along for the most part unseen. During the winter, they are torpid, like flies, and seemingly dead. But a little warmth will make them as active and dangerous as ever.

In India, as in most very warm regions, they are numerous, and often very destructive. They sometimes steal into houses, and creep into beds, leaving none alive behind them, when they go out. They conceal themselves

by day, in the ground, and in the walls, so that it is very difficult to find them. The natives, however, have some means of drawing them out of their holes, so they can destroy them. One of these means is a species of jugglery practiced by a class of men who are called "serpent charmers." What power these men possess we do not know; but it is probably something like the power which some of our mesmerizers or magnetizers profess to have over us, or over some of the weakest of us.

The serpent, you know, is said to have the power of charming birds, so as to draw them, without any power of resistance, into their mouths. They are said, also, to have "charmed children, so as to have complete power over them. It may be so, for any actual knowledge I possess—but I do not believe it.

These "serpent charmers," of whom I am about to tell you, are probably a class of men who have learned the art of charming from the serpents—have watched carefully their movements while bewitching and ensnaring a bird, or an animal, and then have practiced

a similar art upon the serpent himself. However this may be, they have considerable reputation among the people,

men were armed with their sticks, which they always carry in their hands, but had failed to kill the reptile, whom we could now see, coiled up securely in his hole, his bright eyes gleaming upon us through the opening.

"I had often desired to ascertain the truth of the stories I had heard, respecting the effect of music upon snakes. I therefore inquired for a snake-catcher. I was told there was no such person in the village, but upon further inquiry, I found one, in another village, about two or three miles distant. He was one of that numerous class who dwell in tents. His shanty was a thatched



THE SNAKE-CATCHER'S TENT.

roof on poles, and his bed a hammock. He had a few neighbors, but no family.

He had a few neighbors, but no family.

An English resident, at Madras, gives the following account of a serpent-tamer, whom he employed and watched carefully during all the process of taming.

"I sent for him, keeping a strict watch over the snake, who never at-

"One morning, as I sat at breakfast, I heard a loud noise and shouting among my palanquin-bearers. On inquiring I learned that they had seen a large hooded snake (cobra capella), and were trying to kill it. I immediately went out and saw the snake climbing up a high green mound, whence it escaped into a hole in the wall of an old fortification. The



tempted to escape while his enemies were in sight. In about an hour the snake-catcher came. He had no cloth-

ing of any kind, except a small strip of cloth about his loins. He had in his hands two baskets, one containing tame snakes; the other empty. These and his musical pipes were the only things he had with him. I made him leave his two baskets on the ground, at some distance, while he ascended the mound with his pipes alone. He began to play. At the sound of music, the snake came slowly out of his hole. When he was entirely within reach, the man seized him dextrously by the tail and held him thus at arm's length. The enraged snake darted his head in all directions, but in vain. Thus suspended, he had not the power to round himself, so as to seize hold of his tormentor. He exhausted himself in vain exertions, when the man descended the bank, dropped him into the empty basket, and closed the lid. He then began to play on the pipes. After a short time, he raised the lid of the basket. The snake darted wildly about, and attempted to escape, but the lid was shut quickly down upon it, the music all the while playing. This was repeated several times. Then, after a short interval, the lid being raised, the snake sat on his tail, opened his hood, and danced as quietly as the tame snakes in the other basket; nor did he again make any effort to escape. This, having witnessed with my own eyes, I can vouch for as a fact."

"WHAT are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It's enough for me to know,
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart that care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

WANTS HIS LAND-WARRANT.

IN the Creek war, a portion of those Indians were friendly to the whites, and have received bounty land warrants for their services; but occasionally one on the wrong side of the question puts in his claim, most ignorantly, but with great faith in getting it.

A short time since a renowned Hajo of the Creek nation requested the services of one of our attorneys while traveling in the Indian country, in procuring his land warrant from the Department. The lawyer was delighted at the prospect of a good fee; the Indian promising him half the worth of the warrant, in the event of it being obtained. The lawyer wished to know of his employer the services he had rendered.

"Don't know talk like this," said the astonished Indian.

"Well, who did you fight under?" continued the lawyer.

"Me fight under log," said Hajo.

"No, no; but who was your captain?" the lawyer inquired.

"Me big man, me captain too," answered the Indian.

"I want to know where you fought," said the lawyer, "at what battle?"

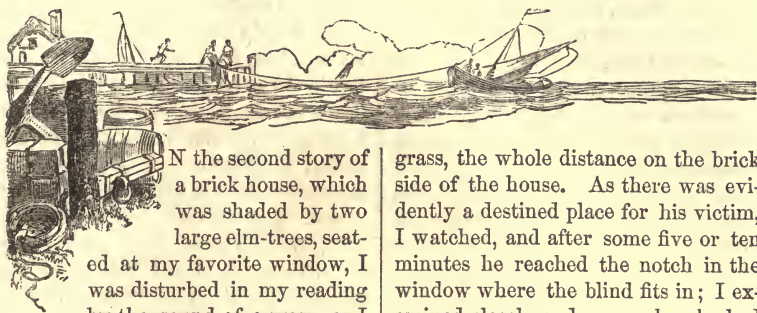
"Me fight big heap, me shoot behind tree, me shoot under bank river, shoot big gun heap," said the Indian.

"Well, what did you shoot at," asked the lawyer, thinking that he would defer further questions till an interpreter could be procured.

"Me shoot at General Jackson, tree, four times," replied the warrant seeker.

THE Mayor of a certain town out West purposes to kill half the dogs of his town, and *tan* their *hides* with the *bark* of the other half.

OBSERVATIONS FROM MY WINDOW.



IN the second story of a brick house, which was shaded by two large elm-trees, seated at my favorite window, I was disturbed in my reading by the sound of a wasp, as I supposed, near me. I say *disturbed*, for I was not *afraid*, as many are. I arose, and looked for him, as not an *agreeable* companion, at least. I could not see him though I still heard him, and I began to think he might be entangled in a spider's web, which, at some seasons, are so quickly and frequently made, that it should not be set down *against* a housekeeper, if one *be* found upon the walls. Presently I perceived something, I could not tell *what*, attempting to fly upon the window sill; it then disappeared, and soon reappeared—half-flying, half-walking. I approached closely, and saw it was a *wasp*, with a small *worm* between his “forceps” or “feelers,” evidently clenching the poor little prisoner, which was writhing, as if in torture. My first impulse was to try and release it, but my next, was to watch the motions and *plan* of the captor, who was apparently laboring very hard, and must have had a plan or object—as have the ANTS. So I watched his movements. He seemed very tired, for he would stop and drop the worm a second, but quickly clutch it again, and drag it along the window sill. It was marvelous to me how he brought him up, as he probably did, from the

grass, the whole distance on the brick side of the house. As there was evidently a destined place for his victim, I watched, and after some five or ten minutes he reached the notch in the window where the blind fits in; I examined closely and saw, when he had arrived there, that the worm, as he laid it down, was motionless, and as I concluded and *hoped*, *dead*. The wasp then flew into the corner, and as my eye followed, I perceived a small nest of clay, such as I have often seen made by wasps, and *this* he must have *prepared*, or he would not have brought *food*, as I supposed the worm was to be there. After he had entered the hole and come up again, he flew to the worm and dragged it to the nest, and began to try to get it in, but he had to make many unsuccessful attempts. He could not climb the nest with him, by going *head first*, for he was evidently weary from his *long journey*; so he ascended the nest alone, and then turned round, and with his head and “feelers” toward the sill, reached and dragged the worm up, and then *crowded* it into the hole. This done, he flew away, and I took a small stick and pulled out the little victim, to see if it were dead, and was glad to find it was. I then left it out, thinking the wasp would return, and wishing to see how he would be affected by the appearance of things. I waited about fifteen minutes, when up came the glutton with another worm, which kept in such perpetual motion with head and

tail, as it was gripped in the middle, that the wasp could scarcely retain his equilibrium, but nearly fell over on his back, as the worm would stretch its tail and almost entwine the wasp. At one time it was really so much of a contest, that I thought the wasp in nearly as much danger as the worm. However, he reached the nest, but great was his consternation, no doubt, to see his first captive lying *outside* of his prison. He laid down the second victim, who began slowly to crawl away, so the wasp took him up again, and dragged him, though with more difficulty, in the same way he had the other; but he had to work long before he could get him *in* the nest, for as soon as he got the end of the tail in, and was putting in the *head*, out would come the tail, and *so*, the reverse for several times—the worm had *too much life* for him; finally, he succeeded, and then came and dragged the dead one and placed him in again, on top of the other; and then, as if to say, “Now, I’ll make sure you do not escape,” I observed, after he had moved over and around the top of the nest for some moments, and then had flown away, that he had closed the hole with a thin substance that seemed glutinous, supposing he had now finished and laid in a store of food for time of need. I, with my peculiarly sensitive feelings, could not bear the idea of that poor little worm being buried alive, and therefore broke open the nest and extricated the prisoner, who was nearly stifled, no doubt; but after feeling the fresh air, and trying a few times to creep, finally *skipped* off quite fast, for it was one of those worms frequently called “loop worms,” because it draws its tail up to its head in the form of a loop, and then darting the head forward, and attaching it to the

nearest object, brings up the tail again, and thus makes quicker progress than the usual motion of worms. He soon began to spin himself a line down from the window, for I watched till he was lost in the grass beneath. I then threw down the *dead* one, and destroyed the nest entirely, and made the corner clean; while doing this, strange to say, the wasp appeared with a *third* similar worm. I was called down at this juncture, to see a friend, so I paused only a few moments to see him fly to the place where the nest “ought to be,” and then walk around as if *provoked*, for he struck his feelers several times against the spot, as I have learned they do when provoking a quarrel with a neighbor. He did not *know* I was the author of the mischief, but as I did not wish him in my room, or another nest made, I fanned him off and brushed off the worm, and saw no more of the wasp. But I now suppose *this* is the way they lay in food for winter, as does the ant, so notorious for its providence. ELLA.

HERE is an old English riddle, but it is still worth guessing—

“More fickle than the wind that blows,
More fragrant than the damask rose;
What strikes with dread the honest
tar?

What Nelson fears amid the war?
What’s colder than the frigid zone?
What, ladies, you may call your own?
What’s sweeter than a mutual kiss,
Will instantly unravel this.”

“THE wind’s getting *round*,” remarked Bibbs to his friend Buggins. “Glad of it,” replied Buggins; “it’s been *sharp* long enough.”



HIGH FALLS.

FAREWELL TO TRENTON FALLS.

IT has been truly said, that all things really great or beautiful grow upon our esteem the more frequently we come into communion with them. This has been our impression, as day after day we have lingered to enjoy the lovely scenery of Trenton Falls. The view of High Falls from the flat rock forty rods below, is one of the finest on the river. The eye beholds a perpendicular rock nearly one hundred feet high, extending across the opening, while the walls on either side rise nearly seventy feet higher. Over this rock the whole river descends nearly eighty feet, in a beautiful white sheet of water, then with a tumultuous foam plunges on its way into a dark basin below to appear in beauty again, and wander on its silent way of loveliness unsurpassed on this continent.

The river, in its course, is ever pre-

senting some new beauty or sublimity to the eye. Its clouds of spray, its projecting cliffs, and immense rocks, when seen by moonlight, convey an impression to the mind that is indescribable. The Indians called this stream the Kanata (which means the amber river), probably because of the deep shade that is cast by the wall of rocks between which the river flows. Everywhere a rich color is reflected upon the water, and the edges of one or two of the cascades are yellow as gold.

This is our last evening at the Rural Resort. A few lines written at the Falls, by a friend of the Twins, will be an appropriate close to this article.

Cascades roaring

In their might,

Waters pouring

From the height,

Wildly bounding
 On their way,
 Loud resounding,
 Seem to say—
 See us toiling,
 As we glide,
 Hear us boiling,
 Far and wide!

We are living,
 Not in vain;
 We are giving
 Back again

Plenteous rain-drops
 To the sun,
 As it cheers us,
 While we run.

Rising, leaping,
 Over hills,
 We are keeping
 Yonder mills

Swiftly going
 Round and round;
 Onward flowing,
 We are found

Useful ever,
 As we go,
 Silent never—
 Do you know?

We are teaching
 You to-day,
 Hear our preaching—
 Children, stay!

Learn a lesson
 Of the river—
 Yield your hearts
 To God, their giver;

Ever raising
 Grateful praise,
 Loving, serving,
 All your days.

May my course be like this rivulet.
 It has passed by several cottages on
 its way, watering the gardens and en-
 riching the meadows near its banks.

Though short be my span of life, yet
 may I live to be useful to others, as I
 travel onward! May I water the
 souls that thirst for the river of life,
 and tell to others of the goodness and
 mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at
 the vast ocean of eternity!

DON'T WORRY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER thus
 advises persons not to worry:

"It is not work that kills men; it
 is worry. Work is health; you can
 hardly put more upon a man than he
 can bear. Worry is rust upon the
 blade. It is not the revolution that
 destroys the machinery, but the fric-
 tion. Fear secretes acid, but love and
 trust are sweet juices.

"We know a man with a patient,
 good, Christian wife, and we never
 heard him speak a kind, pleasant word
 to her, and doubt if he ever did in the
 half century they have lived together.

"He is always on a fret. Every-
 thing goes wrong. You would think
 he was made of cross-grained timber,
 and had always been trying to digest
 a cross-cut saw. He is eternally cross,
 and always thinks that his wife and
 children, hired hands, and all the do-
 mestic animals, have entered into a
 combination to worry him to death.
 He is not only rusty, but fairly crusted
 over with it. He is encased in a shell
 of acid secretions, through which no
 sweet juices ever distill. Friction has
 literally worn him out, and he will
 soon worry himself to death. Of
 course he has never worked to any
 advantage to himself or anybody else.
 With him everything always goes
 wrong. He superstitiously believes
 'it is because the devil has a spite
 against him,' when in truth it is noth-
 ing but his own fretfulness."

THE LOST CHILD.



VERYBODY called Tommy Beely a bad boy. He was the youngest of six children, and quite often "the baby" is spoiled,

by the weak affection of parents, and brothers, and sisters.

Any affection is weak that indulges a child in what is not good and proper for him or her, simply because it is demanded or coaxed for by the child. Tommy was always allowed to have his way; hence he grew to be a willful lad, and, naturally enough, was ever grieving his parents. He became entirely selfish, disregarding their wishes when they crossed his own. Untidy in his person, he was ever paining them by coming to the table with foul hands and uncombed hair—a disgust to all around him. Do not think these are slight failings, they are inexcusable—they are abominations, that none but selfish and disobedient children will be guilty of—and make us feel that selfishness in all its forms is *coarseness*; and coarseness is unpardonable selfishness.

Tommy was a marauder at home in pantry and drawer as he would; and the pest of the village around. He was willing to torment anything, from the quiet cows to the gentle birds and rabbits, and all such things. You may know that he would not relish the restraints of school. Often he pretended to have a headache, to stay at home, and often he played truant

outright, and nobody knew where he went. His parents saw their error, but too late. They began to reprove him harshly, for he was so bad, their love was growing cold. It is dreadful when a parent feels in the heart a keen sense of the unloveliness of his own child. This reproof only exasperated Tommy, for having never been taught a wholesome restraint to his will when it was as yet without strength, a few angry words, or speaking after the manner of men, a few or many *scoldings*, would not do the work. If Tommy had no motive but to escape these, for different conduct, of course, he would not really change. Alas, Tommy, the time must come, sooner or later, when you shall be convinced of the evil of your ways! The time was nearer than anybody thought.

In one of his truant excursions he went away, through the wood, where, once in a while, the songs of the innocent birds would touch his hard, disobedient heart, and make him wish, for a minute, that he was a better boy; yet he shook off the feeling easily, and rambled on till he came to a rough ledge of rock; indeed, it was a precipice, and at its bottom was a dark cavern. He had heard much of this cave, from the story-tellers of the village store—that burglars, or counterfeiters, or both, had secreted themselves there during pursuit, etc. As he crept to the edge of the rocks and lay looking over, something startled him very suddenly, and losing his balance, he pitched to the bottom. It was like a miracle that he was not killed instantly, but he so fell that he hit the only grassy spot that would have held him. As soon as he came to himself, he saw that he was on a

little bank, at the very mouth of the cave; and he was obliged to use the utmost caution, and steady himself with his hands, for dark waters dashed in and out of the opening.



Tommy's hair almost stood on end with fright. Oh, how he screamed for help! It was in the afternoon, and no one missed him, for he had been sent to school, and he knew not anybody would think of looking for him. Oh, how he repented of his disobedience, which had brought him to his death, as he was sure! And he thought over all his wickedness; and he trembled to think of dying so. There he sat, clinging to the little bit of a bank—and the waters splashed so lonely and so mournfully; and the great wild birds flapped their wings, deep in the darkness of the cavern, which made him cry out at the dreadful sound. Then the night came on, and Tommy knew that he couldn't live there through a night. Then he groaned out—

"If I had been an obedient boy, I should now be sitting in my comfortable home, or sleeping in my nice, dear bed!"

Then he would scream again; but this only made the fierce birds hoot and scream also, which made him shudder with fear. He began to be so weary, as well as hungry, that he felt faint, and thought he should drop off the bank into the water, that dashed just below him.

"Oh, father! oh, mother! oh, God! forgive all my wickedness," he shrieked out, for his strength was almost gone.

Oh, joy! there is a little glimmer of light overhead! yes, they have missed the undeserving boy, and many neighbors are out with the parents, carrying lanterns and shouting his name. He feels new strength to answer them; and they hear and see him. Bad as he is, no one will let him die, though he feels that he does not deserve the help of one who is up there. Those few hours that he had been in that fearful place, like a place of death, have seemed like a lifetime to him. The persons above encourage him; they tell him a rope will soon be let down, and he must grasp it, and use all his strength courageously to hold on, and a few minutes will find him safe.

There it comes—a stout rope, with a strong noose. It is almost to his hand, and the blessed moon, which has so often been forced to look upon his naughtiness, shines out just then, and he can see where to brace his foot and grasp the rope.

Tommy Beely was a changed boy from that night. I do not mean that he ceased the very next day from all his evil ways, but when he was tempted to do wrong, that night of horror came to his mind, and with it the penitent thoughts which he had while he lay in such terror; and he would stop and think, and his after-life proved that he was truly repentant.

Laura Elmer.

TRUTH—THE BIBLE-CHILD IN COURT.



UT a short time ago, I witnessed, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?" "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean, were you ever a witness before." "No, sir,

I never was in court before?" was the answer. He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible." "Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir, every evening." "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. "It is the Word of the great God," she answered. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?" "I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child. "Any thing else?" asked the judge. "I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read." "Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge. "Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and

that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said." "Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect. "God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

HERE'S the modest violet,
Emblem of retiring life,
Smiling through its veil of leaves,
Stranger to unhappy strife;
Pause its beauty to admire,
Where the flowret humbly grows,
Learn that virtue, though concealed,
Must its loveliness disclose!

Emblem sweet of friendship's self,
Clinging to the giant tree,
Climbing o'er the cottage roof,
Here the ivy's tendril see.
In its language mute but plain,
Oft it reasons with your mind—
"Let the bonds of *Friendship* thus
You in love to others bind."

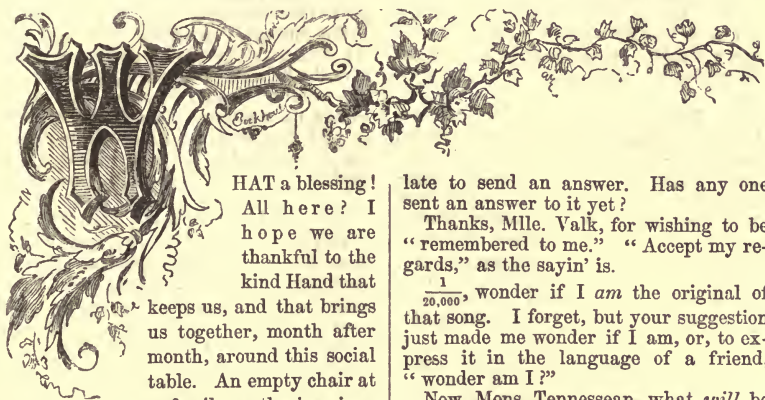
Now the blushing rose unfolds
Beauties fairest to the sight,
Dew-drops tremble on its brow,
Flashing in the sun's bright light.
But, fit emblem of our life,
First its petals oped this morn—
Soon its blush will fade away,
Only for a minute born!

Here, the pride of Palestine,
Stands the stately cedar tree;
As I sit in thoughtful mood,
Wave its branches over me.
Tis an emblem, strong and true,
Of the soul's immortal state,
Saying mutely—"O'er the grave
Endless ages us await."

A. C. W.

LITTLE acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter, and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and He pronounced the meek blessed.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HAT a blessing! All here? I hope we are thankful to the kind Hand that keeps us, and that brings us together, month after month, around this social table. An empty chair at a family gathering is a sad sight. The absent, how we miss them, even when we expect them soon back again! But, we are all here, and "the merry month of May" is no time for the Merry family to be sad. And here comes Black-Eyes (Mrs. B. E., to be sure), to show us that she thinks just so.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *March 8, 1859.*

Why—why—wh-what's the matter? Has the advent of spring produced a queer effect on Uncle Hiram's brain? He starts to give the little "Jemmy," as he calls him, a message for me. I step in, and he says he didn't know me 'cause I'm so "grave and matronly." Now, that's not so, and it's a question among my friends at present if I ever will be. Perhaps if Mr. H. H., Esq., was to appear to my vision, I would assume a wee bit of dignity during the introduction. I don't believe I could remember any longer than that. I'll try, though, if you'll just "call round." But, now, if I was so "grave and matronly," what did he call me "darling" for? and his "pet"? If you just knew how jealous "hubby" is! But, seriously, uncle, thank you for your welcome. I love the spring, and none will rejoice more than I, to have the woods once more fragrant with blossoms and vocal with song.

But that mysterious Prize-Puzzle. I can't see through it, look as I will. But I won't give up entirely until it is too

late to send an answer. Has any one sent an answer to it yet?

Thanks, Mlle. Valk, for wishing to be "remembered to me." "Accept my regards," as the sayin' is.

$\frac{1}{20,000}$ wonder if I *am* the original of that song. I forget, but your suggestion just made me wonder if I am, or, to express it in the language of a friend, "wonder am I?"

Now, Mons. Tennessean, what *will* be done with you? Mr. —, oh! I mean *my husband*, sends his compliments to my Southern cousin, and assures him he is by no means an object for pity, and is very glad Willie Coleman escaped, if he was in any danger.

So you remember the sleighing in the Empire State, Louise. *I've* heard of them somewhat. Weren't they grand?

BLACK-EYES.

Uncle Hiram says he intends to know, from personal observation, just how "grave and matronly" you are. He sent a friend, some time since, to report, but, for some reason unexplained, the friend came back without the report.

The reason why you can't *see* through that Prize Puzzle, is—because there is no hole in it. It is all in one piece.

NEW YORK, *April 1, 1859*

MR. MERRY:—I had intended to answer the questions of "Orianna" and others, but must pass them over, to notice Aunt Sue's Poem.

It is refreshing in this age of an oceanic literature, one wide, watery waste of vapid nothingness, to find here and there a spring of pure limpid water, bubbling up by the wayside. Such a one is the fragmentary poem by Aunt Sue in the last MUSEUM, which, like Halleck's "Connecticut," and Oliver's soup, only awakens a desire for "more." It opens with a calm, majestic movement, devoid of

those frantic appeals to the Muse, so characteristic of the poets whom the world mistakingly calls *great*, and flows smoothly on like the current of some deep river. The felicitous manner in which nouns and adjectives are used will strike every reader. Combinations, unthought of by the loftiest poets, sparkle in every line.

But let us scan the poem more minutely. Our sympathies are at once enlisted in behalf of the dwellers in that "spasmodic region," when we learn how "deeply synchronous and vaguely blind" these wretched beings are. Nor do we wonder at the fact, when we are told that sails are "ventilated" by "Stygian carboys" (young lads employed on the trains of the Erebus railway), and that even the truthful voice of Nature delights in bidding "fallacies" be happy.

The poetess does not describe the country in detail, save as "far distant" and "soporific," which is sufficiently plain for her story. We are now introduced to an "adipose, erotic band," whose "imbecilities" and "chevaliers" (which we take to be the aged men and barbers) occupy their time in "scarifying the years." While tranquilly pursuing this peaceful labor, they are suddenly appalled by the sight of a leper, who appeared "*sophisticated on a storm.*" Will the reader dwell for a moment on this expression? There is a depth of meaning in it beyond the power of language to disclose. It means not simply "enthroned," or "riding" upon the storm, but rather the appearance of the leper, now seen in bold relief against black thunder-clouds, now shrouded in rolling mists, which, parting anon, disclose the figure for a moment, then shut again, leaving the beholder in doubt as to whether it be a reality or the phantom of his brain. In the wide range of our extensive reading we have never met so grand and powerful a thought.

The description of the leper is deftly limned, but we can not linger over it, save to notice the exquisite beauty of the "sneer of anguish"—a true touch of nature. The second actor in this drama, a salamander, now "floats in," and stands on the stump of an old terebinth for a moment, after which he

— "Shook his amber mane,
And rushed upon the leper." * * * *

Here the poem suddenly breaks off, leaving us in fearful doubt as to the result of the encounter.

We can not express the gratification received in the perusal of this fragment. It is a gigantic stride in the march of American literature toward the rosy peaks of everlasting fame.

We entreat the author to erase the "not" before the "to be continued," and give the balance of the poem to a clamorous public. Should it equal that now before us, we unhesitatingly affirm that it will take rank with Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "The House That Jack Built."

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

DERRY, N. H., Feb., 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—We have taken your Magazine for two years, and I have never written you yet. But when the February number came, I saw *so many* new cousins, that I immediately concluded to write too, so here I am, you see, ready to, with your permission, join "The Merry Land." I like your Magazine very much, especially the Chat. I shall try the Prize Puzzle, although I do not expect to succeed. Please let me just prefix myself to the "twenty thousand" (20,000), then your number will not be increased nor diminished. But you wish us to keep the motto, "short and sweet," before us when writing to you. So, adieu,

ELEANOR.

Write your name as you please, Eleanor; for as our number is a circle which has neither beginning nor end, it matters not whether you seem to place yourself before or after the 20,000. You add one to the number, in either case, by enlarging the circle.

LECOVIA, March 12, 1859.

UNCLE HI:—In the name of mud-puddles and wet feet, what do you let it rain so much for? It is nothing but splosh, splosh, splosh, all the week long. It has spoiled all of the sleighing. Good-bye to sleighing for this winter. I have been trying on that Prize Puzzle, but I have finally given up all hope of conquering. Oh, but I had almost forgotten to ask permission to enter your Merry family. Now please have some sympathy for a bashful nephew like me.

My home is very pleasant, being embosomed in hills and dells, and a river runs along so calmly and quietly in front. I have many pleasant times with my dog Carly in the woods, chasing the rabbits and squirrels.

My love to Aunt Sue, and all the rest of the Merry family. From your loving nephew,
WILD WILLIE.

Bashful and wild, too? Why, Willie, you are a strange boy; but you are welcome to be wild or bashful, just as you please.

HACKENSACK TOWNSHIP, N. J.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have never written to you before. I am an entire stranger here, but I hope I may be one of the 20,000. I like the CABINET very much, and would not like to part with it. I wonder if this will appear in the Chat—I would laugh if it did. A great deal of love to you and Aunt Sue, and all the rest of the Merry family. Your ever-loving nephew,
D. W. TERHUNE,
(Schraalenburgh).

I shall listen for your laugh, and hope it will be one of that kind on which people are said to grow fat.

CHESTNUT GROVE, MASS., March, 1859.

UNCLE FRANK:—Please introduce me to the "20,000" as Grandmother Sapiens, or a feminine Solon. Tell the children they need me—"Without pillars the State would fall," etc. This, of course, isn't boasting—it isn't even insinuating—O no!

My love to the fraternity in general—to Aunt Sue in particular. By the way, I like the CABINET, and those who have so long "held up its hands." As to Hiram Hatchet (with all loyalty I say it), I can not speak confidently—never liked edge tools. Will hope and believe the best I can of him; that as he has heretofore, so in future he may always prove himself true metal and tempered steel. According to the programme, I must now give my age, and make excuses for my writing, spelling, and length. This I refuse to do. In the first place, I have confessed to the name of Grandmother. Second, if I could have written better, I should have done it. Third, I don't think I have spelled any words wrong, and fourth, my letter is short enough.

With best wishes for yourself, the CABINET, and Aunt Sue, I remain

SAPIENS.

Our venerable grandmother is welcome, though some pretend to think we have specimens enough of the *sap-py* already.

Uncle Hiram says "Cabinets" generally have feet—but he never saw one with hands. He thinks it would be a very *handy* thing.

OUT WEST, March 11, 1859.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—How do you do, all? It seems an age since I saw you all last, for to tell the truth, I found the Chat so lively—what with the sharp-shooting between Willie and Black-Eyes (my favorite color, by the way, although, unfortunately, Nature did not see fit to bestow the article in question upon me), and the war of words between the lesser lights of the Chat—that I concluded there was no room for me. But I can wait no longer, and here I am at the door, knocking for admittance. Let me in, and then—let me out. Don't check me, please.

Black-Eyes, we have both been members of the *family* long enough to become acquainted. So, here's my hand. What can that enigma mean? I give it up.

Mr. $\frac{1}{20,000}$, although I am not a Yankee, I think I could give a pretty good guess at the name you speak of. But however that may be, if you are a member of our Cabinet, shake hands. Have you seen anything of Uncle Frank's saucy friend, Bess? I should like to hear from her again.

I listened very attentively to the remarks of the gentleman from Tennessee. I fear that "breeze" will not subside when the "Yankee girls" he is so fearful of read his letter. However, as I am only a "Hoosier," I shall stand by and see the fun. But here comes the hatchet—I'm off. Yours, from the West,
ADELBERT OLDER.

I am an "older" man than you, Adelbert, and yet I don't exactly know where "out West" is. Once it was this side of Lake Erie; then it removed to Ohio; then to Michigan; then to Illinois; then to Missouri; and so, like "the star of empire," it has been chasing the setting sun. Where is it now? Where are you?

HAMILTON, ILL.

Will the Merry cousins permit Aunt Patsie to look into the parlor?

I wish to congratulate you all on the fine appearance of the MUSEUM. When the January number came to our place,

"away out West," the little ones said, "Oh, that is no nice;" and older ones, who profess to know just how things *should* be, exclaimed, "That's well got up," "it is really *beautiful*." Now, if dollars could take the place of wishes, I am sure Uncle Robert's purse would jingle to-night.

Ah, ha! here's Miss Flora and Mignomette! Let's us shake hands, in love for dear New Ipswich, and the schoolhouse at the foot of the "old meeting-house hill." Yes! and the wide-spreading Champney elm, which stood near by, and overlooked our youthful sports. Then there was the butternut tree, and the— But here comes Hiram with his sharp hatchet. So good-bye, dears.

AUNT PATSIE.

As we have admitted grandmother, we can't refuse auntie. She may not only look in, but come in; and not only come, in, but stay in till she is done *brown*.

MERWINSVILLE, *March 19, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am a little boy ten years of age. My older brothers and sisters have taken the CABINET sixteen years, and it has always been a very welcome visitor in our country home. Although the CABINET is a great favorite of ours, yet we like it very much since it has been united with the MUSEUM and SCHOOLFELLOW. I have got two little nieces, and I feel very proud to be called "Uncle Hiram." Give my love to Uncle Robert and Uncle Hiram. Remember me to all the cousins. Your affectionate nephew, HIRAM GRAVES.

Hiram Graves, or grave Hiram, you will, of course, cease to be grave, now that you are a Merry. Uncle Hiram is grave enough to answer for our whole circle, and his hatchet makes graves for the young Merrys' letters.

NORTH CAROLINA, *Feb. 12, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE FRANK, AUNTIE, AND ALL OF THE GOOD UNCLES AND AUNTS, TOGETHER WITH THE 20,000 NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—I have a great desire to become a link in the chain of your correspondents.

I never have taken the CABINET before this year, but have, from time to time, had the pleasure of reading it as the property of a class-mate at school, until the names of Uncle Frank and Aunt Sue

are almost as familiar with me as mamma and papa. Two years ago, I remember we took your picture from the December number (sent out, I believe, as a Christmas present to the little folks), and tacked it high upon the wall of our school-room; and, of course, looked at, and talked of it often, each wondering if Uncle Frank was as good-looking as his picture. I am yet a school-girl, Uncle Frank, and wish much to become a bright star in our literary world. Can you tell a body how to ascend the hill of science without so much hard study? But I must bear in mind the proverb of Uncle Hiram. My warm regards to Uncle Merry.

FANNIE A. E. D.

Here you are, at home, and fully acquainted with all the family. But—the hill of science!—there is no way to its top but by climbing, and no climbing but by hard study.

STONY BROOK, WESTCHESTER }
COUNTY, *March 21, 1859.* }

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I suppose I am not one of the 20,000, but one of the 20,001, as I am a new correspondent. I have traversed the mazes of the labyrinth of "the Temple" safely. I suppose it would take you too long to introduce me to all the 20,000, so please introduce me to Black-Eyes, Nellie H., and Orianna. Who is "Hal?" I see that a good many letters speak of W. H. C., but I don't see much of *him*. Please, W. H. C., make your appearance for my benefit. I don't think that I shall be in much danger from the hatchet, for I have very little time to write. Remember me to Aunt Sue. Good-bye.

AGGIE DEAN ABBATT.

"Hal," my dear, is—Hal. If you would know more, you must ask him.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., *March 15, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—May I write you again? I have written you ever so many times on my slate. Mother says, "Now school is done, you had better use *ink*." So here,

Dear Uncles, *one* and *two*,

Cousins *all*, and Aunt Sue,

I am trying to do as my dear mother thinks best.

I work, read, write, skip, and play;

Sing and practice every day.

I am making an effort to earn money that I may buy "Rollo's Tour in Eu-

rope." If I succeed I will tell you about it. Aunt Sue's Puzzler mother will get for her *trio group*, I think. My love to Minnie—tell her I have spent many happy hours with my dear Aunt Merry. She is a darling merry Auntie, making every one happy about her, even the little children. What has become of Hoosier Annie? I will remember her. Mother often tells us interesting stories about the Hoosier children that she used to visit when dear father was living, and they were in Indiana.

Only think! I am nearly sixty-seven years younger than the oldest cousin in the Chat. You will—please do this time—spare the hatchet from

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

Welcome, Flibb, once more to our circle. We have listened many times lately to try to hear your merry voice among the Chatterers. Get Rollo by all means, and Aunt Sue's Puzzler, too. You had better tell Minnie all you know about the family matter; it might make an *entire* new story for her ears, as she lives at the extreme *town's end*, and probably don't get much news.

KINGSBORO', March 12, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I received your MUSEUM to-day, and I now sit down to write, with the hope of seeing it next time in the MUSEUM. In reading over the letters from the numerous correspondents, my eye fell on a very saucy one from ——. Kiss Aunt Sue, and give my love to Laura. From your nephew,

C. W. JOHNSON.

Just as we reached that word "from," Uncle Hiram brought down his hatchet, with such force as quite annihilated the name that followed, declaring that it was his prerogative to cut up the "saucy" young fellows. He is afraid of quarreling among the young folks, and don't believe in dueling.

MAPLE GROVE, March 6, 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hope there is room enough for me among the 20,000. Though I live 'way off in Ohio, I have been a subscriber for some years—ever since I can remember.

I wish, in your journeys West, you would call and see us and our beautiful

country home. Hoping that you will not forget to introduce me to all the Merrys, I remain yours affectionately,

BLACK-EYED CYPHE.

Room enough? Yes, there is always room for *just one more*. Our parlor is elastic and expansive, like our heart.

KINGSBORO

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Although I have not written for a long time, I have continued to read the Chat with a great deal of interest. By the way, Uncle, have you had any calls from any of your numerous subscribers lately? The next time I visit New York, I shall certainly call on my venerable old Uncle. Until then, believe me your affectionate niece,

EMMIE M. JOHNSON.

We have frequent calls from young Merrys, and I hope none of them will come to the city without calling. Our heart, if not our room, is large enough for them all.

PLANTSVILLE, CONN., March 12, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—With a little help from my father, I have found out the enigma in the last MUSEUM. It is Count de Rochambeau.

In return for your autograph in the February number of the MUSEUM, I will send you my name in an enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 11, 7, 3, 4, 8 was a composer of hymns.

My 1, 10, 9 is a piece of land and a name.

My 4, 11, 5, 8, 3, 15 an article used by tailors.

My 6, 2, 1 is a kind of fish.

My whole is the writer's name.

I am only seven years old, and have not yet learned to write. So you will excuse my printing. Yours, very affectionately,
ONE OF THE COUSINS.

I wish, little enigma, we could transfer your printing to our page, that all the young Merrys might see how well it was done. But I give it in full, and leave your cousins to find out your name.

COWDSPORT.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have long wished to write to you, but have never done so, and to-night, when we got the MUSEUM, I resolved not to delay it any more, so

here is something that will have to do for a letter. I like your Magazine very much, and please excuse me for asking if those letters which are printed in the Chat are written by persons to you. If they are, I would like to know what Funny Body's real name is. Love to Aunt Sue.

C. C.

The letters in the Chat are all genuine, and we have five times as many, which, for various reasons, find their way to the "basket."

CHICAGO, Feb. 7, 1859.

What has become, I wonder,
Of our favorite "Aunt Sue?"
Brother Dan writes to the Uncles,
But I like to write to you.
I am quite a little girl,
As I think I wrote before,
But I long to see my name
In the Bureau drawer once more.
I will not make this long,
Of the "hatchet" I'm in fear;
Only, pray do not forget me—
Please don't, Aunt Susie dear.

CLARA BURNHAM.

FAIRWATER, Feb. 27, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I suppose you will hardly count me among your little million of nephews and nieces, because I have not taken your MUSEUM. I have never taken it, for the good reason that I never saw one until December, 1858, and then I sent you two names as soon I could.

CLARA F. H.

Yes, yes, Clara, you are counted in at once and we hope it will be long before you count yourself out.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Everybody knows Bayard Taylor, and almost everybody has seen him; for he has traveled into almost every part of the world. More than any other man of modern times, he is entitled to the name of "Citizen of the World." Though comparatively a young man, as yet, his travels have been more extensive, his personal observations of men and manners have taken a wider range, than those of any other man of this nineteenth century. He has footed it over a great part of central Europe. With the Highlands of Scotland, and the mountains of

Switzerland, he is as familiar as with the hills around his own American home. Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, he has traversed, as everybody else does, in one sense, but much more thoroughly and effectively than most others. He has seen China, Japan, the north of Russia, and the arctic regions of Norway. He has penetrated the interior of Hungary, India, and Persia, and tracked the upper waters of the Nile. All this he has done leisurely, though rapidly, taking ample notes of all that he saw and heard, and leaving in his published letters, which have all the interest and glow of novels, the deep traces of his footsteps, and permanent memorials of his diligence, patience, and eminent ability, not only to endure hardship, but to enjoy and improve it.

No man, in our day, has seen so much. No man has made so much of what he has seen, for the benefit and enjoyment of others. And we will venture to say, there is no man in the world whom our young Merry friends would be so glad to see, whom they would so delight to welcome to the Chat, or to their own fire-sides and tables, and to talk with about the wonders and curiosities of the world, as Bayard Taylor.

We are happy to see that Mr. Taylor has commenced a new chapter in the history of his remarkable life, by writing every week for the *New York Mercury*, giving sketches of his adventures, tales of the lands and people he has seen, descriptions of scenery, ruins, etc., every page of which may be relied upon as true to history and to fact. *This will make the Mercury the popular paper of the season*, especially with the millions who have already had a taste of the kind of reading which Mr. Taylor always affords to those who follow him in his travels about the world.

THE FALL RIVER LINE TO BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

This favorite old line is in full play, going and returning daily, with great regularity, safety, and comfort to all

concerned. With boats of the highest order, staunch and strong, elaborately finished and equipped, and commanded by men whose ability and experience have been fully tested, and with a route in many respects more desirable than any other, it would seem as if nothing could prevent them from doing as much busi-

ness, and reaping as fair a harvest as they can reasonably desire. There is less rail-riding on this than on any other line, consequently the passengers have a full night's sleep in the boat, which they leave at Fall River about sunrise, arriving at Boston in good season for breakfast.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., *April*, 1859.

ON the 7th of February last, I took flight from the chilly winds of the North, and made my way, with all possible speed, for a more genial climate. My physician said I must go—there was no help for it—my health absolutely required it. Well, I always try to make the best of everything; and I am enjoying myself away down here toward the equator as much as a broken-down constitution will allow.

It is a queer old place, this St. Augustine. I wish you could visit it. It was built and settled originally by the Spaniards, a very long time ago. It is worth knowing and remembering that St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States.

The first thing that would strike you as odd, as you came into the city, would be the style of the houses. They are all built even with the streets. The doors open right out upon the side-walk—that is, they would open in this manner, if there were any side-walks, but the place is innocent of any such “modern improvement.” Then you could not help noticing the narrowness of the streets. The principal street in the city, on which there are two of the largest hotels, is only twelve feet wide. Another peculiarity is, that each house has an extensive garden, which, instead of running back a great distance, as our modern gardens do, have a long front on the street, and this garden is walled up ten or twelve feet in height. It produces rather a gloomy effect. I have passed through

some streets, where my voice would echo as if I were in a tunnel.

The city was originally surrounded with a high and strong wall; but no part of it remains except the massive towers of the principal gate, which would interest you very much, as you probably never saw a walled city. So would the old Spanish fort, which is in a pretty good state of preservation, and which has an extremely imposing appearance.

The whole town is but a wreck of what it once was. Like Rome and Venice, everything almost, seems to have a dying look. Fine houses are left to decay and tumble down. The truth is, the place is supported entirely by invalids. Ponce de Leon, who first visited this region, came, with his fleet, to search out the “Fountain of Health,” which everybody, almost, in his day, believed to exist somewhere, and he thought it was here without a doubt. He couldn't find it, though. Vexed that he had taken so much pains, and didn't grow any younger, or handsomer, or healthier, he left in perfect disgust. But you see the modern health-seekers are treading in the footsteps of Ponce de Leon. We don't expect as much as he and his company did, and so we are not so sadly disappointed. St. Augustine is really a very desirable place for persons afflicted with diseases of the throat and lungs. Hundreds are benefited here every year. They come from the North in mid-winter, when the cold is almost intolerable to a person in feeble health, and find here all the indices of summer. I arrived in St. Augustine on

the 17th of February. I found the roses in full bloom; the birds singing; people sitting with open windows, without fires, and a mild and balmy air, such as we have in June.

Now haven't I rattled on long enough? I have tired myself. It is not unreasonable to conjecture that I have tired you. If I wasn't afraid of making my chat too long, I would tell you something about our chameleons and alligators, We have plenty of both. Some of the alligators are monsters, I assure you; though we have to go back twenty miles to the St. John's River, in order to see them.

Answers to Questions in March No.

25. When its head is heavy, it must be cradled; to be fit for use, it must be thrashed.
26. One hates his book, while the other baits his hook.
27. A Pope.
28. Lamp—palm.
29. The Temperance Party.
30. What is it? No answer sent.
31. He would be sure to have a good "Cabinet."
32. His friends are all in their *minority*.
33. A cow.
34. A collection of portraits—port-rates—poor traits.
35. Count de Rochambeau.
36. When they shut their mouths, they carry concealed weapons.
37. An imp o' darkness can not be an imp o' light.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

53. Why was Bunyan's Pilgrim like a robber? *Hal.*
54. Why should a wheelwright be an orator? *Hal.*
55. What tree ought to make a good magistrate? *Hal.*
56. Why is a Turk like Samson's lion? *L. N. S.*
57. Why is a passionate man a vulgar man? *C. W.*
58. Why is a farmer never a bachelor? *Susie.*

59. I P Q 4 F L N E,
U S A 2 X Q C C,
U O 2 B N N M E,
2 N E W C C,
0 2 X 1 0 U 8 X S,
N N S o o' O 1 0 S.

Madge.

60. When is a butterfly like a kiss? *A. Older.*
61. Why is a balloon ascension a very laughable matter? *A. Older.*

62.

ANAGRAMS.

1. A pencil. 2. Iron side-table. 3. Cast-iron ovens. 4. Pale stones. 5. Patent oil. 6. A lost ship.

A. Older.

63. Miss L N to her friend did say,
I c u r not y y to-day,
I am u now, Miss M L E K.
To whom thus answered M L E,
U think u r y y for me,
But, O U c,
How very A fool u b,
Miss L N B D, of 10se. *H. C. L. B.*

64.

CHARADE.

The guests they talked, and then they laughed;
The plenteous wine they slowly quaffed.
The host, for "Good old Wine" so famed,
In stentorious voice my *first* proclaimed.

The drunkard to the grog-shop goes,
And on the counter his "last red" throws.

His appetite's now for the bowl,
And for my *second* he'd risk his soul.

If both my parts you now combine,
You'll see no drunkard, and no wine;
But in me you will surely see
A staunch old specimen of Whiggery.

James H. M.

65. I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 4, 7, 13 is what we all sometimes need.
My 14, 3, 12, 17, 5 was very beautiful, and ruined a city.
My 6, 17, 3, 9, 17 are very silly, but once saved a city.
My 9, 11, 7, 1 is often found in cellars.
My 1, 14, 4, 3 is preferred to you by every sincere friend.
My 16, 8, 18 controls horses.
My 10, 15, 16, 8, 1 controls men.
My 18, 2, 4 is an article in common use in this country and England.
My whole is much used in writing letters. *J. S. E. L.*



FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
 God beautifies the earth,
 When everywhere, all o'er the land,
 Sweet flowers are peeping forth!
 Down by the babbling brook,
 Up in the silent hills,
 The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
 Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
 They climb the rugged height,
 And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
 Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk;
 They pour into my ear,
 Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
 A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
 No choice of regal bower;
 NEW SERIES.—VOL. VII.—11

The humblest, lowliest
 spot on earth
 May claim the fairest
 flower. H. H.

SUMMER.

SHE'S coming! she's coming!
 [the hills
 Her glowing footsteps on
 Are marked in golden
 butter-cups,
 From whose broad bowls
 the glad bee sups,
 And yellows all his tiny
 quills. [the air,
 Her breath is floating on
 Sweet scents from loaded
 grapevines borne,
 And rustling 'neath the
 springing corn;
 Timidly creeps the shy
 young hare. [ing!
 She's coming! she's com-

She comes! she comes!
 The glorious Queen of all the year—
 Begirt with many a flowery gem,
 The Evening Star her diadem—
 In all her regal pomp she's here!
 The merry pansy laughs with mirth,
 The red rose bows her stately head;
 The last pale violet shrinks with dread;
 She knows 'tis time to leave the earth.
 She comes! she comes!

She's come! she's come! [pleasure,
 The broad earth dimples with her
 And looks delightedly on high;
 The stars smile from the quiet sky,
 While summerscatters golden treasure.
 The sky-lark thrills the sweet soft air
 With rushing crowd of tuneful notes;
 The swallow on poised pinion floats:
 We lose in ecstasy our care.
 She's come! she's come!

THE PERILS OF FISHING.



UNDER the shadow of old Monadnock I did all the fishing of my juvenile days. A brighter or a livelier stream never flashed down the side of a rugged mountain, than that which washed the eastern margin of our old homestead farm. Never did prettier, gayer, more bewitching little shiners dance and shimmer in the limpid waters, than those which found a home in that same laughing mountain brook. It sometimes hurt my feelings sadly to see them writhing and wriggling on the hook, or flapping about on the grass, in the agonies of death, and I thought I would rather lose my breakfast than torture them so again. But then again, the roguish little elves would vex me, and try my patience marvelously, till my sympathy with suffering quite evaporated. When I was in the greatest hurry, they would always tease me most. They would actually seem

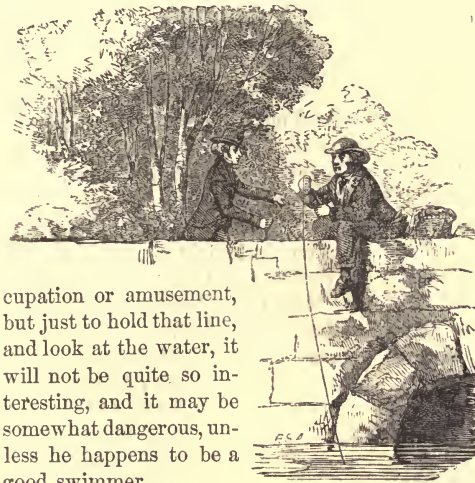


to laugh at my impatience. I could see every rascal of them in the clear, crystal element. They would come

dancing gayly up to the hook, smell daintily at the bait, turn up an eye at me with a most provoking smile, as if to say, "We know too much for that, boy," and then skip away with a titter that I could almost hear. Then up, and away again. Then, nibble, nibble, nibble—jerk! and out would come bait, hook, and sinker, but no fish, disturbing the water and frightening away the whole troup, so that it was five minutes, or more, before the boldest of them would venture to come back. Then, try it again, impatiently. Vexation would make me hungry, and the hungry stomach would get the better of the tender heart, and make me resolve to pay the little imps tenfold for their impudence and coquetry. Then, nibble again, nibble—jerk, so impatiently and nervously, that the excited sinker would perhaps give me a hard slap on the nose, and the agitated hook jump into my cheek or hand, and make me scream out with pain and rage.

Many, I assure you, are the perils of fishing, even in a quiet brook. I once had my cheek so torn by the hook, which caught the infection of my passionate jerk, that it was nearly a month before I could remove the patch, and the scar remained a full month or more after that.

Do you see that cosy old fellow, sitting on the arch of the bridge, yonder, the image of patience and laziness. Under the shade of the overhanging trees, and in social chat with his friend, he seems to have a very good time of it, just now. But, by-and-by, when his friend passes on, and he is left alone, perhaps an hour or two, with no oc-



cupation or amusement, but just to hold that line, and look at the water, it will not be quite so interesting, and it may be somewhat dangerous, unless he happens to be a good swimmer.

I know just what it is, for I have experienced it. I was sitting, one bright morning, on a projecting log, that overhung a deep eddy at an angle of the brook, stupidly waiting for the nibbles. The fishes were either very sleepy, or not very hungry, and would not come to my bait. The brook was a little swollen with recent rains, and the whirling eddies were more active and brilliant than usual. I partially forgot my breakfast, and went off into a reverie, into which those whirling eddies wove and intertwined themselves till my head was all in a whirl too, and pop! I went into the water. I awoke from my reverie in an instant. I knew at once where I was, though sorely puzzled to know why and how I got there. Without stopping to solve that riddle, I dashed and spluttered about, shouting lustily for

help, and reducing to instant practice all my knowledge of the art of swimming. I soon reached the bank, but it was loose and slippery, and I could get no hold by which to draw myself up. I shouted again, Help! help! and soon heard the welcome answer—*Where? what? hallo!* The next minute, my cousin John came rushing to the spot. He had been fishing in the same stream a little above. A large rock projecting from the bank had prevented us from seeing each other. Seeing my trouble, he tore a rail from the fence

near by, passed one end of it to me, and by that means drew me around to the spot where he had been sitting, and where the bank was easier to climb. By the help of the rail and John's en-



couraging words, I was soon on shore and on my way home. I had lost my line, my basket, and my cap, and was thoroughly drenched and cold. But, would you believe it, grateful as I thought I was to have escaped with my life, I was more annoyed by the croakings of a poor innocent bull-frog than by all the other inconveniences and discomforts I experienced. Squatting on the edge of a little pool, just within the fence, the frog puffed out his cheeks, and eyed me with a look of contempt, at the same time saying



—pod-dook! pod-dook! which I interpreted—*poor duck! poor duck!* I took up a stone to demolish him, whereupon he plunged into the pool and was lost to sight for a moment, then, popping up on the other side, he shouted *pod-dook! pod-dook!* as lustily as ever. I looked for another stone, but John laughed at my folly and told me I had better leave the poor frog to sing out his song, and hurry home for a change of clothes and a warm dinner.

But I never hear that “plump,

dump,” hoarse song of the bull-frog without something of that old feeling of rage. If I only could understand what the dumpy old rascals would say, I should not care. I have tried in vain to get this song interpreted. There are as many versions as writers. My father used to tell a story of “Old Grimes,” as he was called, who, going home one dark night, drunk as a beast, and passing a pool, heard a hoarse voice say, “Old Grimes! old Grimes!” Then another answered, “He’s a rogue! he’s a rogue!” Soon a chorus broke out,

“Let’s kill him! let’s kill him!” and then, with a deep sort of groan, “Get a club! get a club!” and Grimes hurried home almost sobered with fright.

There was a famous society, in one of the New England States, called “The Pahh - Dughh Society,” a name derived from the solemn utterance of the frogs, who inhabited a pond near

the place where the meetings of the society were held. The names of the officers were all in the same queer froggish style of spelling, and the advertisements of the meetings and doings, which appeared from time to time in the papers, excited a great deal of wonder among the young folks. But even the learned society did not seem to get any more insight into the meaning of the song than they did into the spelling of the sound. Pray, can any one interpret for us?

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



“CARL, are you ready for a lesson on *light*, now?” asked Mr. Rudolf, when his pupil presented himself at the appointed hour.

“Yes, sir, ready for anything, especially if there are any experiments,” said Carl; and he immediately placed his book and pen on the table, and seated himself for a lesson.

“Of what color do you think light is,” asked Mr. Rudolf.

“White, of course,” said Carl.

“Very well, let us prove for ourselves as we go on, Carl,” said his teacher. “We will close these shutters, and let one beam of light come through this opening. Now it falls, you see, on the wall, there, and is—”

“White, as I said, Mr. Rudolf,” answered Carl.

“Yes, but that ray of white light can be divided, and then you will see that it takes many colors to make *white*.”

“*Many* colors!” exclaimed Carl; “why, *white* is no color at all. How can it be made of many colors?”

“We will see,” said Mr. Rudolf. “Hold this prism in the ray of light, and what do you see?”

“I see a rainbow on the wall, and it is higher up than the white light was,” said Carl.

“How many colors can you count?” asked Mr. Rudolf.

“Red, yellow, green, blue—four, I think,” said Carl.

“If you wish to be very particular about shades, etc.,” said his teacher,

counting for him, “you will find, red and orange, light yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Here are seven colors, Carl; which one is most turned out of its course by the prism?”

“Which one is farthest from a straight line from the hole to the wall?” asked Carl. “If you mean that, it is the violet.”

“That is right; and which is least turned out of its course?”

“The *red*,” said Carl.

“Now take a piece of printed paper, and hold it in that *spectrum*, which is the name that philosophers give to this ray of light when it is separated into its different parts—and tell me in which color you can read best,” said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl did as he was told, and exclaimed, “The yellow is much the brightest; I can read best in that, and the light seems to grow less each way from that color.”

“Quite right, Carl,” said Mr. Rudolf. “Now which ray do you suppose has the most heat?”

“I don’t know; the yellow, perhaps,” said Carl, doubtfully; “but the red *looks* the warmest.”

“And so it is,” said Mr. Rudolf, smiling; “for once it is safe to trust to appearances. And this proves what about light and heat?”

“That they can’t be exactly the same,” said Carl, “since the hottest ray does not give the most light.”

“Very well,” said his teacher. “Now for another trial. Here is a piece of paper covered with chloride of silver, white as snow. Place it in the spectrum, and see what is the effect!”

"It is beginning to turn black," exclaimed Carl.

"In which ray does it blacken quickest?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"In the violet, sir, and least in the red ray," answered Carl; "and, indeed," he added in astonishment, "it is growing black beyond the spectrum."

"Yes," was the reply, "because the chemical agent in a sunbeam, whatever it is, can not be seen," said Mr. Rudolf. "*Now we have found three separate principles in a sunbeam—one producing light, one heat, and one chemical changes.*"

"Shall I write that in my book?" asked Carl.

"Yes, I am glad you thought of it," said Mr. Rudolf. "And while you are doing it, I will prepare for something else."

When Carl had written his sentence, he looked up and said, "Now, Mr. Rudolf, I am ready for another experiment on light. It is a very interesting subject."

"Here is a glass," said his teacher; "I wish you to light that pile of shavings with it."

"Light shavings with a glass?" exclaimed Carl; "no, I thank you, Mr. Rudolf, I would rather not try such a foolish thing as that."

"Not so foolish as you imagine, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf, good-naturedly. "This glass, as you see, is convex, that is, thicker in the middle than at the edges—like your grandfather's spectacles—and it has the power of drawing all the rays of light that fall upon it into one *focus* or point. Of course that point is very hot. Put your hand here, and try it."

Carl put out his hand, and the little point of light rested upon it, but only for a moment. He quickly drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh, dear! that is

hot—very hot. I'll warrant it will light the shavings *now*."

"You may take it and try," said Mr. Rudolf. "And in a very short time Carl exclaimed, "Look! look! here it is coming—a little smoke already. Don't you smell it burning? I'm sure I do."

Mr. Rudolf smiled at Carl's earnestness, and stood by him, watching the progress of his experiment until the shavings were actually in a blaze.

"This is a pretty good burning-glass," said he, as the flame burst out. "I think if you were patient we might melt lead or iron with it."

"Do you really think so, Mr. Rudolf? I would like to try," said Carl; "and it is so wonderful, I am sure I should have patience to go through with it."

"Well, that is easily done, any bright day," said his teacher. "The glass shall stand here, and you may experiment as you please with it. But first let me tell you of some wonderful things which have been done by these glasses."

"I should think a person might do a great deal of harm with them," said Carl. "How easy it would be to set things on fire, and yet never go near them!"

"It would require a pretty powerful glass for that, Carl, and such are not very common. They are very difficult to make. The King of England once made a present of a glass to the Emperor of China which would melt a crystal pebble in six seconds; while iron, lead, and tin melted before it like snow before the sun."

"Oh, how I wish I had such a glass! Wouldn't I melt up some of Katrina's pots and kettles for her?" cried Carl. "Wouldn't it be fine to stand quietly outside the door, and only let the sun

in, and see the cooking-stove go melting away, and running along the floor? Katrina would be sure you taught me magic of some sort, then!"

"Why, Carl, I never thought you were so fond of teasing and mischief as that," said Mr. Rudolf. "But you need lay no plans for melting the cooking-stove. There is no probability of your ever seeing a glass that would answer for that purpose."

"But, Mr. Rudolf, can not the sun's rays be collected by some other means, and produce great heat?" asked Carl.

"Yes," he replied. "Concave mirrors are sometimes used for that purpose. They *reflect* the light to a certain point or focus, just as this glass *refracts* it there. Light is said to be *refracted*, when it is turned out of a straight course, as you saw it done by the prism, and as you see it now by the burning-glass. It is *reflected*, or turned back by a mirror, or any polished surface, which it can not pass through. One great philosopher of antiquity once used concave mirrors to a very good purpose, against the enemies of his country."

"Please tell me how," said Carl.

"It was Archimedes. He lived in Syracuse, in the island of Sicily. A large fleet was sent against the city, which was in danger of being taken; when Archimedes threw the light from his mirrors upon the ships in the harbor, and set them on fire."

"He was a first-rate old fellow," exclaimed Carl, "and I wish I had been in his place—to sit quietly up in my room and set fire, one by one, to my enemies' ships, with my own hand, while they could neither see nor touch me. That's what I call power, Mr. Rudolf, and I would like to have it."

"Knowledge *is* power," said Mr. Rudolf, smiling.



TOP PHILOSOPHY.

CHILDREN must be busy,
Always something learning.
Toys and trinkets, for their secrets,
Inside-outward turning.

While the top is spinning,
Boys are wondering all,
How it stands erect unaided,
Why it does not fall.

While the top is humming,
Still the wonder grows,
By what art the little spinner
Whistles as it goes.

Children learn while playing;
Children play while learning;
Pastimes, often more than lessons,
Into knowledge turning.

THE COPPER CENT.

HERE are things new and old. How old is the cent used in our currency? It made its appearance from the mint in 1792, though proposed and named nearly ten years before. It bore then the head of Washington on one side, and a chain of thirteen links on the other. The cent now has a classic dame, with a fillet round her hair, and finely chiseled Grecian figure, and has been in use more than thirty years.

FARMING IN INDIA.



IN the cultivation of the soil of India, great attention is paid to watering it, the heat being so great, and the rains so infrequent, that it soon dries, or bakes on the surface. The water is generally raised from wells by a very simple kind of mill, constructed by the natives for that purpose. This is worked by oxen, walking round a circle, very much after the manner of bark or cider mills used in this country. The ranges of buckets are by this means set in motion. They are so constructed that they turn over when they reach the top of the wheel, and pour their contents into a trough, by which it is conveyed to any spot where it is required. This, it would seem, is very much like the chain pump, now considerably used among us, and which was brought out, a few years ago, with all the noise and parade of a new American invention; — affording another proof of what Solomon had said three

thousand years ago, that, "there is nothing new under the sun."

The plow used by the Indian farmer is a very simple affair; it is all made of wood, iron being less abundant in that part of the world than in Europe or America. The soil is so extremely fertile and easily managed, that the sim-

plest wooden plow is sufficient to work it, and prepare it for the seed, which, by a very simple contrivance, is dropped into the ground, at the same time that the plow opens it. The plow being drawn by two oxen, the plowman follows it, guiding it with one hand, while with the other he pours the seed into the mouth of a tunnel, the nozzle of which passes through the plowshare, just behind its point, and conveys the seed to the freshly opened furrow. This, in our country, would not be called deep plowing. It seems more like the scratching of the soil done by the slaves on our Southern plantations, which so rapidly exhausts its fertility.

The mode of thrashing in India is something like that of harrowing with us. It is performed by bullocks, two or more of which are yoked together, and driven over a quantity of sheaves



INDIAN THRASHING.

spread upon the ground, drawing after them a heavy piece of wood. By this means the grain is trodden out quickly. The rice, or corn, is then cleared from the husks by means of large fans, and the straw is laid up in stacks as food for the cattle, hay from grass being but little known in India. This mode of

thrashing is as old as the time of Moses, who, among the rules he laid down for the proper management of a farm, and the kind treatment of ani-

they may be sheltered from the sun, usually occupy one side, and similarly thatched buildings, somewhat higher and larger, are ranged along the other,



HINDOO FARM-YARD.

mals, enacted this law—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." The fan is also spoken of in the Bible, as a winnow.

In a climate like that of India, close barns and sheltered farm-yards are not needed. They are open and airy, and rather need the shade of trees, to protect them from the sun, than walls and fences to keep off the cold winds and storms. The soil is so rich and productive, that the farms are generally small. The farmer's wealth, as in the days of Job and Abraham, is usually estimated by the number of his cattle, sheep, etc., and not by his acres. He has also many more servants than we employ, labor being cheap, and the expense of clothing and feeding very light. The farm-yards are well arranged, and kept clean and nice. Thatched sheds for the animals, where

for the use of the laborers and the protection of the grain.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
 Trip lightly over wrong;
 We only make grief double
 By dwelling on it long.
 Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
 Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
 Why cling to forms unsightly?
 Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
 Though this day may be dark,
 The sun may shine to-morrow,
 And gayly sing the lark;
 Fair hope has not departed,
 Though roses may have fled;
 Then never be down-hearted,
 But look for joy instead.

THE DOLL'S CRADLE.



CHILDREN almost always love farm-houses. There are so many pretty sights, and pleasant things to do. There are horses and cows, sheep, pigs, and fowls, to be looked at, and beautiful green fields in which to run and play.

Little Mary Louisa's home was a farm; and dearly she loved it. In the long summer days she would wander in the hay-fields, and make hay with her own little hay-fork, tossing it about, and then gathering it together into heaps; or sit down under a hedge in a shady place and pull wild flowers.

She would help, also, to look up the eggs, feed the poultry, and water the flower-beds; for her papa had a very pretty garden.

But Mary Louisa could not play and amuse herself in this happy way *all* the year; winter came at last, and brought rainy days, and frost, and snow, and then she was obliged to play with her little brother John, and with her own toys. Now, though John was a very little boy, he had a naughty way of snatching the playthings from his sister. If he wished for any which she had, he would not ask for them, but would pull them out of her hand, and cry if she took them from him.

These two little children had a kind and good mamma, who talked very often to them about loving each other. She told them how

the Lord Jesus Christ had loved little children; that when He lived on earth, He had taken them up in His arms and blessed them, putting His kind hands on their young heads, and saying—"Suffer little children to come unto me;" and how He had even *died* to save all those children who believed in Him and loved Him, from sin here, and from punishment in another world. She told them, too, that all those little ones who wished to be like their Saviour, and follow Him, must love each other as He had loved them, and try to make one another happy.

Now, one cold snowy day, little Mary Louisa and her brother were left for a short time to play alone. The toys were all brought out; the white horse with the long tail, and the donkey which moved its head up and down; the old wagon and horses, which had one wheel missing, and one horse headless; the dog that barked, and the cat which was always springing on the poor mouse before her; all these were brought out. But these were not *all*; there were two balls—an old one, and one nearly new—and a wax doll and cradle.

For some time the children were merry enough. John went to market with his wagon and horses, and his sister nursed her doll, and put it to sleep in its cradle. At length John fancied that he might make himself another wagon, by tying his white horse and donkey to Mary Louisa's doll's cradle, so he ran up to it and pulled the doll out, and threw it on the ground. The poor little girl was very sorry for her doll, so she said, "Oh! John, let me have my cradle, you can play with all the other toys." But John held it tightly, and would not let her have it.

Now Mary Louisa was a good little girl, and instead of quarreling with her brother, or forcing the cradle from him, as many others would have done, she walked quietly to the window, and there knelt down and prayed to the gracious Saviour that He would keep her from feeling angry when her toys were snatched from her, and that she might try to make her brother happy. Outside the window the snow was falling gently, softly; its large flakes clothing the hedges and shrubs in lovely white dresses; but the little girl only looked for a minute, she ran to her brother, and kissing him said,

"You may have my cradle for a wagon, John, and I will help you to harness your horses."

Oh! that *all* little children would thus seek to love one another. JESSIE.

EYESIGHT.

MILTON'S blindness was the result of over-work and dyspepsia.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too frequent use of the eyesight, in reading small print, and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scanty that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls some mellow tint.

THE STORK AND THE IBIS.



IN form, the stork and the ibis, the sacred bird of the Egyptians, resemble each other. They both have legs like a crane—so slender, as to seem unable to sustain the large body of the bird. The ibis is black. The white stork is from three and a half to four feet in height, including the neck. Because of the slight, long legs, it walks very slowly, and with measured steps, like a soldier marching. Its flight is wonderful, being very long continued, and in the higher regions of the air.

Storks are birds of passage. They live in the deserts of Africa and Arabia, in the winter season. In summer they return to the cool climates, where they build their nests on old towers and belfries, and chimneys of the

highest houses, and tall, dead trees. Both ibis and stork feed on reptiles, such as serpents, lizards, toads, etc., and in marshy tracts, the people fix a cart wheel by the center, to a long pole, and the storks rarely fail to build there. It seems to suit them admirably; and for years the faithful pairs return—this they all do, to their nests, inhabiting them for many years. The eggs are never less than two, and seldom exceed four.

The Bible says, "As for the stork, the fir-tree is her house." Upon the fields between Cana and Nazareth, they were in such numbers, that the ground was whitened by them; and in their flight they darkened the air like great clouds. The stork

"knoweth her appointed time;" this is the time for passing from one land to another. A fortnight previous to this, they collect from all the country around, and appear to be in council, and are said by some to determine the exact time of departure, and place of future abode. At an amazing height they soar—the Bible says, "in the heaven."

Ouvier says, "that in mummies of the ibis there have been found undigested parts of skin and scales of serpents."

Many, of both ibis and stork, are in and around Constantinople, and are useful, because they feed on vermin, and garbage of the shambles, and refuse of the houses. The Turks esteem these birds highly. The tall, round

pillars of the towers on the mosques of Bagdad are *without* a cone on the top, differing in this from the mosques of Constantinople. On the former the storks delight to build, and the cylindrical nest of great sticks makes a *capital* (literally), especially when the stork's head is out for a finish.

In Holland and Germany the stork is universally protected. Boxes are built for them on the tops of houses; and it is regarded as an excellent omen when a stork builds upon a man's house. They are easily tamed, and have been trained to remain in gardens, where they destroy the reptiles. It is a sober, stately bird, with its almost solemn way of walking; but a writer has said that one or two had been known to join the play of children who frequented the grounds daily. One of these was the game of "tag," and when the bird was touched with tag, like the children, it would make its pipe-stem legs fly about merrily, in a regular run. LAURA ELMER.

JESSIE AND ABBY—THE DIFFERENCE.

"NO, Abby, it proves no such thing," replied Jessie. "You say you can't learn the list, and you won't try; I said I can learn it, and I will—and I did. I have no doubt you could commit the list to memory without much trouble if you would only think so, and would try. That's the secret of good lessons."

"I don't believe I could learn that lesson, if I should study a week; it's a long string of words, without any sense or reason, and I can't learn such things," said Abby.

"Oh, yes, you can learn it if you

will only determine to do so," replied Jessie.

"But I *know* I never could learn it—it isn't in me," said Abby; and she declined further conversation on the subject by walking off.

Jessie was on the right track in attributing the difference between her memory and that of Abby to a *will* and a *won't*. She might have carried the comparison still farther, and something like the following, I think, would have been the result:

THE GOOD AND THE POOR SCHOLAR.

JESSIE.

Her motto is, Learn all you can.

She makes sacrifices, to obtain an education, and fully appreciates the privileges she enjoys.

She thinks much of the future benefit to be derived from her studies.

She makes it a rule to thoroughly master every task allotted to her, and to understand what she learns.

She diligently improves her time.

She concentrates her mind upon her studies.

RESULT.—Her lessons are perfect.

ABBY.

Her motto is, Get through as easy as possible.

Her privileges are themselves a burden and a hardship, and she longs to get rid of them.

She cares far less about future good than present ease.

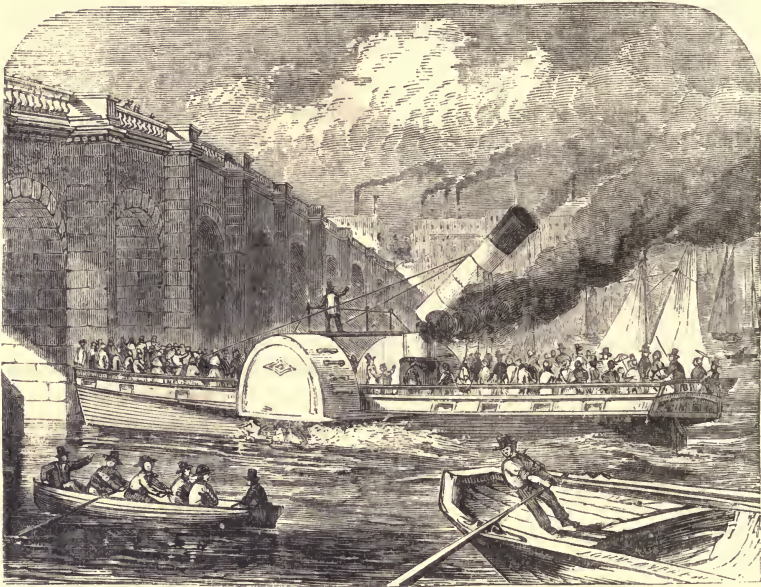
She thoroughly masters nothing, and is satisfied if she can repeat the words of a lesson, without troubling herself about ideas.

She wastes many precious hours.

Her mind is seldom earnestly fixed on her studies.

RESULT.—Her lessons are failures.

—R. I. Schoolmaster.



SHOOTING THE BRIDGE.

ROLLO IN EUROPE.*

WE have already said something about Rollo's Tour in Europe, showing a little of what he saw and did in Rome. Through the kindness of the publishers, we are now able not only to tell, but to show you some of the wonderful things he saw in London. You would find it exceedingly interesting to follow him through all his travels, and we should like much to take you along with us.

But that we can not do. We can only advise you to get the books, a series of ten small volumes, full of pictures, neatly bound, and put up in a case by themselves. Only five dollars for the set.

THE RIVER.

Mr. George and Rollo fell into the

* From Rollo's Tour in Europe. Published by Brown, Taggard & Chase. Boston.

line of people that were pressing forward over the plank which led to the boat that the orange-woman had directed them to embark in; and they soon found themselves on board. The boat was small and quite narrow. There was no saloon or inclosed apartment of any kind for the passengers, nor even an awning to shelter them from the sun or rain. There were, however, substantial settees placed around the deck, some forward and others aft. Some of these settees were on the sides of the steamer, by the railing, and there were others placed back to back in the middle. There were not seats enough for all the passengers; and thus many were obliged to stand.

As the boat glided along swiftly over the water, Rollo gazed with

wonder and interest at the various objects and scenes which presented themselves to view around him. The rows of dingy-looking ware-houses dimly seen through the smoke along the shores of the river; the ranges of barges, lighters, and wherries lying at the margin of the water below; the bridges, stretching through the murky atmosphere across the stream, with throngs of people upon them passing incessantly to and fro; the little steamers, long and slender, and blackened by smoke, shooting swiftly in every direction over the surface of the water; and the spires and domes of the city seen on every hand beyond the nearer buildings, attracted by turns the attention of our travelers and excited their wonder.

In a very few minutes, however, after the boat had left its first station, she seemed to be approaching another landing-place, and Rollo was very much amused to observe how the steamer was manœuvred in coming up to the landing and making fast there. The pilot who had the command of her stood upon the wheel-house on one side, and gave his orders by means of little gestures which he made with his fingers and hand. The helmsman, who stood at the wheel in the stern, watched these gestures, and regulated his steering by such of them as were meant for him. There were other gestures, however, which were meant for the engineer, who had charge of the engine. This engineer, however, could not see the gestures of the pilot, for he was down among the machinery, beneath the deck; and so there was a boy stationed on the deck, near an opening which led down to where the engineer was standing; and this boy interpreted the gestures as the pilot made them, calling out to the en-

gineer the import of them with a very curious drawling intonation, which amused Rollo very much. Thus, when the steamer approached the land, the boy, watching the fingers of the pilot, called out, with intervals of a few seconds between each other, in a loud voice to the engineer below, as follows:

“EASE—ER-R-R!” Then, after two or three seconds — “STOP—ER-R-R!” Then again — “BACK—ER-R-R!”

The engineer obeyed all these orders in succession as they were thus announced to him; and the steamer was brought up very safely to the landing, although the person who controlled her notions could not see at all where he was going.

When the steamer was thus, at length, moored to the landing, a number of the passengers stepped off, and a great many others got on; and, immediately afterward, the cables were cast off, and the boy called out,

“START—ER-R-R!”

The steamer then began to glide away from the landing again, and was soon swiftly shooting over the water toward one of the arches of the next bridge up the stream.

“Now,” said Rollo, “how are they going to get this tall smoke-pipe through that bridge?”

“You will see,” said Mr. George.

Rollo looked up to the top of the smoke-pipe, which seemed to be considerably higher than the crown of the arch that the steamer was approaching. How it could possibly pass was a mystery. The mystery was, however, soon solved; for, at the instant that the bows of the steamer entered under the arch, two men, taking hold of levers below, turned the whole smoke-pipe back, by means of a hinge-joint that had been made in it, not

far from the deck. The hinge was in the back side of the smoke-pipe, and of course in bending the pipe back there was an opening made in front; and through this opening the smoke, while the steamer was passing through the bridge, came out in dense volumes. As soon, however, as the arch was cleared, the pipe was brought back into its place again by the force of great weights placed at the ends of the levers as a counterpoise. Thus the opening below was closed, and the smoke came out of the top of the pipe as before.

As soon as the boat had passed the bridge, Rollo, looking forward, saw another landing at a short distance in advance of them.

"Here comes another landing," said Rollo. "Is this the Westminster landing, do you think?"

"No," said Mr. George.

"How do you know?" asked Rollo.

"We have not come far enough yet for the Westminster landing," said Mr. George.

"How shall you know when we get there?" asked Rollo.

"I shall inquire," said Mr. George. "Besides, the Westminster landing must be at Westminster Bridge, and Westminster Bridge is above Hungerford Bridge; and I shall know Hungerford Bridge when I see it, for it is an iron suspension bridge, without arches. It is straight and slender, being supported from above by monstrous chains; and is very narrow, being only intended for foot passengers."

"Well," said Rollo, "I will look out for it."

"I meant to have asked you," said Mr. George, "while we were on London Bridge, whether it would be best for us to take lodgings in the city or at the West End. Which do you think?"

"I don't know," said Rollo.

"Which do you think would be best?"

"It is more *genteel* to be at the West End," said Mr. George.

"I don't care anything about that," said Rollo.

"Nor do I much," said Mr. George.

"I want to go," said Rollo, "where we can have the best time."

"Yes," said Mr. George.

"And see the most to amuse us," said Rollo.

"I think," said Mr. George, "on the whole, that the West End will be the best for us. There are a few great things in the city to be seen; but the every-day walks, and little excursions, and street sights are altogether more interesting at the West End. So we had better take our lodgings there, and go to the city when we wish to, by the omnibuses that go down the Strand."

"Or by these boats on the river," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Mr. George, "or by these boats."

Among the ancient Germans, when a country was conquered, it was divided among the victorious warriors, who left it at their death free to their children. These lands were called Allods, from *Od*, meaning an estate, and a very *odd* custom they had concerning them. The boundaries of the Allods were very carefully fixed, and it was the custom at the setting of a landmark, usually a stone or a tree, to gather all the children of the neighborhood together on the spot, and box their ears soundly, so that they might be certain ever to remember the place. Though this might have been good for the owner of the land, the children, I fancy, thought it hard at *all odds*.

THE MONTH OF JUNE.*

AND so 'twas decided, with common consent,
Wherever the call and the notices went,
That, just for the rhyme, no longer should May

Over all her fair sisters hold absolute sway,
[the tune,
But that ode and song should be set to
Forever, henceforth, of gentle June.

From far-off China, from coy Japan,
From Manhattan's isle, from the Isle of Man,

From Egypt, from Iceland, from North and from South,
From East and from West, and from every mouth,
[noon,
As bright and as warm as a torrid
Came up a pean for gentle June.

The "Merry Committee" reported,
nem. con.,

'Twas a matter they'd often reflected upon,
They had sifted the records of every clime,
[Time,

From age to age, since the birth of
And found no cause for withholding the boon
Of crown and wreath from gentle June.

From African wilds, where, bright and clear,
Unchangeable Summer swept round the year,

Where, through long ages, there only was seen,
Perennial ripeness, perennial green,

They sent for her wreath a golden festoon,
For their life was one perpetual June.

From India, the land of the date and the palm,
Of spices and nectar, ambrosia and balm,

From Ganges and Indus, from Him-maleh far,

From warm Coromandel, from bright Malabar,

From the vale of Cashmere, and the spicy Ceylon,

They sent up a chorus of praises to June.

From our own favored land the decision goes forth,

In songs from the South side and shouts from the North,

From Texas, from Florida, Michigan, Maine,

From the shores of the sea, from the broad Western plain,

From river and fountain, from lake and lagoon—

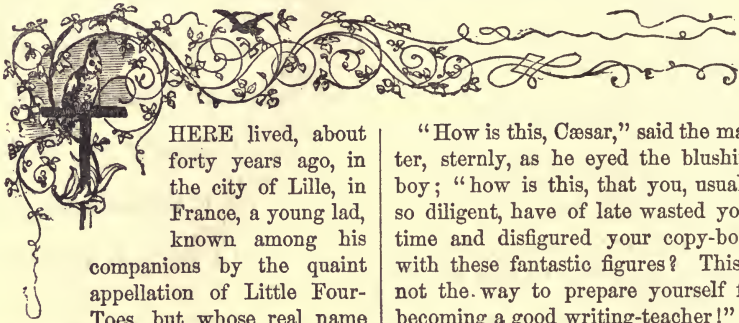
And even Cape May shouted—Huzza for June!

H. H.



* See "May" in May number.

LITTLE FOUR-TOES.



HERE lived, about forty years ago, in the city of Lille, in France, a young lad, known among his companions by the quaint appellation of Little Four-Toes, but whose real name

was Cæsar.

His father was a poor shoemaker, and his greatest exertions were barely adequate to supply himself and family with the common necessaries of life.

Cæsar had the misfortune to be born without hands or arms, the upper part of his legs, by a strange freak of nature, had been left out of his organization, and each foot was supplied with only four toes.

Under this accumulation of poverty and misfortune, he seemed destined to live a life of want and misery; but his fate happily proved otherwise.

While still young, Cæsar became quite dexterous with his feet, using them very expertly in the place of hands, in the common games of his playmates, and at the time our sketch opens, he was the best penman in Mr. Dumoncelle's writing school, which proves that hands are not at all necessary to the welfare of a genius, however needful they may be to ordinary mortals.

One morning as Cæsar entered the little school-room of M. Dumoncelle, he observed the master seated at his desk, turning over the leaves of his (Cæsar's) copy-book with rather an impatient hand.

"How is this, Cæsar," said the master, sternly, as he eyed the blushing boy; "how is this, that you, usually so diligent, have of late wasted your time and disfigured your copy-book with these fantastic figures? This is not the way to prepare yourself for becoming a good writing-teacher!"

"Ah! master," replied the boy, "I hope you will not be angry with me; but I have given up that idea. I do not wish to become a writing-teacher."

"What then, pray?"

"A painter!"

"A painter!" said the master, in surprise; "when did you get that foolish notion into your head? I thought you had fully determined to earn a living by teaching penmanship."

"And so I had," Cæsar replied; "but when I looked upon those beautiful paintings in Watley's Picture Gallery, my soul seemed stirred with nobler impulses, and I determined, whatever trials and hardships it might cost me, to be a painter—nothing but a painter."

"Ah! but, Cæsar, you must not forget your natural deformities, which unsuit you for following painting as a profession, and that it will take a great deal of money to support you while preparing for an artist's career. As a teacher of penmanship, you can succeed—as a painter, never."

"How do you know that, friend Dumoncelle?" said a gentleman, as he advanced from the doorway into the room. "You are a good writing-master, but you are no judge of paint-

ing or painters. Better leave that business to me."

"Gladly will I, M. Watley; so, if you please, look over these pen-and-ink sketches, and give this boy your opinion of them," replied the master, as he handed Cæsar's copy-book to the gentleman.

In the mean time, Cæsar stood near by, with downcast eyes and flushed face, fully expecting a severe reprimand from M. Watley, who was a noted painter, and at that time President of the School of Design in Lille.

But as the critic said nothing, Cæsar gathered courage and looked up.

Watley was turning over the leaves of the copy-book slowly, but was evidently pleased.

When he reached the last picture, he said, "These are excellently done, my lad, for one so young. Give me your hand; I welcome you into the brotherhood of artists."

But Cæsar smiled sadly, as he said, "Ah! monsieur, I am without hands."

"Without hands!" repeated Watley in surprise, for he had not before noticed this misfortune of Cæsar. "How, then, pray, did you make these pictures?"

"With my feet," replied the lad, modestly.

"The boy is a prodigy, a genius," murmured the astonished painter. "You shall be a painter, my lad," he continued, "if you wish it. I myself will get you admitted into the School of Design."

Cæsar was overjoyed at a prospect of a fulfillment of his long-cherished hopes, and, hardly waiting to thank M. Watley for his generous offer, he hurried home to tell his parents of the proposal of the artist.

A few days after this, Cæsar was

admitted into the School of Design, and from that time his course was steadily upward.

After a few years of hard study, and steady application, he received from the hands of his generous patron, M. Watley, the highest prize for painting; and deeming rightly that, to be a good painter, he must put himself under the tuition of better artists than his native city afforded, he removed to Paris.

Here, in a few years, his reputation was established, and he became the successful and admired painter, Cæsar Ducornet, for by this name was Little Four-Toes known throughout the world.

You may be sure, however famous and honored he was, that he did not forget, in his prosperity, his poor parents. As soon as possible, they were sent for to come to his residence in Paris; and he, whom one might suppose an object of charity, generously supported them until his death, which occurred in 1856.

May this short story of his life nerve some youthful spirit in the struggle against adverse circumstances, and aid it to bear with patient courage the burden which misfortune has entailed upon it.

MATTIE BELL.

WEST UNION, OHIO.

KING WILLIAM RUFUS was not at all superstitious. Only a short time before he was killed by Wat Tyrrell, a nobleman of his court whispered to him fearfully that a certain priest had dreamed a dream, horrible and portentous, which, he believed, predicted the king's death. "He is a monk," said William, laughing, "and dreams for money, like a monk—give him a hundred shillings."

WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE WILL YOU HAVE?



ALL true families must have a home, a house of one kind or another, to live in. What kind of a house shall it be is a question of no small importance, however small the house may be. It is a question, however, which a very large portion of those most interested do not exactly know how to answer. Many persons do not know exactly what they want. They can tell, when they see a house, or go through it, whether it would suit them or not. But they can not make a plan of what would suit them, nor even alter, to advantage, one already made. How to secure the largest amount of convenience, comfort, and beauty in a dwelling, which their means and materials will permit, is a problem entirely beyond their capacity.

To supply this want, to enable persons of limited means to solve this problem, Fowler and Wells have recently published an *Illustrated Manual of Architecture*, with practical suggestions on all the points involved in putting up a house, or other building, and plans and sketches of various styles, dimensions, and values. We can not better show up the practical value of such a work, than by extracting a few sketches, with some of the accompanying explanatory remarks. You will find the book a valuable one for the family. The first is called an *extempore house*.

"On the prairies, and in the forests of the Great West the 'squatter,' or

claimant of *pre-emption* right on the government lands, throws up a little cabin, or shanty, as one of the conditions on which he is to make his claim good. It is an *extempore* affair, but serves its purpose, and by-and-by is pulled down. It may be built of logs, or of sawed lumber; and there is no reason why it should not present as attractive and home-like an exterior as the one here represented."

From the descriptions we have had of the log cabins of the first settlers, we fear that they are not all, or many of them, as tasteful and cosy as this looks to be. But, surely, there is no extravagance in the style of finish, which any man, who had boards and nails, might not imitate. We are persuaded that a large number of our



A WESTERN COTTAGE.

country houses, as well as Western cabins, would have been made much more comfortable and tasteful, if the proprietors had only been told how to do it.

Our next sketch is of a Gothic cottage.

"This handsome cottage, with its two verandahs, fine bay windows,

ment." Accompanying this, in the book, are plans of the two floors, with the dimensions of each part, and corresponding explanations.



A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

balcony, gables, and grouped chimney stacks, wears an expression of simple elegance, combined with all the comfort and convenience that a cottage residence can well afford.

"The arrangement of the rooms on the first floor is compact and convenient. The parlor, though not large, is a very handsome apartment, and is conveniently connected with the sitting-room. * * On the second floor we have four fine sleeping-rooms, and a bath-room, each with its separate entrance from a hall, or passage. The front bedroom, with its fire-place and its balcony, is a particularly fine apart-

rude affair will please *them*, but something similar to the accompanying design will please you too, and be a highly ornamental feature in your grounds.



A PLAY-HOUSE.

The construction is simple, but the effect is very fine.

"In order to succeed in constructing rustic work, the first thing is to

procure the materials. All such objects as may be exposed to the weather should be of the most durable wood, of which red cedar is best. For certain purposes, white oak will answer well; but as it is essential to have the bark remain on, the wood should be cut at a time of the year when this will not peel or separate. If cut toward the close of summer, the wood will last twice as long as when cut in winter or spring. A horse load or two of boughs or branches of trees, of which a goodly portion may be curved or twisted, and from one to six inches in diameter, will constitute good materials for a beginning."

TOBACCO.

WHAT think you a lad of sixteen said to us lately, when we remonstrated with him upon the base indulgence of tobacco?

"I don't smoke because I love it, but because it's a habit I can't overcome."

It was at the same time a very sad and a very laughable excuse. Can't overcome it—a boy—can't overcome the filthy habit of smoking cigars, and chewing filthy tobacco; would rather deny himself the pleasure of decent company; rather possess a breath filled with the odor of corruption, than give up the *pleasure* of sucking at one of the most nauseous compounds that man, in his foolishness, ever concocted.

We pity that boy—we pity anybody who has not sufficient resolution to cast off a habit that he acknowledges is hourly committing ravages upon his health; who suffers in numerous ways; who loses self-respect, allows his teeth to accumulate offensive mat-

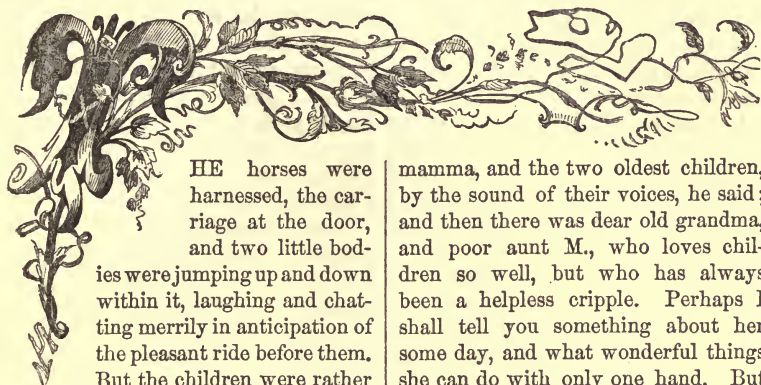
ter; lounges in ungraceful postures; obliges every one to open the windows wherever he goes, his own olfactory organs being deadened by the constant effluvia, so that he is not aware how great a nuisance he is; gives up all refinement—for who ever saw refinement in the midst of a puffing, lolling, spitting circle? Who ever saw refinement in the low bar-room, the street-corner loungers, the mean, vile denizens of the most infamous haunts?

But what shall we do, when *infants* use the destructive agent—infants of six and seven years, some of whom smoke *manfully*, if that word pleases the grown-up sucklings?

Not long ago, a little boy, not seven years old, came into the house where we were staying, stupid and sick, reeling unsteadily, and fell, almost senseless, upon the floor, causing great panic, as may be supposed. We found out the cause in a few moments. Another little boy, somewhat older, had coaxed him to smoke a few puffs on an old cigar, and the alarming *symptoms of poison* were the result of his first effort. Thus even babes are teaching one another, and it behooves parents to be on the watch, to guard those poor innocents from a habit that too often leads to infamy—that infamy cherishes as one of her most darling sins.

THE Arabs say, that every race of animals is governed by its chief, to whom the others are bound to pay obeisance. The king of the crocodiles holds his court at the bottom of the Nile, near Siout. The king of the fleas lives at Tiberias, in the Holy Land, and deputations of illustrious fleas visit him on a certain day, in his palace, situated in a beautiful garden, in the Lake of Genesareth.

A VISIT TO GRANDPA.



HE horses were harnessed, the carriage at the door, and two little bodies were jumping up and down within it, laughing and chatting merrily in anticipation of the pleasant ride before them.

But the children were rather impatient, and John, to pass away time, was caressing one of the gentle horses; and what were they waiting for? for mamma and the baby. It took a long time to dress and bundle up the little thing *so* carefully, as every fond mother knows.

At last they started; it was a fine morning in June; a long ride was before them, over hill and valley, twenty miles. Baby slept in mamma's arms nearly all the way; older faces looked tired, and Fred fell asleep at last, his head bounding against mamma's shoulder. They saw many beautiful things on the road, passed through two pretty villages, through lonely forests, passed smiling water-falls, and at last reached grandpa's house. Oh! what a dear old place was that, surrounded with fruit-trees, just down there in a beautiful dell, where a stream of pure water runs swiftly along among the rocks, and where one can see the speckled trout darting hither and thither in the water. But grandpa was eighty-three years old (he was born in 1776, the year of the Declaration of American Independence), and he was blind, but he knew papa, and

mamma, and the two oldest children, by the sound of their voices, he said; and then there was dear old grandma, and poor aunt M., who loves children so well, but who has always been a helpless cripple. Perhaps I shall tell you something about her some day, and what wonderful things she can do with only one hand. But I must tell how grandpa forgot that any one was there, in a few moments, and could not remember the children's mother, although she was his youngest daughter, and was always his pet. Their mother cried when he said he never knew her, and asked him if he remembered Jesus Christ? "Oh, yes, he knew him always." When night came, grandma read a chapter in the "old family Bible," and grandpa prayed with all the fervency of a Christian, and all the simple faith of a child.

Next morning the children rose refreshed, and found grandpa refreshed, too, walking around the rooms and repeating the little hymns his mother taught him in childhood, such as, "How glorious is our heavenly king," and "Now that my journey's just begun;" and as one little child came lovingly up to his side, he placed his withered hand on the soft curls, and said, "Learn all the hymns you can, now you are a little child; when you get old and blind, like me, and can't remember anything else, you will love to say them over."

Grandpa knew all the children that morning, and seemed to enjoy their

visit much. He was greatly troubled, fearing it would rain, and they get wet on the journey home, and thought it was very cloudy and going to rain soon, when the sun was shining brightly and not a cloud to be seen.

One of his daughters there on a visit, who was about to visit her aunt, an aged sister of grandpa's, asked him what word he wished to send. "Tell her," said he, "that I know Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and I don't know anything else." Oh, how pitiful to see the mind and memory of those we love flickering like an expiring candle, and their bodies fast hastening to decay!

Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and, believing this, we will rejoice that he is so near the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

M. A. L.

HOPS AND BEANS;

THE WAY THEIR VINES RUN.

NOT more than two in a hundred, I am sure, have well learned the art of seeing. I doubt whether many people know that there is such an art. They overlook the most interesting facts, they don't see things right before them. We may refer to the vines of their gardens. They walk among them daily, without so much as suspecting that some of them are very particular as to the way they run.

"I am not sure that I understand you, sir. It sounds rather queer, that vines are particular which way they run. I always thought that they creep about in any direction, just where there is the most room, or the best chance to lay hold of a support."

You talk, John, pretty much as I expected. It is true that those vines

which keep to the ground, seem satisfied to run to any one of a hundred points of the compass. It is true, also, that those which have an upward tendency, are apt to cling to whatever is most convenient. Still, they are very nice as to the manner in which they lay hold of their supports, and coil themselves around them. You needn't go far for the proof of this.

Here are some hop-vines. You will find, on examination, that they all take the same course—that in coiling around their respective poles, they all go from the east to the west by way of the south. Nor can you force them to change their direction. If you put them around the poles in reverse order, you will find, before many days have passed, that they have undone your work, and coiled themselves up just as they were before you meddled with them.

Step across, now, to this patch of beans. These, too, you observe, have a manifest choice in regard to the route they take. Starting from the east, again, every runner reaches the west by going around by the north side of the pole. And they are just as much determined to go in this direction as are the hop-vines to go in the other. They will resist all your attempts to train them to a different course.

You see, then, that these plants are under law. They are bound to a fixed method of growth and development. They must take a definite direction, as certainly as water must run downhill. Nor is this otherwise than we should expect. It is only one of the innumerable instances of order and method which appear in the works of God, and which so powerfully illustrate his wisdom and goodness.

THE OLD MAJOR.

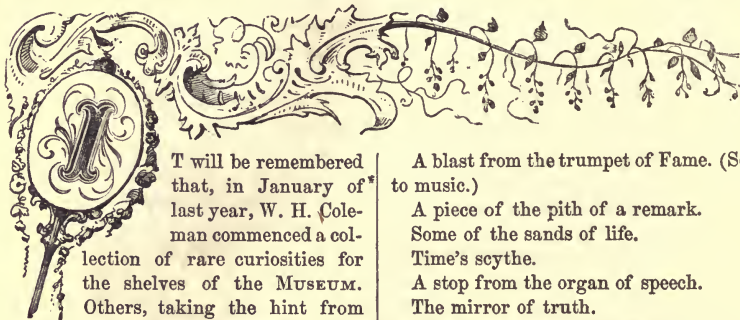


THE CLIFFS OF MOYNE.

JUST under the old cliffs of Moyne, in the north of Scotland, was nestled my native village. A few fishermen's huts, and a few houses of a better class, occupied by tradesmen, constituted all that gave it the name of a town. In my youth, I thought it a very considerable town, a place of great importance in the realm. But when, after an absence of forty years in America, the greater part of which I had been doing business in New York, I returned to visit a few friends who were still surviving at home, I was surprised and confounded to find the place so insignificant and dull. I could scarcely believe my senses. All the romance of my youth which, in my long absence, I had cherished, and which had grown year by year, as I repeated to my children, and the young friends they gathered around them, the stories of my youthful adventures, and the still more wonderful tales I had heard from others, seemed to die out at once. It had become, in an in-

stant, a dream—a fiction. I could not feel that the place had even been *home*. My parents were both gone to their rest. My brothers were in distant quarters of the world. One sister, the youngest, born after I left home, alone remained. Cousins with whom I had frolicked in my youth, were there; but how changed! "Is it possible," thought I, "that I too am so changed?" Yes, it was that, and that only. The old place was not changed. Scarce a house was built since I left—scarcely one taken down or removed. But the people, myself—oh, how changed! The cliffs wore the same weather-beaten aspect. The ruins of the old "Castle of the Crag" seemed the very same, as if not a single stone had been moved from its old place. But it was home no more. The old associations would not come back. They were entirely overgrown with new ones, fresher, brighter, dearer; even the old stones of the castle were overgrown with fresh moss and vines.

OUR CURIOSITY ROOM.



It will be remembered that, in January of last year, W. H. Coleman commenced a collection of rare curiosities for the shelves of the MUSEUM. Others, taking the hint from him, followed it up with liberal donations in the same line, though not a few of them were duplicates of what had already been given. For six months we exhibited each new donation as it came, omitting only the duplicates. Finding this rather troublesome, we gave it up, laying aside the contributions, to be arranged in order, and shown up all together, when the shelves should be well-filled, so as to make a respectable display. Having, in this way, filled up one case, we now throw open the door, with a free ticket for all the Merry family. Come, Merrys, Cabinetmakers, and Schoolfellows, what think you of this Cabinet of Merry Curiosities? If any of you are disposed to help in making up another, be careful to examine this, so that you may be sure to send none but new ones.

The first six numbers of 1857 may be referred to, as making up our full collection. The whole will be found to embrace about two hundred specimens. We shall add to the list, from time to time, and open the exhibition as often as a respectable show of novelties can be displayed.

A fire kindled by the heat of argument.
 Pebbles from the path of honor.
 A tire from the wheel of fortune.
 A link from the hymeneal chain.
 A finger from the hand of destiny.
 A rocker from the cradle of liberty.
 Lining from the Cape of Good Hope.

MATTIE BELL.

A blast from the trumpet of Fame. (Set to music.)

A piece of the pith of a remark.

Some of the sands of life.

Time's scythe.

A stop from the organ of speech.

The mirror of truth.

Three threads from the warp of life.

Some wild oats from a crop raised by a fast young man.

A few pieces of a broken heart. (Not mine.)

BESS.

A bit for our saw-horse.

A paper from the press of a crowd.

OLIVER ONLEY.

A piece of the track upon which a train of circumstances ran.

The keystone of an arch look.

The string of a rainbow.

An arrow from the quiver of an aspen leaf.

The tail of a clothes-horse.

The drum of a mountain-ear.

A bag of gold deposited in the "bank whereon the wild thyme grew."

A ray from the "light of other days."

The peg of a mountain top. QUILP.

Some dishes from the shelf of a rock.

A hat for a mast-head.

Some of the white hairs of Grandfather Longlegs.

A drummer to play on the drum of the ear. GEORGE.

A muscle from the leg of a stove.

A bone from the back of a chair.

The nose from the face of Nature.

The spectacles for the nose of a tea-kettle. GEORGE H. HATCH.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.

A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for.

A spoke from the wheel of time.
 A piece of a broken voice.
 Some filings from the iron heel of oppression.

Some leaves from the tree of a saddle.
 Some brains from the head of a barrel.
 Some of the bark of a dog. PERCY.
 A crown for the King of Terrors.
 The helm of Friend-ship.
 An arrow-shot from a rainbow.
 The wheel with which a story was spun out to a great length.

A pair of stockings knit from a sailor's yarn.

A feather from the wings of love.
 A few words spoken by the tongue of a wagon.

A toe-nail from the foot of a mountain.
 The key to the trunk of an elephant.
 A bone from the limb of a tree.
 A few eye-lashes from the lid of an oven. CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

A weight from the scales of justice.
 The club with which a thought struck a man.

The contents of a family jar.
 A hair from a brush with the Indians.
 A handle for a blade of grass.
 A leaf from a limb of the law.
 A finger from the hand of a clock.
 A key for the lock of a gun.
 A hoop for the barrel of the same.

A. OLDER.

A nail from the finger of scorn.
 A worm from the stomach of a manikin.

A clause from the book of nature.

FRANKLIN VAN BENTHUYSEN.

A foot for the leg of a table.
 One of the horns of a hydraulic ram.
 A few pages from a powder magazine.
 A tine from the fork of a road.

ADRIAN.

A fall from a discharge of duty.
 A car from a train of thoughts.
 A bridle for a tongue of a wagon.
 Rain from a cloud of dust.
 Warmth from a heat of passion.
 Some money from a bank of sand.

OSCAR B.

A drop of water from a watch-spring.
 SUSIE.

A walking-stick from a limb of old Hickory.

One of the tails of a cat-o-nine tails.

HAL.

A peg from the harp of a thousand strings.

A ferule for General Scott's staff.

A receipt in full for the bill of a bird.

A surveyor to straighten "the crook in the lot." NAT. P.

A quarter's rent for a chap-let.

A padlock for a battle-door. NEMO.

A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

A small quantity of tar, supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.

The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "All's well."

A piece of soap with which a man was washed overboard.

The strap which is used to sharpen the water's edge.

The lead pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.

A portion of yeast used in raising the wind.

A dime from the moon when she gave change from the last quarter.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.

The chair in which the sun sets.

The hammer which broke up the meeting.

A buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.

Eggs from a nest of thieves.

Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.

A sketch from a politician's views.

A glass of lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been endeavoring to spin a mountain-top.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



gratulate each other in her smiles. Now bring out your fresh dewy flowers, and sing your sweet songs, and let us be merry.

BARRY, April 1, 1859.

DEAR UNCLER:—To-day is "April Fool," or, as the Almanac says, "All Fools-day," and I have tried for a long time to find the origination of the term, but have not succeeded. I have at last concluded to write to you and see if some one of the Chat will not "solve the mystery." I have been fooled twice to-day, and shall be again if you don't answer my letter. I should like to have the privilege of fooling Uncle Hiram; I hope some one will, for I've got "a bone to pick" with him. I wrote two letters to Uncle Frank, and Uncle H. murdered them and never let Uncle F. see either of them, I'll bet a Yankee sixpence. Now deny it if you dare! Please give us some more Algebra. Your provoking niece, JENNIE WARD.

When Uncle Frank is at home and well enough to attend to them, he sees all the letters addressed to him. He has been long sick, and is now absent in Florida, where, as he always does everywhere, he finds kind friends to make him feel at home and comfortable.

As to the origin of April Fool's day, there are many different opinions, and perhaps we can not now confidently decide so important a question. They have something like it in the East Indies. It

SOVELY June! bright, beautiful, smiling June! Here she is, with her new crown and diadem, and here we all are to welcome her and

prevails over Europe and America. It is generally supposed to be the remains of an old Roman custom. We find traces of it in the history of the middle ages. An ingenious April fool trick is recorded of Rabelais, who, being at Marseilles without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some phials with brick-dust or ashes, labeled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth.

BRADFORD, MASS., April 11, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Do you want another letter from me? I wish that you would give me your autograph. I have got an autograph book, and I want yours in it. I think the *Chat* is the best part of the MUSEUM, and I guess a great many others do. It ought to be in the first part of the book, I think, for I always read it first.

NELLIE HAMILTON.

P. S.—Love to all the cousins and Aunt Sue. N. H.

You will find my autograph in the February number of the MUSEUM. I sent it to all the cousins.

PURITANIC CITY, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Please let me have the floor for a few moments, to say a word or two.

Aunt Sue, if you are too bashful to kiss me, you may send in your place, your —.

Black-Eyes, are you the authoress of "To my Sister in Heaven?"

Willie H. C., you promised me that we should meet often in the Chat. When is that good time coming?

Fleta Forrester, you're a specimen of a Yankee girl, that's so. Should like to have been skating with you. Remember the last skating party we had here? Didn't we have a jolly time? Maybe.

Adrian, shouldn't like to say. Am afraid somebody might wish to argue the

point, and if Uncle Hi has been *whet* lately, I might get my fingers out.

C. F. W., you were pointed out to me in the city the other day. You see I have the advantage of you.

Buckeye Boy, allow me to congratulate you on your late success.

Uncle Hi, we have a great many *mechanics* here, and, as a general thing, its hard work to *sell* a Bostonian! Your Puritan nephew,
OLIVER ONLEY.

BROCKWAYVILLE, *March 20, 1859.*

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I am a going to direct my letter to you. O! I should like to take a seat around the great table, if you would give a place near you to one from the country. I have taken the CABINET since 1852, and like it very much. I have no sister nor brother; I am so lonely here in the pines; I wish you would come here in the summer to ramble with me in the woods. Good-night.
IDA.

Nothing would suit us better than to ramble in those pines with you. If we were there, it would be long before we should pine for the city.

PLAINWELL, ALLEGAN COUNTY, }
MICH., *April 10, 1859.* }

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—May I come in for a few minutes to bring in my answer to your Prize Puzzle? I'll try to keep still and be a good boy. I don't expect to get the premium, but thought there would be no harm in trying.

SELURN.

Short and pointed, Selurn. Try again.

INDIANAPOLIS, *Jan, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLES MERRY AND FRANK:—Here I come, peeping in bashfully, hoping to become acquainted with the Merry family.

I like very much to read the MUSEUM, and would be very sorry to part with it, as I was afraid would be the case last year.

This is my first letter; but, lest the *hatchet* may have been sharpened for the new year, I will make it short.

ROSA REDWOOD.

Very short and very sweet.

PEKIN, ILL., *Jan. 10, 1859.*

DEAR CHAT:—Is there any room among you for me? If there is, I will

join my voice to those of the "chatterers." I know you have no objections, for you always try to make room for one more. I wonder if I can elude the vigilance of that "hatchet." I hope so. I think that the Chat is very interesting. I am afraid that you will accuse me of being a Chinaman, as you may see that I live in Pekin. One thing I know, that I do not wear a pigtail. The people around here seem to have a great liking to Chinese names, for they have a Hongkong, Canton, and Pekin. Please inform me who Aunt Sue, Black-Eyes, and the great W. H. Coleman are. But I must be going, as I see that "hatchet" coming.
A CELESTIAL.

PAINESVILLE, *April 6, 1859.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have never yet had the pleasure of being introduced to the "Merry family," but beg to have that pleasure now.

I live on the shores of blue Lake Erie, but spend my winters in New York. The past winter I spent in Cleveland, at boarding school. I was very homesick and *cold*. The lake winds were so penetrating.

Give my love to Aunt Sue and all the merry cousins, and believe me your very affectionate niece,
AUGUSTA.

There you are, Augusta, as large as life. May your shadow never be less.

BROOKLYN, *May 5, 1859.*

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?"

Robbie Burns seemed to think an answer to this question almost superfluous, deeming it one of that kind which answer themselves in the asking. And so I think. Did not your kind heart reproach you when you spoke of the "empty chair at the family gathering?" No doubt you were thinking sadly of your willful niece, whom you had to send out of the room because she *would* write such long letters. Of course I feel badly about it, but it is some consolation to hear that you miss me, and "expect" me "soon back again!" And now, having stayed out for a year or more, and being "severely let alone" all the time, may I come in, on condition that I will be a good girl and not do so any more? I think I see you trying to keep the corners of your mouth firmly set

as you sternly shake your head, but that forgiving smile will come, and that says just what I had hoped to hear.

I am happy to see that *double* "blessedness" leaves our friend Black-Eyes just as "sparkling and bright" as it found her. The idea of *her* being "grave and matronly!" So Aunt Sue has taken to poetry; let her beware! Does she remember what a flaying I received for making an effort in the same line, and in which *she* "had at" me, too? But we must all learn for ourselves; and how she catches it at the hands of Willie H. Coleman, Esq., critic-in-general! It is hers now to exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" The gentleman aforesaid has added hugely to his already towering fame by his masterly critique upon the poem in question, But, "Let him that thinketh he standeth," etc.

Probably we shall hereafter have a few drops of the concentrated extract of *wisdom*, wherewith to flavor our monthly dish of Chat, now that "Grandma Sapiens" is one of us.—and a new Auntie, too! Surely, the Chat is a realization of the fabled fountain of youth, for it seems to restore the youthfulness to those of its members who are stricken in years," while it *keeps* young those who are so already. Cousin Adelbert, perhaps, is an exception, as nothing seems of avail to prevent him from being older and yet *older* continually. Thank you for your inquiries after me Cousin A. (though not for calling me saucy); I remember you of old, as a staunch supporter of the CABINET, and now that we have grown *older* (you, I believe, have a family), we seem still to sail in the same boat.

I think somewhat of writing Uncle Frank a letter, "way down" in St. Augustine, and if any of the cousins wish to send any messages by me, I shall be most happy to accommodate them. But Uncle Hiram is beginning to frown again, and—"Is that a 'hatchet' that I see before me?" *Au revoir.* Bess.

P. S.—Any news from Nip? B.

Not a word from Nip. But this from you, willful Bess, will make up for our disappointment. We have missed you sadly, albeit you never come but to be cut up and scolded. We shall let you have your say and your way this time, and hope you will be as amiable as possible for the future.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE TRUE WOMAN; OR, ELEMENTS OF WOMAN'S SUCCESS. Drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and others. By William Thayer. Boston. Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The Mount Holyoke Seminary has a wide and most enviable reputation, built wholly upon the character and success of Mary Lyon, as a Christian teacher. To thousands of young women she was the model and the guide that formed their characters and led them up to spheres of usefulness and duty, prepared to occupy them with credit and comfort. To thousands of teachers, wives, mothers, all over the land, as well as in China and India and other parts of the world, her name is dear, her memory a precious legacy. Her influence will be felt, if not always known and acknowledged, in thousands of families, for long years to come.

The book before us is not limited in its incidents to the life and doings of Miss Lyon. She forms the principal character by which the "elements of woman's success" are exhibited and illustrated, while a large number of traits and incidents from the lives of other remarkable women are grouped around it, to give to the lessons it teaches more fullness, clearness, and breadth of application. A better and more instructive book can not be put into the hands of young ladies, especially of those who may have to depend chiefly, or in part, on their own exertions for their success in life. We commend it heartily to all family and school libraries, and to the prayerful attention of mothers and daughters.

AGNES HOPETOUN'S SCHOOLS AND HOLIDAYS. By Mrs. Olyphant. Boston. Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The school-days of young folks, at the present time, are very different from what they were in former times—as cheerful and inviting as holidays once were. Indeed, we are of opinion that, in many of our best conducted schools, the scholars are happier and more contented in term-time than they are during the holidays. How it was with Agnes, you will see

when you read the story, which you will find so interesting and instructive, that you will wish to finish it at one sitting, and yet remember it a long time.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH; A Sequel to "The House I Live In." By William Alcott, M.D. Boston. John P. Jewett & Co.

"Know thyself" was the wisest and most practical injunction of ancient philosophy. "Know thyself" runs through all the practical philosophy of the Bible. Though the self-knowledge there inculcated is chiefly the knowledge of the soul, the inner and immortal man, it by no means ignores or overlooks the outer and animal nature, the health and perfection of which is so important to that of the soul. A man can not well live comfortably, or perform the duties of tenant, husband, parent, or master, without being well acquainted with the house he lives in, and knows how to take care of it, and keep it in repair. The body is the house the soul lives in, and its health and proper management are of the highest importance to the health, comfort, and usefulness of the soul.

Dr. Alcott, in the work before us, has explained and enforced the laws of health, the nature and needs of the physical man, and the means by which he may best take care of himself. "The House I Live In"—published many years ago—describes, under the figure of a dwelling, the human frame. It is a very interesting and useful book, and would greatly assist young persons in the study of Physiology. In the present work, he teaches us how to take care of this house, and preserve it from decay. The Doctor was a vegetarian in diet, and held, with Graham and others, that human life might be greatly prolonged, by a due and constant attention to the "laws of health." We commend the work to the careful study of all who would live long in the land," and be comfortable while they stay.

Dr. Alcott's books may all be safely put into the hands of the young, pure-minded, and delicate. He says nothing

to offend, or to let down the standard of taste. His "Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage" is no exception to this remark.

The New Temperance Melodist, just published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, is on our table. It consists of glees, songs, and pieces for Temperance Organizations, and is the best collection of temperance songs we have ever seen. We suppose, of course, all the Merry family vote for cold water, and sing of its virtues and blessings. This is the book to sing from—we have one of its songs in type for the July number. Messrs. Jewett & Co. also publish the life of JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, the great Temperance Reformer, for which, we understand, there is great demand. This is as it should be, for a history of the life of Hawkins is a history of the Temperance cause of the times in which he lived. The book will be welcomed by thousands all over the land who have been reclaimed, or urged on to greater devotion to the cause, by his eloquent appeals. It contains a vast amount of information, extracts from speeches, statistics, etc., which we can cheerfully recommend to all the Merry family.

CLARKE'S SCHOOL VISITOR is a very useful and pleasant little monthly, published at Pittsburgh, and devoted to the interests of the young. A very popular feature of it, in this singing age, is that each number contains a page of music, appropriate for children. Success to all true efforts to please and instruct the young.

Answers to Questions in April No.

38. One furnishes pockets, the other supplies them.
39. When he was firing Athens (at hens)
40. Cochin-China (coach in China).
41. H—at (a chat).
42. $\frac{2}{2}$
 $\frac{2}{2}$
 $\frac{2}{2}$
—
6
43. The Illustrated Rebus.

44. Tulips.
 45. Dandy-lion.
 46. Nothing can be done without great effort.
 47. When its head is heavy, it must be cradled;
 To be fit for use, it must be thrashed.
 48. Spear, pear, pea, sea.
 49. Two miles. Some say *one*, some say they don't know.
 50. Nottingham.
 51. Port-man-teau.
 52. 1 added to 3 makes 4, which, divided by 2, and one added, leaves 3.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

66. Why is "John Anderson my Jo" like Arabian Balm? *Hal.*
 67. How is it that the lucky number in the Lottery is always the same?
 68. What letter would make the best sewing-machine? *L. N.*
 69. What small utensil is better for a large fire than a grate? *L. N.*

70.

CHARADE.

When o'er the gory battle-field,
 Night closeth her pennons brown,
 When moonbeams dance o'er spear
 and shield,
 And the dews come gently down,
 Then, faint with hunger and with
 thirst,
 The soldier longeth for my first.

My second's sound he seems to hear
 In the Sabbath's holy calm;
 Sweet was that sound unto his ear,
 For it brought a healing balm;
 But when the Sabbath comes to him,
 He hears not, and his eyes are dim.

My whole upon a far-off shore,
 Once tuned the poet's lyre;
 His heart is cold, it beats no more,
 Naught can his soul inspire.
 The sun of life in him is set,
 But man his fame will not forget.

A. Older.

71. I am composed of 16 letters.
 My 1, 4, 5, 7 is a word used by poli-
 ticians.
 My 12, 5, 10, 16 is an ornament
 greatly worn.
 My 16, 11, 6 is an intoxicating
 liquor.
 My 14, 12, 9, 6 is the most useful of
 metals.

My 3, 2, 12, 2, 4 is the name of a
 girl.

My 7, 9, 12, 11, 15, 16 is the name of
 a traitor in the reign of Charles I.
 My 13, 2, 15 is the front row of an
 army.

My 1, 2, 8 is the first name of a noted
 man in the reign of Richard II.

My 3, 4, 10 is a useful metal.

In returning a polite negative to a
 gentleman you would use my 15,
 9, 3, 14, 12.

My 1, 5, 3, 4 would be used to ex-
 press a longing-for.

My 13, 5, 10, 8, 9, 5 is the name
 of a clergyman residing in Brook-
 lyn.

My whole is the name of a celebrated
 American author. *Mary C. M.*

72. A word of one syllable, easy and
 short,
 Which reads backward and for-
 ward the same;
 It expresses the sentiments warm
 from the heart,
 And to beauty lays principal
 claim. *Geo. A. G.*

73. A word there is, five syllables con-
 tains,
 Take one away, no syllable remains.
Geo. A. G.

74. Soon as I'm made, I'm sought with
 care—

For one whole year consulted;
 That time elapsed, I'm thrown
 aside,

Neglected and insulted. *Geo. A. G.*

75. Why is the letter A like noon?
Geo. B. H.

76. Why is B like a hot fire? *Geo. B. H.*

77. Why is F like death? *Geo. B. H.*

78. Why is G like wisdom? *Geo. B. H.*

79. Why is I like the American Revolu-
 tion? *Geo. B. H.*

80. Why is M like the first glass of rum?
Geo. B. H.

81. I am composed of 10 letters.

My 7, 4, 3, 6 is an Oriental saluta-
 tion.

My 1, 5, 10, 9 is a part in music.

My 3, 4, 6, 1 is a domestic animal.

My 7, 2, 6 is a nickname.

My 6, 4, 9, 7 is the Eucharistic ser-
 vice of the Roman Catholics.

My 6, 8, 1, Queen of the Fairies.

My 3, 5, 7, 9 is a favorite with the
 gentlemen.

My whole, though an important char-
 acter in history, never spoke but
 twice. *L. H. W.*



UNCLE MERRY'S LIBRARY.

ABOUT the middle of June, all the little grandchildren, nephews, and nieces were invited to a juvenile party at the old homestead, to have a grand, good time, and to give Uncle Hiram a chance to get acquainted with them

all. It was a merry houseful, I assure you, and as happy as it was merry. So many of you are already acquainted with the place, that I shall not attempt to describe it very particularly now. Everything was in its glory.

The garden was in the most perfect state of neatness and promise. Of flowers there seemed to be literally no end. The early fruits were most tempting and abundant. The grove was as fresh and musical as new green robes and a full orchestra of birds could make it. The fields, the pastures, and the hills were full of life and beauty. The river, the lake, the mountain—what was there not to make it a pleasant, romantic country home?

Home it was, not only to those who lived there, but, for the time being, to every visitor. There is always such an air of freedom and hospitality about that place, that it is impossible for any one not to feel at home there. The young folks, as they are always desired to do, laid aside all feeling of constraint, and seemed resolved, one and all, to do the utmost in their power to please Uncle Merry by just pleasing themselves. They talked, they laughed, they read, they ran, they jumped, they swung, they rode, they sailed, they bathed, they did everything, or did nothing, just as the humor took them, each with such an exuberance of good-humor and happiness as to have something of each to spare for all the rest.

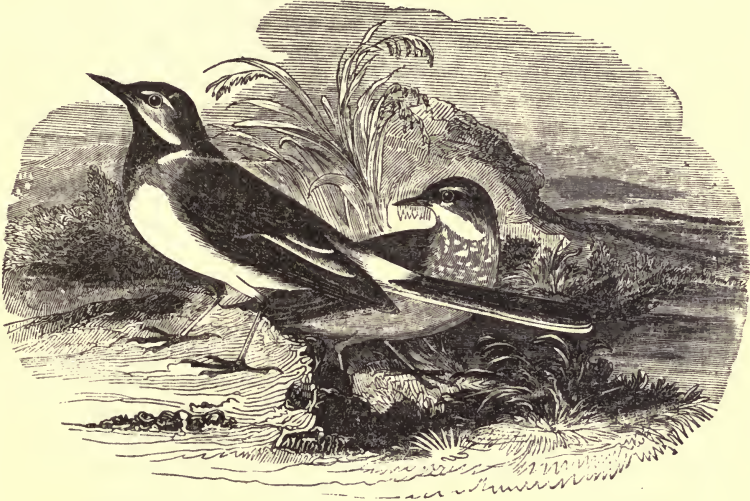
One day, as Uncles Merry and Hatchet had gone on a long tramp over the mountain, with some of the older and stronger of the young folks, the little ones were to have their frolics by themselves, about the house. After amusing themselves in various ways, in the garden and the grove, they betook themselves to the house. The library was the favorite resort, because there they were wont to sit with Uncle Merry, and hear his interesting stories, and share in the lively chat which he loved to have them all take part in. Here were many beauti-

ful and valuable books, and they had often had the pleasure of looking over the pictures, while Uncle or Aunt, or some of the cousins, explained them, with many amusing stories. It was not long before these same books began to come down from the shelves, and find convenient places in the chairs and on the floor, for the tables were too high for such little scholars. One of them, full of large engravings, highly colored, and very spirited, attracted special attention. They placed it upright on one of the chairs, and gathered round it in a beautiful group, each admiring and each exclaiming, as every new picture was turned over, and so engrossed in the pleasure and excitement that they neither knew how rapidly the time was flying, nor noticed what was passing around them. They were just in the midst of this enjoyment when the party returned from the mountain. But they did not hear the shout of the boys nor the barking of the dogs. They did not even notice the approaching footsteps of Uncle Merry, as he came in to see how his little pets had enjoyed themselves during his absence. He stood a moment in the door, delighted with the scene, and wishing he had a painter at hand to make a sketch of it. Fortunately there was one concealed in the drapery of one of the windows, though he did not know it, and she took advantage of his coming to place his figure in the background, just where something was wanting to make the group complete.

After a little pause he drew back, and brought in Uncle Hiram to see the tableau. Just as he came to the door, one of the little ones chanced to look that way, and exclaimed with delight, "Ah! there is Uncle Hiram—he can tell us all about these nice pictures."

The charm was broken. The little ones jumped about with delight, each anxious for some new amusement, till Uncle Hiram sat down to tell a story

about one of the pictures they had just been looking at. What that story was I will tell you at another time.



BIRDS.

I ALWAYS did love birds. I do not see how any one can help it. They are to the animal creation what flowers are to the vegetable. They are all beauty, and poetry, and music. I could not more kill one of them unnecessarily than I could crush a flower or quench a sweet strain of music. They are a sort of link between heaven and earth, having their homes, their nests, their loves, and their labors amid the trees and flowers of earth, as we do; but often soaring away into the upper realms of air, where earth dwindles to a speck or a shadow, and heaven comes near. How beautifully Wordsworth says of the *sky-lark*, as she rises to her morning song, straight over her humble nest:

“Type of the minds that soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

How many lessons the birds teach us daily! lessons of love, of patience, of contentment, of industry, of trust in the constant care of Providence. We do not know that they *feel* that trust, as we do, but they live on it and find it never fails them. They “take no thought for the morrow,” but they always find, when the morrow comes, that it is provided for. They have no fields, or gardens, or granaries of their own—no treasures hoarded up for the future; but they go out every morning with a perfect confidence that they shall find enough,

somewhere, to supply their wants; and they are never disappointed, "for God feedeth them." But are they more dependent for daily bread than we? I do verily believe there is more gratitude in the heart of a bird than in that of man generally.

What a sweet, devout, grateful look a bird has, while drinking! At every dip of his bill in the stream, or the cup, he lifts up his beautiful head to heaven, as if in recognition of the Hand that supplies him. He does not even take a drop of morning dew from the cup of a rose or a lily, or the broad, open palm of a plantain, or a cabbage-leaf, without looking up to the heaven from which it was distilled.

What lessons of domestic love, fidelity, industry, economy, and patience they teach us, while building their nest, brooding on their eggs, and rearing their young!

There is one thing that ever pains me in the every-day habits of birds. I have no doubt they have good and sufficient reasons for it; but it pains me, nevertheless; they are afraid of me; they have no confidence in me; they do not believe in my love; they keep at a cold, respectful distance. If they take the food I would give them, they will not eat at my table, nor take it out of my hand. They must have a table by themselves, to which I am not admitted, and they hurry away as soon as they have snatched their hasty meal. It is not "bad manners," I am sure. The fault must be in me, and not in them. I do not believe it was so in Eden, do you? I do not believe it will be so, by-and-by, when Paradise is restored.

It is better to do well than say well.

THE SPARK OF FIRE.

ONE winter's night a little spark
Flew through the icy air;
Swiftly it hurried through the dark,
On, on, it knew not where.
Hurled by the blast, it fell at last
Into a hollow tree,
And soon among the leaves upsprung
A fire bright and free.

A traveler through the forest drear
Crossed o'er the icy wold,
And to the blazing fire drew near,
Benighted, faint, and cold.
Cheered by the heat, with eager feet
He journeyed on his way, [foam,
And reached his home, through snowy
Before the break of day.

The smallest thing, the weakest hand,
Some little good may do;
May aid and cheer the fainting band
Who noble things pursue. [fraught,
A deed or thought, with wisdom
May guide the steps of youth,
With cheerful light, through Error's
night,
Unto the realms of Truth.

WEST UNION, OHIO. MATTIE BELL.

OUR TOILS AND THEIR REWARD.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops,
shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those
below. [glow,
Though high above the sun of glory
And far beneath the earth and ocean
spread, [blow
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly
Contending tempests on his naked
head,
And thus reward the toils which to
those summits led.



HOW AUNT BETSEY'S EYES WERE OPENED.

BY AUNT SUE.

MISS BETSEY GRANT had lived for more than forty years in an old farm-house, in the suburbs of New York. How old she was when her father first purchased it we won't say; but she wore spectacles at the time our story commences, a black ribbon around a cap with very wide ruffles, and you would very seldom find her

without some knitting-work in hand. She had neither kith nor kin now about the old house, but the little ones of the neighborhood were never so happy as when they were allowed to go and spend the afternoon with Aunt Betsey, who was always ready to lay down her knitting to say a kind word to them. New York kept growing

out toward Aunt Betsey's farm until it became city lots; but Aunt Betsey "wouldn't sell." She had a nephew residing in Boston, who had often invited her to visit his family, but it seemed a terrible undertaking, and she had never mustered up courage enough to start, until one day she received a letter from her nephew, con-

"Oh, dear! what a nuisance these country people are!" exclaimed Catharine Bradley, as she bounced into the bedroom where her sister, Rose, sat quietly sewing.

"Why, what's the matter now, Kate?" asked Rose, looking up and smiling.

"Mother says old Aunt Betsey Grant is coming here to-morrow, and I shall have to dance attendance on her for a month or two, I suppose."

"Well, is that such a very terrible thing?" said Rose. "I thought you were very fond of her; I'm sure you are always very civil to her."

"I should be a great goose if I wasn't," replied Kate. "She's got a mint of money, and those that pay her the most attention will have the best chance of fingering it some of these days."

"Oh! Kate, don't talk so, or I shall be afraid to say a word to her, for fear she should think I had some designs upon her purse."

"No fear of you, little Miss Prim; you are too much taken up with your ragged school and poor folks, to wait upon that old woman."

"I must try and find time, nevertheless," said Rose, mildly, "for she is a dear, kind old lady."

"A dear, kind old fright!" exclaimed Catharine, pettishly, as she picked up a novel and threw herself on the bed.

Rose saw that it was of no use to



taining an invitation so pressing, and directions so plain, that she determined to go. Great were the preparations to be made. The forty-year-old black silk dress was brought out into daylight once more; a carpet-bag was borrowed from a neighbor who *had* traveled more than five miles in her life; the house was put in charge of a respectable woman, and Aunt Betsey, with many qualms, prepared to start.

talk any more to her sister, while she was in such an ill humor; so laying down her sewing, she went to make further inquiries of her mother, whom she found busily employed in preparing the "spare-room" for the expected guest.

"Can I help you, mother?"

"No, child; but I wish you'd get that purple silk skirt of Kate's, and sew the gathers on to a belt, so that she can wear it this afternoon; I want her to look nice when aunt comes."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rose, as she turned to leave the room.

"And Rose, just run that pink ribbon into her under-sleeves—I haven't time."

Rose proceeded to execute these commands without comment, but she couldn't quite understand why she—a girl of fifteen—should be called upon to do such things for a sister aged nineteen, who was then lounging on a bed, reading a novel; "But then," said she to herself, "Kate is so handsome and clever, I suppose she'll never need to sew."

By five o'clock Catharine was arrayed in her new silk dress, with collar and under-sleeves, breast-pin, earrings, and head-dress, all of the most approved fashion.

Rose, in a neat brown merino, with no ornament except a little gold breast-pin, which held a plain linen collar in its place, was busily sewing. Albert, a fine lad of thirteen, sat in the window, reading.

"It is time they were here," said Mrs. Bradley, glancing at the clock on the mantle-piece.

"And who are 'they?'" asked Catharine; "is there more than one Goth coming?"

"Why, your father and his aunt."

"What! did he go to the dépôt to

fetch her? I should think he would be ashamed to be seen in the street with such a queer old quiz."

Mrs. Bradley laughed, and said—"You had better not let your father hear you talk so; he thinks there is not such another woman in Christendom."

"Well, she is a trump," exclaimed Albert, who had been listening to the conversation; "I've heard father say that when he was about sixteen he had the brain-fever, and was delirious for weeks, and Aunt Betsey sat up with him night after night, and could not have been kinder to him if he had been her own boy."

"My son, don't use such vulgar expressions," said Mrs. Bradley.

"As which, ma'am?" asked Albert, looking mischievous.

"As 'a trump,' sir."

"No, ma'am;" and Albert quietly resumed his reading. In a few minutes he exclaimed "Here they are!" and jumping up, he ran into the hall, to open the street-door.

"I do wish that boy had some notions of gentility," said Mrs. Bradley, "and would allow the servant to go to the door."

"Walk in, auntie," said Albert, as he endeavored to relieve her of umbrella, basket, and sundry little packages, which—with the crowd and rush of steamboat and cars still in her head—Aunt Betsey seemed loth to resign.

"Never mind, my dear—I can take care of them; bless me! where's my carpet-bag?"

"Father has got it safe, ma'am," said Rose, who had gone out into the entry to meet her old auntie.

"Ah, Rosie, how d'ye do? Why, how you've grown! But where's your mother and Kate?"

"In the parlor, ma'am; walk in."

They were prepared to give the rich aunt a warm greeting, but they thought it would be more genteel to receive her in the parlor. Who wouldn't rather have a good, honest hug at the street-door, than a thousand genteel receptions in the parlor!

Rosie had quietly taken off Miss Grant's bonnet and shawl, and carried them, with the various other odds and ends, into her aunt's room; then, returning to the parlor, she seated herself in a quiet corner, and resumed her sewing, which was a little calico dress, calculated to fit a child two or three years of age.

Mrs. Bradley and Catharine were very assiduous in their efforts to make Miss Grant comfortable, and engrossed her attention for some time, when, turning toward Rose, Aunt Betsey said—"And pray, what is Miss Rosie so busy about?"

"Oh, she is always making doll's things, or something of the kind; Catharine, my love, show your aunt that chair-cover you are working."

Catharine dragged from the depths of a very untidy work-basket a piece of work, and opening it, displayed to Aunt Betsey's astonished eyes a green worsted parrot, in the center of a brilliant bunch of woolen flowers.

"Well, ain't that beautiful! it must have taken a wonderful time to work."

"Seven years," said Albert, without looking up from the newspaper which he had been glancing over.

Miss Grant heard the remark, but thought it had reference to what he had been reading; had she seen the angry look which Kate gave him, she might have understood matters better.

* * * * *

"Oh, Miss Rose, I'm so glad you've come; I saw a carriage stop at your door, as I came home from work, and

I was afraid you were going to have company that would keep you at home to-night."

The speaker was a pretty little girl about ten years old, who was folding up some clothes which had a few minutes before been dropped off the little chap who now lay sleeping on two backless chairs, which had been ingeniously turned into a crib, and stood in the corner of a very scantily furnished, but clean room.

"Yes, Biddy, my father's aunt has come, and I can't stay long, but I thought I'd just lay round, and bring this frock I have finished for Johnny." She unrolled it as she spoke, and handed it to Bridget, who held it up, and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Rose, ain't it beautiful! ain't you an angel?"

"I think not, Biddy; do you see any wings?" said Rose, laughing, and turning half round.

"No," said Biddy, "I don't see them, but maybe they are only folded. Oh, I must wake Johnny up to try it on him."

She seemed so much in earnest, that Rose exclaimed, "Oh, no, pray don't; but where's Mrs. Cahil?"

"Mother's been sewing all day, and minding the baby till she's about worn out; so I got her to go out and buy the few things we'll be wanting to-morrow; I thought it would do her good just to run out a bit."

"Well," said Rose, "I should like to have seen her, but I must hurry away now, and I shan't be able to read to her to-night, nor to hear your spelling-lesson, but I'll come again as soon as I can; good-night, Biddy."

"Good-night, Miss Rose, and thank you for the elegant frock—ain't it a beauty?" said she, as she closed the door; "I do think she is the best and cleverest Miss Rose in the world.

It was evening at Mrs. Bradley's; Aunt Betsey had had a very comfortable supper, and was pretty well rested after the fatigues of her journey; Mr. Bradley was reading his paper; Albert had gone to his own room to study his lessons; Catharine, tired of playing the agreeable, had picked up a book, and Mrs. Bradley was endeavoring to make up for her daughter's inattention.

"Where is Rosie?" asked Miss Grant.

"Oh, she prefers being by herself—she is a queer child; Catharine, dear, can't you sing something for Aunt Betsey; perhaps she'd like a little music."

"Oh, certainly," said Catharine, who was anxious to get to the piano for her own amusement and display. "What would you like me to sing, auntie?"

"Well, there's 'Old Folks at Home' and 'Dog Tray;' them's pretty; can you sing either of them?"

"No, but I'll sing you the 'Cavatina from Ernani.'"

"The what from her nanny?" asked Miss Grant.

Catharine exchanged glances with her mother, and began to sing. Aunt Betsey had never heard an Italian song, and was very much astonished at the present performance. When it was finished, she exclaimed, "Well, really, there was some parts of that as much like a nanny-goat as anything I ever heard; I declare, it's wonderful what they do make up into songs now-a-days."

Catharine left the piano with ill-concealed disgust, and Aunt Betsey didn't press her to sing any more.

Miss Grant had been about a week with the Bradleys, when one morning Catharine said to her mother, "How

shall I get off going with that old fright, to see those friends of hers, to-day? I wouldn't go any way, and besides, I've made an engagement to go out with Jeannette Morris; I'll put her off with some excuse, and you must help me;" then, without waiting for a reply, she left the room.

After breakfast, Aunt Betsey said, "Well, Kate, what time will you go with me this morning?"

"Oh, aunt, I'm very sorry, but our sewing-society meets this morning, and it would never do for me to be away."

"No, certainly not," said Aunt Betsey; "I wouldn't keep you away from that for anything; I can wait, and go to see my folks some other day."

Still Aunt Betsey looked rather disappointed, and Mr. Bradley, looking up from his paper, said, "I'm going that way myself, aunt, and will accompany you, if you like."

"Oh, I shall be very glad if you will," said Aunt Betsey, with a grateful smile.

Catharine went out about twelve o'clock; at one o'clock Mr. Bradley came to the door with a buggy, and placing his aunt carefully therein, off they went.

Rose was sitting at the window, sewing, and kissed her hand to them as they drove away.

"That's a good little girl, aunt," said Mr. Bradley, as he smiled and nodded a good-bye to his youngest daughter.

"Yes," replied Miss Grant, rather slowly, "but don't you think, Henry, that she keeps herself too much to herself? and then she seems to me too old to be sewing dolls' things all the time."

"Dolls' things!" said Mr. Bradley, looking very much astonished; "our

Rosie making dolls' things—why, what can you mean?"

"Why, Cecilia said she was 'all the time doing that, or something else.'"

"Well, then, you may depend it is 'something else;' why, I haven't seen

"Oh, yes, do, she'll be so glad to see you."

Unfortunately, Mrs. Strong was out, and Aunt Betsey looked very blank in consequence.

"What do you say to taking a little ride round the country, auntie?" asked Mr. Bradley, hoping it might amuse her.

"It is just what I should like, if you have time."

"Yes, my whole day is at your disposal, and I hope you'll find me a tolerable substitute for Kate; that sewing-circle must be something new, for I have never heard her speak of it before—why!" he exclaimed, looking intently at a party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, who were approaching, "isn't that our Kate?" it certainly is, and riding with that scamp, Ned Tileston!"

The equestrians were close to them before Kate seemed to recognize her father; she turned pale, and hurried by with scarcely a nod of recognition.

The person who had been called "Ned Tileston" nodded, but Mr. Bradley looked haughtily at him, and seemed undecided whether to stop or go on; before he could collect his thoughts, the equestrians were far upon the road.

"Well, well," muttered Mr. Bradley, as he urged on the horse,

"some other time."

Aunt Betsey was on the point of expressing her astonishment that Kate should be riding out instead of being at the sewing-society; but seeing how disturbed her nephew was, she forbore to add to his annoyance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE EQUESTRIANS.

a doll in Rosie's hand since she was not much higher than my knee, except when she was dressing a lot of them to furnish a poor woman's basket who made her living by peddling—but here we are at your friend's, Mrs. Strong's; I'll tie the horse, and go in with you, shall I?"

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.



ing, my dear. They keep on growing, day and night, under the influence of sun and rain; and when all is ready, out bursts the beautiful flower. It seems to us like the creation of a moment, because we have not been able to see what was going on in the stem and the bud, to prepare for the full-blown flower. I do wish I could explain it to you; but the wisest of men could not do that. It is God who makes the flowers, and He only can tell how they grow."

"Then I have seen God make a flower, have I not, dear moth-

"SEE, darling mother! what beautiful flowers I have found in the garden. They have all bloomed out since I was there yesterday, and I have brought them in for you to see and to smell. I know it will do you good."

"Thank you, my dear child. They are very beautiful, and very sweet. I will put them in a vase of water on the table, and keep them by me. It is almost as good as if I could go into the garden myself, they are so fresh and fragrant."

"Mother, dear! what makes the flowers grow so all in one night? I should think it would take much longer to put on such beautiful dresses."

"They have been a long time grow-

er? I thought, when I read about the creation of the trees and the animals, in the Bible, that there was no more creation after that, but God's work was all done."

"Yes, my dear, but God is always working; every flower is, in one sense, a new creation, and when you see them growing and putting on their beautiful robes, you see what God is doing, and may feel that God is very near and very kind; not a leaf grows, nor a blade of grass without him."

"Then they must all be good, dear mother, if God makes them. I am sure he never makes anything that is not good."

"Yes, my child, they are all good, as they are beautiful, in their places;

and everything is good in its place, whether beautiful to us or not."

"Why, mother, are the thorns good, and the snakes, and the spiders?"

"Certainly, my dear; did not God make them all, and is not everything that he makes good, as you said just now?"

"Well, dear mother, I never thought of that. So, after all, there is nothing bad in the world, for God made it all; and yet I can't love everything, as I do the flowers and the birds."

"No, my dear child, you can not; but that does not prove that they are not all good in their places. The fruits you get out of the garden are sweet; the medicines you take when you are sick are bitter. They are both good in their places. When you are well, the fruits are better than the medicines. When you are sick, the medicines are better than the fruits. God made them all, and we must thank him as much for the one as for the other."

"But, dear mother, the snakes and the spiders, what are they good for?"

"I can not tell you, my dear; but that does not prove they are not good. I don't know everything. I can't explain everything. But, because God made them, they must be good in their places."

"Yes, dear mother, I am sure it must be so; and this is what I have learned from these sweet flowers."

THE name of Huss signified a goose, and it is said that John Huss, the celebrated martyr, prophesied, on the day on which he was burned alive: "To-day you will roast a goose, but a hundred years hence a swan that you will not be able to kill will arise."

A GAME FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

B LINDMAN'S-BUFF with the Wand is a game well adapted for the parlor. The blind man, with his eyes covered with a bandage, is placed in the middle of the room, and a long wand put into his hands. The rest of the company join theirs, and, forming a circle, wheel around him, at the same time singing some lively air, in which they all join.

When the song is finished they all stop, and the blind man, extending his wand, directs it by chance to one of the company, who is obliged to take hold of it by the end presented to him. Then the blind man utters three cries, which the other must repeat in the same tone. If the latter does not know how to disguise his voice, he is easily guessed, and takes the blind man's place; otherwise, the circle wheels around him, stops again, and so on as before.

THE FABLE OF THE CAT.

A PERSIAN manuscript relates that in the tenth century a very poor widow, in Siraf, named Keis, had a son who embarked for India with his sole property, a cat. He fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested with rats that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them away from the royal banquet. Young Keis produced his cat, and the rats were soon driven away or destroyed. Magnificent rewards were bestowed on the young man, who returned to Siraf, and afterward, with his mother and brother, settled in the island in the Persian Gulf called Keis or Keish.

M.



THE AUSTRALIAN APTERYX.

THERE are a great many strange and funny-looking birds in the world. Some are so funny and awkward-looking, one can hardly avoid laughing at them. We wonder why they should be made to look so queer, and to move and act so clumsily. Here, now, is the Australian Apterix, as queer a looking customer as you will find anywhere. Some of you will think, no doubt, that he has a very queer name, too—one that corresponds well with his odd shape and singular face and bill. We don't know what *Apterix* means, but we should think such a bird with such a bill would be *apt to*

rip whatever might come in its way; and, as it has no wings to fly with, it would not be *apt to risk* getting up into a tree. However that may be, you will all agree that the fellow is not handsome—that you would not wish to have him for a pet, to be hung up in a cage in the parlor, or to be fed from your hand in the garden. Well, there is no great probability that you will ever see one. They are not found in this country. They belong to Australia, which is the name now given to New Holland, a very large island, or continent, on the south of Asia. The natives call him *kiwi-kiwi*.

If that name is given to represent his song, as the names of some birds do, we should not set him down as a very musical character. We do not suppose that he indulges himself much in singing. He inhabits the marshes, and lives on insects and worms, which he fishes up with his long bill.

Instead of wings, the Apteryx has something like arms, or the rudiments of wings, which terminate in a sharp hook, and which seem to be intended for defense. Its feet, which are rather short, have three toes in front, with a very short one behind, the claw of which alone can be seen. It is about the size of a common hen, and of a deep brown color. It runs with rapidity. It seeks its food chiefly in the night.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story ;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers—*he* who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we pass
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth—
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather ;

Oh, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bonds of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saint's communion ;
Thither every hope ascend—
Then may all our labors end.

A HEROINE.

NEAR the village of Ems, in the Grisons, in Switzerland, a great deal of courage and patriotism was shown, during the French war, by a young girl of only twenty-one years of age. The Grison troops were retreating through the village, before the enemy, and had scarcely time to leave it ere the artillerymen, with some of the lighter pieces of cannon came into the streets. Without a moment of fear, Henne-Maria Bühler seized the reins of the horses drawing the first piece of cannon, and, with a blow of a club, dashed their driver senseless to the ground ; then serving the second in like manner, she made a short speech to her trembling townsmen, called back the flying soldiers, took all the cannon before the body of the French army could come up, and beat back the enemy. You little girls, who are afraid to go up stairs in the dark, could you ever be so brave as Henne-Maria?

IN Castle Dürrenstein, in Austria, on the Danube, strangers are still shown the rugged cell, hollowed in the natural rock, where Richard Cœur de Lion is said to have been imprisoned. Richard, though brave, was not honest, for he never paid the money for his ransom to Leopold of Austria.



THE LYNX.

AMONG the several species of the Lynx, some are found in Asia and Africa, with black tips on their ears, which make it a very conspicuous animal. It lives on small quadrupeds and birds, which it pursues even to the tops of trees. The Lynx has never been tamed—always when confined in a cage, it snarls at all who approach. The face resembles the cat's, which animal it seems to come near in the link of beings. It is larger, however, always being about two feet

long, and more than a foot in height. The Canada Lynx has longer and more curly fur, or almost hair; and is remarkable for its gait. Instead of walking, it always bounds from all four feet at once, with the back arched. It feeds principally on the American hare. It is about three feet long. The natives eat its flesh, which is white and firm, and much like the flesh of the hare. Its skin is an important article of commerce, and many thousands are yearly exported.

“I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE.”

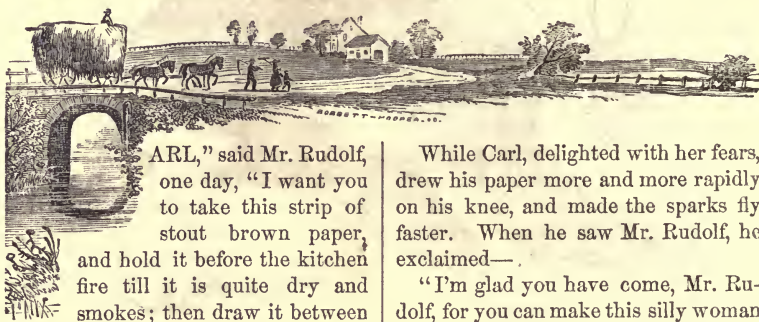
THE above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun-dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson which we may be prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not forget the blessings God has given us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as its

shades, and it is neither wise nor grateful to dwell too much upon the darker portion of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and happier man than those who, as Franklin says, “are always looking at the ugly leg,” and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



“ARL,” said Mr. Rudolf, one day, “I want you to take this strip of stout brown paper, and hold it before the kitchen fire till it is quite dry and smokes; then draw it between your knee and the sleeve of your coat thus—and tell me the effect.”

“Won’t you come with me and see?” asked Carl.

“Yes; I have a few arrangements to make for our lesson, and then I will follow you; you can be drying the paper,” said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl went out with his paper, wondering very much what his teacher could show that was interesting in such a strip of coarse paper.

When Mr. Rudolf had placed certain instruments on the table, he walked toward the kitchen to fulfill his promise to Carl. Just as he reached the door, he heard a sudden scream from Katrina, followed by a loud laugh from Carl; and as he opened it, there stood Katrina, her hand upon the outer door, ready to rush out, every hair seemingly starting from her head in terror, and only kept within doors by her anxiety for Carl, who was darting out sparks of fire, more than an inch long, every moment from his knee.

“Oh, Master Carl, Master Carl, don’t do that,” she was crying; “you’ll be all in a blaze all over pretty soon—you’ll burn up, you’ll burn up.”

While Carl, delighted with her fears, drew his paper more and more rapidly on his knee, and made the sparks fly faster. When he saw Mr. Rudolf, he exclaimed—

“I’m glad you have come, Mr. Rudolf, for you can make this silly woman know there isn’t any harm, and then you can tell me what it all means!”

“That spark from the paper, what do *you* think it means?” asked Mr. Rudolf.

“I don’t know, unless the paper somehow sucked up some fire when I was warming it by the stove, and then let it out again, because I rubbed so hard,” said Carl.

“Not exactly that,” said Mr. Rudolf. “The spark is *electricity*. Come to the library, and I will show you more about it.”

“Well, Mr. Rudolf,” said Carl, as they entered the room, “it seems to me that you have a new sort of instrument here to-day.”

“Yes; this is an *electrical machine*,” said his teacher, going up to it. “You see here is a glass cylinder, and when I turn it rapidly it is pressed against by these rubbers made of silk and stuffed. Now put your finger near that brass ball, which is the end of this brass rod, and touching by these little points the glass.”

Carl did as directed, and exclaimed, “Why, there’s a spark, and it pricked just like a pin!”

"Yes, that spark is electricity," said Mr. Rudolf. "It came from the machine into your finger. Now take this brass rod and slip it into this hole in the conductor, and see if you can draw sparks from that."

"Yes, indeed," cried Carl, "lots of them."

"Well, try that glass rod—it is the same size," said Mr. Rudolf.

"But it won't work at all," said Carl, after a short trial. "I can't get a single spark."

"Well, what do you think that proves?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"That the electricity will go through brass and will not through glass," said Carl.

"You are right; we can excite electricity in glass, feathers, amber, wax, and many other substances, but they will not conduct it; while metals are excellent conductors."

"What is this glass tube, with little bits of tin-foil sprinkled over it?" asked Carl.

"Hold it to the conductor and see," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Carl, as he did what he was told. See the light! it makes letters—how is that?"

"Why, you see the electricity must pass that tube before it can reach your arm and be carried away; but the tube is glass, and won't take it on its journey, therefore it has to jump from one bit of tin-foil to the next, and we see it."

"It is beautiful, isn't it, Mr. Rudolf?" said Carl.

"Yes; but there is much more to be learned about it. See this glass tube full of electricity! see how quickly this feather springs up to meet it!"

"Yes, and now it flies away from it," cried Carl.

"What should you say to chasing

that feather round the room with a bit of glass or sealing-wax?"

"I think it would be pretty good fun," said Carl; "let me try."

Presently he exclaimed, "It's of no use—the feather sticks to the sealing-wax."

"That is just the experiment that a celebrated Frenchman, named Dufay, made, and by it he discovered that there are two kinds of electricity: one excited by glass, and called positive electricity, and the other excited in wax and resinous bodies, and called negative electricity."

"Oh, I wish I had been bright enough to discover that myself without telling," said Carl.

"You may see what you can do in that line now, if you wish," said Mr. Rudolf.

"What, try to find out something you have not told me?" asked Carl.

"Yes; would you like it?" said Mr. Rudolf.

"Indeed I should; what is it?"

"Just this; find out how these two different electricities influence each other," said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl was silent and looked puzzled.

"You understand me, don't you?" said Mr. Rudolf. "Find out what you can of the influence of these two electricities, that of glass and that of wax."

"Yes, sir; I was only thinking that I don't believe I should ever learn a *great many* such things, all by myself, without you to tell me, just as the men did who found out all these wonderful things the first time."

Mr. Rudolf sat down to write, and Carl worked at his experiments a long time, trying first one thing and then another; at last he said, "Mr. Rudolf, I have found out one thing."

"What is that?" said Mr. Rudolf.

“When I put this bit of glass to the glass tube, it pushes it away; but if I put it to the wax, it touches it.”

“And so you concluded”—said Mr. Rudolf—

“That positive electricity likes neg-

ative electricity better than its own sort,” said Carl, laughing.

“That is true,” said Mr. Rudolf, “and you can write in your book that—Like electricities repel, and unlike electricities attract each other.”



THE WOODEN COLLAR.

THERE are a great many different kinds of collars in the world, and they are worn for different purposes. Some are worn for ornament or fashion; these are generally of lace, linen, or muslin, and are tastefully cut and embroidered. Some are worn by dogs; these are of tin, brass, or silver, and are worn as badges of servitude, to show who owns them. Some are worn by soldiers, badges of servitude, too, showing whose slaves they are. Some are worn by politicians, figurative collars, showing they are no longer freemen, but slaves to a master, whom they call party. And some, it seems, are worn by criminals, slaves to sin and to

a broken law. So that collars are almost everywhere badges of slavery.

In China, they use the wooden collar, or *can-gue*, as a punishment for theft, and other similar offenses. It is made to fit closely to the neck, so that it is impossible to get out of it, and the criminal is obliged to wear it all day, in the open light, exposed to the view of all who pass by. His name, and the nature of his offense, are printed on it, that all may see why he is there. There is nothing funny in sin or in its punishment, but one can scarcely help laughing at the queer figures men cut in undergoing the punishments of the law.



COMMON ANTS.

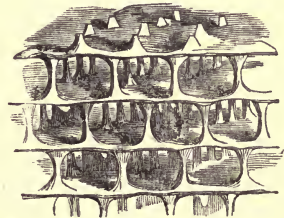
THE ANT.

SOLOMON, who was a great natural philosopher, speaks of the ant as teaching man very important lessons of practical wisdom. The ant is indeed a very curious creature, and well worthy of our special notice and our careful study.

Its head is large, adorned with two horns, each having twelve joints. Its eyes are very prominent and pearled. Its jaws are indented like a saw, with seven little teeth, which exactly correspond. These jaws are capable of being opened very wide, so that it can grasp bodies much larger than itself. Its strength, too, is so great that it can lift and carry bodies much heavier than itself. An ant has been known to take up and carry off a piece of lead as large as its own body; a feat which neither the ox, the lion, nor the elephant would be able to perform. The head and breast are joined to the body or tail by a very slender ligament. The tail is furnished with a sting, from which, when provoked, it emits a poisonous

liquid, which occasions considerable pain and swelling.

On opening an ant-hill we shall perceive these busy little creatures carrying in their mouths, and with great care trying to secure, small whitish bodies, which are usually called eggs, but which are, in fact, ants in the chrysalis state, each encompassed with a winding-sheet of its own spinning. The concern of the parent ant for these is so great that, when alarmed, they abandon everything else and run away with them. They will sooner die than leave them.



CHAMBER OF THE BLACK ANT.

Every ant's nest has a straight hole leading into it, about the depth of half

an inch. It then takes a sloping direction down to the magazine, in which all their food is stored. These stores of food consist chiefly of grains of wheat or oats, and it is wonderful with what sagacity they manage to preserve them through the season. Being under ground, where it is warm and damp, the first danger is that the grain will sprout and grow, which would not only render it useless as food, but by swelling and spreading, destroy their house. This they prevent by biting out of every grain the germs, or bud; and they do it so thoroughly that not a single bud can be found in all their stores, nor will a grain of it grow if it is sown in the earth. But even thus, their food is not entirely safe, for in a moist place, under ground, it is liable to rot. For this they have a double remedy. They first bring out from their holes a quantity of earth and sand, which they dry in the sun, and then carry them back to form the floor of their granary. They then bring out their grain, and dry it in the same way. This they repeat, as often as the weather is clear and the sun hot.

A nest of ants was once found in a box in the third story of a house. From this place the ants were continually making their laborious excursions upward to the garret, where a quantity of grain was stored, and downward to the garden, where they could gather a variety of small seeds. Notwithstanding the great distance, no one of them ever returned empty. They always brought with them a grain of wheat or oats, or a small seed, or, perhaps, a particle of dry earth or sand. Some traveled to the end of the garden, and with prodigious labor brought heavy loads from thence. This was a journey of four hours to

the patient little mechanic, and the labor as hard as that of a man who should carry a heavy load twelve miles in a day.

Just imagine what a task it must be for so small a creature to carry a grain of wheat up a perpendicular wall, to the third story, climbing all the way, with the head downward, as their heavy burden required them to do. That they were greatly fatigued by the effort was apparent from their frequently stopping to rest. Sometimes they would be completely exhausted by the effort, and obliged to give it up. In such cases, a stronger ant would always come to their relief, first taking their load and carrying it home, and then coming back to help the disabled laborer.



HOUSES OF THE WHITE ANT.

Sometimes the poor fellows were so unfortunate as, in their great fatigue, to lose their foothold, perhaps when just in sight of home, and fall with their burden to the ground. But, with admirable courage and perseverance, they would always pick up their load, and toil away up the steep ascent, as if their lives depended on their faithfulness. One of them was observed to fall in this way three times suc-

cessively. Yet she persevered in her purpose, and made a fourth attempt to fulfill her task. At last, her strength utterly failing, she was compelled to give it up, when another ant came to her assistance, and enabled her to deposit her precious load in the common store-house.

The Termite, or White Ant, is very large, and is found on the coast of Africa. It erects immense buildings of earth and clay. In form, they are somewhat like sugar loaves, ten or twelve feet high. The exterior part is large and strong, intended for defense, not only from enemies of the animal kind, but from changes of weather, which would interfere with the hatching of the eggs. The interior is divided into many apartments, for the accommodation of the busy folks that make up that industrious nation. The royal chamber is in the center, surrounded by many others of different shapes and dimensions, opening into each other, and accommodating the officers of the realm, soldiers, laborers, etc., each according to his rank and importance. They are wonderful structures, showing a vast amount of ingenuity, patient industry, and foreseeing instinct; and wonderfully displaying the infinite variety and excellence of the works of the great Creator.

Touching the ant and her labors, one of the Hatchet family says—

“Wonderful discovery!”

“It is now fully known that there are subterranean cities in many parts of the United States.

“Those *most known* to me are the subterranean cities found in New York and Brooklyn. The inhabitants are said to be frugal and industrious; to live in peace and primitive simplicity; but the *most remarkable* thing is, that they

have continually been making depredations on us, and no attention has been paid to it. It is said that nearly all their articles of commerce and consumption are derived from this source. Whether, as aborigines, they consider themselves entitled to a part of all found on the soil, is a question to be discussed. They seem entirely ignorant of moral obligation, and steal without scruple. We suppose a new code of laws will be necessary, and this is an important fact to be known, as young men who intend to study law may be able to obtain distinction by devoting their attention to this new branch of legal study.”

SONNET—SPRING.

How sweet the balmy breezes of the
Spring, [life
That waken from their darkness into
The flowers with all their honeyed
sweetness rife; [bring
And from the far-off Southern forests
The wildwood bird, and tune his
voice to sing
The pleasures of the Spring-time, glad
and free!
Look! from their just uncovered bed,
I see
The flow'rets to the breeze their fra-
grance fling,
And with a bound, free from the Frost-
King's sway,
Leaps the wild cascade down the
mossy ledge.
Through dewy pastures wend the herd
their way, [hedge;
Nipping the buds from off the tender
While the fresh clod beneath the plow-
boy's way [mouse,
Turns from its hiding-place the timid
Which sheltered there through the
chill winter's day. CLIO.

A TIME TO WEEP.

DEAR children of the CABINET, the MUSEUM, and the SCHOOLFELLOW; yes, and parents too of all that numerous company that is gathered monthly about our social table, we come to you in tears, in deep grief and mourning, knowing that you will all weep as we weep, and mourn as we mourn.

UNCLE FRANK IS DEAD!

Dear, kind, genial, gifted, faithful, universally beloved and esteemed Uncle Frank has gone to his rest. "There is a time to die." It came to him. It was but a moment—"the twinkling of an eye"—and behold he lives forevermore, beyond the reach of sorrow and suffering and death, but not beyond the reach of love and joy and peace.

"There is a time to weep." It has come to us—to all of us—not a moment only, but hours, and days, and years, as we remember and feel what we have lost, though we will, nevertheless, smile and be glad amid our tears, while we remember what he has gained, in the blessed exchange of earth for heaven. For we can not mourn for him "as those who have no hope."

Our young friends will remember how often dear Uncle Frank has been sick during several years past; how, on his return, last year, from a tour to the West, where many of them had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him, and administering to his comfort, he was detained at Buffalo by a severe attack of bleeding, and was many weeks at the very door of death, expecting daily to be taken into the silent chamber. The kindest of friends watched over him, and Heaven raised

him up, and spared him to us another year.

A few months ago, wishing to escape the raw cold weather of a northern spring, Uncle Frank took passage to Savannah, and thence to St. Augustine, in Florida. Here, he found the climate delightful, the surroundings agreeable and cheerful, and, as he always did wherever he went, abundance of friends to sympathize with his sufferings and administer kindly to his comfort. All that true friendship and judicious kindness could do was done for him. But his poor shattered frame was past the aid of human skill, however kind or judicious. His work was done. His "place prepared above" was ready for him, and he was summoned to lay down his burden and enter into his rest.

Yearning to see once more the dear ones at home (his brother's family had always been as his own), he made a last great effort to come home to die. He reached New York on Sunday morning, the 5th of June. His brother, with all his family, hastened at earliest dawn to meet him on the arrival of the steamer. But it was too late. Uncle Frank's work was all done. His bodily frame was quite worn out. It had not reserved strength enough to allow his soul to utter its greeting or its adieu. He was unconscious of the presence of the loved ones whom he had come to see and to bless, or if conscious, had not the power to express it. They watched over him a half hour, with only the melancholy satisfaction of receiving his last breath, and closing his eyes with their own hands.

Uncle Frank's life, though not very long, was an active, industrious, and

useful one. Yet, so simple was its aim, and so unpretending its spirit, the story may be told in a few words.

FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH was born at Colchester, Conn., on the 12th of February, 1813. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Dunham, publisher of the *Norwich Courier*, with whom he learned the trade of a printer. At eighteen, he united with the church at Norwich, and commenced his course of study, pursuing it as he had opportunity. Here he commenced writing for the press, anonymously, and was reprimanded for altering his own MS., the editor not knowing that he was the author. Subsequently, he went into the office of Perkins & Marvin, Boston, publishers of the *Missionary Herald*. He soon after came to New York for a regular course of study, supporting himself the while by working at his trade and writing for the press. He then entered the Oneida Institute, at Whitesboro, where he remained till the school closed. In 1836 he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York city, from which he graduated in 1839. While there, he continued to devote much of his time and thought to literary labor, chiefly in the juvenile department, for which his genial spirit and versatile talent eminently fitted him. On leaving the Seminary, he was settled as pastor of the church in Fairhaven, Vt., where he labored with great acceptance for two years. But the labor was too much for his weak frame. It brought on a hemorrhage of the lungs, which compelled him to desist. After a season of rest, finding himself much recruited, and anxious to be again at work, he accepted a call from the church at South Norwalk, Conn., where he labored acceptably two years more. But that was not his appropriate work, though he loved it, and was loved in it. His health again gave way, and he was obliged to abandon the ministry altogether. Coming back to New York, he was for a time editor of the *Christian Parlor Magazine* and the *National Preacher*. He contributed also to the *Christian Fam-*

ily Magazine, *Mothers' Magazine*, *Evangelist*, and other papers and periodicals.

In 1846 he established, in connection with his brother, the *Youth's Cabinet*, and *Uncle Frank's Dollar Magazine*, which has become so dear to tens of thousands of the children and youth of our land. In 1852 he went to Europe, and returned much improved in health and in resources for entertaining and instructing the young, which he used to great advantage.

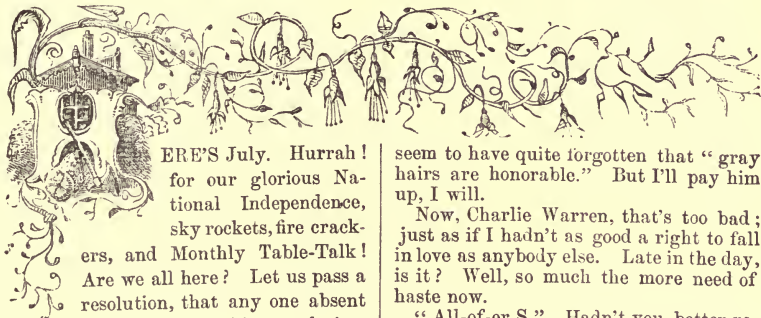
For ten years he held monthly intercourse with a large circle of delighted readers, amusing and instructing them with a fullness of affection and a richness of power to entertain that increased every year with its use. In 1857 the *CABINET* was consolidated with *MERRY'S MUSEUM*, and Uncle Frank remained as one of the editors to the last.

In addition to these labors of usefulness, Uncle Frank was author of no less than thirty-five volumes of juvenile literature; or, including the *CABINET LIBRARY*, fifty volumes, all of which bear the strong mark of his deep love for children, and his great fertility of invention in entertaining and instructing them.

He has often traveled in different parts of our own land, making friends everywhere, who remember his visits with delight, while all his large family of readers have enjoyed a part of the pleasure, in reading his sketches of travel in the *CABINET*.

In 1857 he tried the experiment of a Western tour, with a view, partly, to lecturing on History. His health was not equal to such an effort. It was on his way home from his tour that he was arrested at Buffalo by his old disease, and lay for some weeks at the point of death. From that time, though by no means remitting his labors for the young, he has been a confirmed invalid, in constant expectation of an early summons to depart. He has literally walked, for a year past, by the side of his open grave. He sleeps in Greenwood, on the southeastern side of Ocean Hill.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HERE'S July. Hurrah! for our glorious National Independence, sky rockets, fire crackers, and Monthly Table-Talk! Are we all here? Let us pass a resolution, that any one absent from our table this month, is a traitor to the cause. Take notice, Aunt Sue is in the chair. Order, gentlemen (the ladies are always in order), while Cousin Kate speaks.

MAPLE GROVE, *April*, 1859.

DEAR PARLOR-FULL:—I have been absent so long that I have serious fears that, unless I hunt myself up speedily, I shall be "among the missing." I don't know as I ought to take my accustomed seat until I have "defined my position," and given you some idea of my whereabouts and whatabouts during my absence. As to my whereabouts, I have been most of the time at *home*—the home of my childhood (for I am a "native-born" Buckeye). My whatabouts are not so easily given. Enough to say, that though I have often thought of the merry circle, busy duties have prevented any substantial evidence of it.

I have just received a letter from one of the old Cabinet-makers, and *such* a letter! The saucy boy, after saying all sorts of wicked things, closes with a lot of double and twisted hieroglyphics, doubtless intended to mean something. I can make out a glimmering of sense in part of it, but I don't believe, now the ink is dry, that he could read the rest of it himself. Oh, the scamp! to impose upon a person of my venerable character in that style! I shan't rest until the account is even. I had almost said that I wouldn't *look* at a cup of tea until I have paid him "in full of all demands;" but so much self-denial as that couldn't be expected. My saucy young friends

seem to have quite forgotten that "gray hairs are honorable." But I'll pay him up, I will.

Now, Charlie Warren, that's too bad; just as if I hadn't as good a right to fall in love as anybody else. Late in the day, is it? Well, so much the more need of haste now.

"All-of-er S." Hadn't you better retain your old signature until you can think of the matter coolly and *drily*?

Dear Aunt Sue, *please* don't. My brain has been tied up and twisted in all kinds of fantastic shapes since reading your extra-extraordinary production. If you know of anything that will straighten it out, please prescribe. I've tried reading it backward, but to none effect. Tell Fleta I'm glad to see her back again. Where's Bess? Tell them both that if they will come over to my corner I will give them a pair of kisses, "warranted to keep," which I have been saving for them quite a while. But enough ("too much," I suspect the Hatchet will say). With love to all, I remain, as ever,

COUSIN KATE.

Dear Kate, I won't; I never did; I disclaim all intention of seeming to have done it. I never did anything half as witty. I believe it is the production of a clergyman, as funny as he was clever, to illustrate the bombastic *hisfatutin* of some poetry of the present day. Make way for Hoosier Annie.

INDIANAPOLIS, *May 3d*, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HL.:—Will you be good enough to "ground" your hatchet, which sometimes seems to prove a weapon of *offense* as well as *defense*, while I have a little chat with "Flibbertigibbet."

Here I am, dear Flib, and I am a "live Hoosier," too—"to the manor born." I wonder what kind of an *idea* you Yankees have of us? If you were here, now, I'd show you a few "sights" that would

interest you, and I would gather for you a bouquet of the choicest and sweetest spring blossoms as a reward of merit for remembering me. Yes, dear Flib, we would be sun-bonneted or *shakered*, and off for the woods, after "flowers, health, and happiness," as my mamma *used* to tell me when I was not near so tall or old as I am now. Now *don't* imagine me as tall as a "bean-pole," nor as "old as the hills," for I'm neither.

Thank you, Uncle Hi, if you have spared me, for how did I know but you might misinterpret me, and *get* your hatchet "ground" but to cut off my head? No, you would not be so *cruel* as that. My letter? HOOSIER ANNIE.

Orianna is still skeptical. "Seeing is believing," some one says; and when the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. So, fair (?) Orianna, go thou to the post-office at Auburn, and inquire for a letter for "Orianna," and let us know the result.

Ah! Uncle Hi! never tell me you are not a descendant of Mother Eve! So you thought to find out where "Orianna" lives, with that nice trap of a letter. Now, Uncle Hi, I'm ashamed of you! Look at me, and say, "without laughing," that there is a letter for me at the MUSEUM office. There, I saw you smile! However, I will gratify your curiosity.

"Where the bee sucks, there am I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie."

If you will come and see me, fair cousins, I will send a special envoy of fifty bumble-bees to greet you and to lead you to my bower.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet
grows;

Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

There we will watch the sun go down,
and the little stars will nod us farewell,
before we separate. Do come, cousins;
and Uncle Merry, Uncle Hiram, Aunt
Sue—uncles and cousins all! All will be
welcomed to ORIANNA.

Nettie, if any of your letters have remained unnoticed, I guess the reason: *you have written on both sides of your*

paper. You don't suppose Uncle Hi has time to re-write letters? I have; so here goes:

WOODLANDS, May 11th, 1859.

I have essayed to join the Chat two or three times, dear "Merrys;" but as Uncle Merry seems determined that my talent for letter-writing shall remain *incog*, I must e'en be patient, and resign myself to Fate, *alias* Uncle Merry.

I have left my Northern home, and intend spending the pleasant summer months in the sunny South.

I see, by the May's "Chat," that our number of cousins has increased, and that, too, by a resident of Chicago.

Clara, dear, I hope we shall meet some day (perhaps I should be more formal, and say Miss Burnham; but, *n'importe*).

Willie H. Coleman, do you remember a brown-eyed girl, called "*Bell Fleetwood?*" She is nearly certain that she met "our bright particular star" in New York. If you remember her, we are friends, and here is my hand, for she is my dearest friend.

Uncle Merry, I have hopes of three contributors, so do not consign me to "the basket;" have mercy!

I perfectly agree with Orianna about Uncle Hiram. Who has not his benevolent face forever before them?

Aunt Sue, I am a non-believer in your antiquity, *roguish* Auntie! [Pray respect my gray hairs, Nettie.—A. S.]

Why is it that Annie Drummond, and "Prairie Girl" have subsided into silence? Let me in, Uncle Merry, just this once. I am pleading at the door.

Love me, cousins, one and all. Good-by.
"NETTIE."

There! Didn't Aunt Sue let you in, Nettie? When shall we receive a letter in Lewis' own handwriting?

TRENTON, LA., April, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—May I come in and call myself your nephew? I have been taking your good little Magazine a long time, and intend to take it always. I don't see why all the children don't have it. I send some new subscribers, and will get more. Now, I get my sister to write for me; she is old, and I am too young to try to write to *you*. My sister thinks yours is the best book in the world. I do want to see you very much. *When* will you visit our State?

LEWIS MARBURY.

SENNETT, *March 10, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I am a little girl only thirteen years old; my little sister takes the MUSEUM, and I can not tell you the pleasure I have in reading it, especially the Chat, and I thought I would like to have a little chat once and a while with Uncle Hi, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Merry. Sometimes I like to compose poetry, and if I send you some of my compositions will you publish them in the MUSEUM, if they are worthy?

With love to the Merry cousins, I bid you good-bye.
EMMA.

Yes, Emma, we always take pleasure in publishing for our young friends whatever we think would do them credit, or please their judicious friends. You will see "the Wild Wood" by-and-by.

May 1st, 1859.

DEAR MUSEUM, ETC. :—I hardly know how to commence a letter to you, it is so long since I have been able to write for our "Chat;" besides, I have so much to say, and visions of a *savage*, with raised "hatchet," will come between me and my paper, confusing all my senses, that I really—well, I'll just jump right into business. I'm at *home!* dear old home. Europe *may do*; but America, United States, *New York*, for me, and upon my first leisure moment at home I had out all the old "Merrys," and found myself invited to become "Special Contributor!" "Our Own Correspondent!" and such delightful honors! Not *one* "MUSEUM, etc.," was sent to me, while absent. It was promised too quickly, I see now; sorrow for my departure, *nothing* too difficult to be done for my comfort; but once gone, and the lonely feeling gone away, and they think, "She won't care now; she is too much engaged looking at all the wonders of the Old World, to care for magazines and such things." You know I *imagine* that's what they thought; they never said so; for when I had them all by my side, I felt so glad, that reproving anybody was out of the question. But about telling you all I saw, why, it would fill a book, and I have my diary pretty well filled, as it is, though I certainly never meant it for other eyes than my own. If I can manage to make "extracts" from it that suit me, you are welcome to them; if you don't like them for public, why, keep them for your own eyes.

What has become of all the "old cor-

respondents?" Has "R. W. R. taken Alice B. Corner" to himself?" Both have disappeared from the circle. "Black-Eyes" is married. W. H. C. is very chary of his "ideas;" but when they *do* come they are worth reading.

I am *very* much obliged to those of my "Merry Cousins" who have been so kind as to remember me while absent. To all those (I dare not severally name them—that unrelenting hatchet, my dears!) I give my best love, and the wish that they may never know what it is to be *forgotten*.

Aunt Sue, have you not a kind word for me? With many hand-shakings and well-comings, I remain, yours ever,

NIPPINFIDGET.

Dear, kind, good Nip, this is just like you. How we should like to nip your little finger just now, and hold on till you had told us "all about it." But, why *didn't* you let us hear from you across the water? We should have felt so grand to have a London or Paris correspondent, or "letters from Rome, or Athens." However, we are right thankful to have you here again, and such a row as it will make when it is known you have come. You will hear from Aunt Sue, you will. Don't you hear her now, singing *Welcome*?

Don't fail to call at our sanctum when you come to the city. Uncle Hiram says he will then tell you how old *he* is. Meantime, send along the "extracts."

SALEM, *March 14, 1859.*

DEAR MUSEUM :—This is the first time that I have written to that "august body" composing the MUSEUM, CABINET, and SCHOOLFELLOW, and I am rather ashamed to enter where there are so many "bright particular stars;" but please to introduce me, and I will sit down in some corner. I have found out who "Aunt Sue" is, and if any of the "20,000" wish to know who she is, let them write to me, and I will give any information necessary. My elder brother believes such persons as "W. H. Coleman," "Black-Eyes," "A. Older," etc., are nothing but myths, and that my simple letter will not be published, but I think it will, if "Uncle Hi" thinks fit.

Yours respectfully, FLAVIUS V. W.

Uncle Hi thinks fit to admit your letter

at full length, but takes the liberty to chop off a part of your name, ~~let~~ it should lead to "telling tales out of school," as you threaten to poach.

NELSON, N. H., 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—May I come in and place myself under the protecting care of "the hatchet," although I confess I feel rather "skeery," and in some danger of having my head lopped off.

Please don't introduce me until I have looked around a little. Is that lady over there "Black-Eyes?" How "kind o' fierce" her eyes *do* look; but after looking at her a little while, I think she *does* look very kind and matronly. May I be introduced to her? And there is "saucy" looking "Bess," isn't it? Oh! there is "Aunt Sue;" oh! there she is, "sure enough." Oh! how good she *does* look, in her "big arm-chair of state." But is that "the hatchet?" Oh, dear! don't! I'm a new-comer. Let me ask *one* question, and I'll go. What will you send me your portrait for? I suppose there would be an uplifted hatchet in one hand, and this letter in the other. *Au revoir*.

ANN LOUISA SNOW.

Uncle Hiram is too thin for a portrait. We could never get anything but a profile of him. You can find a copy in any hardware store.

ELIZABETH, April 6, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Although I was not born a Yankee, yet my father was, therefore I *guess* "Orianna" had never seen you, or she would have given a more life-like description of the "Hatchet;" for those who have seen him will remember his tall and slender frame, his thin locks and benignant countenance, making the young folks feel that he sympathizes in all their youthful enjoyments.

Profiting by your lecture, using dumb-bells and wearing a strait jacket, I have finally become as perpendicular and tall as a May-pole.

Uncle Hiram, notwithstanding the mud and mosquitoes, I must say the "Jarseys" never looked better than at the present putting on its spring attire, and if you doubt it you must come over and see for yourself. Hoping that you will accept this invitation, I remain your loving niece,

SALLIE.

You know, Sallie, for Aunt Sue has

just told you, what Mohammed did when the mountain would not come at his call. If you don't see me soon in Jersey, straighten up and come over into the United States.

THE GROTTO OF JASON, April 3, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have not written to the MUSEUM for a long time. You think it rather strange that I live so far off, but don't wonder when some live on the mountains of the moon; but I am not quite so badly off as that. I am not going to try for the prize. Who do you think will take it? He will have to be pretty sharp to compare with the Hatchet. I like Adrian; am afraid I shall feel how sharp he is. Your, if permitted, nephew,

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

The Evening Star, if it is brighter and more beautiful, is much farther off than the moon. We are thankful that it is not so far but that its light can reach us.

AUBURN, April 12, 1859.

MR. MERRY: *Dear Sir*—I have been thinking some time about writing to you, but was afraid you would not give me a place in the Chat. I am only nine years old, but old enough to be very much interested in the MUSEUM, which was given me as a New Year's present last January. I have lately learned to write enigmas, and will send you one, which I should like to have some of my Merry cousins find out the answer to, if you have room to publish it. With love to Aunt Sue, and great respect for yourself and Uncles Hiram and Frank, I shall remain your constant reader.

ELLA J. N.

MY CORNER, April 4, 1859.

I don't call myself a "bright, particular star," by any means, but in the general calling out of said luminary, perhaps I may be admitted once more as a "Merry," though a not very *shining* specimen. I haven't made myself heard for a long time before, and it's a great mystery to me how I have managed to "keep hush" under so aggravating circumstances.

"Tennessean," I don't know as it will "pay" to refer to your brave slur on the Northern girls, but as "one of 'em" has spoken for the Yankee girls, I'll say a word for the Buckeyes. Rest assured that *we* will do our best to save you from

the horrible fate of mating with a "yellow-jacket" by giving you a good SOUND letting alone.

Welcome back, Aunt Sue. Glad to see you. Fleta, here's my hand. I like your way of doing things, and declare myself to you as to all true-hearted Mer-rys. Your sworn friend, CLIO.

If Uncle Hiram had been at home, we don't know what might have happened to your letter, Clio. As it is, you will see that we have handled it daintily.

HARPERVILLE, March 19, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I believe you said I might come in. I live near Geraldine. I am earning some money for the MUSEUM by studying the Holy Bible. I have got about fifty cents. I mean to try very hard to get enough. But one thing more, and I must close—do you permit us to send puzzles from other books? But, O! the hatchet is coming, and I must stop. Adieu. I am your niece, KITTIE.

We do not expect all our puzzles to be original. We take all good ones that have not been in the MUSEUM before.

STACEYVILLE, MITCHELL Co., }
IOWA, March 10, 1859. }

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—We have taken the CABINET in our family long before I was old enough to read it, but I have never before summoned up courage enough to write to you; but, as it was my birth-day, I thought I would try it at least. We have lived up in this new country about a year, and I like it very much. Please introduce me to all the merry 20,000 uncles, aunts, and cousins. I have read with interest, "The Holidays at Uncle Hiram's," in a bound volume of the MUSEUM, which my brother received for getting subscribers, and should think, by the way that it reads, he must be quite a merry fellow. Your affectionate nephew, WILLIE C. NEEDHAM.

HORACE JUDE thinks W. H. Coleman "a pretty smart youth." Glad H. J. is pleased with the consolidated magazine.

YOUNG JOE sends love to all. Accepted.

HENRY SKINNER introduces himself by answering, correctly, Enigmas No. 42,

48, 49, 50; and I am in favor of giving every one credit for the answers they have been at the pains to find out.

R. R., too, answers 33, 43, 48, and 50. Touching that "continuous story," Aunt Sue has been laid up, "*hors de combat*," that is sufficient excuse, isn't it? Perhaps you'll find the whole or part of a story from her pen this month.

Don't cry, WILD WILLIE! Uncle Hi will straighten out that rebus pretty soon, no doubt. Love to "little Cis."

CHARLIE's hand-writing is good for weak eyes, and we are glad to have him among us. He answers puzzle No. 63

UNCLE HIRAM'S PRIZE PUZZLE.

Uncle Hiram is so proud of his puzzle, or rather of the display of wit and talent it has brought about, that he is actually growing fat upon it. His face is already nearly as thick as a sheet of paper, and there is danger that he will become so corpulent that he will not be able to cut. He thinks the answers sent in are such as could not be obtained by any other magazine in the world. Harper, Putnam, the Knickerbocker, the Atlantic, would call in vain for an equal array of poetic and rhetorical power. He protests they ought all to have the prize and all to be published, for their intrinsic merit. Not that they are all equally good, but that all are good enough for him. If he had a fund on which to draw, he would send a full set to every one of them.

We have succeeded, with some difficulty, in schooling him down to a choice of one, on the condition that he shall have leave to publish some of the others, just to show to all the world "and the rest of mankind" that Merry's second, third, and fourth best are better than the first in any other family.

The Prize he awards to ANNA W. N., her chief advantage over her competitors being conciseness and brevity, which was specified as one of the requisites of a good answer.

The answer of Samuel Wilson, Jr.,

though two lines shorter, and in some respects better, is more expanded. It is very difficult to decide between them. It was only done by counting the words.

Several of the others are almost equally good. We shall make room for as many of them as we can in future numbers. Some of the prose answers are admirable too; and, to say all in a few words, the batch is a wonderful one. ANNA will please come forward and make herself known.

ANSWER TO PRIZE ENIGMA.

To stop the river flowing,
To set the mill agoing—
 A dam employ.

A dam will name a mother,
Adam ne'er had a brother—
 Was ne'er a boy.

The name that pities woe,
That causes tears to flow,
 Is *ruth*.

Ruth holds the royal line
Of David—bard divine—
 In truth.

Name that's in censure heard,
An unmelodious bird,
 Is *Kite*.

A *kite* on learning's wing
(When Franklin held the string),
 Threw light.

The initials, if you'll take,
A holy place they'll make,
 And hark!

Moses was in one laid,
And good old Noah made
 An ark.

A thousand (M) will make it *mark*;
Five hundred (D) will make it *dark*;
And fifty (L) will make it *lark*.

When some unfortunate, poor wight
Would sign his name, but can not write,
 He "makes his *mark*."

Night throws a pall o'er hill and dale,
But all the little stars unvail
 When it grows *dark*.

When morning first unseals your eyes,
Shout loud your peans to the skies,
 As does the *lark*.

ANNA W. N.

AN ANSWER TO UNCLE HIRAM'S RIDDLE.

CHARADE.

A dam will stop the flowing rill,
A dam will turn the busy mill;
Adam a man, a dam a mother,
Adam, *first man*, had ne'er a brother.

Ruth* in tears may find relief,
Ruth can sympathize with grief;
From Ruth, as Scripture records tell,
Descended kings of Israel.

Kite, sure, is a reproachful word
A kite's an unmelodious bird;
And kite's a toy oft used, 'tis true,
By schoolboys and by wise men, too.

Of these three words initials take,
And when arranged the Ark will make,
Which saved the greatest and the least,
Man, woman, reptile, bird and beast.

An ark of rushes and one of wood
Saved Moses and Noah, prophets good
The Ark of the Covenant was, I ween,
The holiest place earth yet has seen.

ENIGMA.

M, or a thousand add to Ark,
Will make a Saint whose name was Mark
A mark's a coin, or sign, I wot,
Cross, circle, dagger, line or dot.
To Ark five hundred add, or D,
And Dark it certainly will be.
If L, or fifty, crown the Ark,
'Tis changed into a joyous Lark.

CONUNDRUM.

Because we find in legal games
A mark will represent their names.
When dark, earth's gems we can't decry,
But view the treasures of the sky.
With L, the box or ship called Ark,
Becomes a heavenward-soaring Lark.

SAM WILSON, JR.

WEST UNION, OHIO, March 15, 1859.

* *Ruth*.—Sorrow, misery, mercy. pity.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

We have a large number of answers to the "Algebraical Problem" and the "Mechanical Puzzle." The shortest on the problem is this. If there is any defect in it, it is open to criticism.

Let x = number of lines on a page;
 y = " " " letters in a line;
 then xy = " " " on a page;
 $(x+3)(y+4) = xy + 224 = 1st\ equa.,$
 and $(x-2)(y-3) = xy - 145 = 2d.$
 Multip'ing $xy + 4x + 3y + 12 = xy + 224$
 $xy - 3x - 2y + 6 = xy - 145$
 Transp'ing $4x + 3y = 212$
 $3x - 2y = 151$
 Multiply 1st. by 2, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8x = 424 \\ -9x = -453 \end{array} \right.$
 and second by 3
 Adding, we have $\left. \begin{array}{l} x = -29 \\ y = 32 \end{array} \right\}$

AMORY RICE.

The answers to the "Mechanical Puzzle" are nearly all alike. A few think "it can be done by blowing," but a large majority say, correctly, that *the coin is removed by gently scratching the cloth till it comes out.*

We shall have more to say about these hereafter.

THE HISTORICAL COMPANION. *With Geographical and Historical Notes.* By A. C. Webb. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle.

Multum in parvo is well illustrated in this book. The Geography, History, Chronology, and Biography of the United States to the present time; of

each of the Original Thirteen States, from their settlement as colonies to the Revolution; the settlement and admission of new States; wars, battles, inventions, etc., are all embraced in the compass of a small volume, which will be found of great use to learners, whether old or young, and, indeed, to all sorts of people who ever find the use of any book. It condenses a vast amount of interesting and useful information in the best form for ready reference.

SISTER'S OFFERING AND WASTED LIFE. *By the author of "Anna Lee," "Arthur's Birthday Party," etc., etc.* Boston: Mass. Sabbath School Society.

This little book, just placed on our table, is one that will please and profit the young reader. We hope it will find its way to the tables of the Merry family generally. It is well written, and tastefully illustrated.

Among the latest publications of this Society are the "Christian Mechanic," "Life Lessons," "Helen Heath," "Repentant Boy," "May Wreath," "Unkind Brother," etc., etc. The whole catalogue numbers 1,286 publications, of which 876 are bound volumes. They are all of the highest character, and we can cordially recommend them to those who are in search of good reading for the young, or catering for Sabbath-school libraries.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in May No.

53. He was a high way man.
54. He is a *spokes* man.
55. The alder would make an alder man.
56. He is an Otto-man and a muscle (Mussul) man.
57. He is not a *gentle* man.
58. He is always a husband-man.
59. I pique you for a felony.
You essay two excuses;
You ought to be an enemy

- To any double uses:
 Not (naught) to extenuate excess
 In any sort o' naughtiness.
60. When it alights on tulips.
 61. The farther you go, the more you lose your gravity.
 62. 1. Pelican. 2. Deliberations. Conversations. 4. Antelopes. Potential. 6. Hospitals.
 63. Miss Ellen to her friend did say,
 "I see you are not wise to-day;
 I am ahead of you now, Miss Emily Kay."

CHRISTINE.

A STORY OF SWITZERLAND.



IN one of the wildest regions of the Alps, shut in on every side by steep precipices and rugged snow-capped mountains, lived Adolph Berger and his little Christine. In winter, when wild storms burst on the mountains, and covered the earth with snows too deep to pass, the little cottage looked as if it were perched on a rocky crag, midway between earth and heaven, and inaccessible to all the world. Then Adolph would put up his gun and staff, and with Christine by his side, would carve beautiful wooden spoons, forks,

needle-cases, and many other articles, to sell in summer time to the travelers, who passed through the neighboring villages. The little girl would arrange his bits of wood, bring him his tools, and encourage him by her admiration of his pretty devices; or would listen, delighted, to his long stories of wonderful adventures in the Alpine wilds, where he went with his sharp-spiked shoes and iron-pointed staff, hunting the chamois. But in summer, all was changed. The little niche where the house stood, that seemed in winter so rugged and bare, was a bright and sunny nook, nestled in between the lofty peaks around it. The tall firs were relieved by a few trees of lighter color. The grassy slopes were soft and green, and

beautiful mountain flowers bloomed everywhere; while a little brook, ice-bound in winter time, leaped down the rocks, and ran singing and babbling gently by the door, and then dashed in one fearful leap, down, down the precipices, many feet, to another green valley below, where it fell all shivered and shattered in white foam and mist.

As soon as the mountain passes were safe, Adolph would take his gun, leaving little Christine alone with her aged grandmother, and go off on his perilous hunts. Then the little

girl would go to her summer duties. The goats that browsed on the neighboring steeps, and the garden, were her care, even when she was a very little girl, for her grandmother was near to direct and assist her. So Christine grew up a quick, but a strong, useful, happy mountain child.

One day she went out with her father to see him set forth on his hunt. His gun was on his shoulder, and his powder-horn and bag by his side, but Christine would not let him go.

She followed over one steep place after another, till at last he stopped, and, kissing her, said gently—

“Go, my child, go; see, thy goats are waiting for thee—Nanny is bleating loudly.”

“Let me go only a little farther,” said Christine; “I want to see what is beyond here. I want to go to the village where you sell your pretty things.”

“Christine shall go, when I come back,” said her father, kindly; “but be useful while I am gone. Now hurry home, little feet, and I will stand here and watch lest they slip.”

Christine was soon back to her goats, and her grandmother, and her home duties; and her father went on his way. But he was gone longer than usual, and when at last, one bright summer evening, he came in sight of home, he wondered that his little girl was not watching, and ready to meet him.

“What can have happened?” he said to himself. “Has Christine wandered off, and been lost among these precipices?” And with anxious heart he hastened home.

At the sound of his footsteps, his darling opened the door, and sprang

sobbing into his arms. He was so glad to see her, to hold her safe to his bosom, that he did not question why she wept. But she drew him gently in, and pointed to her grandmother, who lay just gasping for breath. In a few days she died; and Christine, when next her father went, was left alone.

But Christine was a mountain girl.



She soon became expert in every one of her duties. As she grew older, she climbed the rocks as fleetly as a chamois, and with her tambourine and staff in her hand, she followed her flocks, or visited the little chalets of the mountains; sometimes even she ventured to the larger villages with her father's carvings, which always met with ready sale. In one of these journeyings, as she was singing gayly, and tripping lightly along, she heard a groan. Looking quickly around, she soon discovered a traveler, who had slipped and fallen on a ledge of rock just below the path.

“Who are you, my girl? can you help me?” cried the man, in a strange accent.



Christine leaned over in order to look at him.

"I am Christine Berger, sir, and I can reach my staff to you. Can you rise with that?"

"You, little girl? no, indeed, you are not strong enough; for I have sprained my ankle, or broken my leg; I can not move it," said the man.

"Perhaps I can find some one in the village to help you," said Christine. "I am going to Rosenhausen, and I can run all the way."

"God bless you," said the man. "My mother and sister are there. But quick, be quick!" Christine waited for no more, but sprang down the path, and stopped not till, panting and speechless, she stood at the door of the inn at Rosenhausen.

It was not only fatigue that made Christine silent, but her whole attention was absorbed by the lovely vision she saw before her. A young English girl, tall and slender, with bright blue eyes, and golden hair floating round her shoulders, stood ready to mount the mule, which was to take her up the mountain. To Christine she seemed a delicate, beautiful flower; too

beautiful and too fragile to belong to earth.

But only for a moment did she forget her errand. Then she told it, and with eagerness prayed that help should be instantly sent to the poor man.

The stranger, instead of mounting, had been listening anxiously to Christine's tale; and when it was told, she turned to the inn-keeper, saying, "It is my brother!" The man nodded assent. For a moment the poor girl turned pale as death, and leaned heavily against the door. Christine hastened to her, and said—

"He is safe, and we will make haste. Do not fear, lady."

"Thank you, my child," said the lady, "but is it very far? I will call my mother, and we will both go to him."

"It is far," said Christine, "quite up to our mountain."

"Annie, Annie!" cried another lady, approaching, and speaking fast, in a tongue Christine could not understand. Annie answered in the same tongue, and rapidly told her story, pointing to Christine, and up the mountain-pass.

"You must come with us, you must show us where he is," said the lady, at length, turning to Christine; and in a moment more they were on their way.

It was not on the regular path followed by travelers that the young man had fallen; but when the ladies, with Christine, reached the place, the guides and men who had preceded them had raised him from his dangerous place on the rocks, and were endeavoring to bring him out of the swoon into which the pain of being moved had thrown him.

He soon recovered, and turning to Annie and his mother, who stood near him, watching with great anxiety, he said, "I am glad you have come, for I can not be carried back to the village to-night. It is too far, and I am too weak. I must claim the hospitality of that little cottage in the air yonder. It is but a few steps from here. I was admiring its situation when I slipped."

There was a short discussion between the guides and the ladies, and then Annie turned to Christine, saying—"My dear, can you give us shelter just one night in your cottage?"

"Yes, indeed," said Christine, with a look of delight, "just as long as you please, but"—and her face clouded again—"how can I make you comfortable?"

"Don't fear for that. We are ourselves supplied with all we need," said Annie.

In a moment more the party were on their way.

Christine ran on before, to make what preparation she could. But her home, though so humble, was always neat as it could be; so there was but little for her to do.

It was several days before Charles Howard was able to leave the little cottage. During that time, Annie and his mother remained with him.

These were wonderful days for Christine; for the travelers, seeing how she delighted to hear, repaid her for the trouble they caused her, by telling of their own and other lands. The desire to see and to know the world, which was natural to her, revived, and her cheeks glowed and her heart beat while listening to their stories; and many bright visions of impossible things passed before her, when busy about her household work. She could already read well, and Mrs. How-

ard encouraged her to continue to learn, by promising to send some interesting books to Rosenhausen, for her to read in the long winter, when there was so little else to do. Annie and Charles praised her voice, and often urged her to bring her tambourine, and sing her mountain songs.

At last they went, and Christine felt very lonely. But her father's return soon gave her chances for many a long account of the wonderful visitors at their cottage. Long before it was time, Christine began to look for her books, and three times she took that long walk to Rosenhausen, only to be disappointed. The fourth time, she was made happy by the sight of the longed-for package, which the old inn-keeper held up to her view, as soon as he saw her coming.

These treasures wheeled away the long winter most pleasantly, while even her father remarked how fond she was of certain strange airs.

"Christine, thou art a happy bird, singing always," he said; "but where didst thou learn these songs?"

"The lady Annie sung them, father," she said, "and I love them because they remind me of her."

The next summer, a day came when Christine looked in vain for her father. Day after day she went out to look, but he came not; and when at last summer faded into autumn, and winter hushed up the brook and killed the flowers, Christine's merry voice was hushed too, and the flowers of her life seemed to have faded forever. Sadly she sat in the lonely corner, and tried to read the books that once made her so happy. Sadly she looked at the woods prepared for her father's carving. Sometimes she tried to work at carving too, and she succeeded very well; but her work was coarse and

unfinished when compared with her father's.

What she should do in the future, she knew not. As spring drew near, she tried to plan something, but all seemed dark and unpromising to her.

One day, when spring had fairly come and gone, and the valleys and glens were beginning to put on their midsummer loveliness, Christine started, with her tambourine and staff, to wander from one village to another, singing for the bread she had no other means of earning.

It was a dark, dreary evening in the fall. A soft, sweet voice, at the door of a large house in Geneva, said, "Give me some bread, for the dear Lord's sake."

"Away with you, child," exclaimed the coarse, rude servant-woman, "no one wants beggars here."

"I am no beggar," sighed Christine, for it was she, as she turned wearily from the closed door.

Slowly she wandered through the streets. One by one the lamps were lighted in the great houses, and she caught glimpses of the comfort and beauty within. Then the curtains were drawn, the bright scene was shut out, and she wandered on. At length, weary and faint, she drew near a dwelling where the curtains were still up. A girlish figure stood in the window, and with her face close against the pane, she was peering into the darkness. Christine started and gave a faint cry, unheard by the lady within, who turned slowly away.

Poor Christine! the joy at seeing so unexpectedly, so strangely, the lady Annie, and the sorrow at not being recognized, almost overcame her. She did not realize, that though *she*

could see so plainly into the lighted room, all was darkness where she was, and that her cry could not possibly be heard. She hesitated only a moment, and then began painfully and slowly to ascend the great stone steps; for, recognized or not, she felt she was near those who could not be unkind.

When she reached the upper step, under shelter of the doorway, she sank in the corner fainting. She had not lain there long, when a gentleman sprang lightly up the steps and opened the door. As he turned, the light of his lantern flashed upon the face of



the insensible Christine. He came nearer, looked more closely, and then exclaimed, "Is it possible, my mountain maid! are you here?"

Lifting her gently up, he bore her into the hall, loudly calling, "Annie, Annie, come here!" "Who have you there, Charles?" exclaimed the young lady, as she rushed into the hall. "Look and see. If I mistake not, she is an old acquaintance of yours."

Annie looked, and then turned in amazement to her brother.

"It is Christine, the little girl of the Alps. Where did you find her?"

"Lying on the steps here, half dead with cold and hunger, I should judge, from her looks. You must do what you can for her immediately, and learn her story from her."

Annie and her mother gladly gave the necessary orders for Christine's comfort, and Annie watched by her till she recovered. Starting up from her swoon, she exclaimed,

"Where am I, and what is this bright light? my tambourine, that must not go—it is my all!"

"It shall not go, Christine," said Annie, bringing it to her, and embracing her kindly. "Lady Annie," said Christine, "then it was not all a dream. I *did* see you in that beautiful room, and you saw me and took me in. Oh! you are very kind."

"You gave my brother all your house last summer, when he was hurt, Christine, I am sure we can give you one little room in return," said Annie. "But hush! you must not talk now; you need rest."

It was some days before Christine grew well and strong again. Hunger, fatigue, and sorrow had used her hardily. When she was able, she told all her sad story to her kind friends—of her lonely winter after she knew she was an orphan, and of the hard life she had led in her wanderings, and the sometimes unkind words with which she had been rebuffed. "Oh! my lady," she said, "in the country, with our poor mountain folks, I had kind words and a bit to eat; but in the city, it was hard, very hard!"

"You are safe now, poor child," said Annie; "you shall not wander any more." And she kept her word. Christine went with them in their journeyings. When they went to their own home in England, she was there too; all her wildest day-dreams

were realized—her longing desires to see the world's wonders were gratified. And then her heart turned with love to her native mountains. Again and again she visited them; for a Switzer's love of home is stronger than life.

THE CHERRY BIRD.

THE cherry bird whistles—
Look, look at him now!
The ripest red cherries
He's stripped from the bough.
Is't thief we must call him?
Oh, no—he's not sly;
He sings as he nips them,
In sight of your eye.
'Tis somewhat like meanness,
Howe'er, we must say,
To eat all the best ones,
And then fly away.

LAURA ELMER.

FRANKLIN'S MODE OF LENDING MONEY.

"I SEND you herewith a bill of ten louis-d'ors. I do not pretend to give much—I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you can not fail of getting into some business, that will, in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In this case, when you meet another honest man, in similar distress, you will pay me by lending this money to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may pass through many hands, before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to spend much in good works, and am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little."

THE TWO RULES, AND HOW THEY WORKED

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"HERE are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is, Never get vexed with anything you can help. The second is, Never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of good advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial." Fred laughed.

"But what say you," continued Giles, "to these rules? How would it work if we should adopt them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better, or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is *foolish* to vex ourselves about anything that can be helped, and it is *useless* to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember and obey these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree to anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making his preparations for school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexatious; I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed; for this is one of the things that *can* be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer of mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No, we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting in practice the newly-adopted rules. The last was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife, while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. These rules work well. Let's try them to-morrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines, his mother called him off to do something for her. During his

absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this, she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done, and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation. "I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment, he looked up. "No great harm has been done, after all," he said. "Two or three alterations are much needed, and, if I write it over again, I can make them."

"So much for a cool head, and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rules work well."

At night, Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence.

"That's too bad," said he.

"It can be helped," said Giles; "they can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that Fred should get over this difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had learned her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was

afraid she would be cross, if asked to do it; but he at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery, and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he saw how his sister was occupied; but he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a great favor of you, Lucy," said Fred; "but I fear I have come in the wrong time."

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I'm almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to leave that bewitching work to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a great while at getting to what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred, thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, and I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you was about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles, triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles.

They did tell her all about it, and the result was, that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.

HOW AUNT BETSEY'S EYES WERE OPENED.

BY AUNT SUE.

[CONCLUDED FROM JULY NUMBER.]

THAT evening Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were closeted together in the study for a long time, and as Albert passed the door he heard his father saying, in a loud voice: "Yes, madam! you assist her to deceive others; what better can you expect, but that you in turn should be deceived?"

Never in his life had Albert heard his father speak so angrily; and wonderingly he went up to Rose's room to talk with her about it.

"What can it mean?" said he.

"I can't think, Ally; poor Kate has been crying all the afternoon, but she won't tell me what it's about, so I can't comfort her at all. Aunt Betsey has looked unusually serious too, and, by-the-by, she is all alone. I must take my sewing down and sit with her."

"Oh, no, don't go yet, Rosie; I don't feel like studying to-night, somehow."

"I'd much rather stay up here with you, dear, but I can't leave auntie all alone, you know; so run along, there's a good boy."

Albert kissed her cheek as he went out, and said, "I wish I was as good as you, Rosie."

"Oh, dear! what can be the matter?" said poor Rose as

soon as the door was closed, "I hope it is nothing very terrible;" and falling on her knees, as she always did when in trouble and perplexity, she implored Divine assistance.

Some days after the occurrences just mentioned, Albert was sitting in the window, apparently in a brown study; let us take a peep at his thoughts.

"I don't like to hear them talk so about Rosie, and Aunt Betsey seems to believe every word of it—'selfish and queer,' indeed! I'll bet she's up to some good; I mean to watch her when she thinks I'm in my room studying."

That evening, when Catharine was



singing for her own amusement, Mrs. Bradley dozing "genteelly" on the sofa, and Mr. Bradley engrossed with his paper, Albert stole quietly into the parlor, with his cheeks red and eyes sparkling, and going softly up to Miss Grant, said, in a low voice, "Auntie, I wish you'd step into the next room a minute, I want to speak to you," and away he slipped. Half unconsciously Miss Grant followed him, looking very much mystified. When he had got her fairly out of hearing from those in the parlor, Albert produced a hood and shawl, which he put on her head and shoulders, saying, "I want you to do me a favor."

"What in the world is the boy going to do?" exclaimed she, in apparent alarm.

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Albert, "don't make a noise, or they'll spoil all the fun."

"Fun! I don't want any fun," said Miss Grant, who seemed to think that she was expected to do nothing less than make one at a bonfire party, or perhaps to go around ringing door-bells, or some other kind of boyish amusement.

But Albert soon quieted her fears, and assured her that he only wanted her to walk about a block, and then he would show her something he was sure she would like to see.

By this time they had reached an alley, and turning up that a few steps, they came to a little shanty, through the window of which gleamed the faint rays of a candle.

"Look in there, auntie," said Albert.

Miss Grant did as she was told, and suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's our Rosie! reading, with a child on her lap! dear me! do let us go in;" and suiting the action to the word, without

ceremony she walked in, and addressing Rose, said, "Why, child, how did you get here?"

Rosie had risen, set Johnny down, and stood looking like a convicted criminal; when Mrs. Cahil handing Miss Grant a chair, said, "Won't you sit down, ma'am? Miss Rose has been reading the Bible to us, and oh! isn't it good of her to come night after night, just to teach Bidly her lessons, and to read to me? and she makes all the baby's clothes; indeed, I don't know what we'd ha' done without her all the winter."

Aunt Betsey had been listening with open mouth; good old auntie! she believed everything she heard, for she thought every one as honest as herself, and it took her a long time to *un*believe anything. Hadn't Rosie spent every evening in her own room? hadn't she been making doll's clothes instead of Johnny's? wasn't she queer and selfish?

Meanwhile Johnny had been crying for Rose to take him up again, but she said, "I think I had better go home now; good-night, Johnny; shall we go, auntie?"

"Yes, dear child, if you are quite ready; but don't let me hurry you away."

Albert had made friends with Johnny, by injudiciously presenting him with marbles enough to choke him to death four times over; but Bidly, with more forethought than is usually found in children of her age, by good management prevented any such catastrophe.

When they reached home, Miss Grant asked leave to go up into Rosie's room, where they had a very satisfactory chat. Rose showed her all her little curiosities and valuables; but her greatest treasure seemed to be a pic-

ture of her sister Catharine, painted when a little child, with her arms full of flowers.

"To be sure! that looks just the way she did when she used to be run-



ning round our old farm; but she's changed a good deal since then.

"Oh! but isn't she beautiful now?"

"Yes, dear, she's very pretty to look at."

Rosie seemed scarcely satisfied with such faint praise; but Aunt Betsey said it was time she was going down stairs, and so cut short further conversation.

Rosie gave Albert a scolding for playing the spy, but he kissed away one half of it, and the other half didn't hurt him very much.

At the end of that week Aunt Betsey began to talk about going home, and obtained permission to take Rose home with her for a visit. Albert's grief at the prospect of losing Rosie's

company was somewhat lightened by the information that he was to spend the holidays at Aunt Betsey's when the cherries were ripe.

What a happy boy he was, that warm day in July, when on the top of a stage, alongside of the driver, he found himself on his way to Aunt Betsey's! how merry the birds' songs were! how happy the cows looked as they stood ruminating in the cool water among the water-lilies! how Albert longed to get some of those lilies to carry to Rosie! but when he found they were not to be reached, he guessed she'd be glad enough to see him without anything else.

And wasn't she glad! Didn't they spend a pleasant week? When, one morning, as Rose took up the paper to read the news to her aunt as usual,

her eyes rested on the paragraph which follows:

"Dame Rumor informs us that the lovely and accomplished Miss C——e B——y, eldest daughter of one of our most wealthy and respected merchants, has eloped with the dashing N——d T——n, well known in sporting circles."

The same day's mail brought a letter, which was short but expressive: "Rosie, dear, come home to your poor father!"

"I'll go with you, Rose; poor, dear Henry! he'll want all the comfort we can give him."

She did not allude to Mrs. Bradley; and, indeed, that lady had settled down into a state of peevish inertia, until

every one concluded it was best to let her alone.

Five years have gone; Aunt Betsey is a settled inmate at the Bradleys'; having decided that either she must have Rosie, or they must have her, it was settled that she should stay with them. Albert having expressed a wish to try farming, Miss Grant gladly lent him her farm to experiment upon; he succeeded admirably, and wrote to ask

keep back a few tears as he turned and looked at his old home that he had never left before for a single night.

He got along bravely with Albert; and years afterward, when Albert went into business in the city, John Cahil was one of his most faithful employés.

But where was Kate? With two children, one still a babe, she was left a widow, with no means of support; with Rose's assistance she managed to earn a scanty pittance by needlework.



Rosie if Johnny Cahil wouldn't like to come and learn to farm with him.

John had grown to be a fine, sturdy lad, was delighted at the thought of working for Master Albert; but when all his stock of clothes was placed in a little bundle, and the time came to leave his mother and Biddy, he couldn't

Vainly did Rose intercede for her sister. Mr. Bradley was immovable, and at length forbade Rose to mention her sister's name. But he was very liberal with his money; Rose might draw upon him, unquestioned, for any amount.

She felt sure he must know that she

could not spend it all on herself, and it used to be a great comfort to her to think, "He knows I help Kate, he is glad I do, he must love her still; oh! he will forgive her—as he hopes to be forgiven."

One soft, warm evening in July, when the twilight seemed to linger lovingly, Mr. Bradley—dozing in his arm-chair—was awakened by a baby voice saying, "Granfader;" he looked down and saw a beautiful little creature standing by his knee, with her hand still confidently resting upon his. The vision was so bright he feared to

caught her to his bosom, and the fountains of his heart were opened.

"Now go, Kate," whispered Rose.

Another arm was thrown gently around his neck, and another voice murmured, "Father."

The sun had set; and oh! what peace and joy were in that dwelling!

Mrs. Bradley is content to be more sensible and less "genteel." Kate has passed through an ordeal that has left her a wiser and better woman.

Aunt Betsey wonders how she ever got along in the farm-house all by herself. Rosie is the same good, quiet,



wake and see it vanish. "Say it again," he said, softly.

"Granfader," said she, artlessly, putting up her mouth for a kiss. He

ministering angel as ever. Gandfather has grown young again as he tosses up the little Henry for a game of romps, before nurse takes him off to bed.

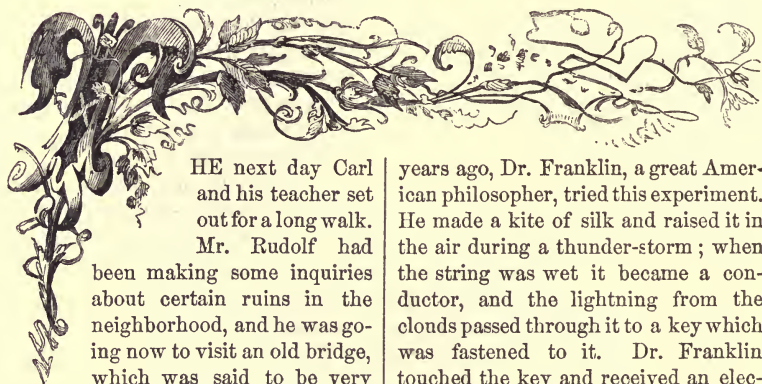
A SINGLE drop of water possesses all the properties of the sea, but can not exhibit a storm.

EVERY wooden leg that takes the place of a leg lost in battle, is a stump speech against war.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.



HE next day Carl and his teacher set out for a long walk. Mr. Rudolf had been making some inquiries about certain ruins in the neighborhood, and he was going now to visit an old bridge, which was said to be very wonderful as an ancient work. As they walked, they talked of many interesting matters, for Mr. Rudolf seemed to know the habits of every bird and insect and flower.

At length Carl spoke of his lesson on electricity. "I should think," said he, "that you might obtain very powerful machines and do wonderful things by electricity."

"So we can," said Mr. Rudolf, "and when we are at home, I will tell you of some violent effects which have been brought about by electricity, and show you a Leyden jar, and other instruments; but if I mistake not, we shall have a display of electricity on a large scale before we reach home."

"What do you mean?" asked Carl.

"I mean, that the clouds look to me like a thunder-storm; and lightning is the greatest exhibition of electricity we can ever see."

"Is that little spark I drew out of the paper and the glass, lightning?" asked Carl, amazed.

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf. "Some

years ago, Dr. Franklin, a great American philosopher, tried this experiment. He made a kite of silk and raised it in the air during a thunder-storm; when the string was wet it became a conductor, and the lightning from the clouds passed through it to a key which was fastened to it. Dr. Franklin touched the key and received an electric spark, just like those we received from the machine."

"Why is a wet string a better conductor than a dry one?" asked Carl.

"Because *all* moist bodies are conductors, more or less; moisture seems to be very favorable to the passage of electricity."

By this time they had reached the bridge. They sat down under the shade of some large elms, while Mr. Rudolf made a sketch of the bridge and scenery around. Soon large drops falling on his drawing made him remember that a storm was coming and there was no shelter near.

"Let us stay under these trees," said Carl, "they will keep us dry some time, and be a good protection from the lightning, won't they?"

"No, indeed," said Mr. Rudolf, "anything but protection. The tree is a good conductor, and will draw the lightning down its trunk; but our living bodies are far better conductors, and it will readily leave the tree for us."

"Where can we go, then?" asked Carl.

"I don't see any place better than the first arch of our bridge," said Mr. Rudolf. "That little stream never runs there even where it is widest; now, two of its arches are perfectly dry."

"The very best place in the world," cried Carl, and started off on his fastest run to the bridge.

It was well to be in haste, for they had scarcely reached their poor shelter when the storm broke forth in all its fury. The vivid flashes of lightning were rendered more terrible by the crashing peals of thunder, while the rain poured in torrents. At last there came one report that seemed to rend the very heavens; the lightning ran like a stream of fire down the very elm-tree under which Carl and Mr. Rudolf had been sitting, and it was riven to its very roots."

"Look, Mr. Rudolf," whispered Carl; "it is dreadful to think of playing and experimenting with such an agent as lightning, so fearful in its power."

"Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" said Mr. Rudolf, in a half musing tone.

"No," said Carl. "Mr. Rudolf, I wish you would speak to me and not to yourself—no one can send the lightning."

"No, it is guided only by the hand of our Father," said his teacher; "but these little portions of electricity man too can guide, and with them accomplish wonders."

The storm was now over, and the sun shone bright and beautiful, while all nature seemed to rejoice in the refreshing it had had. The air was delightfully cool, and every blade of

grass and leafy spray sparkled with raindrops.

"Look, Carl!" said Mr. Rudolf; "see what a beautiful prism a rain-drop makes!"

"Oh, yes," said Carl. "Often before you came to teach me, I used to notice these rainbow drops, but I never knew what made them."

"And can you tell now how they are made?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"Yes," said Carl, promptly; "I can not forget quite so soon as this. The drop decomposes a ray of light and so breaks it up into its various colors."

"That's right," said Mr. Rudolf, "and the drop too acts like a mirror and reflects the colors back to us."

"How wonderful all these things are!" said Carl, after a moment's silence. "It seems to me that every little common thing that I see every day has some great mystery in it."

"So it has," said Mr. Rudolf; "there is no part of God's creation, no matter how simple it appears, that has not something to teach us, if we were only wise enough to learn."

"I wish I could learn everything," said Carl, earnestly.

"Life is too short for that," replied his teacher. "But you can always be learning something. It is only little by little that men can do anything in this world; and we all find that the more we know, the more there is yet to be learned. When it is said that 'God's ways are past finding out,' it is not so much because there is any deep mystery in them, as because they are so vast that we can not see them all at once. And it is well for us that it is so; for there is great happiness in learning, and through all eternity we shall always find something new to learn."



CAT AND KITTENS.

CAN any one tell me how many times the cat is spoken of in the Bible? Do you know that this animal, so common and useful now, is not once mentioned in all the sacred pages? The mouse is named among the unclean animals, which were not to be eaten by the Israelites. And when the ark was returned from the land of the Philistines, five golden mice were sent with it as a present.

It is singular, too, that the dog is very seldom mentioned in the Scriptures, and never with any expression

of kindness or regard. He is always to be shunned and hated. To be compared to a dog, was the severest kind of reproach.

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" exclaimed Hazeal. It would seem as if they could not have had the same kind of dogs and cats in those days that we have now. We find them so useful, that we could hardly do without them. The dog, especially, is a very model of fidelity, courage, and enduring affection. But he was despised by all the Jews, in ancient times.

The reason of this probably was, that both these animals were objects of idolatrous worship with some of the heathen nations. The cat, we know, was one of the gods of Egypt, or at least one of the sacred animals. And great care was taken to prevent the children of Israel from having anything to do with things connected with the idolatry of the heathen nations.

In our day, there seems to be no danger of any one paying divine honors to the dog or the cat. We can love a dog almost like a child, and place a great deal of confidence in him; but he is only a dog still. The cat, too, is quite a pet with little folks, but is never loved and trusted as the dog is. The dog returns your love to the full, and becomes the most devoted of friends. The cat never does, but is always the same selfish, sly, passionate thing, ready to scratch the hand that feeds, as well as the hand that strikes her.

But cats are very pleasant playthings sometimes. And kittens, in the playfulness of their childhood, are the most beautiful and graceful creatures we have to do with.

There are many curious and interesting stories told of the cat; though she is by no means as celebrated in history, ancient or modern, as the dog. We read, not long since, of a cat that was given, as a present, to a sea-captain, who took her on board of his vessel, to destroy the rats and mice that invested it. She went a long voyage to the East Indies, and was absent many months, apparently as contented and happy as she had ever been in her old house on land. At length the ship returned. The house where the cat had formerly resided was not near the shore, nor very easy to be found. But, as her old friends were sitting around

their fire, one cool evening, the old cat walked quietly in, jumped into the lap of her old master, the father of the family, and commenced rubbing her head against his cheek, as if she had only been out a day or an hour. This was the first intimation they had that the ship had arrived. The cat answered the purpose of a telegraph. A dog, in a similar case, would have been almost frantic with joy, and would have expressed his joy loudly and affectionately, to every one in the house. The cat was as quiet and stealthy about it as if watching in the dark for a mouse, and very probably, in two or three minutes, she was prowling about the cellar, for something to eat.

Cats are usually very fond of their kittens, and take great care of them, and play with them very pleasantly. Sometimes they are more like cannibals, and eat their own children. Eddy Baker had such a cat. She ate up a whole family of kittens before they had opened their eyes. Eddy was so vexed to find all the kittens gone, that he took a great stick and gave the mother cat such a beating that she died. Eddy was more sorry than ever now. He then thought he would bury the cat with honor. He dug a grave in the garden, put her in, and raised quite a mound of earth over her, which he covered with sod. He then sat down to study out a suitable epitaph. Eddy was quite a scholar, as he thought. He concluded he would have some Latin in the epitaph. He could not remember the word for cat, and would not take time to look for it. So he cut the matter very short, by writing, or rather printing, on a piece of painted board, in large letters:

CATETKITTENS.

This he set up over the grave, and then called his brothers and sisters to

see it. Little May, who was only nine years old, could not make anything of it, but one great, hard word.

"Why, don't you see?" said Eddy, "Cat et Kittens. *Et* means *and*."

"Yes," said May, without noticing the explanation, "and the cat did eat the kittens, didn't she?"

"I didn't mean that," said Eddy, a little vexed.

"No matter," said George, laughing. "It is admirably done, Eddy. Like some other great epitaphs, it has two meanings. You can read, for plain English, cat et (ate) kittens—not very good spelling, to be sure, and for the learned in Latin, cat et (and) kittens—for the kittens are there, inside of the cat."

What Eddy said I did not hear.

Some of you will wonder, perhaps, that Eddy should write three words all in one. And this it was that puzzled May. The truth is, Eddy's board was not large, and he began with such big letters, that it was with difficulty he could get them in at all. So he crowded them close together. When it was done, he thought it looked very much like some epitaphs he had seen in the church-yard.

Once there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along. Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head, and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master, and used to sit at his side while he was hearing the lessons.

"Now, fellows," said one of the boys, "we shall see if Duncan can't make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

Big Jones stepped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said,

"Here, boys, I will just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her; you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry.

"No!" said he, "no! Do you think I would *lie* for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a *lie*, a *LIE*!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school-room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up and said,

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury?" All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said,

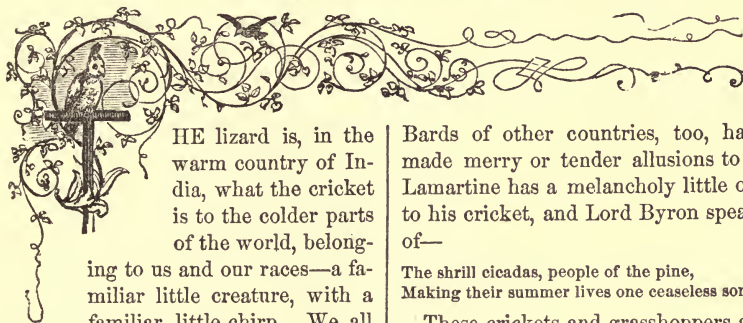
"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I can't lie, sir; I killed Tabby, but am very sorry for it. I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her continually rubbing her sides against the log. I am very sorry indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr. Cole to take down his rattan. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile, and said,

"Duncan, you are a brave boy. I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife as a token of my approbation."

Duncan took out his little handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves, and when Tom Pooly cried, "Three cheers for True Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurrah.

THE INDIAN LIZARD.



HE lizard is, in the warm country of India, what the cricket is to the colder parts of the world, belonging to us and our races—a familiar little creature, with a familiar little chirp. We all know that the cricket has a song of his own, which he chants when the hearth is cosy. Many have pleased themselves in listening to it, and sometimes making out meanings for it. Mr. Dickens once heard a cricket singing against a tea-kettle. The kettle began it, as everybody knows.

These crickets and lizards are, in fact, members of a very large family, to which fanciful people have at all times been extremely partial. The little grass-hopping folks are spoken of by those who have written earliest in the world, that is, the Hebrew prophets and singers; the Greeks had an idea they were born from the soil; for which reason the beautiful maidens of Greece, who could boast their descent from a long line of ancestry, in their own country, used to wear golden grasshoppers, or cicadas, in their hair, as much as to say, "We have the best and noblest pedigrees on this ground." Greek poets have made cheerful and loving odes to the cicada—one of the musical brotherhood, in fact, only of a kind of lower order—a songster that always reminded them of the fine weather and soft breezes, and the summer sports and enjoyments under the shade of trees.

Bards of other countries, too, have made merry or tender allusions to it. Lamartine has a melancholy little ode to his cricket, and Lord Byron speaks of—

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song.

These crickets and grasshoppers are as well known to us as to any other people, and we find they are indeed almost incessant singers in the genial season. Sometimes, at night, when all other sounds are still, they fill the air with their chirpings, being then, doubtless, performing their oratorios, concerts, operas, and *charivaris*, all together in the open air.

But I began with the lizard, and must not forget it. As I was saying, the lizards are household creatures in India, loving the open windows and verandahs, as their Western cousins love the warm ingle-nook. Many stories are told about them. The natives say a benevolent lizard will watch the house at night, and make a rousing noise if robbers try to break in. But a wickedly disposed lizard will actually encourage the villains, and come forward to show them where the money is locked up. Some of the natives say they understand the talk of the lizards as they see them in groups of parents and children on the verandahs. That is a very odd fancy of the Eastern people—the power of understanding the speech of the speechless creatures. A little boy one day, in a bungalow, near Madras, told some European officers that he heard one

lizard say to another, outside the window, "My wife is coming this evening!" they laughed at the lad, and one of them cuffed him for telling lies. After dinner, a ramper of wine came from Madras, and when it was opened, out jumped a lizard, and the same little boy heard the other shouting away on the verandah: "Here she comes, tak, tak, tak! I knew she'd be here, tak-a-tak-a-tak!" The unbelievers then begged the little fellow's pardon, and gave him some sweetmeats to comfort him. Such is one of the lizard stories told and believed by the natives of that part of India.

BAND OF HOPE STANZAS.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

With faithful hearts we come, we come,

A youthful Temp'rance band,
No frowning lover of the cup
Can drive us from the land.

With joyful hearts we come, we come,
All pledged to Temp'rance now,
Before King Alcohol we ne'er
With fettered hearts shall bow.

With hopeful hearts we come, we come,
The future seemeth bright,
And evermore we hope to walk
In Temp'rance' holy light.

May He who giveth strength to all
Who seek His paths to tread,
Shower blessings from His bounteous
store
Upon each youthful head.

And may the cause we love so well,
Advance o'er every land,
Till all shall be enlisted in
The glorious Temp'rance band.

Temperance Visitor.

UNCLE FRANK.

DEAR Uncle Frank—so lately here—
Is with us now no more!
In the midst of life, with his armor on,
He was called to the shining shore.

He had "fought the fight," he had
"kept the faith,"
And his longing heart was where
He had early laid his treasure up,
And kept it waiting there.

The hand of Death was a hand of love,
When it gave to the cool green sod
His weary frame; while his spirit,
freed,
Flew up to its Father—God!

Few were his days, but rich with
deeds
Of kindness, truth, and love,
And many a jewel will shine one
day
In his "crown of rejoicing" above!

An angel pure in yon realms of light,
Methinks I see him now,
With his golden harp, and the "prom-
ised crown"
Circling his radiant brow!

And gathering around are those miss-
ing ones,
Who had earlier left our band,
Spread their bright wings for the glad
free skies,
And climbed to that "better land!"

Oh, let us all, then, who are waiting
below,
Improve the short days that are
given,
So that, when Jesus calls us, we gladly
shall go
To meet all those loved ones in
heaven.

FLETA FORRESTER.



THE HOOPOE.

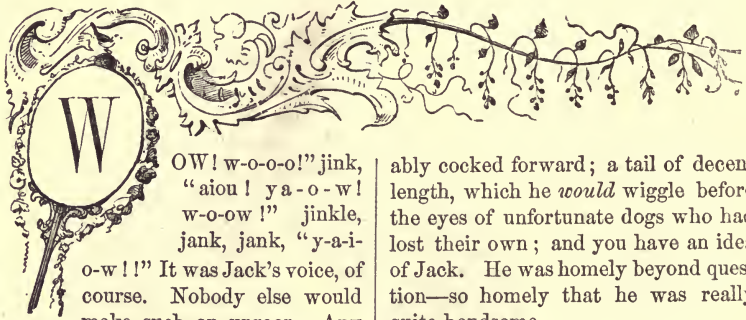
THIS bird seems to be top-heavy. At any rate, he has a very large top-knot, and one would think it would be hard work, with such a head, to fly against the wind.

The hoopoe is found in almost all parts of the Old World, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. They have been seen as far north as Sweden, though they do not like cold countries. The Italians call it *bubola*, as that word very nearly represents its peculiar cry or note. It is a very shy bird at certain seasons, avoids being seen as much as possible, and hides itself in the thick wood. But it is not timid

or modest about being heard. It keeps up a constant cry, *bu, bu, bu*, with a voice so clear and strange, that it can be heard at a great distance. It builds its nest and rears its young in the deep woods; and it is during this period that it seems so shy of being seen. Indeed, it is more afraid of exposing its young than of incurring harm to itself. When the young ones are fledged, the birds may be seen in fine weather, in the fields and orchards in quest of food. Its nest is built in the hollow of an old tree, or in the deserted hole of a woodpecker. It is constructed chiefly of hair and feathers.

A DOG'S TAIL.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.



OW! w-o-o-o!" jink, "aiou! ya-o-w! w-o-ow!" jinkle, jank, jank, "y-a-i-o-w!!" It was Jack's voice, of course. Nobody else would make such an uproar. Any little outbreak of this nature might always be traced to him; likewise any mischief that chanced to occur.

When regularly, twice a day, a shrill outcry arose in the barnyard, followed by a rush of terrified poultry, folks only said, "Jack is at it again." When several coarse hairs were found in the milk-pan, it was not hard to guess where they came from. Justice requires me to say, however; that one or two of them belonged to a friend, who had entered the buttery at Jack's invitation. And only that very morning, when Mrs. Granger went into the sitting-room, she found a naughty little dog stowed away in Mary's best bonnet, which was lying on the table, his rough head contrasting oddly with the roses.

But let me give a pen-and-ink sketch of "our hero." Imagine a little Scotch terrier, quite youthful, yet rejoicing in a gray head; "scrubby" in his general appearance, but having that saucy, impudent air, common to his race; with no two hairs laying the same way, but disposed after the fashion of the mop-headed "mud larks" you see in the streets; a pair of ears invari-

ably cocked forward; a tail of decent length, which he *would* wiggle before the eyes of unfortunate dogs who had lost their own; and you have an idea of Jack. He was homely beyond question—so homely that he was really quite handsome.

"What was he kept for?" does the reader ask? Well, he caught a rat, now and then, which gained him favor with Farmer Granger, whose barn was well stocked with "such small deer." Then he could perform many pleasing tricks. Could stand on his head and swallow a piece of meat *up*; would lie down and pretend to be dead; would sit on his haunches and beg in a most touching manner; besides doing mighty deeds in driving the cows home from pasture. So everybody declared him to be a dear, darling, provoking little pest of a doggy, who ought to have his neck broken, but was too precious to live.

"What does ail Jack?" exclaimed Mrs. Granger, looking out at the back door toward the barn, whence the noise proceeded.

"Reckon he's got hold of a rat that shows fight," said Jonas, who came round the corner of the house at that moment, with his younger brother, Ben.

"'Tain't a rat," said the latter; "don't you hear that jingling noise?"

"That's a fact," returned Jonas. "I wonder—ha! ha! ha! Jack has

caught it now, sure enough!" he exclaimed, and darted off to the barn, without further explanation. Ben followed. As they swung back the door, their astonished eyes beheld Jack rushing madly to and fro, and yelping at the top of his voice, while behind him jingled and janked a great iron trap, whose noise added new terror at every step. Crouched in one corner was the family cat, her back up, her tail swelled to double its usual size, and slowly waving back and forth, hissing fiercely at the dog when he approached her. An old yellow hen, scared from her nest just as her egg was nearly laid, had dropped it on the floor and taken refuge on a projecting bar overhead, where she fluttered and cackled in shrill, angry tones. A calf gazed in stupid wonder through the cracks of his pen, and the old hog grunted bass from a neighboring sty.

Painful as it was in one respect, the scene was still so ludicrous that Jonas leaned against the door-post, shrieking with laughter, and Ben rolled over and over on the ground. Their mother and sister now hurried out to learn the cause of the uproar, and Jonas, controlling himself, hastened to relieve the misery of Jack. Poor fellow! it was no laughing matter to him. The trap had cruelly torn his unfortunate tail, which bled freely.

The tears came in Mary's eyes when she saw him. Jack was her dog. He came to the house, one cold winter's night, none knew from where, and it was Mary who brought him in, fed him, and gave him a warm bed; and when no owner could be found, through *her* entreaties he was allowed to remain at the farm. Therefore Jack, though owning allegiance to all the family, looked up to Mary as his especial friend and protector. And now

he came and laid his head in her lap, and whined piteously.

"Why, Jacky dog," said Mary, stroking him, "how did it happen?" Jack looked up in her face, and a tear that had rolled down her cheek fell into his eye, and caused him to wink for about five seconds. But, being unable to express himself intelligibly, I must speak for him. As he had not succeeded in lessening the number of rats to any great degree, Mr. Granger procured a trap, and set it by a hole in a dark corner of the barn. Shortly after, it occurred to Jack that some fresh rat meat would greatly comfort his stomach, and he proceeded to make a foray in the barn. He was about to post himself before a hole, when a wretched flea began to bite his left hind leg. Turning sharply round, he sat down to catch him, but, unluckily, sat into the open jaws of the trap aforesaid. Trap and dog sprung together, but the quick jump of Jack caused the former to slip from his back and clench firmly his tail. Then followed the scene I have described.

Mary took the poor fellow in her arms, and, although he would wag his bleeding narrative, much to the detriment of her clean dress, carried him into the house.

Meanwhile the frightened Biddy descended from her perch, and, after the manner of hens, fell to eating the hapless egg, which lay crushed upon the floor. Pussy had taken the first opportunity to rush from the barn to parts unknown, whence she did not reappear for several hours.

No sooner had the family entered the kitchen than Jonas, with an oratorical flourish, proposed that the case before them be committed to the experienced hands of Mr. Benjamin Granger and himself.

"Why so?" asked Mary.

"It is evident," returned Jonas, "that the tail will be of no further use to the owner" ("Waugh!" barked Jack), "as it hangs by a mere thread, so to speak, and can not possibly heal. It is also plain that surgery is not a feminine accomplishment." (Jonas, though a country boy, had picked up a few big words.) "With your permission, I shall proceed to relieve him of the burden, by means of the hay-cutter, so that—" He was interrupted by a series of agonizing yelps from Jack, and an outburst from Mary.

"You cruel boy!" she exclaimed, "hasn't the poor dog suffered enough already, without this further torture? Besides, it is needless. The wound *will* heal, if properly dressed, and I think I can do that quite as well as you." And so she could. A neat bandage of cotton cloth, soaked in liniment, was speedily bound upon the suffering member, and the cat's basket being brought out, Jack was carefully laid therein, and placed in a corner of the hearth.

The excitement over, the boys went off to their work, grumbling a little at not being allowed to try their surgical skill, and Mary and her mother renewed their culinary operations with double vigor, for it was "baking day."

His fright, over-exertion, and loss of blood had made Jack very weak, and he was glad to lie quietly in his cosy bed. The sun shone warm through the kitchen window, half a score of flies buzzed up and down the panes, a locust sung drowsily from the cherry-tree, and now and then, from a distant field, came the faint, ringing sound of a mower whetting his scythe. These, and the monotonous clatter of the spoon with which Mary was beating eggs, caused Jack to fall into a

doze. His head nodded, the sounds grew fainter, and he was fast asleep.

Several hours passed away, when his slumber was disturbed by a dream. He thought he was pursued by a hay-cutter, which bore a strong resemblance to Jonas, and while in an agony of fear lest it should catch him, it suddenly turned into a yellow hen with a cat's face, and flung a great egg at his head. It struck with terrible force, and—he awoke, to find the old cat with her fore-paws on the edge of the basket, having just boxed his ears soundly for invading her rights.

Jack stared confusedly a moment, uncertain whether he was still dreaming or not, then, slowly rising, stretched himself, and leaped out on the floor. It was afternoon; the kitchen had been "cleared up;" the boys were away in the fields, and the women-folks were sewing and talking in the sitting-room. Jack walked slowly to the back door and looked out. Between the door and the barn ran a plank walk, which, in addition to its ordinary use, served as a promenade and rendezvous for the hens, who thereon daily oiled their feathers and hunted vermin to their great satisfaction. About a dozen were sunning themselves upon it now, and Jack could not resist an impulse to scare them. With a bark and a jump he was in the midst, and they scattered in every direction. One, however, gave him a look, which made him think of the hay-cutter, and he walked off another way.

The warm sun felt very pleasant, and he strolled leisurely along toward the pasture lane. Just then he heard a quick, short bark, and a little black dog squeezed under the fence and ran up to him. It was Fido, one of Jack's intimate friends. They began to talk together in dog-language.

"What's that on your tail?" inquired Fido, after they had exchanged a few words.

"A bandage."

"What's the matter? Hurt it?" asked Fido.

"Yes," said Jack, looking foolish.

"How did you do it?"

Jack was silent.

"Come, why don't you tell a fellow?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Jack.

"Yes, 'tis, too," rejoined the other; "you've hurt your tail, and I want to know all about it."

"It's none of your business," replied Jack, in an angry tone.

"Come, come, Jack, don't get mad. Ain't I your best friend? I never kept any thing from *you*."

Finally Jack related all that had occurred.

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out Fido, when he had finished; "that's the best joke I've heard in a month. Ha! ha! And so you had a rat-trap on your tail. I wish I'd seen you. Ho! ho! It's worse than a tin pan. I *wish* I'd seen you caper!" And he laughed till the tears came.

"What are you laughing at?" said Jack, angrily. "You'd a' capered, if you had been me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" was all Fido could say. Whereupon Jack sprung at him and bit him so fiercely that his mirth turned to rage, and a pitched battle ensued. They bit, and scratched, and rolled, and tumbled, till, at last, Fido crawled off with a bloody head. Jack walked, panting, to the house. In the struggle his bandage had come off, and the wound bled afresh. He did not feel in a very amiable mood. He had quarreled with his friend, got a long scratch on his nose, and his tail was worse than before. Nobody was in

the kitchen when he entered. Pussy had gone to visit a crony. So he crept into the basket again and licked his poor tail.

When Mary came into the room he was fast asleep.

[Thanks, Willie, for your tale of the tail, though you curtail it somewhat suddenly, as if you would kindly save us the pain of the recital how that tail dropped off, by dropping off your own tale, abruptly, quietly, and without a murmur.]

A DEFENSE OF MAY.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

DEAR Uncles, I have read with care
Our Uncle Hiram's May-day ditty,
And though I find there's much that's
there [witty—
That's very wise, and some that's

Yet still I think that genius ought
To have some little chance to show it,
And when I read those lines, I thought
They were too hard upon the poet.

When poets talk of "flowers gay,"
Why, don't you know, dear Hiram
Hatchet,
It's always in "the month of May;"
How easily it seems to match it

And when they tell how zephyrs stray,
The poet feels a little lazy;
It's "in the merry month of May,"
The rhyme comes in so free and
easy.

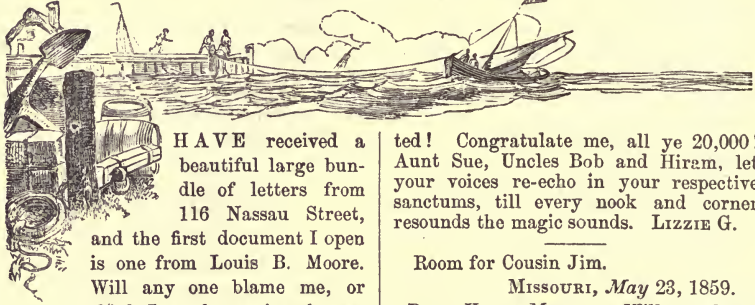
June is the month of birds and flowers,
The fairest of the year, I know it,
And May's the month of winds and
showers, [poet.
But May's the month to make a

Dear Uncles, please accept my rhyme,
It is not quite devoid of reason,
Although, this fervid summer time,
It seems entirely out of season.

LE ROY, May 26, 1859.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

AUNT SUE IN THE CHAIR.



HAVE received a beautiful large bundle of letters from 116 Nassau Street, and the first document I open is one from Louis B. Moore. Will any one blame me, or think I am borrowing the pen with which Uncle Hiram *punishes* his nieces and nephews by name, if I repeat—"we have always room for one Moore?"

MRS. SUSAN HATCHET—HONORED AUNT:—Having never as yet introduced myself to the "Merry" circle, of which you are a prominent member, I will address my first letter to you, hoping that you will welcome a new-comer with the customary graciousness of your sex.

Do not consider me as acting the rôle of a flatterer if I confess that it is the few words which have fallen from time to time from your quill (evidently plucked from the wing of Jupiter's satellite), which have endeared the "Monthly Chat" to me.

Beloved Aunt, I beg you to present me to your numerous nieces and nephews. A. Older, I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Madame Black-Eyes, present my regards to Mr. Black-Eyes. W. H. Coleman, will you not offer me the right hand of fellowship? Orianna, Celestial, Grandma Sapiens, Mignonette, my rapture at meeting you is too great for utterance. Like grief, "there is no joy like that which can not speak."

But I must say, Vale. Commend unto my Uncles their beloved nephew,
LOUIS B. MOORE.

Twenty thousand congratulations requested!

ROSE VILLA.

DEAR QUARTETTE:—I have arrived at that period of life called by ignorant people "stopping school;" I have gradua-

ted! Congratulate me, all ye 20,000! Aunt Sue, Uncles Bob and Hiram, let your voices re-echo in your respective sanctums, till every nook and corner resounds the magic sounds. LIZZIE G.

Room for Cousin Jim.

MISSOURI, May 23, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you please introduce a cousin from the Southwest to the 20,000 and to Aunt Sue? I have looked on in silence for a long time, and would like to "pitch in" myself. The MUSEUM has my best wishes (and dollar) for its success. Hoping that this letter may escape the hatchet and basket, I remain your affectionate nephew,

JAS. L. PIERREPONT.

MACOMB, McDONOUGH CO., }
May 21, 1859. }

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—We received the May number of the MUSEUM, and were much interested in perusing the letters. I like the "Chat" quite as well as the stories, I think.

Now, Uncle, we can not excuse you if, when passing up and down on *our* railroad, you pass *us* by.

If you will promise to come, I will tell you where we reside, so that you can come to us without difficulty.

Please give my most deferential love to Aunt Sue, my respects to Uncle Hiram, and accept my best wishes for yourself.

From your most affectionate niece,
WINNIFRED MILLER.

Winnie, do "deferential" lovers kiss? If not, won't you please send me some other kind?

I should be a little afraid that the *superlative* commencement of the following letter might set the "Uncles" quarreling as to its appropriation, did I not feel pretty sure that they are peace-loving *old* gentlemen.

KINGSBORO, May 21, 1859.

DEAREST UNCLE:—Here I am again, ready for my share of talking, although I do not want as much space allotted to me as some others, for it takes too much time to write such a long letter. In the first place, Master A. Older, of what length of time do your ages (of which you speak) consist? Please answer in the next number for my special edification. Second, we see in Mrs. Black-Eyes' letter, that "somebody" has had the confidence to call her "grave and matronly." To think of *her*, especially, being sobered down. Now, Uncle Hiram, I wish you to answer me one question: because a lady chooses to marry, must she necessarily become as dignified as a judge? Third, Willie H. Coleman, I think that you, sir, should remember the "short and sweet" rule. And Flibbertigibbet too. Have I spelled the horrid name right? Excuse me, Flibb, but I generally say what I think. From one of the Merry nieces,

EMMIE M. JOHNSON.

Will Oliver Onley please step this way? A young lady wishes to speak with him.

LAKE VILLAGE, June 2d, 1859.

OLIVER ONLEY:—Ahem! respected sir, I thought I would write to you instead of Uncle Hiram, for fear of the *hatchet*. I am good at guessing, so I guess you are 20 years old, ain't you? It suddenly popped into my head to write to you, because I like the (don't you tell any one) boys extremely well, as sis says.

I have taken the MUSEUM ever since I can remember, and expect to take it as long again. From FAIRIE JANE.

This is my first, and, I fear, last letter, for I guess it will go where Jennie Ward said hers was murdered. Adieu, F. J.

Why! Here's Fleta Forrester. Where has she been?

MASSACHUSETTS, June, 1859.

DEAR UNCLES:—"Way up here," entombed amid the green hills of the good old Bay State, I seat myself to prepare a chirographical missile to aim at your heads. Oh, fie, most worthy Chat fathers! Let not, for an instant, however, the admirable equipoise of your minds be disturbed! A *scratch* from my pen can not be harder for you to bear than a *cutting* remark from the edge of your murderous hatchet is for me. Give me

leave to step forth unscathed into the arena of another "Chat," and proclaim "I still live!"

Hey-dey! Bess again, I declare. She reminds one of an India-rubber ball—the harder you force her down, the more free and lofty her after-flight. I sympathize with her, for I am no advocate for brevity.

In view of which, the writer fills a whole page, advocating "amplitude of space;" then adds—

Believe me, Uncle Hi, "brevity" is well and good enough *as a theory*, but a vain, absurd, and long since obsolete notion, as regards *practice*. Experience confirms this conclusion. Now H. H., stop here awhile and meditate; bearing in mind, meantime, the proverb about "old folks thinking young folks are fools, but," etc.

O. O.—(Wait a minute, I'm not hurt, I was merely calling friend Oliver Onley's attention.) The wish is mutual. You intimate a skepticism as to your probable enjoyment of that "last skating-party." "May be," you, "Oliver," were the "only" one there. In that case, your *ice-olated* condition accounts, in some measure, for your very ambiguous expressions. By the way, "Oliver," I was in Boston last week "going the rounds." Don't you wish I had been pointed out to you, too?

"Tennessean" appears to have "abandoned the field" to our indignant "Yankee Girl." I give him a little longer to collect his scattered senses, and *then*, if he don't make himself a "visible green" without delay, I'll count a new "feather in my cap," and "crow" splendidly, just for this once, even though "*specs*" say it isn't proper!

I protest against the execrable poem got off, in Aunt Sue's name, in reply to "Ida's" invitation. [Shake hands, Fleta; yours for life.—Aunt Sue.] You ought to be punished yourself, Uncle Hiram, I declare you had, for such an intense failure. I wonder how long you "eyed *her*" before you dared to pen it. It provokes me, too, the way you are continually murdering your nephews' and nieces' names. Come, give me a challenge now on your name, and see if I don't pronounce you, instanter, a "Hy(draulic)ram," or something equally "far-fetched" and detestable. I might, also, be induced to draw an invidious comparison between

you, as an editor, and an old hen—simply, because you *scratch* for a “living.”

However, I'll not scold any more, now, for you really were a dear, good Uncle to give my last “memorial” so gracious a description. And now, for the present, “*Vive la hache!*” Yours ever,

FLETA FORRESTER.

P. S.—By the way, I discovered a little “gem” of a cousin here; and desire to bring her “to light.” Please invite her into our midst.

ROCKY DELL, MASS., }
June 4th, 1859. }

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Please let me look in the room, when you, with all the Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins are chatting, even if I may not come in and be introduced.

It is not very pleasant to stay outside, and hear you talking and laughing, and not be able to join in. Although I am a stranger to you, your MUSEUM and I are old and good friends; and if I may just peep in on you once every little while, I shall be satisfied. May I?

Love to all, from your affectionate niece,
CALTIE.

We shall look for you—little gem—at least once a month.

Here is a “regular team,” hailing from Texas. Became acquainted with the MUSEUM one evening, fell in love with it same night, procured five subscribers for it next morning, sent five dollars same day, and expressed his sentiments at the same time; unfortunately, they were expressed on both sides of the paper, so we can only give the public the benefit of the last half.

* * * I can ride a mustang, throw a lasso, shoot a gun, bow, or anything else that will go off, and try *mighty hard* to keep my head up in any kind of a team I choose to pull in, unless it be a literary one; and if the future only fulfills its promise, why, then, maybe I shall see you, Uncle Hi, and some of my Northern cousins; and, perhaps, get to be as good a writer and as knowing as anybody. Your new nephew is a *Chicka saw Indian*, black-haired and bright-eyed; said, by them that know, to be right—well, guess the rest; and I now give the cousins, Clara and Aggie, *Little*

Fishey, and the rest of the *tribe*, a fair warning to look out for the hunting-shirt and moccasin; 'twill be around as sure as time.

I don't exactly like the spirit friend Tennessee shows—I thought better of his pluck; fie, man! the wilder the *filly* the greater the sport. *Whose afraid?*

Yours, in fun, WILD ONE.

After wooing the muse, Eleanor gives us the following:

DERRY, June 4th, 1859.

Dear Uncles, Aunt, and Cousins that form our Merry band, I bid you all good-morning throughout this Merry land.

You are seated all together around that dreaded “basket”—

Wonder if this will go in there; but I do not dare to ask it.

First, in this cushioned arm-chair, so venerable and grand,

Sits our pleasant Uncle Merry; while there, on his right hand,

Is Uncle Hiram Hatchet, and right beside him, too,

So smiling and so pleasant, is our sweetest Auntie Sue.

Now, having named the elders, to the cousins I will come,

And though they are but children, I tell you they are “some.”

There are many cousins absent, but first of those now here

Is Jennie Ward, a most “provoking niece,” I greatly fear;

Next to this Miss Jennie comes Nellie Hamilton;

Oliver Onley follows her, from the city of Boston;

Miss Ada, from the country, is seated next to him,

And Rosa Redwood, after her, is bashfully peeping in;

A Celestial, and Augusta, too, are added to our train,

And, Bess, we are *delighted* to see your face again.

My task is now completed; dear cousins, *au revoir*,

And Uncles all believe me, your loving
ELEANOR.

Our friend Hawthorne seems rather “put out” at the “Yankee girls,” and says some things not very complimentary about them; so we must use the scissors rather freely. Here is what is left:

Mrs. B. E. surely must have a weak, quiet sort of a husband. I paid a flying visit to the "Star State" a few weeks since, and became fascinated with a pair of black-eyes—simile of the Great Spirit. I was in your city not long since; I am acquainted with several persons there. I live about one hundred miles above, on the river, in Mississippi. I noticed an error in the September number of the MUSEUM—in the Monthly Chat, at the bottom of the second column—who'll find it out. My love to all the cousins. Your nephew, from down South, "HAWTHORNE."

I like Mr. Parish, and will take upon myself to present him with the assurances of our 20,000 distinguished regards!

OGDENSBURG, June 14, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I want to give you a description of a party I attended last Saturday. The beautiful grounds of George Parish, Esq., were opened in the afternoon, for the admittance of all the schools in the city. The place was beautifully decorated with all kinds of flowers. Just as you enter the grounds, you behold an arch trimmed with evergreens and flowers, with this motto on it: "Welcome, children," and as you turn to go out, you see another motto: "Love one another." In the center of the grounds there were six or eight tables set, and at the appointed hour they were loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Mr. E. H. Olds, the daguerreian artist of the place, was present, and took a daguerreotype of all the children as they were. I think it must have made a splendid picture as there were nearly 1,000 men, women, and children assembled on the grounds, about one half being children. They had swinging, jumping, and climbing there, which amusements most of the children enjoyed. At six o'clock, all the children retired to their homes, well satisfied with their fun.

Give my love to all the Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins. I remain yours, etc.,

Geo. B. HIGBEE.

KALAMAZOO, April 5, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HATCHET:—I commenced taking the MUSEUM with the present year, and am very much pleased with it. I would like to have my name added to the 20,000. Give my love to Aunt Sue and all the uncles and aunts, accepting a large share for yourself. KALAMAZOO BOY.

FRANC. MILLER craves our sympathy because brother Dick *twits* her on having a vivid and curly head; then refers to her verdancy. We welcome you as we would a fresh blackberry; they, you know, are always red when they are green, Franc.

JERUSAH JERICHO (!!!) desires to come in. "What's in a name!" Wishes "Black-Eyes to take her under her maternal care, and engages a place by Aunt Sue's side." I'll fulfill my part of the contract, *Jerushy*. Can't answer for Black-Eyes; 'spect she has got her hands full. How is that, Black-Eyes?

C. W. JOHNSON wishes "Aggie Dean Abbott" would like to know who "Hal" is

LUCIA M. Dow, walk in and make yourself perfectly at home; it's Independence day, you know.

MILLY B. is also welcome.

ROSE-BUD wishes an introduction to Black-Eyes, Fleta Forrester, and Willie H. Coleman (North), and sends greetings to all the cousins.

SOUTHERNER sends love to all.

MARY MERRY ditto. (Kiss the little two-year-old for Aunt Sue.)

M. M. SEYBOLT is very anxious to have these questions propounded: 1st. Of what sex is the Post Office? (Don't all speak at once!) And 2d. Why is the State of Alabama like the barrel of a soldier's musket?

SYLVIA thinks W. H. C. a "great genius," and enjoys the Merry letters very much.

D. BELL BUTLER says she has solved all the enigmas we have published this year. Why don't you send the answers then, Bell?

NATHL. CADAVEROUS begs leave to remonstrate with a too sympathizing public who will persist in reminding him of his "skin-and-bone-ne-s," by lugubrious inquiries concerning his health. Don't do it any more, if you please. Public.

LILA, why did you write on both sides of your paper, and let all your pretty messages be lost? Thank you for my share.

I shouldn't wonder if you saw some of the Merry tribe at Beloit this summer.

MINNIE asks us to leave out some of the advertisements, and put in more reading matter. If Minnie will examine the numbers, she will see that we give 32 pages of reading every month. The advertisements are all extra pages, for which the subscribers pay nothing. Many persons find it for their advantage to advertise with us, as we make their business known to a great many families, and this enables us to make THE MUSEUM better than we could do without it.

NELLIE HAMILTON wants to know who Nip is, and how old Mattie Bell is. Why, Nellie! how indiscreet to ask young ladies ages! Will you tell yours?

ANNA'S SISTER M.—You can have the "engraving" sent you by forwarding an order to 116 Nassau Street. Many thanks for your kind letter, none the less appreciated because there were no "ties of consanguinity."

We are indebted for enigmas, etc., to W. T. Palmer, John M. Clugston, Willy Johnson, Adrian, D. Bell Butler, and Ella J. Newton.

LILA takes the palm this month for the greatest number of answers (if Uncle Hiram knows better, he will please speak up). She answers Nos. 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, and 80. Who will beat her next month?

HAWTHORNE (next best) answers Nos. 71, 73, 74, 75, 80, and 81.

LIZZIE G., 42, 43, 45, 48, and 50.

E. M. JOHNSON, 63.

W. T. PALMER, 71.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA. *A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia, with numerous illustrations.* By Thomas William Atkinson. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. 1859.

The title of this work will excite at once the attention of the young, and all

who love novelty and adventure. It opens a new field, and one of great interest. It adds a most valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge, and satisfies some of the yearnings of curiosity about those remote, dark, and cold regions of the North and East. There is much yet to be learned of the world we live on. But the present century has produced so many intelligent and adventurous explorers, and the press has labored so faithfully to put their observations before us in an attractive form, that we can not but feel that we shall soon know nearly all that can be known of the surface of the earth and its peoples, except by personal observation. As the larger portion of us must needs stay at home and work, let us thankfully take up the narratives of others who have found time and means to explore, and seeing with their eyes, and hearing with their ears, let us acquaint ourselves diligently with all the lands and all the peoples they have visited.

THE WEST, and the Way to Get There.

There is so much inquiry for the far West, and so many people moving thither, that it becomes a very important question, How can we best get there? There are several great routes leading to the several prominent points where travel and business center. Each of these routes has its advantages for different classes of travelers; but for those going direct through, with no special attractions to intermediate points out of this line, there is no route more desirable in all respects than the *Pennsylvania Central Road*, connecting with the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago road. For safety, for comfort, for variety and beauty of scenery by the way, it can not be surpassed. The two roads are so connected as to form one continuous road, with easy riding cars from Philadelphia to Chicago, and there is no road in the country more distinguished for good management, and for the kindness and urbanity of its conductors. The romantic beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery through which the

road winds its way over the Alleghanies, is unparalleled in this country. You cross and recross the Juniata, till you begin to wonder how any stream could find its way out, much more run and leap, through a valley of so many intricate turnings. You climb the long slopes, and creep round the dizzy precipices, with possibly a shuddering sense of danger, but with an exalted and exulting sense of the dignity and power of the mind that planned and achieved a safe and easy path over difficulties not formidable only, but seemingly insurmountable. And this latter feeling so entirely overcomes and supplants the former, that you would gladly encounter far greater dangers for the joy and the excitement of seeing them vanquished. Let no one fail to try this road, for once at least.

From Chicago there are several lines leading still farther West. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway is one of the most prominent and promising. Northwardly it already extends to Oshkosh, on the western shore of Lake Winnebago, and westwardly is rapidly approaching the Mississippi River, on its way to St. Paul.

EXCURSION EXTRAORDINARY.

By an arrangement of the Central Railroad of New Jersey with several roads in the Pennsylvania Coal District, an excursion into this romantic region may now be made at half the regular fare.

The route embraces a visit to the Water Gap of the Delaware, through a country constantly increasing in beauty, to the thriving town of Scranton, thence, *via* Wilkesbarre, through Wyoming Valley, along the Susquehanna River and Valley to Rupert, returning through Mauch Chunk, Allentown, and Easton, over the Central Railroad of New Jersey to New York. The attractions of this route are unsurpassed for a short excursion to scenes of interest and grandeur. The trip over the granite roads of Mauch Chunk, and the ascent to the top of Mount Pisgah, are worth twice the price of the excursion.

SPEAR'S PATENT CORN-HUSKER.

Did you ever go to a husking-party? We have, more than once, and grand sport we had of it. But all that kind of fun is over—done up and finished forever by a single stroke of a Yankee spear. Here is Spear's corn-husker, that will do all the work so rapidly and so well, that the young men and maidens, old men and children, will have no chance for long winter-evening frolics over their corn. It is very neat, simple, and effective, far better than the "two hands," which we have been wont to think "couldn't be beat." Let all the farmers get it, and then the time they have taken for husking can be employed in study, reading, and amusement.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in June No.

- 66. It is good for Burns.
- 67. It is always the number won (one).
- 68. S—because it makes needles needless.
- 69. A grater.
- 70. Camp-bell.
- 71. Washington Irving.
- 72. Eye.
- 73. Monosyllable.

- 74. Almanac.
- 75. It is the middle of day.
- 76. It makes oil boil.
- 77. It makes all fall.
- 78. It is the beginning of goodness and greatness.
- 79. It is the beginning of Independence.
- 80. It is the beginning of misery.
- 81. Balaam's Ass.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

- 13 What door is that which has neither hinge, latch, nor bolt, neither opens nor shuts, and is never passed through. *Hal.*
14. My first is a useful insect.
My second is an interjection.
Without my third the stars would be sailors.
My fourth in 1773 caused quite a commotion.
My fifth is fifteenth in the company to which it belongs.
Without my sixth we would have no night.
My seventh is what the eunuch said to Philip.
No mother is without my eighth.
My ninth is one third of man.
My tenth is always first in morning, but never appears in night.
My eleventh is alike in old and young, but never in man.
Without my twelfth the nuns would be among the missing.
My whole is admired by all and visited by thousands. *Geo. B. Higbee.*
- 15 Away, away o'er the lovely plain,
Through tall rank grass and waving grain
My first bounds on; but the hunter's dart
Speeds fast through the air, and strikes his heart,
And he falls upon his native plain,
Over which he ne'er will bound again.
While from his wound the blood doth flow,
The film on my second gathers slow,
And the hunter comes with his bended bow,
And soon my first is rudely laid
Beneath my whole's fair spreading shade. *Buckeye Boy.*
16. Are there any words in English composed entirely of consonants? *Nellie.*
17. My first, if fixed aright, will help
To guard your goods at night;
And for my second we oft do
That which is not wise or right;
And many when they make my whole
Feel evident delight. *Buckeye Boy.*
18. I am composed of twenty letters.
My 13, 6, 19, 4, and 20 is the leaf of a tree used as a cathartic.
My 8, 16, and 17 is a Saxon word signifying "victory."
My 20 and 3 is the name of a river in Holland
My 1, 12, 15, and 3 is a department of France.
My 7, 9, 2, 5, and 14 is a village in Scotland.
My 8, 11, 10, 4, and 18 is a town in England
My whole is the name of a man remarkable alike as almost the only learned layman of the Dark Ages, and as the only one who attained original views in *speculative philosophy.* *Acorn.*

CHARADE.

19. Upward from the dewy east
Glide the still hours of my first.
Ever, ever have they been,
Ever will be e'en as erst.
When this spacious earth was not,
Chaos reigned, confusion dire,
Kept I watch, ordained by God
O'er this shapeless ball of fire.
Next, my second would you find,
Lists of prepositions scan,
But you'll find it, I've no fear—
If you *try*, I'm *sure* you can.
- Hark! the tempest rages loud,
Fierce waves break on rocky shores—
Sky and sea together toss,
Angry heaven its torrent pours.
Through the mid-heaven booms the crash
Of the thunder's heavy roll,
Streams of vivid lightning flash
Through the air from pole to pole—
E'en Eolus' cave wide oped.
To the howling winds gives vent,
And 'mid the noise, my third's roar
With my whole's sweet voice is blent. *Fleta Forrester.*
20. My first's an apology;
Transposed, a loud sound;
Again, I am whitish;
Still, again, I'm a bound. *Oliver Onley.*
21. Who are the coldest and the most divided people in the world? *H. H.*
22. Why is a carpet factory like an old sailor. *H. H.*

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.

BY HANNAH HATCHET.



FELTER

BOY BLOWING BUBBLES.

MR. RUDOLF did not always keep Carl in the study. He often took long walks with him; sometimes running races over the hills, or frolicking as gayly as Carl with the good dog Carlo; at others, talking of the lessons they had been engaged upon, and answering Carl's many questions about the commonest objects around them.

One day, after one of these long rambles, Mr. Rudolf threw himself

down at the foot of a tree to rest, and was soon lost in a deep study over a curious insect he had found. Carl, after waiting there some time, and finding that his teacher was in no mood to talk, wandered off to seek amusement for himself. He soon found employment, exactly to his taste; for as he was strolling listlessly along, he suddenly heard a scream just before him. Running round the corner of the narrow lane, which there opened into the highway, he saw Carlo playfully chasing a little boy, who, screaming at the top of his lungs, was vainly trying to run away, though his little feet could scarcely move

from the fright he was in.

"Carlo, Carlo, come here," shouted Carl, and instantly the dog turned and sprang to his master.

"Lie there, and be still," said Carl, looking very much displeased; and the poor dog, who found that he had done something wrong, put his tail between his legs and laid down in the place Carl pointed out. All this time the little boy had not ceased to scream,

and Carl now turned to him, saying kindly—

“Why, Henri, what do you cry for now? Don't you see this is my dog Carlo, and he has no desire to hurt you? See, he is curled up on the grass, and he won't move till I call him.”

“Bu-bu-but he chased me,” sobbed Henri.

“Not till you ran away from him, I'll warrant,” said Carl, “and then he thought you wanted to play with him.”

But the little boy still sobbed, and looked fearfully at poor innocent Carlo. So Carl said, “Come, Henri, give me your hand, I will walk home with you.” Henri gladly put his little hand in Carl's, and walked along bravely, only sobbing a little now and then.

“What *can* I do to amuse the poor little fellow,” thought Carl, “and make him forget his fright! Ah! I have it!” he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the cottage door. Henri's father was sitting on a bench holding a baby-boy, and quietly smoking. “Henri,” said Carl, “just run and ask your mother for a basin of her soap-suds.”

Henri ran off on his errand, while Carl said, in answer to the look of the old man, “I found Henri in the lane, very much frightened by my dog, and brought him home. If you can let me have a pipe,” he added, “I will try to amuse him a little.”

“Oh, yes,” said Henri's father, “here's one.” Carl took it, and just then Henri came up with his basin.

“Now, Henri, look!” said Carl; “see what pretty little things I will make for you.” And he blew a beautiful bright soap-bubble up in the air.

“Oh! oh!” cried Henri, springing up to catch it. “Isn't that pretty!” And then, as Carl kept on blowing one after another, he danced about, and clapped his hands with delight. Even

the baby put out her hands to catch the beautiful bubbles as they went sailing by; and the good old father laughed heartily to see them so pleased.

“Blow one right here into my hand, Mr. Carl,” cried Henri, “I want to have one myself.”

Carl did as the little boy wished, and then laughed heartily at the look of blank astonishment that covered his face when he found that his beautiful plaything had vanished.

“Don't you see, Henri,” said Carl, “it is nothing but a bubble up in the air, and when you get it in your hand it is nothing at all?”

Still Carl continued to send up the rainbow-colored balls, and still Henri and the baby, delighted, reached after them, and jumped and danced with joy, till the tears were dried from Henri's cheek and he had entirely forgotten his fright.

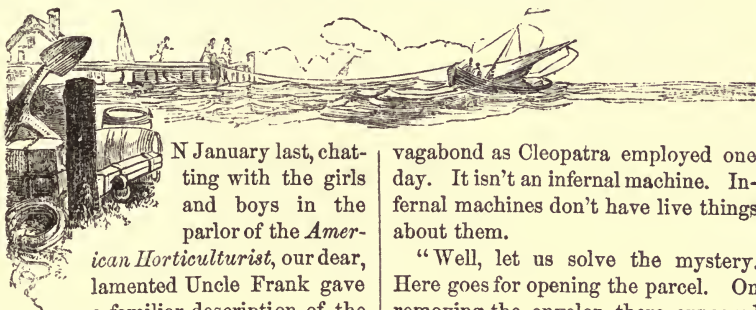
All this time Mr. Rudolf had been sitting under the tree; and now being quite rested, and having secured his insect for further study at home, began looking round for Carl. He called, “Carl! Carlo!” and could not imagine where they had strayed. At last he spied Carlo lying in the shady lane, where his master left him, and he knew Carl could not be very far off. He, too, laughed when he spied his little scholar busily blowing bubbles to amuse the children. But it was growing late, and he could not wait longer, so he called out—

“Carl, you are doing well, my boy, but you must come home now. Your grandfather will be waiting tea.”

And Carl, who had learned from Mr. Rudolf's teaching *one* good lesson—to be always prompt—laid down his pipe, and bidding a pleasant good-bye to his friends, whistled to Carlo, and walked off with Mr. Rudolf.

THE HORNED FROG.

UNCLE FRANK'S ACCOUNT OF HIM.



IN January last, chatting with the girls and boys in the parlor of the *American Horticulturist*, our dear, lamented Uncle Frank gave a familiar description of the person, history, and habits of this singular animal, as follows:

"There! what do you say to that chap? I have no doubt he strikes you at first as rather ugly—and perhaps he is so—but I am very much mistaken if it will not pay us well to give him a careful examination, and to inquire into his history and habits. He deserves some civility from us, too, for the journey he has taken to present himself in our charmed circle."

"Why, how far has he traveled, Uncle Frank?"

"All the way from Texas. I must tell you the whole story. Not many weeks ago, there came a large parcel through the mail. What could it be? It was charged letter postage. It is something valuable, that's clear. There seemed to be something moving in the inside of it. Whew! Wonder if it isn't a scorpion, just such a

vagabond as Cleopatra employed one day. It isn't an infernal machine. Infernal machines don't have live things about them.

"Well, let us solve the mystery. Here goes for opening the parcel. On removing the envelop there appeared a common tin box. We opened the box—opened it, possibly, with some fear and trembling—when, lo! the animal whose portrait is so correctly presented to you, made his appearance.



He seemed to be taking life very coolly and calmly. We soon found him to be a perfectly innocent and well-disposed sort of personage, who manifested no objection to our examining him as closely as we chose.

"It is hardly necessary to describe his personal appearance. He is marvelously well represented in the picture, which was engraved from a portrait carefully taken by Lawrence. As to his habits, they seem to be not greatly unlike those of our Northern tree-toad. He has extremely sharp claws, which seem to fit him for climbing on trees. One marked feature about him is his bright and expressive eye. His horns, perhaps, are the most odd and grotesque things which he wears. They tend to give him a ferocious aspect; though that is a trait of character which seems by no means to belong to him.

"The most striking difference which I have noticed, in the habits of this 'Texan Ranger,' as compared with those of our toad and frog, is that while the locomotion of the latter is performed by means of vaulting or hopping, the former walks off like a turtle or an alligator. The Texan lady to whose politeness we are indebted for this rare curiosity, says, that when he is on his native soil, he will sometimes run so fast that it is quite difficult to overtake him—a fact of which our visitor has given us some pretty good proof, during his residence in these parts. The same lady informs us that the animal is a little addicted, chameleon-like, to changing his color. But the most interesting fact which she states is this: that a gentleman of her acquaintance had one in his study, so tame that he would follow the motion of his master's pen on the paper. The common name of this (to us North-

ern people) singular reptile, is the *Horned Frog*. I will not trouble my young readers with the very long Latin name by which he is designated among men of science. I wish some of our subscribers in Texas would write us all they know about this animal. I have no doubt but many of his exploits are well worth recording. This is the first one we have ever seen—probably the first one that ever came here, and we know little about the creature."

Another writer in the April number of the *Agriculturist*, having noticed Uncle Frank's description, adds the following:

"This little animal is found in the middle and western portion of Texas, from the coast far into the interior. For some sixteen years I have been an admirer of the little fellows, as they have scampered off before me, in my walks, or fled from under my horse's feet as I journeyed over our beautiful rolling country. The Horned Frog lives upon the ground—hiding in the grass in summer, and burrowing below the surface in the winter. It is perfectly harmless; and it is no uncommon thing for children to catch a number of them, and pen them up as pets—handling them as familiarly as they would chickens.

"This frog will live for weeks in a glass bottle, without either food or drink, but when fed with flies or sugar, it eats sparingly. It never climbs, even upon a low bush, but always runs upon the ground. With a remarkably bright eye and knowing look, it flees upon the approach of any one, and when caught, only struggles to get loose, without seeming to have any power to defend itself. No amount of teasing will, ordinarily, cause it to show a disposition to retaliate. During the past summer, I found two dis-

posed to fight; and these were the only ones I ever found so inclined. These were quite pugnacious without any seeming provocation, turning upon me of their own accord. Their mode of fighting is as curious as the little animal is unique. They turn the head down, and *butt*, like the sheep or goat. One of the two struck so hard against my boot as to start the blood quite freely from the roots of the two prominent horns upon his head.

"The Horned Frog, I believe, deposits its eggs in the ground, like turtles, some species of snakes, and the alligator. The latter is said to watch near its nest about the time of the appearance of the young ones, and to attack anything that may approach. From the season of the year (July), when the pugnacity was shown by the two frogs alluded to, I thought it might be possible they were guarding their nests or their young about to appear. Perhaps the editor, or Uncle Frank, will make a new classification for the benefit of his young readers, founded on the butting propensity of the animal.

G. C.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

THE SISTERS.

[FROM THE *GERMAN.]

THE fair is open at Nonda;
See, they are gathering yonder!
Oh! there'll be sights of wonder,
Let's go and see them all;
Come, sisters, May and Bertha,
We three will go together,
Come, let us hasten thither,
And back before nightfall.

The sisters thus departed,
Gay-chatting and light-hearted;
But scarcely had they started,

When a wretched child they met,
A homeless, friendless orphan,
Whose tale, with sobs inwoven,
A heart of stone might soften,
And sympathy beget.

His artless tale relating,
Their tender hearts dilating,
The sisters quite forgetting
The pleasures of the fair;
With pity, deep and burning,
Over the orphan yearning,
Quick to their home returning,
Thus breathe their earnest prayer:

• Oh! mother dear,
Your children hear,
And let your heart commend us;
Take this poor child,
So young—so wild,
Alas! but homeless, friendless.

He might have died
By the wayside—
Oh! save him, dearest mother!
Call him your own,
Your only son,
And let him be our brother.

The fair was brilliant—very,
The people all were merry;
But these kind sisters tarry—
Oh! why—why don't they come?
Ah! they have higher, other
Joy with their kind, good mother,
And their adopted brother—
God bless that peaceful home!
H. H.

WHAT irregular verb, if conjugated in the first persons of three tenses, will define the spectacle of boys indulging in a certain game? See, *saw*, seen! (*See-saw scene!*)

When is a fish like a bird? When it is *a-perch*.

A WEEK IN THE COUNTRY.



HALL I tell you how I spent a week in the country, amid the trees, the birds, and flowers? After leaving the city, where all was noise and confusion, the drays "rattling o'er the stony streets," the whirring of machinery, and all the noise and bustle of industry and labor, I was in a very short time walking among lovely flowers and under lofty trees, where naught disturbed the quietness save the sweet singing of the birds and the low humming of industrious bees. It was worth a long walk—this change from the hot, dusty streets of the city to the cool, grassy lanes of the country. The first day of my sojourn in the country I wandered through the woods, along shady streams, where the fish were darting through the water like a gleam of sunlight, and the active little squirrels were jumping from branch to branch of the highest trees; while the partridge, in some distant corn-field, was whistling cheerily his well-known song, "Bob White, Bob White."

I was accompanied by a little dog—Ponto—a brave and fearless animal, though he was small. Ponto was a real country dog, and no dog loved country sports better than he. Nothing pleased him better than a hunt through the

wild-wood; and often, when the folks at the farm-house were too busily employed to be his companions, he would start off alone, and after a hard chase of an hour or so, would return with a squirrel or rabbit in his mouth for the use of his keepers. In his rambles among the bushes with me, he came upon a large black snake, and, to use a rather vulgar expression, "pitched into" it immediately. The snake coiled itself around a clump of grass, and with raised head, fiery eyes, and darting tongue, showed fight. But it would not do. In a moment the dog had it by the neck, so that it could



not bite, and shook it so furiously as to give it no time to coil around its pugnacious little antagonist, and in a few moments it ceased its struggles and lay almost still. When Ponto found that it was almost dead, he released it, and started on in search of further adventures.

On the third day, becoming somewhat tired of my wandering, I went to the old farm-house and requested my uncle to set me to work. He said he had nothing to do then that I could do, but that I might, if I so wished, exercise my muscles in the hay-field on the following morning. Accordingly, early the next morning, I started, in company with my cousins, to our labors, and soon we were tossing the fragrant hay about, running races, wrestling, and performing numberless other gymnastic feats in the most approved country style. Although it was nice, easy work at first, yet, when the sun had mounted a few hours high, I was glad to seek a shelter from its burning rays underneath a wide-spreading oak. While lying upon the grass beneath this tree, I witnessed a very curious race through the upper air between a hawk and a yellow-hammer, a bird considerably smaller than the former. The hawk, when I first noticed it, was sitting upon the top of a dead tree, looking around, I suppose for something to breakfast upon. At last it espied a yellow-hammer upon its way through ethereal space, and, without more ado, darted from its perch upon its smaller antagonist with the evident intention of putting a stop to its further progress. But it was mistaken. When it reached the spot where its intended victim had been, it was not there. Thus it continued through the whole race. The hawk was always a little behind time. But

away they darted through thickets, around trees, among the leaves and branches, and then far away up into the blue sky, from which they would suddenly descend as if stricken by an unseen dart. But at last the contest was decided in a way which perfectly satisfied me, by an old hunter, who came along very opportunely and sent a bullet from his rifle through the head of the bold robber of the air. The hawk, with outspread wings, fell to the ground a lifeless weight, while the yellow-hammer, unhurt, though much frightened, flew joyfully homeward. It is over thus with fraud and duplicity. They spread toils for the innocent; but at the very moment when they think their victims caught in a web of treachery and deceit, something transpires which renders all their cunning naught, and they are caught in the net they formed for others. The day after my hay-making experience, I went, in company with some others, on a squirrel hunt. It was early in the morning when we started, the sun being only about an hour high. The drops of dew were sparkling like so many diamonds upon the grass and wild flowers, the birds were sitting cosily upon the topmost branches of the highest trees, singing with cheerful voices their matin songs, while the little streams went leaping and dancing over every obstruction which impeded their course. We were all armed and equipped—with guns upon our shoulders, and powder, caps, and ball in the pouches by our side. Ponto ran gayly before us, and soon he was upon the track of some little animal which had been frightened by our appearance and noise. A sharp, quick bark from Ponto startled us all, in time to see him in close pursuit of a large fox-squirrel. Away we started

after him, through bush and brier, heedless of scratches on our hands and faces, slipping on the brink of every stream, and almost plunging in, flying "over bank, bush, and scaur," as if life was at issue, and at last coming up with the little animal, who had sought refuge from his cruel foes among the branches of a tree—in vain, for a rifle is leveled at the panting fugitive, a report shakes the leaves and branches, and deafens us with its noise, and the squirrel falls to the ground mangled and dead. Thus we went on for the greater part of the forenoon; and when we returned homeward, we were loaded down with every species of game common to that part of the country. But to me it is a far more pleasant sight to see the squirrels playing in their leafy homes, or gathering nuts for their future wants, than to see them lying upon some epicurean's table. But still it is the same love of excitement which sends the boy in chase of the squirrel and drives the man to the Western prairies in pursuit of the buffalo and deer. But I must close; but before I do so, I wish to read to you, if you are not tired already, a little poem, which I will call

THE PARTRIDGE'S SONG.

Cold winter has passed
Like a stormy blast,
And genial summer has come at last,
With its grasses fair,
Which covers the bare
Bleak earth with a regal carpet rare;
And the rays of light
Make all so bright
That I can not but sing—Bob White,
Bob White.

With the sun I'm awake,
And my thirst I slake

In the waters pure of some tiny lake;
And then through the wood
I search for food,
To carry home to my hungry brood,
Who chirp with delight
At the pleasant sight
Of a breakfast in store—Bob White,
Bob White.
But I must away,
Nor longer delay,
Though all summer to me is a holiday;
With nothing to do,
But to wander through
The woods 'mong flowers of every hue;
Or to take my flight,
Where all is delight,
And beauty and gladness—Bob White,
Bob White.

BUCKEYE BOY.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN AN ENGLISH PRINTING-OFFICE.—When quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking work as a printer! Well, do you understand the Art of Printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John:

"Nathaniel saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained so delicate a reproof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him a standing and character with all in the office.

NARROW ESCAPE.



IN A TIGER'S DEN.

A BRITISH officer, stationed at one of the forts in India, once took his family across the country, to visit some friends residing in another district. They had soldiers and servants to accompany and protect them, as the way was full of dangers. It was a journey of several days, and there were no taverns or inns by the way. At night they lodged in the wilderness, under their own tents, which were guarded by fires kept burning on every side, to keep off the wild beasts.

One day, as they rested at noon, by the side of a beautiful fountain, the father took his little boy, and walked a short distance into the thick wood. Not thinking of any danger, as he was still very near his company, he sat down with his boy, and being very weary, soon fell asleep. The child played with the flowers and shrubs a little, and then, chasing a bird, or a butterfly, strayed away some distance from his father's side. Suddenly a huge

creature started up from the thicket, and glared upon him with two fiery eyes that would have frightened a man out of his wits. The innocent little fellow, knowing no difference between a tiger and a cat, looked earnestly at him, as if he would say, "Why, puss, is that you?" The calm, fearless look of the child puzzled the tiger. He paused to consider whether he would eat him up or not. While he was considering, one of the servants, who, without his master's knowledge, had followed

him, and who had watched the child in his ramble, caught sight of the tiger, and, not having much confidence in the result of his deliberations, leveled his musket, and put a ball into his head, that stopped his thinking altogether. The father sprang to his feet in a moment, severely blaming himself for his imprudence, and liberally rewarding the fidelity and promptness of his servant.

The little boy, who began to feel that pussy's eyes were too big, and pussy's voice too coarse and loud, was glad enough to have his father take him up. When he saw his mother, he said, "Naughty puss. John shoot puss." His mother was almost frantic at the first thought of the danger her darling had been exposed to; but oh! how thankful for his almost miraculous escape. It was a long time before she could feel willing that they should walk any more in the wood, and then attended by a trusty guard.

GOOD CHARLOTTE.



SHE CAME HOME THE FIRST NIGHT FULL OF CHEER.

THE father of Charlotte followed the sea, and had done so for many years, even before her birth, and she had never known what it was to have him at home, except for a few weeks at a time. A kind of *visitor* he almost seemed to her, though he was very kind and very fond of her, as well as of her brother and sisters—six of them all. Their home was in a pretty village, and Mr. Morell provided his family with every comfort for living, besides many tasteful things which he brought as presents from other lands.

At the time of which I write, the family were in great affliction, and had been so for months. The father had been absent three years, and for nearly a year not a word had been

heard from him; and there was every reason to fear a shipwreck and total loss. It had been a season of unusual storm and disaster upon the sea, and many were to weep in anguish for beloved ones who never came back. Almost from the day in which he left his family there had been sickness among them. All had the scarlet fever, and one sweet boy, the brother next to Charlotte, had died. Oh, how the mother wanted her husband's care, and help, and sympathy; but instead of that, she was full of anxiety about *him*, lest he were suffering and sick, without any care. She had trouble, too, about supplies for her little family. Her

money was long since gone; some valuables had been sold, for doctors and medicines, extra help and nursing; for she too had been taken down, all worn out by day-and-night labor.

Who can tell all a mother suffers in such circumstances, both in body and spirit—how she needs some one to lean upon stronger than she! Mrs. Morell did trust in One strong and mighty, even in her heavenly Father, or she would have sunk under it all. So she *hoped* all she could, and then *did the best she could* for all, though she suffered bitterly.

And now Charlotte, who is the eldest child, and who has never shrunk from doing anything and everything she could in the trial time, is deter-

mined to do still more for her beloved mother and the dear little ones; and very, very dear are the babies in the house to an elder sister, albeit she is sometimes tired with rocking and tending, or even for an instant fretful about it. The death-scene of her brother Eddy seemed to have made a woman of her. She learned so much that she never knew before. Afflictions teach even a little girl very rapidly. She had been well instructed, and was loving and obedient always; *now* she was determined to sacrifice, and go away for a time from her loved home, that she might earn some money to supply some of the wants they felt every day. She had more courage to do this, for she still had a hope in her heart that her father would return, and all would be well again; for she had not the experience of life that her mother had, and she could hope more easily: a happy thing it is that young persons can do so. Charlotte had more than once thought it all over in her room, and one night she made up her mind about it very fully for a young girl, almost child that she was. She was only fourteen, and she did not know how very little a girl of that age could earn; but she meant to do all she could, and no more could be expected of any age. She knew of a large sewing establishment in the village where they made boys' clothing, and sent to the city; and where they took young girls, who could begin by sewing up the plain seams of linings, etc.; and the handy ones could very soon make the most of a garment.

The next morning, after she had assisted her mother about the breakfast, and sweeping, and bed-making, and picking up and putting to rights all around, and Mrs. Morell had taken her low rocking-chair, and her work-

basket full of small stockings and small aprons to be mended; and she looked so weary, and so much needed better food than she could now afford; and so much needed a servant-girl to do the hard work which she was really unable to do, but which she *must* do, with her daughter's insufficient aid, that Lottie, seeing her mother thus, was strengthened in her resolution, and she said—

“Oh, mother, how tired you look! you ought to lie upon your bed, instead of doing all that work. Do you know, sweet mother, that I have been thinking that I could do something to earn money to get a girl to work for you stronger than you or I, and to get many things that you want so much? You know I can sew very neatly if I take pains, and I *will* take pains, dear mother; and Miss Haws wants a young girl at her sewing-rooms—Mary Dean told me so, and I want to go there right away.”

She was talking with all her might, and half crying all the time. Mrs. Morell was quite crying when the good child was speaking, and she looked at her in astonishment. It seemed so brave in her, the poor fatherless one, as her mother fully believed, though she did not say so; but she put her arms around her neck and kissed her with great tenderness.

Oh! no words can tell how such unselfish conduct would touch a mother's heart, especially while under circumstances of affliction. In her heart she was thankful, for she had felt for some time that something of the kind must be done.

“Lottie, my precious child,” said she, “could you go and sew steadily all day long, and go so far, too, as Miss Haws', and stay till night, and even after night-fall come home alone?

If our darling Eddy were living to fetch you home at night, that would be one comfort—must I lose you too? Oh, God help me in my tribulations!” They both wept, for truly it was a dark time all around, but Lottie had a strong little heart, and she said—

“He will help us, dear mother; and by being very diligent, I shall get something to keep us along, till father sends to you, or, better yet, comes home to us. Oh, if he were here.”

At last, wound in each other’s arms, the mother encouraged the daughter, and gave her permission to apply for the place; and they talked it all over, advising, and promising, and hoping, and all that. The very next day Charlotte went to Miss Haws, who received her favorably for two reasons, which she was wise enough and kind enough to tell her for her encouragement. Said Miss Haws:

“I wish for a young girl, and am very glad that you have called upon me, for I have heard of your dutiful behavior during your mother’s trials of late; and this is always a recommendation for son or daughter; and your coming here alone to seek a place proves that you must be somewhat efficient; and I don’t doubt but you will do me a great deal of good, and I will endeavor to do good to you. You may come as soon as your mother desires it.”

“I thank you, Miss Haws, very much, and I think I can commence in a couple of days, for I must come as I am. I can not make myself ready by any more clothes.”

In a couple of days Lottie’s little fingers were busy, busy upon the seams at Miss Haws’. She came home the first night full of cheer. Miss Haws had been so patient and kind, she couldn’t praise her enough to the

listening ears at home. They were so glad to see her after missing her all day, that they were happy, and almost forgot all the troubles in the present joy.

“Do you know, dear mother,” said Lottie, “that the moon shone out so beautifully to-night, as I came past the burying-ground; the cloud that it broke in two was as silvery on its edges as the moon itself, and it seemed to me it was exactly over Eddy’s grave, and I almost heard him speaking to me, and I knew he would be glad that I was trying to do something for you; and then I felt that he would be my guardian angel; you know you wished he was here to fetch me home at night, and I was so happy and fearless, and the air was so soft and sweet, and the moonlight all around my feet, that I thought I could do a great deal more to-morrow and every day for you.”

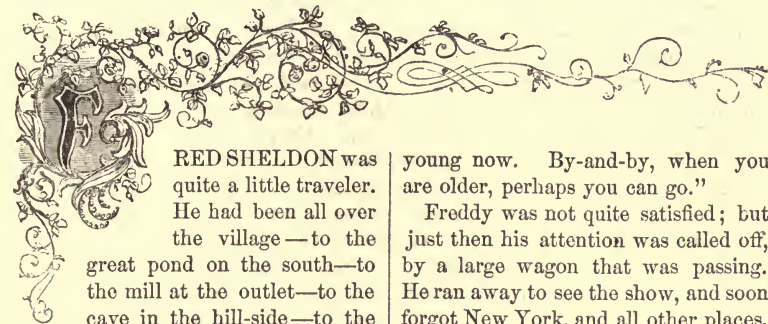
That Charlotte was successful at Miss Haws’, who can doubt? Such a girl will be successful, and a blessing, anywhere.

LAURA ELMER.

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GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.—Many think that God takes no thought for anything less than a star or a mountain, and is unmindful of the little things of life; but when I go abroad, the first thing which I see is the grass beneath my feet, and, nestling in that, flowers smaller yet, and, lower still, the mosses, with their inconspicuous blossoms, which, beneath the microscope, glow with beauty. And if God so cares for “the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,” shall he not much more care for the minutest things of your life, “O ye of little faith?”—*Beecher.*

LOST AND FOUND.



RED SHELDON was quite a little traveler. He had been all over the village—to the great pond on the south—to the mill at the outlet—to the cave in the hill-side—to the old church at the four corners, and to almost every other spot where there was anything to be seen or to talk about. Almost every day he would come home from a long walk, and tell his mother of what he had seen and heard. His mother, who was a very quiet woman, was pleased to hear Freddy talk, but she wondered that he should be so fond of walking, and so interested in seeing such strange things. One day Fred came to her and said, "Mother, dear, I wish I could go to New York, and see that great town. I have just heard a man tell about it, as he stopped at the tavern. He was sitting on the piazza, by the door, talking with Mr. Leonard, and I heard all he said. It is wonderful—such a large place, and so many things to see. I wish I could go there."

"Well, Freddy," said his mother, "you are too

young now. By-and-by, when you are older, perhaps you can go."

Freddy was not quite satisfied; but just then his attention was called off, by a large wagon that was passing. He ran away to see the show, and soon forgot New York, and all other places, in the interest he felt in inquiring about Canada and the great lakes on the north. For the wagon then passing through the village was from Can-



THE COAL-BOX.

ada; and the man who drove it was very good-natured and talkative, and told Freddy so much about places he had never seen, or heard of, that he was in a perfect excitement of delight.

Some days after this, as Freddy was out on one of his long walks, he thought again of what he had heard about New York, and he said to himself, "I must go there." He knew but little of the world. He had never been away from home in his life, and had never slept in any other bed than his own. But he had always rambled about as he pleased, and thought it would be as easy to go to New York as to go home. He saw the sign-board, at the corner, pointing to New York. The figures were not plain. He could not tell how many miles he should have to walk. And if he could, he would not have been discouraged; for the longer the walk, the more he should have to see by the way. So, off he started—with no money, no food, no change of clothes, no hat for his head, no shoes for his feet.

The want of food did not trouble Freddy at all—for he knew how to supply himself with nuts and berries by the way. And, as he trudged along, he saw so many new things that he scarcely thought of such a thing as being tired. By-and-by it began to grow dark, and Freddy began to wish he was at home. He was just entering a large village—much larger than the one where his mother lived. There were several churches, a good many stores, and the houses were quite near together, all on a fine, wide street, that looked very clean and pleasant. But Freddy was all alone. He had no home to go to. He did not know what he should do. He walked into the yard of the tavern, and thought he would ask somebody to let him

sleep in the kitchen or the barn. But just as he was going in, he heard some sharp words, which frightened him, and he hurried round the corner, where, between the kitchen and the wood-shed, stood a large coal-box, behind which he sat down and hid himself. Very soon he began to feel sleepy. He got up, and looked into the box. It was very dark and black there. But he thought he could sleep there, without asking anybody. Then he thought he should be very dirty in the morning if he slept on the coal. So he scraped together an armful of straw from the barn-yard, and threw it into the box. He then climbed in, laid the straw smooth in the corner, and laid himself down to sleep.

Freddy was sound asleep when coal-black Phillis came out, just before going to bed, and locked the coal-box. He did not hear the noise she made in slamming down the lid, nor the song she was singing, as she came and went. Perhaps he would have been afraid if he had known that he was locked in, and could not get out without leave from Phillis.

If there had been much coal in the box, and no cracks to let in fresh air, it would not have been a very safe place for Freddy to sleep. But the coal was very low, and the holes were many, so that the sleeper breathed as well and as healthily as if he had been outside.

Early in the morning Phillis was out, and made a call on the coal-box for something to cook her breakfast with. Freddy had slept well, and was ready to wake, so that he heard the first sound of the rusty key in the rusty old padlock. He opened his eyes as Phillis opened the lid, and jumped upon his feet. Phillis opened *her* eyes, too, and stared, then shouted—

"Whah! How comed you dar?"

Freddy told his story in a few words. Phillis was a kind-hearted creature. She took him into the kitchen, gave him a nice washing and a comfortable breakfast, and was giving him some very wise and wholesome directions about going right home to his mother, when a man, on horseback, came driving into the yard in great haste, exclaiming, "Lost! lost! a little boy lost!"

It was Mr. Harrison, a near neighbor of Mrs. Sheldon, who had been out with her all night hunting for Freddy, and, having heard that he was seen on the road to Milton, had mounted his horse and rode at full speed in search of him.

In a few minutes, seated on the saddle in front of Mr. Harrison, Freddy was on his way home.

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A COMPROMISE—A few days since an old toper died suddenly. The coroner, in consequence, held an inquest, listened to the testimony of the surgeon, and suggested the verdict, "Water on the brain," when a juror rose to object. "Mr. Coroner," said he, "I have known the deceased for ten mortal years, and I know he never seed a sober moment all that time. To say that such a man can die with water on the brain is therefore all nonsense. It can't be done. 'Cause why?—he never took any into his system. The true verdict, Mr. Coroner, should be, 'Gin, rum, or brandy on the brain,' but, as I can't get such a verdict, I am willing to split the difference—compromise—and bring in a verdict as follows: 'Died from the effects of brandy and water on the brain.'" The verdict, eventually, was so returned.

## ALCOHOL.

THEE walketh a fiend o'er the glad green Earth,  
By the side of the reaper Death;  
He dazzles alike with the glare of mirth,  
Or quenches the light of the household hearth  
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad with his hydra head,  
And there gathereth in his train  
The falling foot and the strong man's tread,  
The restless living—the ghastly dead,  
And Misery, Want, and Pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless Hate  
With the goblet's beaded foam,  
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,  
In the beggar's moan, at the palace gate—  
And curses the poor man's home.

He bartereth the wealth of a spotless name,  
For the wine cup's subtle glow,  
And scathes the pinions of deathless fame,  
Till they droop with their burden of Guilt and  
'Mid the dregs of Sin and Woe. [Shame,

And there cometh ever a sorrowing wall  
In the path of his blighting tread;  
And childhood's cheek grew wan and pale,  
And its heart is faint, and its footsteps fail,  
For he grudgeth the Poor their bread.

Grudgeth the Poor their daily bread,  
And filleth the Drunkard's bowl  
With Want and Woe—Remorse and Dread,  
With a nerveless hand and a falling head,  
And a curse on his deathless soul.

And Beauty and Manhood—Love and Mirth,  
Still turn to the Laughing Wine,  
But the blighted home and the darkened hearth,  
And the tears of sorrowing ones of earth,  
Lie deep in its gleam and shine.

And the fiend still watcheth, with tireless will,  
For the swift and wary tread,  
For he knoweth the Wine with his subtle skill,  
Shall gather alike the Good and Ill,  
'Neath the curse of his iron tread.

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A WELL-PRIMED lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a teetotal grocery, and hiccupped, "Mr.—, do you—keep—a—anything—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you could have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there's no one thing that's done so much for—navigation as that."



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

D A M A S C U S .

IF not the most ancient city in the world, as many suppose it to be, Damascus is the oldest place of importance now remaining, of which any mention is made in history. In the story of Abraham, Damascus is spoken of as the house or birth-place of his steward, Eliezer. This was nearly four thousand years ago.

Damascus has ever been admired for its remarkable natural beauty. It is called, in the highly poetical language of the East, "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon on the west, from the desert on the east, or from the high road from Aleppo on the north. For many miles the city is girded by fertile fields, or gardens, as they are called, which, being liberally watered by rivers and sparkling streams winding in every direction through them, preserve continually a wonderful freshness and beauty of verdure. The Abana and Pharpar are spoken of by Naaman, the Syrian prince (2 Kings v.), as the pride and glory of Damascus.

The view of Damascus, as you first come upon it from the west, over the dark ranges of Anti-Libanus, is one of the most picturesque and enchanting in the world. The mountains, which embrace it on every side, are not bare and barren crags, like great fortresses erected for its defense, but warm sheltering walls, clothed with perpetual beauty; while the entire valley they inclose is covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation.

It is said that an Arabian prince, on his way to Damascus, when he beheld it from the top of the mountain, refused to go any farther, but erected on the

spot where its towers first burst upon his view, a monument with this inscription: "I expect to enter *one* Paradise—but if I enter this city, I shall be so ravished with its beauties as to lose sight of the Paradise which I hope to enter."

A recent traveler, "describing the approach to the city, says: "Looking down from an elevation of a thousand feet, upon a vast plain, bordered in the distance by blue mountains, and occupied by a rich, luxuriant forest of the walnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the locust, the pear, and the apple, forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit, we saw, grandly rising in the distance, the swelling leaden domes, the gilded crescents, and marble minarets of Damascus; while in the center of all, winding toward the city, ran the main stream of the river Barrada," which is the name now given to the two rivers after they become united.

But, beautiful and romantic as are its ample surroundings, the interior of the city does not correspond with the exquisite beauty of its environs. In the Armenian quarter, it is particularly disagreeable. The houses are generally low, flat, filthy, and very miserably lighted. Those of the principal merchants, though not inviting in their exterior, are furnished with great elegance. The streets are generally very narrow, so that one can almost step across, on the tops of the houses. There is one fine, wide street, lined with the palaces of the nobility of the land, which are magnificent in their internal arrangements and ornaments, while presenting on the street side long, gray, dull walls, with very few

windows, and a single gateway, opening into a court.

The shops, or bazaars, are many, and filled with all the luxuries of the East. In the midst of the bazaars stands the great Khan, or hotel, of Hassan Pasha, the finest establishment of the kind in the East. It was built about the beginning of the present century. Its immense cupola, whose bold springing arch is only inferior to that of St. Peter's at Rome, is supported on fine granite columns, and is one of the finest objects in the city. Not far from this is the principal mosque, which, you know, is a Mohammedan place of worship. It was formerly a Christian church, consecrated to St. John.

"The street which is called Straight" (Acts ix. 11), in which Saul took lodgings, at the house of Judas, when, as a convert to the faith he came to persecute, he entered Damascus blind—is still shown to the traveler. It is a mile in length, and takes its name from the fact that it leads direct from the gate to the palace of the Pasha.

What wonderful things this old city has seen! How many remarkable men, from the days of Abraham all the way down the course of time, have been there! How many important events, how many wars and desolations, has this one place witnessed! Hundreds of cities, larger and more magnificent than this ever was, have risen, flourished, decayed, and passed away since Damascus was a city of note; and she, almost alone of all the places of antiquity, remains—a city, a capital, a mart of business, a living, flourishing center of Eastern wealth and enterprise.

The city was conquered by David, by the Babylonians and the Persians, by Alexander the Great, by the Seleu-

cida, by the Romans, by the Arabians, by the Phœnicians, by the Greek Christian Emperors, and by the Saracens, under whom it became for a time the capital of the whole Mussulman Empire.

It afterward fell into the hands of the Turks, and was made very famous by the great Saladin. In 1301 it was captured by Timour the Tartar, who treated the inhabitants with great barbarity. It is now a province of the Ottoman Empire, whose seat is at Constantinople.



GIRL AND HOOP.

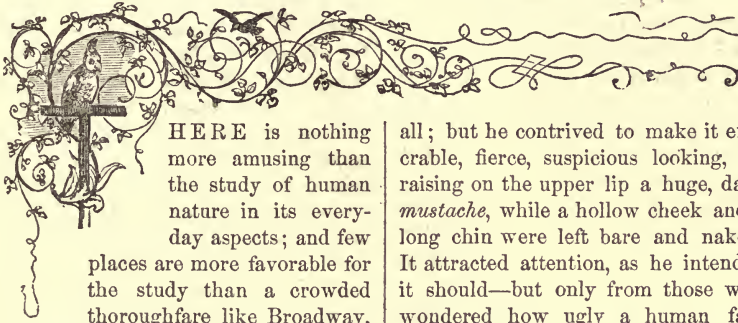
I HEARD a good doctor say
To a merry little group,
Playing with ball and hoop,
That life was only a play.

So here, you see, am I
Living as fast as I can;
What more can woman or man
Than try, and try, and try.

While it rolls, the hoop is erect;
The moment it stops, it falls;
And this is what the doctor calls
A bit of wisdom select.

He says, "We live as we move;
The moment we loiter or stop,
That moment we're sure to drop;"
And this, with my hoop, I'll prove.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



HERE is nothing more amusing than the study of human nature in its everyday aspects; and few

places are more favorable for the study than a crowded thoroughfare like Broadway.

I took my stand before the great show window of one of the prominent daguerreotypists, and studied for a while both the pictures and some of the living characters they represented. The pictures were nearly all of them *characters*; that is to say, they represented classes of persons such as are found in all societies, and generally on the top, like scum on the top of any other fermenting compound. Here was a young lady, with no pretensions to personal beauty, a plain, good-natured-looking body, who had the vanity to suppose that her elegant costume and rich diamond brooch would quite eclipse the sweet grace of that plainly dressed girl by her side. And you can see, that, while she would give all the diamonds and silks in the world for just such a face as her neighbor, she has convinced herself that all the world beside are of a different opinion. Very near to this was a young man, or what purported to be a man, who had a notion to be distinguished, and became so by extinguishing the only good feature he possessed. Nature had given him a mouth finely formed and very expressive. Every other feature of his countenance had some defect. The mouth would have redeemed them

all; but he contrived to make it execrable, fierce, suspicious looking, by raising on the upper lip a huge, dark *mustache*, while a hollow cheek and a long chin were left bare and naked. It attracted attention, as he intended it should—but only from those who wondered how ugly a human face could be made to look. With his chin and cheek covered, and his lips free, he would have been a fine-looking man.

In the center of the group, in a very showy frame, was a young lady (that is, she had been young once) afflicted with literary aspirations, but without taste or genius to bear them out. She had written and published some books, and had received some polite editorial notices. She took her seat there, among the shows, paying an extra price for the central position. Her dress is decidedly negligée, and her hair studiously disheveled. She has a roll in one hand, and leans her elbow upon a table, where books, paper, and pens are carefully arranged in the most careless confusion. She is in love with fame, and so she courts it. Among the crowd of pictures there were Rev.'s and D.D.'s, in gown and bands, so grim, stark, and crusty that you could almost hear the rustle of the silk as you profanely wondered that a man capable of wearing a D.D. should also be capable of wearing, when his rubrics did not require it, so ungainly a covering. It must be said, however, that they "magnified their office" by hiding their proper manhood

behind it. It was astonishing to me that affectation could put on such varieties of costumes and attitudes; for there were other clergymen, of other schools, who despised silk and linen, and displayed themselves quite as conspicuously in open collars, loose flabby coats, long flowing hair, and a sort of "don't-care" expression, which told plainly how much they did care for the opinions of the people. Then there were all sorts of hats, both masculine and feminine, used always to show off some peculiar trait of the wearer. I had often wondered how the artists obtained so many pictures of persons more than ordinarily plain, who were willing to set themselves up for a public show. But I discovered, in almost every one, a certain something, which would stick out, in spite of all efforts at concealment: a sort of great I on the forehead, which was known and read of all men, but which the looking-glass never revealed to the wearer. It was amusing and instructive to see the same characteristics showing through the various garbs of lawyers and doctors, gamblers, dandies, and ministers, old men and maidens, young men and children, scholars, artists, rowdies, and simpletons. There they were, all in one show-case, all in one show, all in one class in this one respect, that, in presenting themselves to be looked at by the world, they are never natural and simple, but always aiming to be something other than they are.

While I stood looking and studying these pictures, various kinds of persons stopped and looked too. Some of them commented on the pictures, each in his own way. And it was marvelous how, in most cases, their comments differed from mine. "What a beautiful girl that in the corner!" exclaimed one. I could see nothing

beautiful but a straggling curl on her neck, and a jaunty little hat, that would have served for a fairy. "Zounds!" exclaimed a coarse-looking fellow, who looked less like a hero than like a lobster, "there is old General Scott; I will go in and have my picture taken by the same man, and sitting in the same chair." He was doubtless a captain, perhaps a major, or a corporal, in some country regiment. That picture will, perhaps, promote him to broader epaulettes and taller plumes. But I must break off in the middle. I lingered longer here than I intended to, but must not compel you to linger with me.



A BOY CARRYING A LOAD.

THE CHINESE BOYS.

IN China the boys begin to work at a very early age. Often, as you go along the streets, you will meet little fellows five or six years old, trudging along, each with a stick across his shoulders, with a basket suspended from each end, and filled with various articles for family use, or for sale to any who will buy.

THE MAY-FLY.

"The Angler's May-fly, the most short-lived in its perfect state of any of the insect race, emerges from the water, where it passes its *aurélia* state, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night."—*White's Selborne*.

THE sun of the eve was warm and bright

When the May-fly burst his shell,
And he wanton'd awhile in that fair light

O'er the river's gentle swell;
And the deepening tints of the crimson sky
Still gleam'd on the wing of the glad
May-fly.

The colors of sunset pass'd away,
The crimson and yellow green,
And the evening star's first twinkling ray

In the waveless stream was seen,
Till the deep repose of the stillest night
Was hushing about his giddy flight.

The noon of the night is nearly come—
There's a crescent in the sky;
The silence still hears the myriad hum
Of the insect revelry.
The hum has ceas'd—the quiet wave
Is now the sportive May-fly's grave.

Oh! thine was a blessed lot—to spring
In thy lustihood to air,
And to sail about on untiring wing,
Through a world most rich and fair,
To drop at once in thy watery bed,
Like a leaf that the willow branch has
shed.

And who shall say that his thread of
years

Is a life more blest than thine?
Has his feverish dream of doubts and
fears

Such joys as those which shine
In the constant pleasures of thy way,
Most happy child of the happy May?

For thou wert born when the earth
was clad

With her robe of buds and flowers,
And did'st float about with a soul as
glad

As a bird in the sunny showers;
And the hour of thy death had a sweet
repose,
Like a melody, sweetest at its close.

Nor too brief the date of thy cheerful
race—

'Tis its use that measures time—
And the mighty spirit that fills all
space

With His will and His will sublime,
May see that the May-fly and the Man
Each flutter out the same small span.

And the fly that is born with the
sinking sun,
To die ere the midnight hour,
May have deeper joy, ere his course
be run,

Than man in his pride and power;
And the insect's minutes be spared the
fears
And the anxious doubts of our three-
score years.

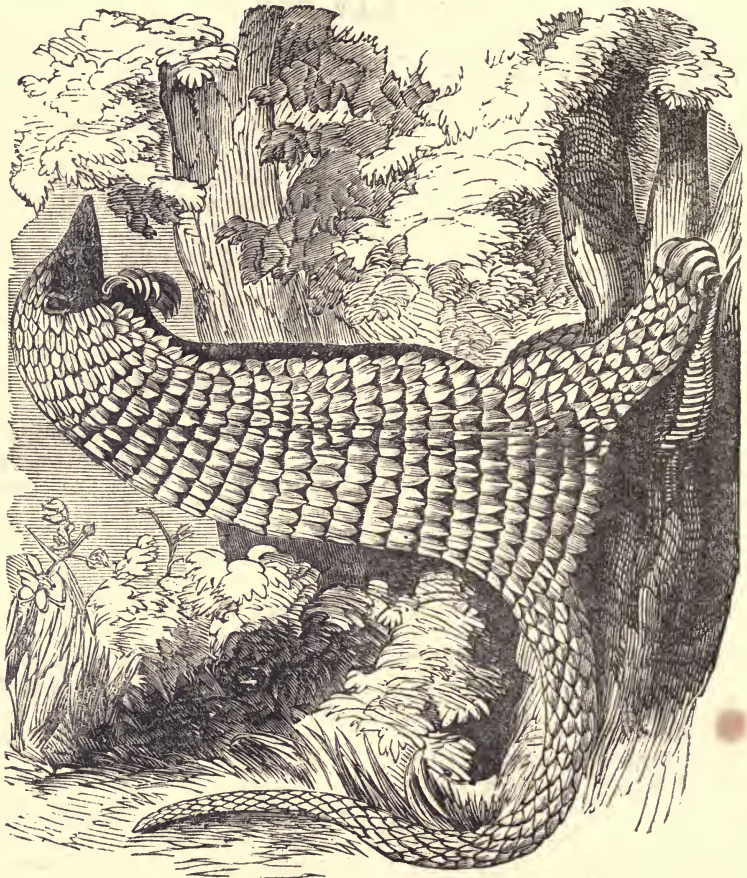
The years and the minutes are all as
one—

The fly drops in his twilight mirth,
And the man, when his long day's
work is done,

Crawls to the self-same earth.
Great Father of each! may our mortal
day

Be the prelude to an endless May!





THE PANGOLIN.

WHAT do think of that, boys? Is that a fish, a beast, or a bird?

"I am sure I don't know. I should think it was some sort of a dog, with his forelegs cut off," says one.

"And I should think," says another, "it was a young crocodile, or something belonging to that family."

"And I," said a third, "I don't know what it is. I wish you would tell us."

Well, it is the *Pangolin*, sometimes known by the name of the scaly ant-eater, and a scaly-looking rascal he certainly is. He is a native of Asia and Africa, and lives on ants. He has no teeth, but is armed, instead, with a long, thin-like tongue, which he pushes into the narrow passages of the ant-hills and draws out his victims with great ease. He does not seize them, or impale them, but his tongue being

furnished with a thick, gummy saliva, the insects stick to it, and are drawn out easily.

This queer fellow seems to have but two legs, and so indeed he has; but, a substitute for forelegs, which he does not need, he has, as you see, just under his head, a fierce array of nails, or claws, as if his legs were drawn in, out of sight. With these claws, which are strong and sharp, he can tear open the ants' nests, climb trees, and defend himself from his enemies.

The Pangolin has a very queer way of rolling himself up in a heap, with his scales all on the outside, so that even the hyena and the tiger can not hurt him. Sometimes, when he has climbed a tree in search of food, he saves himself the trouble of creeping down, by rolling himself into a ball, and dropping to the ground. The tail, with its pointed scales, is used to assist him in climbing. Sometimes, when going up a tree or a post, he will hold on by his feet and tail, and throw his body back, as represented in this cut, and swing himself to and fro, as if he enjoyed the exercise.

RAIN.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Out upon the greensward,
 See the rain-drops fall,
 Whispering 'mid the tree tops
 Like an angel's call;
 Patt'ring on the shingles,
 Dashing 'gainst the pane,
 How I like to listen
 To the rushing rain!
 Splashing in the river,
 Pouring all around,
 Falling, like a blessing,
 On the thirsty ground;
 Giving life and vigor
 To the drooping grain:
 Thanks to God, the highest,
 For the pleasant rain.

LE ROY, 1859.

TO A BROKEN FLOWER.

FLOWERET, raise thy drooping head;
 Feel'st thou not these gushing drops
 Moistening all thy grassy bed,
 And the leaflet's emerald tops?
 Oh! revive, and gaze around thee;
 Other flowers look fresh and gay;
 Some rude hand, I fear, hath found thee,
 And brushed thy slender leaves
 away.

Thou wast smiling in thy beauty,
 All thy colors rich and rare,
 And, when'er the breeze passed o'er
 thee,
 Thy sweet fragrance filled the air.
 But I shall never more inhale
 Thy gentle perfume as I pass;
 Thy leaves, once bright, are sear'd and
 pale,
 And now lie scatter'd in the grass.

MINNIE R.

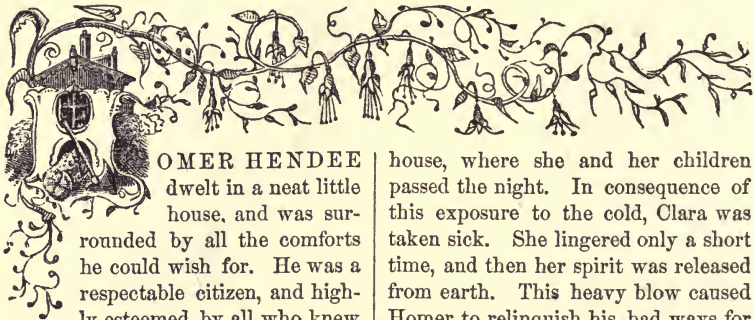
BROOKLYN, June, 1859.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of “Home, Sweet Home,” was himself a wanderer in life, and never had a home. He was at one time consul to Tunis, and was a man of fine conversational powers. Having been turned out of his office, he wandered over Europe, sometimes at London, and sometimes at Paris. He never desired to return to America; his only wish was to die among strangers, and be buried in obscurity. His wish was realized. He died at Tunis. A monument marks the spot, with the following inscription:

“Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
 To realms beyond the azure dome,
 With arms outstretched, God's angels
 said,
 ‘Welcome to heaven's “Home, Sweet
 Home.’
 OLIVER ONLEY.

HOMER HENDEE.



HOMER HENDEE dwelt in a neat little house, and was surrounded by all the comforts he could wish for. He was a respectable citizen, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. Carrie, Homer's wife, was the mother of two rosy children—Willie and Clara. Willie and Clara went to a Sunday-school, and did not profane the Sabbath, as most boys do. Homer was in the habit of drinking daily a quantity of ardent spirits. His wife warned him of the consequences which would ensue from such a habit, but in vain. The habit had taken too firm a hold on him. Carrie sat beside the fire one night, thinking about her husband's drinking, when the door was opened, and Homer staggered in, drunk. I will not attempt to portray the anguish of his wife, nor the sorrow of his children. Very soon, Homer was drunk every day. One night, in the middle of December—it was snowing fast, and the wind howled fiercely—when Homer came home, he demanded his supper, but his wife had none to give him; she herself, and the children, had eat nothing since morning—there was nothing to eat in the house. Homer swore, and raved terribly; breaking the furniture, and beating his wife and children. At length, in his fury, he thrust his wife and children from the house, swearing that if they entered it again he would kill them. Carrie managed to reach a neighbor's

house, where she and her children passed the night. In consequence of this exposure to the cold, Clara was taken sick. She lingered only a short time, and then her spirit was released from earth. This heavy blow caused Homer to relinquish his bad ways for a time. Carrie began to hope that he would leave off drinking ardent spirits, and made him promise that he would. But, alas! how impotent are the promises of men, unless God helps them to keep them! Carrie's hope was soon blasted, by Homer's getting intoxicated again. Homer assumed his old habits, and was drunk daily. What a sad change had taken place in that house and its occupants! The windows were broken, and stuffed with old hats and rags; the furniture was broken and defaced. Their table was no longer spread with comfortable food; but when they had any, it was miserable and scanty. The hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and deep marks of care on the face of Carrie Hendee showed what she had suffered. At last, Carrie was taken ill. After a long sickness, her spirit took its flight to that place where sorrow can not come. Homer was now completely subdued. Instead of spending his time loitering with a set of idle fellows round the grog-shop, he spent it in laboring. He spent his evenings at home. He had promised his wife on her death-bed that he never would again touch intoxicating liquors. Two or three mornings after the death of his wife—'twas not light

—Homer awoke from his slumbers, and heard a low voice in prayer. The moon shone brightly in at the window, and its beams fell upon the figure of Willie, upon his knees, praying for his father. Homer prayed to God to help him to keep the promise he had made to his wife. He did keep it. From that time forth he touched not one drop of intoxicating liquor. He worked hard and honestly to retrieve his fortune, and did it. He got hold of a bible that was given Willie by his Sunday-school teacher, and becoming deeply interested, he read it daily. Willie lived to be an honest and respectable citizen.

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, PA.

" I MUST GO."

A COMMON word, and yet how full of meaning! "The school bell is ringing," says the innocent little prattler at play, "I must go." "The hour of labor has come," says the man of toil, "and I must go." "A dying parishioner has sent for me," says a clergyman, "and I must go."

"Another weary, cheerless, thankless day calls me to the sanctum," says the editor, "and I must go!" "I have a weighty case at hand to-day, demanding all my time and attention," says the lawyer, "and I must go!"—as if the universal motto of the age is heard, echoed, and re-echoed on every side, by old and young, high and low, rich and poor, happy and miserable.

All must go, all are going, and yet the restless, heaving, surging tide of humanity is never gone. We might perhaps introduce this expressive phrase into scenes of greater length, and of more than ordinary interest;

but having other thoughts and other duties to look after, we too "must go," and be content with sketching one or two.

"'Tis getting late," says the lover to the loved one, "and I must go—must bid farewell, for a time, to those charmed, blissful hours, once more to mingle in the cares and perplexities of the busy world." Then clasping her fondly to his bosom, and passionately pressing those sweet lips to his own, he is gone, till those happy days may return, or, perchance, till he may lead the gentle charmer of his life a willing captive to the hymeneal altar.

One short year rolls around, and oh, how changed the scene! Again, as then, it is night. A wan, pale being, of emaciated and fragile form, is lying on her dying couch. The long, weary days and weary nights have passed away. Her hours of anguish are no more. The insidious destroyer has done his work. Friends near and dear are around her, a tender husband bends over her—but these can not arrest the hands of disease, or postpone the parting hour. "Hark! the angels are whispering, Come! come!" and "I must go. Farewell, till we meet in heaven!" The snowy hands fall lifeless by her side, a smile of ineffable sweetness and beauty rest on those pallid, marble-like features, and she is gone—gone forever.

Gentle readers, like her, when last of earth shall come, may you hear the welcoming of whispering angels, and like her respond, "I must go!"

Among the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

AUNT SUE IN THE CHAIR.

I NEED not say anything about the weather, nor about the lovely month of September, need I? You know all about it, just as well as I do, so I'll not take up your time with any further remarks on the subject, but just introduce your favorite, Willie H. Coleman, and let him speak.

NEW YORK, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HATCHET:—It is a tearful Chat this month, indeed; and those black lines will send a pang of grief to the hearts of thousands, who, through his writings only, knew and loved Uncle Frank. I first heard the sad news from a gentleman who came in the same steamer with him from Savannah, and watched over him during the voyage. I knew him to be in feeble health, yet the news of his death came suddenly and unexpectedly to me, as it must to the readers of the CABINET and MUSEUM. There will be no truer mourners than the children and youth, to whom he has been devoted for these many years.

I hope that resolution, brought up by Aunt Sue in her opening remarks, was not passed. I plead guilty to the absence, but not to the traitorship.

If rightly I remember, Miss Nettie, I have once before been asked concerning "Bell Fleetwood," and must again reply in the negative. Is that her real name, and when and where did she see me? But though I do not know your "dearest friend," may I not have that hand, Nettie, and call *you* friend?

"Nippy, we have missed you—welcome, *welcome* home!" I give you a hearty shake of the hand, and would send a kiss, too, if I was certain of your being a "noun feminine." Do tell us "all about it" (travels, I mean). Your own experience, remember; not a transcript from "Murray." Did you go to Heidelberg? If so, you might have seen R. W. R., who is pursuing his studies in that ancient place, and writing letters to the "*N. Y. Times*" on the war. Few would recognize in them the R. W. R. of olden time, so learnedly does he write of the "affairs of nations."

I beg to protest against being dubbed

the "bright particular star"—at least during "dog-days." It is too hot to "rage;" and if anybody can feel "particularly bright" with the mercury in the nineties, I wish he or she would assume the title, and the glory thereof, "to once't." At this moment, however, the weather is cool and comfortable.

I am sorry to learn that Aunt Sue is not the authoress of the "greatest poem of the 19th century." Can she give us the name of that "clergyman?"

I beg you will take notice that I *did* not write about hairs "*laying*," as you make me to do at the bottom of the first column of my little article last month. Please nudge your proof-reader.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

I wish I could "give you the name," Willie; I wish I knew him myself.

I don't see that there is any *let-off* for Nip.

YRRED, N. H., July 21, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Here I have at last reached your door, though I do not expect to gain admittance. But I thought perhaps you would let me *peep* in if I won't make *too* much noise, and "obey orders," for I *do* want to get a sight of some of those "bright particular stars," whose productions appear in the "Monthly Chat;" and I hope *soon* to see some of those extracts from "Nip," which, of *course*, will be *very* interesting.

There, I think I have introduced myself *rather* informally. But I am going to *try* and get acquainted with the Cousins, Uncles, and *Aunt Sue especially*.

CARL.

UNCLE HI:—I am, in reality, so afraid of getting "sold," that unless you give me your parole d'honneur that *there is a letter* for me at A—, I will not commit myself so far as to send for it.

Cousins, I have some news to tell you. On the 20th of August I leave my native shores for Europe. As peace has been made, there are no further obstacles to prevent our journey. I have made arrangements to have the MERRY sent regularly every month; so I shall still hear from you, though the ocean rolls

between us. If I can find time, amid all the sight-seeing I expect to do, I will write to you once in a while, providing I can persuade some of my friends at A—to copy my letters “on one side.”

Uncle Hi, I've come to the conclusion that my *nom de plume* is not half as pretty as my real name—so I've concluded to appear before the public in the latter, thinking I've as much a right to do so as W. H. Coleman, Adelbert O——, and a host of others.

So henceforth, Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, forget “Oriana,” and only remember in her place, SYBIL GREY.

P. S.—When is that picture of Aunt Sue and Uncle Merry forthcoming, W. H. C.? I'm half afraid, Cousins, that you will still consider my name as a *nom de plume*, as it is rather fanciful. But I assure you it is a family name, borne by aunts and grandmothers, and I was named after my great aunt. So, at least Uncle Hi will be contented, and able to sleep nights without “Oriana's” mingling in his nightmares.

I could almost hope, Sybil, that you might never change your name. But, skeptic, listen to me: with my own two eyes did I see that letter—I mean the envelop, for its seal (not to say gum) was intact; and it was directed to “Oriana.” We—the Merry Hydra—held a council of war over it, and concluded to send it to A——. I only hope it won't “spoil by keeping.”

Enter Black-Eyes, shawl-enwrapped.

July 6, 1859.

Have any of you seen anything of the truant Summer? She promised to be here some time ago, but the glowing fire by which I write best shows how the promise was kept. If any of you see her, please jog her memory; for celebrating the Fourth, wrapt in shawls, ain't the pleasantest thing in the world.

But I came in to say a few brief sayings, and must be at it, or—oh! that hatchet!

How do you do, Nip, dear? I really thought you had forgotten us. But no, you are the same, Nip. Hope you won't nip us, as the frost did a few weeks ago.

Humph! Somebody's elder brother considers some people as “myths.” Must I feel insulted 'cause my name is in the

list, and protest against any such considerations? I guess if he had seen me enjoying the woods, day before yesterday, he would have thought “myths” could be tolerably active sometimes.

No, “Ann Louisa Snow” (what, in the name of brevity, do they call you at home, “for short?”), it wasn't Black-Eyes you saw, if you described right. But, nevertheless, you may be introduced when you do see the right one.

Allow me to congratulate Annie W. N. on her success in the prize venture. I knew it was “ark,” but could not fix it all up.

“Uncle Frank is dead!” The words were the first I saw on opening the book; but we are all prone to speak of sad things last. We shall miss his kind presence. His smile, his voice. But we know better beings than ourselves missed him from their circle, and he has but “gone home.”

BLACK-EYES.

BELOIT, Aug. 10, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—POOR Richard says, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will not learn in any other.” I wonder if he found it so by “sweet experience,” as his language would indicate, or was it of the opposite quality, as mine is? If it were not for just two things, I believe I would really be provoked; but Mons. Anger has never proved himself a very good paymaster, and Conscience whispers that *self* is chiefly in fault, so I'll try to “make the best of the matter.”

And so some (the whole *sum*?) of the Merry family I shall see before the close of summer. Daily I shall watch for the keen visage of one well known to the Chatterers; or, will it be the smiling, Merry face, equally well known? A good, long visit it must be, too—remember that, most Hon. Sue. Ye who have become so “thin” and “sharp” by friction with the busy, hurrying throng, that even a scratch makes a fearful impression, even upon “lookers on,” come into the country, inhale its pure air, taste its luscious fruits, leave dingy offices, though graced by gems of thought and (auto)graphic pictures. and chat *in reality* with the originals, clasp the hand warmed by the heart's life-blood. converse in nature's language, “laugh and grow fat,” and the rounded angles will not grate as harshly as before; at least upon those who have learned to discover their hidden value. But *if* I should not receive a visit, I should surely think or

do something desperate—wish I had not “paid up”—or something as bad, or worse. It has always been said I could not *scold*, but we'll see; perhaps I'll take a special course of training.

Is Grandmother Sapiens, after raising so many high expectations, going to withdraw the support of those venerable “pillars,” and let them all be crushed? Where is Winona, Pansy, etc.? Glad to see Nip back, though perhaps I should not *say* so, as I am not one of the old Chatterers. With much love to all, and a kiss for yourself,

Your affectionate niece,

LILA.

The warm greetings of last year are not forgotten, Lila, and if not repeated this year, it will be no fault of ours. We shall try and visit your State very soon.

HARRISON, July 9, 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I take the privilege to send you a letter, which, if it receives a place in your “Chat,” is really more than it deserves; but before you pitch it into your all-devouring basket, beneath the table, do not forget to take the money which it contains for my subscription.

We have received your very excellent number of the MUSEUM for July—may they all be as good.

For the first time I have ever written to your “Monthly Chat,” I send you some answers, also an Enigma and Charade, which, if you think worthy, you may please insert.

And I remain your friend, most truly,
HENRY BOWLES.

FOND DU LAC, July 7, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Will you please give me a place among the “20,000 Merry Cousins?” If I am way out in Wisconsin, you mustn't suppose that I am anywhere near the “jumping-off place,” or that we are all savages out here, not by any means. I live in the city of Fond du Lac, which contains about 8,000 inhabitants. We have some very nice stores here, and a great many pretty dwelling houses, and we have also quite a number of churches and schools. We have one high school, which I attend, and I have very excellent teachers.

But I declare I have almost forgotten how you look, for I have not seen you for

nearly two years. I remember that one evening when you were at our house in Brooklyn, you took me in your lap, and that you were very benevolent-looking, and were very fond of children.

I like your MUSEUM *first-rate*, and especially the “Chat;” and I have fine times trying to puzzle out those enigmas and conundrums. But I must stop, or the next thing I know, the “hatchet” will be flourishing around me.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

MEXICO, July 9, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Please introduce a bashful Cousin to Aunt Sue, and all the rest of the Chat. I have only taken the CABINET part of one year, but I like it very much. I heard of the death of Uncle Frank with much sorrow. When you come our way, please come and see us. But I am afraid, if I don't stop, the hatchet will lop my head off. Give my love to Uncle Merry, and all the rest.

WALTER C. STONE.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

May I come in again, Uncle Merry? You surely have not forgotten your wild little niece, with the half-frightened eyes and tangled curls, who, not long ago, presented herself before you without an introduction. Ah, no; I see by the genial smile on your good-humored face, and the kindly extended hand, that I am welcome, and, with a bound, I am by your side. Now let me nestle close at your feet, and lay my hand confidingly in yours. Mamma said I might come, please sir, and don't you see how nicely she has wound my curls over her finger, and parted it evenly on my forehead—and this bright gingham frock was made for the occasion. My heart beats a little to find myself among so many strange faces; but I hope the cousins will not feel jealous of the attention my good uncle bestows upon me. My father, dear Uncle Hi, has a large library of choice books, in elegant bindings; but there is not one among them all I prize more highly than the CABINET. When that gem reaches me, I sit down and feast upon its pages, feeling much, when done, as though just returned from a real visit with you all, with your good instructions still sounding in my ears, and your good-bye kisses still lingering on my lips. Ah, dear Aunt Fanny, I love her more and more for her beautiful gift. Its letters are so refreshing, its instruc-

tions so elevating, its stories so interesting, and then, it has been the means of giving me a place in the heart of a new uncle. But I see I am taking up too much time, so let me slip away and give the rest a chance.

ADA.

Welcome again, Ada, to our circle—"thrice welcome"—for we well remember the warm welcome we received last year in your pleasant town, and would again love to meet the Merrys there in the "Arbor." Come often, Ada—a place will always be reserved for you.

LOCUST HILL, Aug. 10, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I received the MUSEUM last night—seems to me it was a long time coming; but then I am like "Fleta Forrester," "way up here" in the wilds of Wisconsin. I am rustivating, in every sense of the word; and I suppose "Fairy Jane" would pity me, for I haven't seen a "boy" since I have been here—fortunately, I can survive *that* death.

So, "Nip," you are at home—you have my welcome.

"Fleta," no doubt you believe brevity "good enough as a *theory*." You can't even let Uncle Hiram's *brief* name alone, but add two more syllables, parenthetically. "Nettie," you see I have answered your summons. Uncle Merry, I think the Merry family should wear a badge; if we meet while journeying during the summer months, it would be pleasant to recognize each other. Chickasaw Indian, don't suggest a ring in our noses.

Good-bye.

ANNIE.

We quite agree with you about the badge; and, as we hope soon to "journey" toward "Locust Hill," we shall be on the look-out for the *Young Merrys*.

TUSCALOOSA, June 25, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I would like you to be here, and see how you liked Tuscaloosa. I am going to school in the country, to a Frenchman. We had a large examination on the 23d of June, and it is now vacation. How I would be delighted to form an acquaintance with Aunt Sue and Uncle Hiram, if I knew how! I wish I could join the circle of little cousins, but as I am a little girl of thirteen, I will not dare to ask.

ANNIE E. S. WEDGORTH.

CARL.—We are much obliged to you for copying and sending riddles, etc.; but we want none but original matter in that line.

PETER H. L.—Many thanks for your enigma; after the trouble you have taken to concoct and write it, it seems ungracious not to use it; but, really, "109 letters" make too long an enigma. More than 40 letters make a tedious business of what should be an agreeable and improving pastime.

UNCLE JOE answers the whole twelve questions.

H. BOWLES answers Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9, and 10.

ILLALDORAMA answers Nos. 3, 5, and 8.

R. H. LOUGHRIDGE Nos. 67 and 74.

We are indebted for enigmas, etc., to Illaldorama, A. I., Peter L. Vanderwood, H. Bowles, Robert H. Loughridge, Uncle Joe, Bessie Johnston, D. Bell Butler, and Young Joe.

NATURE'S SCHOOL; *or, Lessons from the Garden and the Field. Am. Sunday-School Union.*

The title of this little book very prettily indicates its character. The child is taken by the hand and led through "the garden and the field," and there taught to "look through nature up to nature's God." From the teachings of nature are also drawn various useful lessons of practical life, exciting and cultivating the higher affections and emotions of the soul. We wish it was in the hands of every one of the Merry family.

CHLOE LANKTON; *or, Light beyond the Clouds. Am. Sunday-School Union.*

A very interesting and deeply affecting story of real life, showing how faith and patience can triumph over trial and suffering, and how sweetly the "light beyond the clouds" may shine through, to cheer and strengthen the sufferer, and to manifest the riches of that grace which makes the weak strong, the poor rich, the ignorant wise, and exalts the most lowly to an exalted communion with angels.

ELLEN MORDAUNT; or, *the Fruits of True Religion. Am. Sunday-School Union.*

We have here a very pleasant narrative of the visit of a religious family to sundry interesting places on the continent of Europe, of the trials experienced there, and of their return to the home of their love. The preface informs us that it is not fiction. It may therefore be enjoyed and improved as an interesting chapter of Christian experience. We cheerfully commend the publications of the Am. S. S. Union to all in search of wholesome reading for the young.

THE FAMILY TREASURY OF SABBATH READING. *Edited by Rev. Andrew Cameron. Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons. London and New York.*

This is a new English magazine, issued in monthly parts, and filled exclusively with matter suitable for *Sunday reading*. It contains articles written by the most eminent clergymen of all Christian denominations, both in England and America, without any taint of denominationism or sectarianism. There are in each monthly part seventy-two imperial octavo pages, in double columns, or eight hundred and sixty-four pages in a year—equal in amount to about eight ordinary duodecimo volumes. Part I., which is now before us, has nearly one hundred choice articles in prose and poetry; and among the authors we notice Dr. Wayland, Dr. Todd, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, and other equally popular names. We heart-

ily recommend it to all families who value sound religious literature, and who wish to be particular what they give their children to read on the Sabbath; a portion of each number will contain a "*Children's Treasury*," and a series of "*Home Lessons for the Lord's Day*." It is printed on fine calendered paper, in the very best style, and the price is only *two dollars* a year. Specimens sent, post-paid, for 25 cents. Subscriptions received by D. A. Woodworth.

THE LADIES' HAND-BOOK OF FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL WORK. *Illustrated with 262 Engravings. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.*

An indispensable work for the ladies, containing plain and practical directions for needle and fancy work of all kinds, profusely illustrated. It contains a large number of working patterns, many of them original ones, by the compiler.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, the following choice songs: "*Home of our Birth*;" "*Sarah Jane Lee*;" "*Ever of Thee*," as sung by those sweet singers, the Tremaine Family.

Also, "*The Thomas Baker Schottisch*," and "*With Doubt and Trembling I Whispered in Her Ear*."

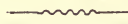
Mr. Waters has also published an enlarged edition of the "*Sabbath-School Bell*," containing 151 hymns and tunes. We know of no collection the children love to sing from better than this. Two of its tunes will be found in this number.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in July No.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Lade, lead, deal, dale. 2. Roan-oak. 3. Preserved pears (pairs). 4. They have eyes, but they see not; and ears, but they hear not. 5 They are more for ornament than for use. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Man-chin-eel 7. 198. 8. Night mare. 9. It is divided in-to-nations. 10. When he is packing-ham (Packing-ham). 11. Snail, nail, ail. |
|--|---|

12. The rose shall cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove.
The stream shall cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love;
The sun shall cease to shine,
The earth shall cease to move
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love



Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

23. When does a candle resemble a tombstone? *Charlie.*
24. Why is a colt getting broke like a lady getting married? *Charlie.*
25. Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? *Charlie.*
26. There is only one English word that ends in *i*. What is it? *Hal.*
27. What is most remarkable in the treatment of pigs? *C. F. W.*
28. My first may be fashioned of iron or wood,
And at window or door for safety is placed;
In a village or town it does more harm than good,
And leads people their health, time, and money to waste.

My second's a lady, bewitching and fair,
And for love of her, people will labor and strive;
Will rise before dawn and be wearied with care,
And pursue her with ardor as long as they live.

My whole is what ladies admire and approve,
The shopkeeper's boast and the purchaser's prize;
'Tis a ninepenny chintz, 'tis a oneshilling glove,
It is something which makes people open their eyes.

29. Tremble lances pastimes and cart corn r curious fenced purchase the labors of any other drink small preposition ist whoever wrote. *A. Older.*
30. Why is yesterday like an amusing game? *A. Older.*
31. When Joseph from his father's care Was by his brethren torn,
And grieved and weeping in despair,
Far from his home was borne;

And when their consciences reprov-
ed,
And made them fear the worst,
The brother whom they should have loved,
They put into my first.

And when the summer sun shines bright,
And all the world is merry,
My second comes before your sight,
If you divide a cherry.

And when the patriarch's servant saw,
As Bible histories tell;
The fair Rebecca come to draw
Fresh water from the well;

With joy the maiden he beheld;
Love, pleasure, filled his soul;
Stooping, his transports he withheld,
And for her filled my whole.

32. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.*

Music Arr. by H. WATERS.

1 I ought to love my mother;— She lov'd me long a-go: There is on earth no oth-er That
2 When in my cradle ly-ing, Or on her lov-ing breast, She gent-ly hushed my crying, And

ev-er loved me so, When a weak babe, much tri-al I caused her, and much
rock'd her babe to rest, When a-ny thing has ailed me, To her I told my

care; For me no self-de-ni-al Nor la-bor did she spare.
grief; Her fond love nev-er failed me, In find-ing some re-lief.

3 What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?—
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

4 When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such help as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can nev'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

S. J. VAIL.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful ci-ti that I love,
2. Beau-ti-ful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white,

Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light;
Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps through all the choir;

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pens those pearl-y gates to me.
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing at the Saviour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to 'his heavenly home with me.



THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE.

Oh! go not on the ocean—
 Tempt not the stormy sea,
 So full of dark commotion,
 So terrible to me!
 Oh! stay, my noble brother,
 No longer wildly roam—
 Stay, cheer our good old mother,
 In our sweet cottage home.

Nay, urge me not, kind sister,
 I glory in the strife;
 And this calm, placid home-life
 Seems not to me like life.
 I love the bounding billow,
 And I was born to roam—
 The storm-wave for my pillow,
 The ocean for my home.

Our cottage home is pleasant,
 And once I loved to rove
 With groups of laughing childhood,
 Through, valley, glen, and grove.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII.—7

But oh! the lordly ocean,
 The wave-crest and the foam,
 With all its wild commotion,
 Is now the sailor's home.

I love that dear old mother—
 I often hear her pray,
 And feel her blessing on me,
 When I am far away.
 Old ocean swelling round me,
 No roof but heaven's high dome,
 With half the globe between us—
 My heart is still at home.

Then take a brother's blessing,
 The warm and earnest prayer
 Of a heart that bears you with him,
 Always and everywhere.
 God bless our dear old mother,
 And may the day ne'er come,
 That from the sea returning,
 I miss her in our home.

FRANK FARLEY.

BY H. H.



QUIET, boys, be quiet!" cried the village school-master, but all in vain; the school-house door was thrown open, and the noisy crowd — laughing, shouting, running, leaping—rushed out into the cool, refreshing air.

Several of the larger boys gathered in one corner of the play-ground, and began eagerly to discuss some plan for the afternoon's amusement.

"Come, Frank," said James Baker, the oldest of the group, "I thought we had all resolved to go up to Sunset Rock to-night?"

"So we had," answered Frank; "but Charley, here, seemed to have planned for a visit to the chestnuts."

"Oh, that's easily enough put off," answered James.

"Besides, there are plenty of chestnuts on our way to the Rock," added Henry Wilson.

"Then 'tis decided that we go," said James, putting his arm into Frank's, and walking off with him. "I don't know how we ever lived here in Riverton before you came, Frank—you seem so necessary to us now," he added, affectionately.

"Yes," said Charley, who had come near enough to hear, "you come here and take all our prizes, and yet are our favorite, too; isn't it strange?"

"Not quite *all* the prizes, Charley," said Frank, pleasantly; "I think you

had one for writing, and Henry, here, took no less than three."

"Yes, that's so," said Charley; "but for all that, when James always took the lead in everything, I wouldn't have believed that any one would come in and take his place and not make trouble in the school."

"That's just it," said Henry, as the two boys fell a little behind. "Frank don't take Jim's place, he's too quiet for that; he's first *scholar*, I know, but he isn't first *boy*."

"Why, Henry," said Charley, "I think Frank Farley's wishes are consulted more than any boy's in school. Why, even Mr. Packman listens to him; to be sure, he very seldom interferes in anything."

"The fact is, Charley," said Henry, in a confidential tone, "Frank is good enough, I know—I haven't any fault to find with him; but I can't take such a wonderful fancy to him as Jim and the master have."

"Oh, you will like him just as much when you know him better," said Charley.

"I tell you I shall not, he is too quiet; he is always right because he's afraid to do wrong, or even to have a little fun. I don't believe there's the least spark of spirit in him."

By this time they had reached the chestnut trees, and concluded to stop a few moments and gather some, for the frost of the night before had opened them nicely.

While thus engaged, James exclaimed—

"Why, boys, did you know that the old cottage there was inhabited?"

"No, indeed," answered Henry and

Charley at once; "who could live in such a place?"

"Somebody who will never live in a better, I think," said Frank; "the father is a dreadfully wicked man, and all the family are pretty bad."

"How do you know?" asked Henry.

the drunken father beating her; he won't bear interference."

"But he may kill her," said Frank, "and the sight of strangers may calm him;" and he hurried forward.

"Strangers calm *him!* I rather think not," said Henry, shrugging his



"My father visits the poor, you know," said Frank.

"Just hear those screams," cried James, as a terrible cry came from the dilapidated cottage.

"It is a little girl's voice," said Frank; "let's go and stop it."

"Stop it!" exclaimed Henry; "it is

shoulders. "I see the man now, and I saw him at the tavern last week. Strangers do not trouble *him* much."

By this time the door was thrown open, and a little girl ran out, and almost flew across the field toward the road where the boys were standing; a little dog was following fast at her

heels, and she was sobbing, and every now and then crying out, with a short, sharp cry of pain. She did not stop when she saw the boys, but hurried on, as if afraid to wait for a moment or to look behind.

"Oh, how dreadful it must be to have such a father!" said Frank, as he returned to the chestnut trees.

Again they heard that scream from another direction, and, springing up, ran down the road where the little girl had disappeared. There she was, leaning over her little dog, who was whining painfully from a severe cut on his leg, while two rough boys were standing near, evidently threatening her.

Just as Frank came in sight, one of the boys threw a large stone, which struck the poor dog on the head, causing him to howl fearfully.

"There, girl," he exclaimed, in a rough, coarse tone, "I'll give you something to scream for, if you *will* scream."

"Stop that!" cried Frank, rushing up as the cruel boy picked up another stone to throw; "that poor child has had enough for to-day."

"How do you know?" cried the boy, infuriated by this interference, and springing forward on Frank, who was too cool to be taken by surprise, and who, though small and slight, was agile and skillful, and quickly warded off the blow that was aimed at him.

While his antagonist took breath for another spring and blow, Frank straightened himself up, and folding his arms, stood quietly in front of the little girl.

"I do not mean to fight you," said he, calmly, "so you need not prepare; but I do mean to take your sister away from you, since you treat her so cruelly."

The boys scowled angrily at him, while he kindly offered the little girl his hand and lifted her up from the ground, then took the dog in his arms and turned to his companions. Probably it was the sight of them which prevented the two boys from wreaking their vengeance on Frank. As it was, they turned away swearing at him, and promising to pay him off some day.

"What shall we do now with this little girl?" asked James, when they had once more returned to the chestnut trees.

"I don't know," said Frank; "I can't send her home—her father would beat her more than ever."

"And you can't leave her anywhere here for fear of those brothers of hers," said Charley.

"Take her with us to Sunset Rock," suggested Henry.

"She could not climb there," said Frank; "besides, I think I had better take her home to my mother, then I can tell the story and be advised what to do."

"And lose your whole afternoon's pleasure," said Henry, regretfully.

"Oh, no, I shall enjoy my walk, and the chestnuts, and thinking that this little creature is safe for a while."

"How did you dare interfere with the boy?" asked Charley; "he looked so angry I thought he would kill you."

"I wouldn't have run the risk of a broken nose or black eye for such a little ragamuffin girl as that, either," said Henry.

"I don't see that it makes much difference whether she is in rags or silks," said Frank, indignantly. "I have always been taught to protect the right against the wrong, just as far as I was able, especially when the right is weak and helpless."

"You'd make a good knight of old times," said Henry, sneeringly.

"I think in the matter of championship and gentle regard for others, we need not be ashamed to copy them," answered Frank.

"Where *did* you get such grand notions, Frank?" asked Charley, wonderingly.

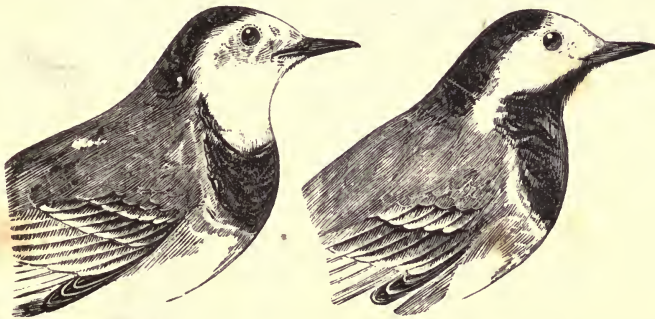
"They're not very *grand*, that I know of," said Frank, laughing; "but my mother taught them to me. She made me very gentle and watchful to my little sister, and I am so glad, for when she died, I should have felt *so* badly to remember any unkindness to her."

Annie was still sobbing when the boys reached Frank's home, and to quiet her he called his two white doves, and showed how tame they were, and how

to induce her parents to send her to school, she felt almost happy.

Fortunately for Annie, her father was quite calmed down when she came back, and Mrs. Farley's manner or voice—or perhaps the promises of reward she made—so won upon her mother that she actually agreed to let her go to school every day. Annie fairly danced for joy when the matter was settled, and when Mrs. Farley told her that she must be very clean and neat to go to school, and offered to give her a little dress to wear there.

Annie was as clean and neat as a girl could be when she came the next morning to get the promised dress, for she had spent hours in trying to make herself nice. Mrs. Farley praised her for her pains, and put on a pretty calico dress that had once been her



prettily they fed from his hand. She was very fond of such little creatures, and soon became interested in watching them, and then Frank took her into the house.

Little Annie Dart was at first very much frightened when Frank led her into the large, beautiful parlor, and gave her in charge of his mother. But Mrs. Farley's kind words and pleasant smile soon reassured her, and she told all her grief; and when Mrs. Farley offered to go home with her, and try

own little girl's, and then she brushed Annie's hair, which was soft and curly, off from her forehead, and made it hang in pretty ringlets, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, Annie, you look now like my dear little Ellie."

Frank was quite proud of the new scholar he brought to school that morning, and even Henry Wilson said, "Frank has certainly turned the ragamuffin into a very pretty girl; but I prophesy that the change won't last long," he added.

Frank was ready to defend Annie and the continuance of her good behavior forever—but, alas! the third day Annie was absent from school; two more days passed, still she did not come, and Frank walked down to the old hut with his mother to know the reason why.

Annie was sitting in the doorway; and when she saw her friends coming, she sprang up to run and meet them; but she only took one step forward; then she stopped, as if ashamed, and remained standing timidly there until they came to her.

"Why, Annie," said Mrs. Farley, "what is the matter? you are not sick, and yet you stay away from school."

Annie burst into tears, and her mother came to the door and said—

"Sure, ma'am, it isn't the child's fault she don't go, but the ould man went off a drinkin', and he took the dress with him, and now she hasn't any."

"If I should give her another, could you keep it safe away from him, so that she should have it?" asked Mrs. Farley.

"Indade, ma'am, I might for a while, but maybe the time would come when I'd let him have it, an' welcome, for you see I takes a drop meself once in a while," said Mrs. Dart.

"I don't know what I can do for you, poor Annie," said Mrs. Farley, kindly.

"Maybe you couldn't keep a dacent dress for her an' let her come to your house every day to put it on?" said Mrs. Dart. "I'd like Annie to get a bit o' larnin', an' I'm a dacent enough woman, an' a kind one, too, when I'm sober; ain't I, Annie?"

"Yes, indeed, mother," said Annie, caressingly.

After some more conversation Mrs. Farley decided to do as Mrs. Dart proposed, and day after day Annie went to her house, put on the clean frock that was waiting for her, and went to school, and then changed it for her own rags before she returned home.

But better days were coming for Annie; her father died in a fit of drunkenness, her brothers ran away with some wicked men, and her mother was determined to go to New York, where she used to live.

Mrs. Farley had grown to love Annie, and felt that she could not let her go, so, after much persuasion, her mother at last consented to give her up to become Frank's adopted sister.

Never was a happier child than Annie when received into her new home. Frank gave her his own canary bird to take care of, and her pet



dog had a place for himself in the yard. She grew up to be a very good, intelligent girl, and repaid, by her gentleness and loving ways, her kind adopted parents for all their care.

"Now what do you think of Frank's ragamuffin?" asked James Baker of Henry Wilson, one afternoon, as she tripped gayly by them on her way home, singing with a clear, sweet voice a new song, in the chorus of which her companions joined.

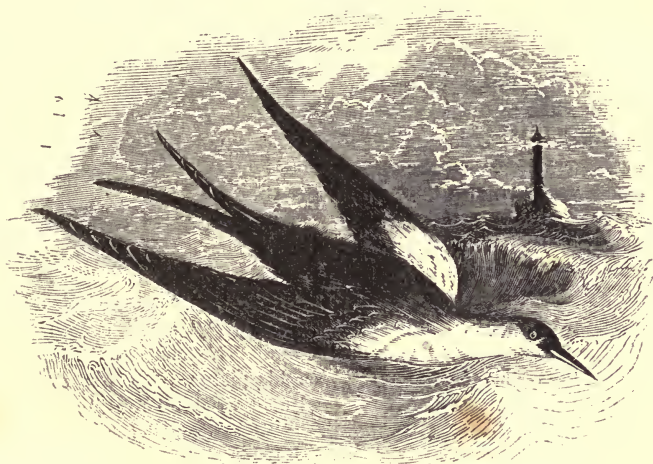
"I say she's a wonder; she sings better now than any girl in school, and she is as pretty and lady-like as the best of them."

"And how kind Frank is to her!"

said James. "No kinder than he was before she was his sister, though."

"I never saw such a boy," said Henry; "so gentle, and yet so brave; he wouldn't do a mean thing for the world, I believe."

"That he wouldn't," exclaimed James, warmly; "and he is gentle, because he says that is the only way to be a real gentleman. It means *gentle man* he says, and I rather think he is right."



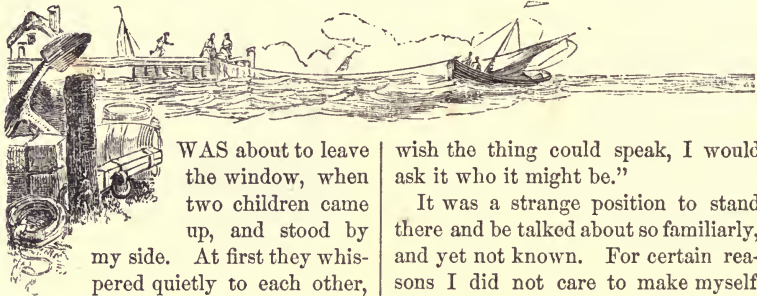
THE SWALLOW-TAILED KITE

IS an inhabitant of North America. It feeds on the wing, like the swallow, pursuing the large moths and other insects with ease and rapidity. These insects are not their only food; Audubon says they eat large grasshoppers, caterpillars, small snakes, lizards, and frogs. They fly close over the fields, secure a snake, and holding it fast by the neck, carry it off, and devour it in the air. Its nest is upon the top of an old pine or oak;

eggs from four to six, of a greenish white, and spotted with brown at the large end. Its length is two feet.

THERE is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide-spread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



WAS about to leave the window, when two children came up, and stood by my side. At first they whispered quietly to each other, as if they were unwilling to disturb my thoughts. But I heard all they said, thinking I could not better finish my lesson in the study of human nature, at that show window, than by listening to its natural utterances out of the mouths of children. It was a running commentary on all the varieties of character shown up there. It was astonishing how well and how aptly the prominent features of each picture were hit off, generally in a single word. "Stiff," "sweet," "pretty," "proud," "dark," "hateful," "lovely," "beautiful," "sweet enough to be Aunt Bessy herself"—in the midst of which the boy shouted—

"Oh! Laura, don't that look like Peter Parley?"

"Yes, it does," replied Laura; "that must surely be Uncle Peter—just as he looks in the books. I wish I could see the good old man himself, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," answered the boy. "But see here, Laura, did you ever see such a sharp face, in your life, as this. I am sure this must be—"

"Uncle Hiram!" shouted Laura. "I do believe it is. Isn't he a funny-looking man?"

"Well, if it isn't Uncle Hiram," said the boy, "it ought to be. It is one of the Hatchet family, I am sure. I

wish the thing could speak, I would ask it who it might be."

It was a strange position to stand there and be talked about so familiarly, and yet not known. For certain reasons I did not care to make myself known then, though I could not refrain from cultivating a little nearer acquaintance with my young friends, and finding out where they lived, so that I might call and see them at home.

"Well, Laura, my dear," said I, "that is not Peter Parley, though it does look something like his picture in the MUSEUM."

Laura looked at me with surprise, almost fear. Her brother eyed me sharply, and said—

"Who is it, sir, if you please?"

"I do not know," I replied; "but it is not Mr. Goodrich. You could not see his picture, if it was a true one, without speaking to it."

"Why so, sir?" asked George.

"Because it would speak to you, right out."

"Why, sir, if you please, pictures can't talk."

"Some pictures can. Have you a good picture of your mother at home?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a very fine one, and baby wants to kiss it every time he sees it. One day, when mother was away, and baby cried, we showed him the picture, and he stopped crying, and in a few minutes fell asleep."

"Yes, the picture spoke to him, though it did not say a word—and so a good picture of Peter Parley would

“speak to you, or to any of the Merry family. You could hardly help knowing it at once by—”

“But, please sir,” interrupted Laura, suddenly drawn off to the other picture, “is this Uncle Hiram Hatchet?”

“Do you know Uncle Hiram?” asked George in the same breath.

“Yes, I am acquainted with the man who goes by that name,” I replied, answering the last question first.

“Do, please tell me,” cried Laura, earnestly, “does he look anything like this?”

“Not very much,” I replied; “but he is just about as corpulent.”

“Corpulent!” shouted George, with a merry laugh, “corpulent as a split wafer. But *is* Uncle Hiram as thin as that?”

“Yes, I think he *is*—quite as thin, though not perhaps as sharp-looking. Has he ever told you, in the MUSEUM, what a crazy woman once said to him?”

“I think not, sir. If he has, I do not now remember it.”

“Well, this woman was a neighbor of his, a great talker, and said what she pleased to everybody. Meeting Uncle Hiram one day, she inquired for his health.

“‘Never better,’ he replied. ‘Indeed, I am afraid I am getting too corpulent.’

“‘Corpulent!’ she exclaimed, with an indescribable look of half scorn, half merriment, ‘corpulent as a clothes line!’”

My young friends laughed heartily, little suspecting with whom they were talking, and quite too polite to ask any very close questions. I enjoyed their embarrassment, and approved their politeness, and meant they should be reminded of it at some future time. I came within an ace, however, of being caught and exposed where I

was. My old friend, Jack Downing, came along, while I was talking, and was about to salute me in his wonted cordial style; but I gave him a sign, which he understood, and so passed on; and, after a little more talk with my young friends, I passed on too.

SONG.

Oh! eyes are beaming brightly,
That care may dim with tears;
And hearts now bounding lightly,
May break with coming years.
And cheeks as fair as roses,
And lips with smiles aglow,
Where blooming health reposes,
May rival driven snow.

The sweetest earthly pleasures
Are fleeting as the day;
And all our cherished treasures
Are hastening to decay.
And tongues, with gladness singing,
May chant a song of sorrow—
As bells, now gayly ringing,
May toll a dirge to-morrow.

Ere childhood's bloom has faded,
Ere woe or want have come,
And pain thy rest invaded,
Think of thy heavenly home.
When earthly ties are riven,
Oh! turn to God above;
For he to us has given
The promise of his love.

MATTIE BELL.

THE RAINBOW.

DID the angels hang it out, mother,
That glorious bow I see?
Have the spirits such a banner
As now is shown to me?
It *was* reached down from heaven,
Dear mother, I can not doubt;
So tell your own dear Willie—
Did the *angels* hang it out?



CASTLES.

EVERYBODY'S building castles,

Everywhere :

On rock, on earth, some choose to
Some on air. [dazzle,

Kings and bandits, lords and barons,
To rock betake them,
Which the storm and flood may wear on,
And not shake them.

These come down from by-gone ages,
Firm and strong ;
Famous in historic pages,
And in song ;

Them in many an ancient story
We behold
Blood-stained, moss-grown, and hoary,
Grim and cold ;

Great men built them ; but I'm think-
They wiser are [ing
From these gloomy prisons shrinking,
Who build on air.

The advantages of this are many,
As I can show ;
And, if you'll try, I'll bet a penny
You'll find it so.

First, you are the architect and builder,
Lay every stone ;
Contriver, framer, painter, gilder—
Yourself alone.

Then, in a mansion so ethereal,
It is plain
You're at no cost for the material,
Which is great gain.

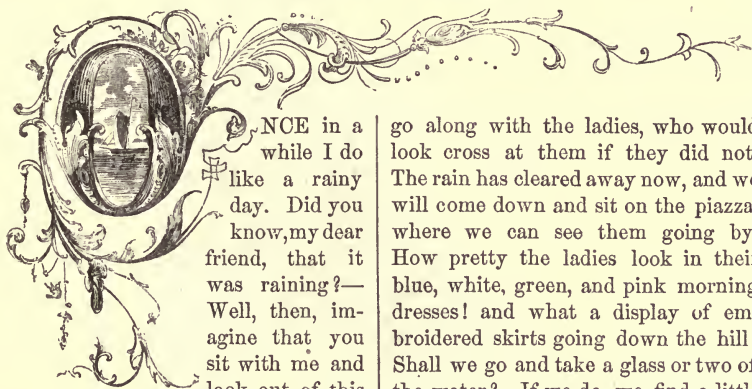
Then, if you chance to find aught in it
To vex or bother,
In just the twinkling of a minute
You build another.

If you would have it warmer, colder,
On any day,
You can just put it on your shoulder,
And move away.

Let who will choose York, Rome, or
Mar's-Hill,
Their house to bear
I much prefer to build my castle
In the air.

I have erected several hundred,
Fair and grand,-
And myself have often wondered
How well they stand.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.



NICE in a while I do like a rainy day. Did you know, my dear friend, that it was raining?—Well, then, imagine that you sit with me and look out of this window into the garden. Don't you see the drops against the lilac bushes, and between you and the barn beyond?

How black the window in the barn looks, and how white its whitewashed door! Do you know what bright flame-colored streak that is along the ground? It is the tomatoes they have picked off the vines, and laid along on a board to ripen. I guess they ought to have taken them in before it began to rain.

Were you ever at Saratoga Springs? Do you remember the great hotels, with their long piazzas; and the beautiful Congress grounds, with their neatly-kept walks, velvety grass, and clump of tall pines? Did you ever have a ride on the circular railway, or go down to the Indian encampment close by? At any rate, you know people come here every summer to drink the water from the different springs, and enjoy themselves walking and riding about. Before six o'clock each morning, they begin to walk to the springs. Some of the gentlemen look blue and cold; perhaps they think it is all nonsense to drink so much of the water; but they have to

go along with the ladies, who would look cross at them if they did not. The rain has cleared away now, and we will come down and sit on the piazza, where we can see them going by. How pretty the ladies look in their blue, white, green, and pink morning dresses! and what a display of embroidered skirts going down the hill! Shall we go and take a glass or two of the water? If we do, we find a little "dipper-boy," who stands by the place where the water bubbles up (a very damp, cold place—I should think his feet would be wet all the time), and keeps putting down into it a long stick, which has tin places to hold tumblers in at the end of it. The dipper-boys have to stand there all day and keep dipping up water for the people who come around. Anybody who likes gets them money, and at the end of the season the boys divide it equally. This is their pay for their summer's work. The villagers get a pitcher, or tin-pailful, each morning, to make bread with. Yes! it is very good to make bread with, instead of yeast, especially the Empire water, which is the strongest. At one place, a little out of the village, there are ten springs in a field, all different, though they have very much the same taste at first; each is fixed with a wooden tube around it, and the water bubbles up, and runs over all the time. There are no dipper-boys there. If there were, they would not have many people to dip for—except the cows! So everybody who goes to the ten springs helps himself.

E.



IMPERIAL PROCESSION OF THE GRAND MOGUL.

THE MOGUL EMPIRE.

THOSE vast regions, almost unknown, which lie along the bases of the Himalaya Mountains, occupying the temperate zone of Eastern Asia, have had a dark and wonderful history. Peopled by the descendants of Shem, and for long ages shut out from communication with the world, and from a share in its history, it was a world by itself, and had a history of its own. That history is not written out in full, but we have here and there glimpses of its great features, and imitations of its long, dark, tragic scenes, to make us weep that so fair a portion of the earth should be so long filled with the habitations of cruelty.

Among the most remarkable of the developments of that unwritten history is the brief but brilliant story of the Mogul Empire. It was an offset from the widely scattered fragments of the Tartar Empires, and transplanted itself, during the fifteenth century, upon the genial soil of Hindostan, occupying very nearly the whole peninsula. Here it attracted the admiring gaze of the Western nations, and was regarded as a marvel of grandeur, magnificence, and power. The maritime discoveries and nautical enterprises of Portugal and Spain were then in their highest development, and the eyes of all Europe were turned to India and the "gorgeous East," which became, for centuries, the region of fable, investing the word ORIENTAL with all that is glorious and extravagant in poetry, and all that is mysterious and exciting in fiction.

Of all this ancient splendor, little now remains but the shadow. Subdued by one another, broken into inferior kingdoms, and without a Tamerlane or a Genghis Khan to re-unite and marshal them against the world,

they have, piece by piece, fallen into the hands of the Western invaders, and become slaves to the commercial aggrandizement of Europe. Their kings are pensioners upon the bounty of the conquerors, and their people the subjects of a two-fold bondage—first to their native rulers, but next and chiefly to the hard exactions of their new masters. In the mysterious providence of God, all this seems to be working out the great prophetic design of evangelization. Christianity, though under the unfavorable auspices of conquest and oppression, is taking quiet possession of the field. It has many difficulties to contend with in the natural prejudices of the people against their conquerors and oppressors, in their system of caste and idolatry, and in the learning and philosophy of the educated classes. But, with all these difficulties, great progress has been made, and great encouragements are held out to perseverance, faith, and prayer.

TAME FISH.—Who would ever believe that such timid little creatures as fishes could be tamed. Yet they have been. Here is a pond, about two miles round, near Aton Bay, New Hampshire, which is full of tame fish. A stranger may stand on the shore and call them, and they will come fearlessly and eat out of his hand, if he will put it under the water for them. They are never taken from the pond, and need not be afraid of a cruel hook hid in some tempting bait.

How much gentleness and love will do! If by these we can teach fishes to trust us, how much more easily can we win, in the same way, the love and confidence of our friends!

"I DON'T KNOW ANY GOOD OF HIM."

"DON'T know any good of him!" He must be as bad as Satan himself if nothing can be said in his favor. You have no wish to know any good of him—that is the whole of it. Your eyes are blurred with prejudice, or blood-shot with anger, and therefore you see in the fellow nothing but meanness and wickedness.

I don't intend to reason with you, however. Your mind is not in a state to be reasoned with. Every consideration which I might urge upon you, to induce you to think more favorably of the person you have been condemning, would rebound like a shot from a wall. I intend only to tell you a short story.

It happened once that a couple of boys were talking in the presence of their mother. One of them had lately fallen out with a school-fellow, and he was taking vengeance on him by abusing him behind his back.

"James Waldron," said he, "is the worst fellow in the town; I don't know any good of him."

"I am sorry, my son," said Mrs. Lewis, "that you allow such words to come out of your mouth. I doubt whether you really believe them yourself."

But Erastus persisted: "I never knew any good of James Waldron, and I don't believe anybody else ever did."

"You would talk with more reason, Erastus," replied his mother, "if your feelings were not soured. After sleeping soundly for two or three nights, I think you will have a better opinion of James. For my part, I could mention several things to his credit now. I remember that last summer, when you had not had an apple for a long

time, he sent to you and your brother two fine pippins apiece. I remember, too, how he once slipped into the hand of a poor man the money which he had been gathering to buy a pair of skates. There must be a little kindness in him, therefore. He is a boy of truth, besides. I once knew him to confess that he was the author of a certain piece of mischief, when he was sure he would receive a flogging for his pains."

But Erastus, like many other people in the world, could not be convinced against his will. Not venturing to dispute his mother, he started for the door, to enjoy the larger freedom of the regions beyond. Before he was fairly out, he whispered to his brother, who was close behind him, "If mother thinks James Waldron is a saint, I don't."

On the following morning, Erastus might have been seen on old Bill, proceeding along the road to the mill. He had a bag of corn on the horse, before him. He was some troubled, though, to keep the bag in balance. Now it would settle down to the right, and before he had gone ten rods, it would be in danger of tumbling off at the left. At length, as he was descending a hill near Mr. Waldron's barn, the old horse, pretending that he saw something to be afraid of, sprang suddenly aside, when down went the bag to the ground. There was a sad plight, truly! The corn must be reloaded, of course; but Erastus might as well have tried to shoulder the horse. Happily, James Waldron had seen his mishap, and came running to help him. Erastus pretended not to see him at first. He felt very much like showing his independence, but circum-

stances were against him. So he made a virtue of necessity, and received the offered aid with a joke not at all remarkable for its wit. The boys laid hold of the bag, and by a determined effort, raised it nearly to old Bill's withers. It then got the advantage of them somehow, and tumbled to the earth again. The horse disliked the operation, and sprang away. Erastus determined to teach him better manners, and fell to kicking him severely in the side. But the foolish boy had a lesson driven effectually into himself. The poor animal, as he danced about under the cruel treatment, trod heavily on one of his feet. A piercing scream announced that something sad had happened. The boy's foot was injured so seriously as to be entirely disabled. James offered his services promptly, and assisted him to get to the house. He then mounted old Bill, and went for the doctor with all possible speed. He did not forget, however, as he passed along, to tell Mrs. Lewis what had happened to her son.

A long while it was before Erastus could walk comfortably. The injury was of service to him, however. It made him think better of one person, if not more. Ever after, when he heard a word against James Waldron, he would be sure to mention several things to his credit and honor.

Here ends the story. Never again commit the folly it shows forth. For a folly it is, and a wickedness, too, to look at a fault till it seems three times as large as it really is. A folly it is, and a wickedness, too, when you discover a blemish in any one, to jump to the conclusion that he is bad through and through. All your judgments should be according to truth and charity.

THE OLD MAJOR.



DOLLY AND PUSS.

"I TELL you what, my little puss,
You must not make such a constant
muss."

Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!

"But if you wish to stay with me,
And a very genteel puss to be,
Attend, and I'll show you how.

"You must be quiet; you must not cry,
Nor be always prowling about so sly
After the little mice."

Just then puss heard—or thought she
did—

A mouse, in some sly corner hid,
And she was off in a trice.

COMET POETRY.

A SMART little boy in Albany is
author of the following:

The moon was sitting in a cloud,
Full fledged in golden light,
A hatching out the little stars,
The chickens of the night.

But out of all that brilliant brood
Produced by Luna pale,
There was but one poor little chick
That could produce a tail.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.

BY HANNAH HATCHET.

AFTER leaving the cottage in the lane, Carl and Mr. Rudolf hurried toward home. The sun was fast setting, and there were many miles for them to walk, for they had wandered off a long distance. Carl was always happy when walking or running over the hills with his dog, and especially did he enjoy these excursions with Mr. Rudolf for company.

This afternoon they began to speak of the soap bubbles, and the beautiful rainbow colors they had, and then chatted about other things, Carl asking all manner of questions, which his teacher would answer, if possible, or promise to explain at some other time.

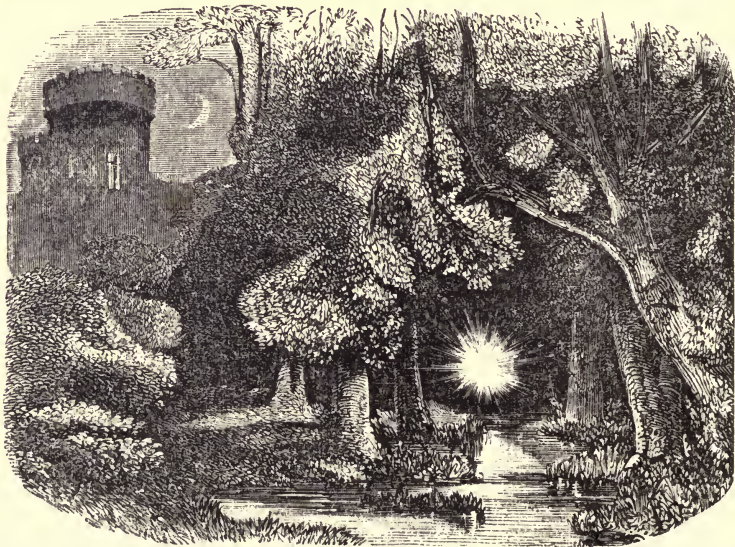
It was growing quite dark when

they entered a thick wood, not far from home. The path could not be very plainly seen, but they knew the road very well; on one side was a low swamp, full of alders, and beeches, and tall rushes; on the other, the land rose into a hill, and was dry and stony.

"Why, Mr. Rudolf!" exclaimed Carl, suddenly, when they had gone nearly half way through this wood, "there's a light in that swamp—what does it mean?"

Mr. Rudolf stopped to look, and saw plainly a light, as if from a window, burning just beyond the road.

"There it moves," cried Carl; "some one is in there, and I mean to go and see who it is, and what he is doing."



THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

"No, no, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf, seizing his arm; "you will sink in the swamp."

"But I shall not sink any more than the man who is there already," said Carl; "that's just why I wan't to go, because he must have found some hard ground there."

"You might walk there all night, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf, laughing at his eagerness, "and not meet that man, for there is no one there; it is only a 'Will-o'-the-wisp;' and if you should try to follow, it would lead you round and round in the swamp till you were tired or drowned."

"A Will-o'-the-wisp, Mr. Rudolf? I don't know what that is; does it do any harm?"

"Oh, no," said his teacher; "it is only a flickering light which is given out by the gas arising from decaying bodies."

"I am glad you were with me to-night," said Carl, after a long silence; "I should have run right into the swamp to find the man whose light I thought I saw, and then perhaps I should have been drowned, or wandered about all night."

"Very likely," said Mr. Rudolf; "a great many persons have been misled, just in that way, by a Will-o'-the-wisp."

"I'm glad you kept me back; what a fool I should have been!"

"Yes," said his teacher; "it is sometimes called '*ignis fatuus*.' You know what that means."

"Oh, yes—"fool's fire," said Carl; "and I think it is a very good name."

"If you had been led by it into a swamp, and kept there all night, it would not please you so well to call it 'fool's fire,'" said Mr. Rudolf.

"It *would* be a pretty hard way to learn by experience," said Carl.

"I remember an old servant of my

father's who was deceived by a Will-o'-the-wisp, and lost his way," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Oh, tell me about it, Mr. Rudolf," said Carl.

"There is not much to tell; but I will tell you very willingly," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Old Tony, as we used to call him, was a singular being. He was not very old, but his whole manner and appearance were old, so he won the name of *Old Tony* when he was almost a boy. He had a sharp, shrewd look, long, very long, arms and legs, and was withal very slim. The boys used often to call him *Monkey Tony*, for he was a very nimble climber.

"He was a very faithful man, and never thought of doing anything which he was not directed to do; always on hand, too, at the very moment when he was needed. One warm day in August, he started off in the afternoon to walk to a neighboring village, on some errand, and to return in the evening.

"Nine and ten o'clock came, Tony did not come home, and no one could guess the reason; and when, by midnight, no news had been heard of him, we all decided that he had probably found some friend in the village, and did not intend coming till morning; but the morning brought no Tony, and all became anxious to know what had happened.

"About twelve o'clock Tony appeared, looking more thin and sharp than ever, while he was covered with mud and his clothes were badly torn.

"Where in the world have you been, Tony?" was the question everybody asked.

"Haint been nowhere but to the store and back," he answered, gruffly.

"And what kept you so long?"

“‘I’ll tell you,’ he said, taking off his cap, and sitting down, as if to a long story. ‘You see, I went to the village, plain enough, and got my bag filled, and started home all right enough just as it was growing dark. When I passed farmer Dobbs’ I stopped for a drink, and I asked him the nearest way home. ‘The road is straight enough,’ says he; ‘but if you want to be home quick, you can just cross over my meadow here, and then the orchard; then there’s a little piece o’ woods, and then you’ll come out on the road again.’ So I thought I’d try the short way. It was real dark when I came to the woods, and I hadn’t walked very far before I saw a light ahead o’ me. I thought there was a house there, and I’d go and ask how far ’twas to home, for it was dreadful lonesome in the woods. So I walked straight on, but I didn’t seem to get much nearer the house. At last it seemed to me to move up and down, and I thought that somebody had a lantern, and was walking the same way I was, so I hollered out to him, but he didn’t stop, and I thought I’d run to catch up with him. I felt the ground was pretty soft, and, in a minute, I fell over an old dead stump, and went down, down, almost up to my knees, in mud and water. I tried it a little longer, and every step I took I seemed to get deeper into the mud, and I thought I’d just climb a tree. So I took hold and climbed the first big tree I came to, and staid till morning; and then I had hard enough work to get out of the place and come home.’

“‘What was the light, then, Tony?’ asked my father.

“‘Oh, I suppose it was a jack-o’-lantern,’ said Tony, ‘and I was a great fool not to know it at first.’”

“I don’t think he was so *very* fool-

ish,” said Carl, “for it certainly seems like a lamp or lantern.”

“It does very much,” said Mr. Rudolf, “and I think any one might be deceived in a strange place by it.”

WONDERS OF NATURE.

THE FROZEN WELL.

ABOUT a mile from the village of Brandon, in Vermont, a well was dug in November, 1858. After passing through ten feet of gravel and four of clay, the workmen came upon a layer of frozen gravel, from twelve to fifteen thick, and two feet below that, water was reached. During the winter two inches of ice formed, in one night, on the surface. It continued to freeze till April, since then no ice has formed on the surface of the water; but in June, the stones of the well above the water were loaded with ice, and the water was only one degree above freezing. On the 4th of July there was ice in the well, while two other wells near by had, one the temperature of 51° and the other 45°.

HOW THE MAMMOTH CAVE BREATHES.

Did you ever think that a *cave* might breathe? Perhaps not—and yet the Mammoth Cave breathes once a year! All summer long, when the outside air is warmer than that within, the cave pours forth its breath in a current of cool air; but in winter, it makes an inspiration, or draws in a long breath. In the spring and fall, when the air within and without are the same, there is no current of air, and the cave is then holding its breath.

The temperature of the cave, summer and winter, is uniformly 59°. Thus a change of seasons is unknown in the cave; and day and night, morning and evening, have no existence.



THE GAZELLE.

THE gazelle inhabits Arabia and Syria. Its eyes are very large, dark, and brilliant. Poets were always full of admiration for their eyes, as any reader of poetry may perceive.

They are said to be easily tamed when young, and are often seen in the yards of houses in Syria. Their swiftness of foot is proverbial. The greyhound can not overtake them.

To capture them, a herd is driven into an inclosure, surrounded by a deep ditch—the terrified little creatures fall in, and are easily taken.

They are about one foot nine inches high, and the color of a fawn, or young deer.

What is called the springbok, in South Africa, seems to be the same, or nearly the same, animal. A traveler relates that he saw a grand migration of springboks. They marched slowly and steadily along, from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they poured like a great river, to a ridge about a mile north-

east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the river-like space which they covered was about half a mile. "I stood," said he, "nearly two hours, watching the wonderful scene, which seemed more like a hunter's dream than reality."

The springbok is very fearful of man; and if it is to cross a path which man has passed before, it does not walk over the footprints, but takes a leap of ten or twelve feet high and fifteen long, curving its back in an extraordinary manner. LAURA ELMER.

LET every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise;
While such pursuits your thoughts en-
gage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Go thou and fetch the unerring rule
From Virtue's and from Wisdom's
school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray.

"LET ME DIE IN THEIR PRESENCE."

LAST HOURS OF UNCLE FRANK.

A FEW weeks since, I was in St. Augustine, where I had been spending the winter for the benefit of my health. The salubrity of the climate had tempted me to remain until, of all the invalids who had come there on the same errand as myself, I was the only one left who intended to go North for the summer. A few days before my departure, I was sitting by the bedside of a sick man, fanning him. He was weak and feeble, his voice was faint, and an incessant cough almost deprived him of the power of speech. His thin, wan face and skeleton frame spoke in language not to be misunderstood that his journey was nearly ended.

Unlike most consumptives, he was fully conscious of his own state, and felt that he must soon die. He had selected a beautiful spot in the cemetery there, and given directions to his friends where and how to bury him. Many friends clustered round him, extending all the little tender assiduities calculated to cheer him while he yet lingered.

As I sat beside him, he turned toward me with sparkling eye, flushed face, and a pleasant smile, and said: "You are going home: would that I could go with you and once more behold my friends before I die. My brother and sister* are as dear to me as my own life. If I could once more look upon them and their dear children, and *die in their presence*, then I should die happy."

Much to his delight I promised to take charge of him on his homeward journey. On the morning of the twen-

ty-eighth of May he was lifted like a child into the carriage, while friends gathered around, bidding him take courage; and, as we left that beautiful city where it seemed as if all were moved with sorrow and sympathy for the sick stranger who had won their hearts by his gentle kindness, they gazed after us till our carriages were out of sight. A ride of eighteen miles was accomplished in four hours, and though much fatigued he was in good spirits. At night we took the steamer for Savannah, where, after three days, we embarked in the ocean steamer, *Star of the South*, for New York.

On board this as well as the other vessel he found friends, and was in good spirits. The weather was pleasant till we passed Cape Hatteras, but off Barnegat a squall struck us, and the rest of the passage was rough and stormy.

During the voyage he failed rapidly. Once we thought he was dying, but he rallied again, and seemed pained to find so many standing around him. The last day of the voyage was one of great anxiety to us all, as we feared he would die before the ship arrived. Every point of land we made was full of interest as marking our progress toward home. Highlands, Sandy Hook were passed, and at eleven P.M. (June 4th), we anchored at the Quarantine, with no prospect of reaching the city till morning. When we had passed the Highlands, the invalid desired to be prepared for seeing his friends, and we dressed him in his traveling clothes, even to putting on his cap. He then called the waiters to him, paid them for their attendance, and when this

* Brother's wife.

business was finished, laid his head on the shoulder of a friend, and with a sweet and placid smile, faintly whispered: "Now I am ready. O God! spare me that I may see my dear sister and brother, that I may once more hear their kind voices as they call me brother. Oh! how good God is; I believe he will spare me, if not to see them, to *die in their presence*."

As we dropped anchor at the Quarantine his courage forsook him. "It is all over," he exclaimed: "take me to my berth." Carefully we laid him down with his clothes still on. Soon his mind began to wander, and he would murmur: "Sister, brother, I'm coming—cold—chilly—thank you—not yet." At five o'clock we reached the wharf. He still lived, and we dispatched a carriage for his brother and sister. I took my seat beside him, moistening his lips and trying to catch the words he murmured. We sat there waiting, listening with deep anxiety for the return of the carriage. At last it was heard coming rapidly down the wharf. Rattle went the steps, and in a moment a gentleman and lady, with two dear little girls, came up the gang-plank, rushed into the cabin, and, with a shriek of agony, stood beside their dying brother, and begged and prayed that he would once more speak to them. Did he not know them? Would he not say one word—not a look even? Not a word or a look could he give them; but, with a gasp, his immortal spirit went up to God who gave it. His prayer was granted: *he died in their presence*.

A few days after, a large company of bereaved friends gathered in the church and listened to a glowing eulogy upon the deceased; after which his body was taken to Greenwood and deposited in the grave, beneath a tall,

majestic oak, while sweet singing birds from every bush and tree filled the air with heavenly melody.

As I stood among the group of mourners, and saw my friend and companion deposited in his last resting-place in this beautiful spot, I was glad that God had answered his prayer—that he died among his friends, who thanked God that he did not die away from home, where they could not water his grave with their tears. I felt that my mission with him was ended, for he had gone to dwell with Jesus, and all was well,

Though dead, his works will never die—for he is known and loved as a good man and the warm friend of children. Those who have ever known him, or read his charming books, will not soon forget the Editor of the *Youth's Cabinet*, FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, better known to the children as Uncle Frank. T. S. EELLS.

BROOKLYN, Aug., 1859.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise—
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

LONGFELLOW.



THE TRAINED MONKEY.

PINTO.

WHEN I was a little boy, my cousin Edward had a monkey, which his uncle had brought from Africa. He was an active, busy, mischievous little fellow, as full of pranks as a kitten of frolic. He had been several months on board the vessel, coming to America, and the sailors had taught him many amusing tricks. He went by the name of Pinto, which was, I believe, the name of the place he came from.

I was very much afraid of Pinto, and kept as much as possible out of his way. He was so nimble—he would leap about so swiftly, climb so fearlessly, and hang so threateningly from a limb of a tree, right over your head, that I never knew what to expect. I kept close to my mother when he was near, and could not be persuaded to have him come near me. I would not

have touched him for the world. He had such little, dark, mischievous twinkling eyes, he winked so wickedly, he made such strange grimaces, and was so quick in all his movements, that I could only feel that he was an imp—a something so near to the idea I was beginning to have of the devil, that I had a kind of religious fear of him. I thought I ought to hate him.

Cousin Edward would sometimes take Pinto with him, when he came to our house, holding him by a cord, so that he could not go anywhere without his master's consent. At one time, as he was passing along the street in this way, Pinto spied a cat sitting in an open window, and sprang at her. The movement was so unexpected, and the jerk so sudden, that the cord slipped through Edward's hand. Puss sprang to the stairs, and was soon at the top

of the house. Pinto was a little bothered by the string, but he was close at her heels. The scuttle-door was open, leading to the roof. In an instant puss was there. As Pinto popped his head through the door, puss sprang to the chimney, and perched herself on the top of it. Pinto followed in a trice, when puss sprang into an oak tree that overhung the house. The monkey understood that game as well as she, and was after her in a twinkling. And now the sport commenced. Up and down, in and out, from limb to limb—it was a chase, a flight, and a scramble. At length, just as puss was about to spring from one limb to another, Pinto swung himself down from a small branch which swayed him into her track, so that he had a chance to give her a smart rap on the side of her head, which sent her crying to the ground. Supposing the rogue would follow at once, and keep up the chase, Edward stood ready to catch him as he came down. But Pinto was too shrewd for that. He was not so easy to be caught. He sat quietly in the great crotch of the tree, and made all manner of grimaces at his master. He chattered away, as if he was making a speech in caucus, or telling a story at husking, but would not come down. Edward called him by all the names he could think of. He scolded and coaxed, but all in vain. Pinto was at liberty, and he seemed determined to enjoy it. At one time, he would seem to be coming down; he would make ready to leap, and be apparently on the very point of dropping to the ground, when suddenly he would spring to the branch above, and run up, up, up, to the very top of the tree; then he would pick off the acorns, and throw them at Edward and the boys that were with him. It was astonishing how well he could

throw. It was hardly safe to look up, for he was sure to hit you in the face. The boys amused themselves in throwing the acorns at Pinto. But no one could hit him. If half a dozen, ever so well aimed, were thrown together, he was nimble enough to dodge them all. When tired of this kind of sport, the little monster seemed about to come down again. He came as far as the great limb nearest to the ground, and, sitting there, took his string in his hand—what remained of it—and reached it down, as if to place it in Edward's hand. But as soon as Edward attempted to seize it, he would snatch it up, chattering and grinning in great delight. This was repeated several times. At length Edward grew tired of the play, and started to go home. He had not gone far before Pinto, who had no one now to play with, followed. Springing upon Edward's shoulder, he seized his hat, put it on his own head, and made off in a twinkling. But Edward had managed to get hold of the string, and so he held him fast.

Pinto had a singular dislike to a negro. Some people thought it was because he looked so much like a negro himself. One of our neighbors had a negro nurse, who took great pleasure in going about with the children. One day she took little Mary to see the monkey. Mary was delighted, and wanted to have Pinto in her arms. But Betsy had seen him before, and was afraid of him. Pinto was just eating his dinner. He seemed inclined to offer Mary a piece of cake; but, when she reached forward to take it, he turned suddenly, and flung it into Betsy's face with so much violence as almost to put her eyes out. She kept at a respectful distance from Pinto ever after that.

THE PET ROBIN.

T—, August 8, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I have just had such a laugh over the performance of my pet robin that I must tell you something about her. Her name is Jennie. She is a queer thing, often looking so demure, and anon so roguish, out of her little black eyes, that it makes me feel funny to look at her.

You must know she is quite a favorite of mine, and we understand each other like two children. We have the longest kind of confabs, and I have no doubt she understands all I say to her. She perches on my hand, and then on my head, and I carry her about anywhere; sometimes to the window, and let her catch the flies, where, the other morning, she made a breakfast on *seventy*, or out into the garden, where father is hoeing, and she gets so close to his hoe to catch the little worms, that sometimes he has to be careful not to hit her. Then, when her crop is full, she squats behind a leaf, or on the side of a potato hill, and spreads out her wings in the warm sun, giving her head a peculiar twist, and half closing her eyes, as if she seemed to say, "How nice and warm it does feel!" And then, she so likes to bathe, and I give her a whole wash-basin to perform in.

But what has so pleased me just now, was the way she managed a huge worm I found on the grape-vine, some three inches long, and full half an inch in diameter. She makes no ado about those of ordinary size, and the longer they are the better, and devours them faster than I can dig them; but I certainly expected to see her appalled at the sight of such a huge specimen as this was. Not a bit of it. I had no sooner brought the leaf on which he

was in sight of the cage, than she was on the *qui vive* for a dinner, and pounced upon him without the least ceremony.

But what work she made! I wish you could have seen her. First, she tried to twist off his head, and not making that work, pecked a hole in him. This was no easy matter, for his skin was tough and ridgy, and lay in folds, like that of a rhinoceros. Then she lifted him up and threw him violently against the side of the cage. The poor worm evidently objected to such rough treatment, and wriggled and twisted most deprecatingly; but there was no help for him, for Jennie was incessant and merciless in her attacks, and gave him not a moment's quiet. Thus she worked at him for some ten or fifteen minutes, and through the hole she had made in him, reduced him piecemeal. When a little less than half his former size, she undertook to swallow him, and I certainly thought the poor thing would choke to death. After several unsuccessful attempts, she finally got him started, but had not half gorged him before she came to a dead stand, and turned her head toward me, as much as to say, "I'm afraid I shan't make him go." Then she gave three or four huge gulps, and reported progress, rested again several seconds, and seemed to meditate seriously, and with some misgiving, on the probable result. How comical she looked just then! Her bill and throat distended to their utmost capacity, and her head turned up so imploringly, and with an expression of unmistakable anxiety, as if balancing in her mind the probabilities of choking, and the huge cause of the difficulty projecting a full inch and a half. We all had to laugh heartily.

After several more efforts, and again resting and meditating, the worm finally retreated gradually from sight, and Jennie mounted her perch with an appearance of great satisfaction, wiped her bill complacently, and seemed to think she had dined like an alderman.

MINNIE.

BLACK TEETH.

IT is so much the custom, in this part of the world, to take care of the teeth, and a full set of even white teeth is regarded as so important an element of personal beauty, that it would seem strange to us to find any people preferring black teeth to white. But so it is. Even among us there are some who seem to have no objections to dark brown and yellow teeth, and who take great pains to keep them always stained with tobacco; then there are others who, perhaps, do not use this filthy weed, but who are so much opposed to the use of a brush and cold water that they are sure not to have white teeth, or sound ones either.

But there are some people who not only do not take any care to keep their teeth white, but take great pains to have them as black as possible. The people of Tonquin and Siam rejoice in teeth as black as art can make them. What dye they use for this purpose I do not know, but the process of dyeing occupies three or four days, and the pigment employed is very poisonous, so that the person who is using it can not eat anything during the operation, but is fed with liquids, which must not touch his teeth. Every child, about the age of twelve or fourteen, has this operation performed, as it is considered a disgrace, among those people, for a human being to have

teeth as white as those of dogs, elephants, etc.

Prior, an English poet, in allusion to this custom, which he wrongfully transfers to the Chinese, says:

“In China, none hold woman sweet
Unless their snags are black as jet;
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute—ivory teeth.”

“Snag” is an old English word for a projecting tooth, or tusk, as they are sometimes called.

THE RAIN CONCERT.

MILLIONS of tiny rain drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the housetops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble,
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper base is sounding
Where they're dropping into caves,
With a tenor from the zephyr,
And an alto from the waves.

Oh, 'tis a shower of music,
And Robin don't intrude
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the babbling
Of the birds in all the bowers
Had been gathered into rain-drops,
And was coming down in showers.

The blossoms all are bathing
In the liquid melody,
Breathing thanks in sweetest odors,
Looking up into the sky.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WHAT a buzzing around the table!—talking, laughing, and whispering. One would certainly think “something had happened.” What can the matter be? Ah! I see. Willie has got a letter, which I have just received from Uncle Hiram, who is now far away, on the other side of the Mississippi. What is that you say, Willie? “Uncle Merry won’t cut us off so short, nor be so stern as Uncle Hi.” Ah, my lad, don’t be too sure about that. I have let him use his hatchet pretty freely of late, because you all have had so much to say; and much that was really good, had to be trimmed off. Not that we would have you chat less—oh, no! Send along all your letters; we love to get them—they are all noticed and read; and if you do not see them all in print, write again, for you know that they gladden the hearts of Uncles and Aunts. But here comes Uncle Joe, looking so sober. I fear something has happened—what is it, Uncle Joe?

SYLVANIA, O., Aug. 11.

BRO. MERRY:—I address you because Bro. Hatchet and I are not acquainted, and Sister Sue is rather “non comestibus,” or difficult of approach.

As to that Prize Puzzle, I am not satisfied. The successful competitor was to “explain—every allusion” in it. Anna gives no explanation of Ruth’s parentage, of the “toy,” of the “two prophets,” of the “meanest things,” of the “ancient coin,” of the “slinking” away of “dark,” or of the emblem of devotion—to this last she does not even allude. After all, I suspect Anna is decidedly mythical, and that “full set of MERRY’S MUSEUM” safely offered.” What sillies were we to compete with a fabulous rival! Of course my being a competitor does not bias my judgment.

My young friends will wonder at my temerity, and tremble for my entirety. I expect the severest mincing, and Bro. H. will doubtless use a new axe to make the torture as exquisite as possible. He may, however, treat me in one of three other ways: severely let me alone, express his disgust and contempt with a

characteristic bah! (see his *sheepish* an-tograph!), or pronounce me a myth. Lest he should do the last, I will give my whole name, which is Josiah Joker, B. W. Don’t ask the signification of the latter parts (you see my name is like a draw-shave), for that is an unrevealable secret. To prevent my prolixity from being an answer to O. O.’s charade for another lettericide (coining a word), I will close by asking, (what *has* become of Marsena? and by complimenting my fellow-citizen, Buckeye Boy. If you should not see this effusion in the MUSEUM, just conclude that the inexorable hatchet has made it into mince-meat. Miss Fleta, here is my hand (not matrimonially, for several reasons); you are a true chip—not *afear’d* to “speak in meetin’.” UNCLE JOE.

P.S.—Bro. H., don’t you, in your wrath, publish my answer. I will retract, rather than you should. Acorn, in the name of Hippocrates, what *tree* is a cathartic? J. J., B. W.

As “Uncle Joe” has brought a somewhat serious charge against our integrity, we shall (not by way of retaliation) publish his answer, and the receipt for the books when they shall have been delivered. They would not have been delayed so long, but Anna, who is not known to us, having a full set of the MUSEUM, requested us to select other books for her, and we wanted the assistance of Uncle Hiram, who is away on the west side of the Mississippi, and has not only gone himself, but taken with him Anna’s letter. Will she not, therefore, send us her address again? It will be seen that Uncle Joe’s criticism is not altogether sound. Anna *does* mention the two prophets, Moses and Noah, by name. The story of *Ruth* and her humble origin are so well known that they are all suggested by her simple name. The same is true of the *kite*, especially when it is shown that something very unusual was done with this toy “when Franklin held the string.” As to the emblem of devotion, we do not see how it could be more beautifully expressed than in Anna’s last three lines.

Uncle Hiram was so much pleased with the answers to his riddle that he intended to publish them all. But having occasion to give chase to the sun, in order to find out where he sets, he left Uncle Merry no directions about it, and thus it has been overlooked. Here is

UNCLE JOE'S ANSWER.

SOLUTION OF CHARADE.

1. A *dam* obstructs the stream, yet drives the mill. *Adam*, the first man, had no brother, and before the creation of Eve was alone. The first letter of the word *Adam* is the initial letter of the answer to the riddle.

2. *Ruth*, an obsolete term for sorrow or pity, is also the name of a Moabitess so humbly born as to be obliged to glean in harvest-fields for a livelihood; and yet, marrying her kinsman Boaz, by him she had Obed, from whose grandson, the second king of Israel, descended our Saviour, the "King of kings," sometimes called the "Son of David." The word *Ruth* comes next, as its initial is the second letter of the required answer.

3. The term *kite* is sometimes applied to a marauder, in reproach, because he is like a rapacious, unmelodious bird, of the falcon kind, in disposition. A *kite* is also a child's toy. Dr. Franklin used one to draw lightning from a passing cloud, the result of which experiment gave rise to the invention of lightning-rods. *Kite* properly comes last, as its initial is the final letter of the answer sought. Putting A, the first letter of *Adam*, R, the first of *Ruth*, and K, the first of *kite*, together, we have *Ark*, which is the answer to the riddle.

4. The *Ark* of the Deluge saved Noah, who predicted that evil should come upon Canaan because his father Ham had dishonored him, but that Shem and Japheth, his other sons, should be blessed, as they had shown him proper honor. An ark of bulrushes preserved Moses, who foretold both blessings and curses as the portion of the Israelites, and who surpassed all other prophets.—Deut. xxxiv. 10.

The *Ark* of the Covenant was as holy a thing as the earth has ever seen; it contained the tables of the law, Aaron's rod, and the pot of manna. But a freight boat on the Ohio River, called an *ark*, often, no doubt, contains the meanest things.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

With *M*, signifying a thousand, prefixed to *ark*, we have *Mark*, the name of a saint who wrote one of the gospels, the name of a Phenician coin, and a term applied to any sign.

Prefixing *D*, which represents five hundred, we have *dark*, which may be compared to a foul fiend, because both shrink away at the approach of day.

With *L*, signifying one-twentieth of a thousand, as a prefix, *ark* becomes *lark*, the name of a species of bird that is wont to soar into the sky at the dawning of the day.

SOLUTION OF THE CONUNDRUM.

1. Because they make their *mark*, being too ignorant to write their name.

2. When the diurnal motion of the earth has rolled us into its shadow, night is produced—all earthly things become invisible; yet the rays of the sun, passing above the earth, are reflected to us from the other planets, so that the very thing that conceals all earthly treasures unveils those of the sky, and that is darkness. The fixed stars become visible, also, when it is dark; because when the sun's rays no longer reach us, except by reflection, their light is perceivable. Both the planets and the fixed stars shine as bright in the day as in the night, but when we receive the rays of the sun directly, as in the day-time, their superior intensity, caused by the comparative nearness of that orb, overpowers the light of the other heavenly bodies, rendering them invisible. The fact that one can see the stars from a dark well or cavern, in the day-time, proves that they shine when the sun is up, as well as when he is down.

3. *Lark*, the name of a bird, can be made by prefixing *L*, the second crown, to *ark*, a term for a box used as a repository. Noah's ark was larger than any ship launched since, not excepting the Great Eastern. Dropping the final letter of *ark*, and then prefixing *L* to what remains, gives us *Lar*, a Roman household deity. From Gen. xxxi. 19 and 30, I infer that the Israelites had something of the kind.

As Uncle Hiram took his hatchet with him, we must let him have his say. Be assured, Bess, Nip, etc., who have suffered from his keen edge, that if I had any

kind of edged tools which I could use as a cutter, I should clip him at once.

SUNSET, —, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER MERRY:—I have found it. I told you I shouldn't give up the chase till I did. I saw the sun go right down into the prairie, just a little way from where I am writing—so near, that I call this place Sunset. The little stars are waking up all around me, and you would be surprised to see how some of them twinkle, when they see me so near them. But, I will tell you more about that when I get home. Just now, I am in for the Chat. I want to ask the young people and Merry, one and all, what they think of a boy who don't know his Uncle when he sees him. I have actually found a boy, a bright one, too, *all bright*, full of life and fun, with a cross-bow in his hand, ready to shoot any one who should stand in need of shooting, but who did not know his Uncle. I stood right up before him, just as sharp as any hatchet, and called him by name, and yet he didn't know me. I took his bow from him (he didn't trust me with the arrow, the little rogue), and yet he did not know me. Well, I give it up. I thought the boys all over the West knew as much as that. I must try again.

Yours ever, H. H.

TOMORROW, —, 1859.

Tomorrow comes next after Sunset, and here I am. I have tried again. I tried one of the nieces, whose name was Kate. *She* knew her Uncle at first sight, though (I don't like to say it out, but I must) she did think I was more like Grandpa than Uncle. Well, I suppose it must be true, that Uncle Hiram is getting old. No matter if he is. Call him Grandpa, if you please, or Great Grandpa! He is still the same, and will never be younger than he is to-day—if, indeed, he ever was younger.

Yours, H. H.

NEXT DAY, —, 1859.

I have tried again. I tried a bright, intelligent boy—a really full-blooded Merry, with a touch of the Parley in him, too; and, would you believe it! he not only did not know his Uncle, but he didn't even know which side of the street he lived on. I begin to see through the matter a little. These Western boys live so far away from sunrise, that their Eastern cousins get the start of them. The Yankees are all up and about their

business, or their books, before their cousins out here get their eyes open, and the sun gets so tired and used up before he gets here, that he don't do them much good. But, let me tell you, this is a beautiful country, and the people are the right sort of people—true, cordial, genial, and full of life and enterprise. And the children, too—why, I wish I had a million of them, instead of 20,000. Our family is entirely too small. There are bright, intelligent, happy children enough, out in these wide, glorious States, to make it twenty times as large as it is—and, if they don't know their Uncle, nor the side of the street they live on, they know enough; and, when they do get waked up, are as wide awake as anybody. Just let them know that there is room enough at our table for them all. Don't let the young folks see how long my letter is. If you do, we shall have Bess, and Nip, and Black-Eyes, and W. H. C. down on us, with half a quire apiece. Give my best love to every one of them. If I could give some of these railroads a twist to suit me, I would go round and visit the whole family. But they are so straight and stiff, they won't turn aside for anybody's cousin, I mean to invent an India-rubber railroad, that, like the milkman's cart, will stop at the door of every Merry.

Yours ever, H. H.

OREGON, July 1, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I will write you a few lines, but—in terror of the *hatchet*—will be brief. Why does not our revered Aunt Sue appear at her post oftener? I would write to her, but I never know when to find her “at home.” Love to all—uncles, aunt, and cousins. There, Uncle Hiram, spare me this time, for one stroke of your hatchet would take all.

Yours, with niecely regard,
LUCY.

Lucy will find an answer to her query upon page 23.

We will now make way for Aunt Sue, who has just taken her seat.

Clio gives us no excuse this time for using the scissors—she is so “short and sweet.”

OUR HOUSE, Aug. 6.

Dear me, Aunt Sue, I should think you *did* handle my letter daintily!—so daintily, indeed, that you dropped more than half of it. Henceforth I shall trust to

"Uncle Hi's" tender mercies. I really believe yours are more "cruel" than his. You see I am bound to be "short and sweet" *this* time—shan't promise for the future. Briefly, CLIO.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 27, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Won't you please to let a new-comer into the circle of Merry cousins, to enjoy a little of the *Monthly Chat*? I have fallen in love with the MUSEUM at first sight. So just introduce me to the cousins, and the *rest* of the *uncles*. I want to be introduced to dear Auntie Sue, first of anybody—because she is so good. Now I want to tell you something behind the door. I want you to tell me all about the character of my new cousins. I'm awfully 'fraid of "Oliver Onley" (don't you tell him of it, though); and "Fleta" I shall never dare to speak to, I know. But I like Winnie Miller and Rosa Redwood very much, and "Caltie" is a little darling. Now don't shut the door in my face, but let me take one peep into that wonderful basket.

Give my love to the 20,000. From
DAISY WILDWOOD.

No daisy need be afraid of Oliver Onley, unless it would object to being tenderly transplanted from a little green sod to a button-hole, over a warm heart. I'm not sure, but I'm a little afraid of Fleta myself.

July 30, 1859.

DEAR UNCLER, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—Although many of my letters find their way into a certain "chip basket," yet enough get printed to encourage me to write more. The long-inquired-for Nip has again appeared in our Merry circle. Will she permit me to welcome her?

Orianna, as I am not partial to bumble-bees, I would very much prefer to trust to chance in finding your "bower," or, what is better yet, to have your own—I was about to add the word "dear," but think I will wait until we are better acquainted—self for a guide.

The "Son of the Evening Star" thinks I am a sharp fellow, I should judge, by what he writes. Now I wish to contradict that, as it may injure my reputation if it (not the reputation) should get abroad. One sharp one is enough in a family, and Uncle Hi is sharp enough for any family (and he has the largest) in these United States. By the way, in

what part of the heavens is the Grotto of Jason situated? If the Son of the Evening Star will inform me, I will borrow Uncle Merry's glasses and try a little star-gazing in hopes of ascertaining your exact whereabouts.

Annie W. N., I congratulate you on your success; although an unsuccessful competitor for the prize, I am very glad that it was won by a much better answer than mine.

Now, Uncle Merry, as Uncle Hiram has shown what he can do in the puzzle line, I move that you try your hand at a prize puzzle.

If Uncle Hiram will spare this, he will ever be remembered with kindly feelings by
ADRIAN.

P. S.—If he will not, then—

CLINTON, Aug., 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Shall I be welcomed by the Merriest band of which our Union can boast? I wish to tell you who I think Aunt Sue is, and how she looks. She has pretty brown hair and eyes; she is a young lady, has fair complexion, rosy cheeks, and lips like a cherry. She must be tall and graceful, like a lily, and, what is more, she is Uncle Hi's daughter—his darling little Sue. Now what do you think of that—am I right? [No, *ma'am!*—A.S.] Please tell W. H. C. (North) that I like him. (Don't tell) I don't like boys very much, but he is a gentleman, and I like him. Give him my best love, and a (not a kiss, for I *hate kisses*, but a) hearty shake of the hand. You and he must come and see me. You can row, sail, fish, ride, bathe, and have a good time. Won't you come? But, lo! the "hatchet" is raised in the air, so, Uncle Hi, I must say "*bon jour*."

Your loving niece,

PERTINE.

CLINTON, Aug. 8, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Please introduce me to Willie Coleman, Black-Eyes, Fleta, Flib, and the whole list of cousins. Uncle Hiram, won't you have your portrait inserted in MERRY'S MUSEUM? Uncle Merry has let us see his face, and I think all the Merry cousins would like to see yours now. Your autograph will not do as well—we have all seen that before. I wish we could have some algebraical problems. There has only been one since I commenced to study algebra (almost a *whole* year). Please give me

a little corner; I won't speak very often, and will be as still as a mouse, and—but the hatchet is coming!

Your affectionate niece,
CRICKET.

SUGAR-PLUM HILL, }
WILMINGTON, N. C. }

DEAR UNCLE HATCHET:—I do wish that you were here now. This is properly called Sugar-plum Hill. I am a visitor here, and just imagine, my dear uncle, a susceptible young man of twenty, surrounded by three beautiful young sugar-plums, from the ages of fifteen to twenty, with the sweet, fresh tints of the cochineal (?) just springing from their budding lips. Will you publish me now, Uncle Hatchet? If so, I will try and write you again. The sugar-plums all send their love to such a good, nice, dear old man as Uncle Hiram Hatchet *must* be.

Your affectionate nephew,
TOMMY HAWK.

MISSOURI, Aug. 23, 1859.

RESPECTED AUNT:—It is very hard to keep out of the "Chat"-tering room after an invitation to come in, so I won't make the effort. In the first place, don't you think a certain cousin, "*way up there*," deserves as much praise, attention, and homage from the cousins, as the great favorite, W. H. C.? Lizzie G., I congratulate you most heartily on account of your safe exit from the "stuffing school," and hope you will return the favor when I get to that happy period. I should have thought the "gloomy and uncomfortable" fate of "Tennessean" would have been sufficient to make all your nephews "jubilant" of "Yankee Girls;" but I suppose that "(Haw)thorn" in your side is well enough protected by nature to venture safely on ground which might be dangerous to those not so favored by the aforesaid dame. But I fear this is already too long, and will therefore abandon the field. Your affectionate nephew,

J. L. PIERREPOINT.

Lizzie will find an answer to one of her questions upon page 29, of the present volume.

ROSE VILLA.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Much obliged to you for your congratulations. I think "Fairie Jane" must be very bold to indite an epistle to "Oliver Onley." Nip,

send on those extracts, I would like very much to read them. What has become of W. H. C. and "Blue-Eyed Minna?" Minna, please favor us with some of your poetry. Does Hawthorne mean the September number of 1858? Orianna, I believe I'll come to see you, so look out.

LIZZIE G.

ANOKA, MIN., Aug. 23, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am a little girl, eleven years old, so please excuse anything that needs excuse. Tell Aunt Sue that we have some pretty wild flowers in our fields, and if she will come out here we will pick her just as many as she wants. We came out here to Anoka six years ago, and at that time there were but two log houses here, and now there are over a hundred. Anoka is situated on both sides of Rum River, near the mouth. Rum River empties into the Mississippi, eighteen miles above St. Anthony's Falls. At the time we came out here there were a great many Indians; their dress was a blanket, and they wore moccasins on their feet; they painted their faces, and wore money in their ears; they carried tomahawks or hatchets, that looked pretty sharp—and if Uncle Hiram's hatchet is any sharper, it might cut off half of my letter easier than the Indians take off scalps, so I will stop writing. Love to all.

Your affectionate niece,
EMMA M. SHAW.

Shouldn't I like a ramble after those wild flowers, with you, Emma, and Annie!—A. S.

Here comes our friend Black-Eyes; kiss me, you little beauty. (Don't be alarmed, Mr. Black-Eyes; "me" is only "Aunt Sue.")

Aug. 18, 1859.

I've been *agoin'* to write to you ever since I received the last number of the MUSEUM, but in some inexplicable manner I have kept putting it off until *now* has come and I *will* write. My principal say is to Aunt Sue, but I'll send a few wee messages to some of my cousins, in the order in which they stand.

Louis B. Moore, that's my opinion—that Aunt Sue is Mrs. Hiram Hatchet, and that they would write their name Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Please, Auntie, don't I guess right? [No, little Mr. Bee—well, doesn't B. E. spell bee?—not by a

very long way.—A. S.] By the way, concise Louis, Mr. B. E. returns his compliments.

Nay, Lizzie G., I'll not congratulate you. The happiest days of life are before we grasp that coveted scroll—that document that exiles us from the school-room. But we may make *all* our lives happy, if we *will*. Alas! how few will.

Good for you, Emmie. Let me answer your question with an emphatic *no*. I would never have married if I couldn't have smiled afterward, and had to draw out my words, and talk about the weather and the fashions. No, dear, people can get married and be just as free, just as easy, just as saucy, and just as wild as they were before, especially if they are sure to get husbands who like just such wives.

Fleta, Fleta, where have you been to get so wild? But we'll forgive your harem-scarumness, if you'll promise to come just so again.

"Hawthorne," I *aint* got a weak husband. You just come over and see.

And now, Auntie, that word with you. Just let Jerusha Jericho (please get another name, first) come right over here by me, and I'll take the best kind of care of her. My hands are *not* full, by a long ways. Don't go to depriving me of the pleasure of something to do by bringing in your 'spects, any more.

How d'ye, Rose-Bud?

Has Alice retired from the *corner*? Or, why don't she say something? Will you be to the Buckeye State Fair this fall, Al? It's near you, and I'd like to catch a glimpse of you, an' I go, and can find you.

What's become of Uncles Rob and Hi? Maria, who told *you* to keep still?

Love to all. Have I said too much?

BLACK-EYES.

PAHNON desires a seat by Fleta.

JENNIE D. sends her love to all the cousins.

COUSIN KATE, thanks for your pretty letter.

LA PETITE MADGE, HATTIE BAKER, INA LESLIE, and ROBIN HOOD ask for a corner and a "welcome." I think I can promise them a warm one.

NANNIE C. APPLEGATE is right welcome to a place in the Merry circle. Aunt Sue and Hiram Hatchet's letters

must be addressed to the care of J. N. Stearns & Co.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Daisy, Wildwood, Pahnnon, Lizzie G., J. L. Pierrepont, D. Bell Butler, and X. T. C.

J. L. Pierrepont is head of the class this month in answering puzzles, etc. He answers Nos. 14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 22. Lizzie G. 14, 15, 17, 19. Pahnnon 13, 15. George B. Higbee 1, 6, 8, and 15.

KIND WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

This is the title of a nice little book published by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, and written by Rev. Harvey Newcomb. They are not only *kind* words, but just *the* words for the children. Mr. Newcomb wrote those beautiful books called "How to be a Man" and "How to be a Lady," which is recommendation enough to insure this a welcome to every household.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY—UNABRIDGED.

The new pictorial edition of this invaluable work is just issued, containing fifteen hundred illustrations, and nearly ten thousand new words, with a valuable table of synonyms, by Prof. Goodrich. This is a work, already the book of the people, which seemed almost perfect without the present enlargement, and which has been the common standard for our schools, as well as for the private library and the fireside instruction. It has become, or is fast becoming, the standard of the popular mind. The new edition is a perfect mine of knowledge, without a parallel, and must long remain unequalled. It should be accessible to every scholar in the land.

KNITTING WORK—

A web of many textures, wrought by Mrs. Partington, is the title of an interesting work just published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, of Boston. It consists of the droll sayings of this venerable dame, on a great variety of subjects, in prose and poetry, and is one of the best aids to digestion that we know of. Those who can read this book, and not "laugh and grow fat," will have to wait long for

one that will do it. We love her genial wit and humor, and this new volume will gain favor in many households by its excellent feeling and attractive variety.

OAK HALL.

Everybody has seen, heard, or read of the famous "Oak Hall in North Street," Boston, the pioneer clothing establish-

ment. We often visit it when our wardrobe needs replenishing, and can cheerfully recommend to our readers to go and do likewise. The boys' department is amply provided for, and if the boys are properly clothed and rightly educated, the next generation will show much improvement on the present

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in August No.

13. Battle door.
14. Boston Common.
15. Buckeye.
16. Hymn—myrrh.
17. Bar-gain.
18. Joannes Scotus Erigena.
19. Night-in-gale.
20. Plea—peal—pale—leap.
21. The Poles.
22. It deals in long yarns.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

33. I am a part of the human frame,
Viewed one side or other, always the same.
Spelled with three letters, and yet with one,
I'm in every weight, but not in a ton.
Of many colors—black, blue, gray—
I am very useful, all men say.
A few words more, and I have done,
I am here and there with every one.
34. What relation was Moses to his father? *J. S. R.*
35. I am composed of eleven letters.
My 8, 4, 2, 7, 9 is sometimes made of the bark of trees.
My 1, 6, 3, 10 is much longer in Sweden than in America.
My 9, 2, 5, 10 inspires us with courage.
My 5, 6, 10, 11 is a part of a bridge.
My 10, 4, 2, 5 is what young ladies ought not to do.
My whole is the name of a celebrated fortune-teller.
36. Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato? *M. G. B.*

37. What great poet should have been born in Pennsylvania? *Penn.*
38. What noun, a monosyllable of two letters, contains four adverbs, four prepositions, two interjections, half of a simpleton, three fourths of a corner, four fifths of a vegetable, nothing, and is a part of eternity? *Uncle Joe.*
39. What monosyllable of two letters is the name of a man, or of a woman, or of a fowl, or of a mouse, and reads the same backward or forward? *Uncle Joe.*
40. Of what profession is Boreas? *Susie.*
41. Complete, a portion of the land
That juts into the sea—
Curtail me, and I'm often seen
Upon the head and knee.
Replace my tail, remove my head,
And I'm a cunning quadruped.
Ralph Wilson.
42. In Lord & Taylor's matchless store
My first with others may be found,
Bedecked with silks and lace all o'er,
And smiling beauties all around.

The Speculative Mason sees

My second when a friend he greets,
Or in the sky, on house, on trees,
Whene'er he promenades the streets.

Far off, in Utah's desert wild,
A careworn soldier sentry stands,
Unsolaced by his wife or child,
His loved ones, left in other lands.

Then, as he paces to and fro,
He lists, and hears a stealthy tread,
But cocks his gun, and friend or foe,
Then for my whole, would shoot him dead! *X. T. C.*



THANKSGIVING.

THERE was a terrible annual mortality in Uncle Stephen's poultry yard. It occurred always at the same season of the year, but the precise day was fixed by proclamation from the Governor. And then the whole day was bustle, and noise, and slaughter. Every roost was sadly thinned of its occupants; and such a cackling, quacking, and screaming as then assailed the ears of all the neighbors, it was enough to break the heart of any sensitive being, but especially of such a nervous, imaginative, sympathetic creature as my cousin Dolly. She was young,

pretty, and disagreeable. She thought more of the sufferings of the ducks and chickens than of those of her own species; and, while she was weeping over the death of a favorite bird, or bemoaning the necessary slaughter of a pet lamb, would not hesitate to say or do that which would deeply wound the feelings of a brother, or a sister, and disturb the peace of the household.

At length, the cackling, and quacking, and screaming had ceased, or, as Byron says, "had died into an echo," and a mournful silence prevailed. On one side lay a heap of warm, breathing

feathers, and on the other a heap of mangled, bleeding heads. But I will draw a veil over that scene, in order to follow the slaughtered fowls to their various destinations. The largest and fattest turkey, with a fine pair of ducks and another of chickens, were marched off to the parsonage. The next best lot went to grandmother, and another, as near like it as possible, to Aunt Mary. Then there was a turkey and a pair of chickens for Mrs. Avery, the aged widow of the late pastor, a turkey for Mrs. Parsons, a goose for Mrs. Thrasher, and a chicken or two, a goose for Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Annesly, Mrs. Hotchkins, according to the number of their households. In this manner the whole was distributed among the poor of the village, along with different and appropriate portions of pumpkins, apples, milk, eggs, etc., etc., enough to feed a little army, and leading one to suppose that Uncle Stephen was the father of the town.

In this, however, Uncle Stephen was not alone. From many another humble-looking farm-house, portions went forth in equal abundance, till all the poor were bountifully supplied, and the parson and the old parson's widow had laid in a stock for half the winter.

The morning was bright and cheerful. The snow lay clean and smooth all over the ground. The merry sleigh-bells gave out a cheerful and inspiring music in all the highways and byways of the village. The glassy pond and glittering stream rang under the iron shoe of the skater; and everywhere the voice of rejoicing and gladness, with all the varied notes of social mirth and harmony, ushered in the national festival, and gave utterance to the prevailing sentiment of the people, on its annual return.

At length, the bells rang out a cheerful call, saying, in a language that was well understood, and met with a hearty response on every side, "*O come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.*"

At the signal, the boys laid aside their skates, and men, women, and children, in mingled groups, some on foot and some in sleighs, were seen gathering from every lane and avenue, towards the village churches. The high-sounding anthem commenced the solemn service. The prayer was a fervent thank-offering for the blessings that had crowned the year, and a grateful acknowledgment of the hand of God in the rain and the sunshine, the flowers and the fruits of the earth, in the health of the people, in the progress of education, and in all the civil, moral, and religious privileges of the nation. Then followed an able and interesting discourse, in which piety and patriotism, sound practical philosophy, and high-toned religion, went hand in hand, to elevate the thoughts of the people, and lift up their hearts in devout thankfulness to the Author of all good, both to nations and to men. The profound wisdom, the fervid eloquence, and the true-hearted piety of our excellent minister never shone more conspicuously or attractively than on this occasion, when showing that God was in all things, and that godliness was profitable for all the varieties of interests in this life, as well as for those of the world to come. I pity the individual who could go away from such a discourse, without feeling both proud and grateful to be an American.

Another anthem concluded the service, and the congregation dispersed,

to gather in large family groups around the festal board. * * * * *

But how shall I describe the feast? Uncle Stephen's table—oh! how bountifully was it spread, as if all the eating of a month was to be done at one meal. In the center, there was a large vase of the last flowers of the season, preserved in the house for the occasion, for uncle and aunt were great lovers of flowers, and of the gentle lessons they breathe. This was surrounded by four handsome vases of celery, by way of symmetry and relief. At the upper end, was a noble fat turkey, who had received a more liberal stuffing after his death, than he had ever had during his life. He was done as brown as a ripe chestnut, and his crisped skin glistened all over, as if it had been suddenly transformed into scales.

Opposite to this, at the other end of the table, was another bird of the same family, of a snowy whiteness, and therefore appropriately placed before the seat of my beloved Aunt Jane. On one flank was a pair of the choicest ducks, and on the other, an equally choice pair of chickens, all done to a turn, as the epicures say, and seeming to say, "We are here to be eaten—fall to." Then, arranged in admirable order, and covering the entire surface of the ample board, were various kinds of gravy, sauces, vegetables, pastry, puddings, and who can tell what? The table-cloth was as white as snow, but you could scarcely see an inch of it, except where it hung in ample folds over the sides of the table.

The blessing was asked, and the whole family was seated.

"Mother, where shall I begin?"

asked George, brandishing his knife over the unresisting ducks.

"Will you have roast or boiled, dear grandmother?" asked Uncle Stephen.

"Who will have a nice bit of chicken?" cried Henry. And so it went round, till every plate was filled, and all hands and mouths were as busy as they could be.

"Dolly, dear, this was your white chicken, I verily believe," said Henry, as he handed her the breast-bone, "and I claim to break it with you, for a New Year's wish."

"Poor thing!" sighed Dolly, "that she should suffer and die, only to feed such a low animal appetite. I can't eat a morsel."

"Another piece of turkey, grandpa," said a brave little voice at the farther end of the table.

"What have you done with that other piece, Willie?"

"Put it away, sir."

"What! so soon?"

"Hadn't anything else to do."



"Nor I, either," crowed a little cherub on the side.

"Where will you put the pudding?" said George.

"And the mince-pie?" said Henry.

"And the apple?"

"And the pumpkin?"

"And the cranberry?"

"Oh! dear grandma, what shall I do?" said Willie. "I can't eat half so many."

"Well, my boy, do as well as you can, and be thankful."

And so we did, all of us, as well as we could, leaving such a wreck behind, as would have puzzled anybody but Aunt Jane to dispose of.

Then followed the afternoon sports on the ice, and in the snow; and then the social games around the evening fire, when blind-man's-buff, hide-the-handkerchief, hunt-the-slipper, and other amusements of the same character filled up two or three hours of time, till all the party were somewhat fatigued with play. Then came long stories of the olden time from grandmother and Uncle Stephen, of the wild pranks of college boys from George, and of the fashions and follies of the gay city from Henry, interspersed with spirited jokes and lively repartees, till the great house-clock told the unwelcome hour of eleven.

Meanwhile, the little ones had gone, one by one, to bed, and grandmother and Aunt Mary, with their families, had gone home. The younger children began to bob their heads upon their bosoms, keeping time with the reeling of uncle's great rocking-chair. They were presently roused to the full possession of their faculties, by the sonorous voice of Uncle Stephen, breaking out into the commencing strain of Silver Street,

"Come, sound His praise abroad."

Every voice bore its part in the grateful song. Cousin George then read the 116th Psalm, and Uncle Stephen returned thanks to God, and commended us all anew to His blessing.

H. H.

CHILDHOOD.

DRAWING pictures on the slate,

Making houses out of cards,

Solving riddles all elate,

Peeping in the neighbors' yards,

Such is part of childhood's game,

Innocent of wealth or fame.

Blowing pencil dust away,

Some, perchance, may meet the
eye;

Looking out for market day,

When comes home an extra pie,

Such is part of childhood's fun,

Ere the growing time is done.

On all fours about the room,

Personating cats and mice?

Saying of the weaver's loom,

Don't it match the carpet nice!

Fairy weavers, still themselves,

Dancing like the ancient elves.

Nodding when the prayer is long,

And the eyes are rubbed in vain;

In the morning up with song,

Holding hands to catch the rain;

Tom, come in! you roguish Will!

Go to school, and there be still!

Life a holiday of sweets,

Care a blue-beard not yet known;

Every day its joy repeats,

Rapture in one even tone.

Who that morn would wish to
cloud?

Who that fairy land would shroud?

Hard their destiny who creep

Through a childhood full of gloom,

Sad awake and sad asleep,

Buried in a living tomb,

Old before their spring is shed,

Gray at heart ere morn has fled.

~~~~~  
If you want to be an angel in heaven,  
you must begin to be an angel here.



### A PRIMITIVE PUMP.

PERHAPS it is not a pump that I am about to describe; but, if a pump be an artificial contrivance for bringing water up from a low place, why, is this not a pump? It is what they often use, in the far East, as a substitute for the pump. A large pan is fixed, with four cords attached, at equal distances, to the rim. Two men stand opposite each other, holding these cords, one in each hand. Then, dipping the pan into the water, they swing it back and forth, till they are able, with one long sweep, to throw it into the basin, or trough, above. Those who are experienced in the matter, can throw it with great accuracy, and scarcely ever spill a drop. Sometimes they water gardens in this way, raising the water into a basin, and then conveying it, by small canals or drains, to every part of the garden.

They have another contrivance, which you may call a pump, if you please, since it is used to raise water;

but it looks more like a tread-mill than a pump, and works somewhat like one, too. They lay an inclined plane, sloping from the high ground, which they wish to water, down to the edge of the river, or pond. At the top of this plane, and projecting over it, is a roller; at the bottom, a little under the water, is another roller. Two ropes, with buckets, or rather flat boxes, attached, pass round these rollers, so they are filled at the bottom, and emptied at the top; the men who work them, pushing the full ones up on the board with their feet, and then drawing down the empty ones, which are higher up, with their hands. Two men, constantly going up and down, can manage twenty or thirty buckets at a time. Each bucket holds, perhaps, a gallon, so that, at each turn, they will discharge nearly a barrel of water into the basin above.

We call these contrivances labor-saving machines. They might as well

be called labor-multiplying machines. They multiply a man's labor, so that one man can do the work of many, and do it with ease. A man who will use a little contrivance, or ingenuity, or science, if you prefer to call it so, with his daily labor, is equal to two, or three, or five men, without it. And the boy or girl who will think, reflect, study, in other words, exercise their wits, when anything is to be done, will find labor lightened and time saved.

The old proverb says that "perseverance leads to excellence." And these rude instruments, which have just been described, are some of the steps by which the persevering and industrious have been led in the way to excellence. While working the first rude contrivance, they would see how it could be made to work better; and, when it was worn out, they would make a new one, with some improvements; and so on, step by step, perseverance would lead them on to the more excellent way. This is the way that all great and good things are done. Little by little—little by little. Patience and perseverance can accomplish almost any work, however difficult.

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### THE WALK;

OR, GOODMAN AND HIS SON.

SEE Goodman, o'er his spacious land,  
And kindly holding Edgar's hand,  
Direct his leisure way;  
He reads the book of nature well,  
Nor to his son forbears to tell  
The lessons of the day.

When now his grasp he seems to ease,  
The lad, his hand, with pleasure frees,  
And slowly falls behind.

So parents oft relax their sway,  
Permit their sons to choose their way,  
And practice as inclined.

The boy has but a boyish head,  
And hence a fancy takes to tread  
The path his father beats;  
Just where his father leaves a track,  
He plants his foot, behind his back,  
And still the act repeats.

Soon Goodman seems a splash to hear,  
And that his eye may prove his ear,  
A backward glance he shoots;  
"With caution step," he gives command,  
And blames aloud, with waving hand,  
The boy's bespattered boots.

Such words from Edgar shrewdly  
break  
As shut his mouth, and neatly take  
The sternness from his frown:  
"Your censure, sir, is vastly odd,  
For only where you first have trod,  
My feet I venture down."

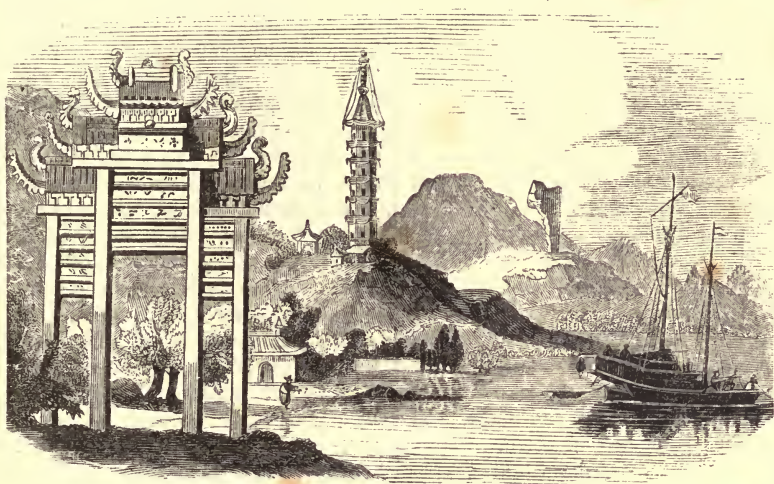
See you the cause, that oft reproofs,  
Like shots that strike on guarded  
roofs,  
In vain exert their force?  
Those who their words of censure  
deal,  
Or gravely warn the erring heel,  
Pursue a kindred course.

Let parents, then, from evil turn—  
In every sphere of action learn  
To move their feet aright; [ed,  
Let children, with such guidance bless—  
Their eyes upon their parents rest,  
And in their steps delight.

THE OLD MAJOR.

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WHAT mechanic may be expected  
to outlive all others? The boot and  
shoemaker—for he is everlasting.



MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

## AN INSIDE LOOK AT CHINA.

THE mountain scenery of China is remarkable for its sublimity and variety of beauty. The loftiest mountains in the world are those which inclose the high table-lands of Thibet and Tartary, from which the mighty rivers of China take their rise, and which seem, by a violent effort or convulsion, to have rent their giant barriers, to make a way for the fertilizing waters to flow through. They present, in some instances, the most jagged and irregular features, as if thrown into their present shape by some sudden and terrible convulsion; and yet they are almost everywhere covered with verdure and brought under cultivation by a numerous and industrious population. All the prominent points along the water-courses, and among the promontories and ravines of the mountains, are made more prominent by some kind of ornamental structure, as if in commemoration of some import-

ant event which had transpired there. A fanciful arch, a pagoda, or a tower of curious construction, will present itself, here and there, as you pass along. They have no inscriptions, and seem generally, with the exception of the pagodas, to have no purpose but that of ornament. They are all so light and fantastic in their forms and decorations, that they impart a gay and cheerful aspect to the surrounding scenery, and seem to say, that the people enjoy life, cultivate a graceful taste, and find something more to do than merely toil for a living, or grub for wealth.

But the vast territory of China is even more remarkable for broad, fertile, and beautiful plains, magnificent in extent and productiveness, than for lofty ranges of mountains. The heart of this vast empire is one immense, unbroken plain, extending a thousand miles from north to south, and about

three hundred miles in width—the most extensive prairie on the face of the earth. It is watered by two majestic rivers, and covered, in all its length and breadth, with the most luxuriant harvests. It swarms with a busy, industrious population, while numerous large towns and splendid cities adorn its river banks. Stretching from the mountainous district on the north, to the tropical region of Southern China, this vast plain presents almost all varieties of climate and of production. Sugar and rice, fruits and spices, and almost perennial verdure mark the south; while coarse and hardy grains, stunted trees, and short, cold seasons distinguish the north.

No country in the world has so many large towns and cities as China. The houses of the wealthy, both in the city and in the country, are generally tasteful and comfortable, and well adapted to the peculiar climate. The

style of architecture would not exactly suit our American taste, nor would the houses be comfortable in our variable climate. In one respect, at least, they are superior to many, if not most of the houses in our country: they are not too high. They have seldom more than two stories. They cover a great deal of ground, and are not crowded closely together. Each story is, in some sort, a separate house. The first has a complete tiled roof, as if it were intended to go no higher. The second is then raised over it, on pillars, and forms a kind of elevated piazza—for the main house. Each part has its overhanging roof, with pendent ornaments. There are three principal entrances: a broad one, with folding-doors in front, and narrower ones on each side, at each of which are hung handsome lanterns, inscribed with the name and titles of the master of the house. The principal rooms also have lanterns,



RESIDENCE OF A CHINESE MERCHANT.





KINSHAN, OR THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

suspended from the ceiling. The doors between the different apartments of the house are not, like ours, all made after one uniform rule and pattern, but are of many fantastic shapes, according to the taste or whim of the owner, or architect. Glass windows are not generally used, but are becoming more common, since the late war with England, and the consequent opening of the country to foreign customs and comforts.

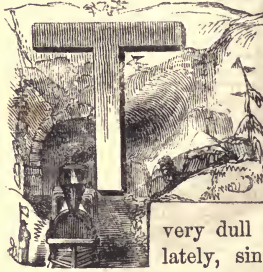
Chinese houses almost always are somewhat removed from the street or highway. They have court-yards in front, and gardens all around, which are cultivated with great care and taste. They are great lovers of flowers and fountains, and their court-yards, as well as gardens, are full of them.

One of the most beautiful and roman-

tic spots in China is Kinshan, or the Golden Island. It is on the right bank of the Yang-tse-keang, not far from its mouth. The river, which is one of the largest in the world, is a mile and a half in width at this place. A chain of high hills, rising one above another, forms a beautiful background on the north. They sweep down to the edge of the stream, covered with a rich and varied foliage, and dotted here and there with pagodas, towers, arbors, and all sorts of fantastic and tasteful structures. The "Golden Island" is a bold, beautiful promontory, jutting out into the river, covered and surrounded with numerous works of Chinese art and refinement, and is certainly one of the most fairy-like and romantic places to be found in this or any other country.

## THE INDIAN'S CAPTIVE;

OR, AN EVENING IN UNCLE HIRAM'S LIBRARY.



THE old house at Linden Grove is inhabited once more. It has been very dull and quiet lately, since Aunt Martha and all the children left; but *they* thought it was dull without Uncle Hiram, and when he *would* go away out West, to see his Merry family there, the Hatchets thought they would run away too, and away they went. Elsie and Edith, with Cousin Hannah to take care of them, have been to the seashore, and have brought home such beautiful shells and sea-weeds as would delight you all; and when the shells are finally arranged in cabinets, and the algæ in books, they will look more beautiful still. Aunt Martha and the rest have been among the mountains, and *they* have brought mosses, and ferns, and pine cones enough to keep us at work half the winter arranging them.

How pleasant the dear old place looks!—after all, “there is no place like home,” especially if *home* has so many bright faces and happy spirits clustering round it.

Last evening was rather chilly, as evenings are apt to be in October, even though the day is warm. So we were all glad to gather in the library, where a bright wood fire was burning, sending its cheerful light to every corner of the room.

“There, this is the perfection of comfort,” said Edith, throwing her-

self upon the rug before the fire, and leaning her head on Aunt Martha's lap; “all we need now is a story from Hannah.”

“Yes, indeed, a story from Cousin Hannah,” cried Lucy; “just open your portfolio, and read us one, Cousin Hannah.”

Elsie ran for a light, and shading it so that the rays should only fall on the book, and not interfere with the richer glow of fire-light in the room, Cousin Hannah began:

“Mr. Stanford was among the earliest settlers in the State of —, which *then* was deemed far West. His little log-house was situated in a lovely spot; trees sheltered it on every side but the front, where the ground sloped gently down to a brook, and then spread out into a rolling prairie.

His two children, Henry and Mary, were happy as birds all day, following their father in his work, lending a helping hand to their mother in the care of the baby, or engaged in learning the simple lessons she taught them.

Mary was an independent, active child of six, and Henry was two years older, but more timid and indolent than his sister.

One cold November night Mr. Stanford was roused from his sleep by a crackling sound, and a strong smell of smoke. Springing up quickly, he saw that his log cabin, his darling home, was indeed on fire, and there was no time to lose. Telling his wife to throw on her clothes as quickly as possible, he wrapped the baby carefully in blankets, and placed it in her arms. “Run to the sheds yonder,” he said; “you



will be sheltered there, and I will send the children after you."

Mary and Henry were already awake, and dressed in a moment. "Quick," cried their father, "run after your mother. Tell her I will come when I have saved what I can."

The moment the children were gone, he began his work, and so energetic and prompt was he, that he saved much that was valuable to him, though at great risk to his life. When at last all was over, and further effort was useless, he hastened to his wife.

"Where are the children?" she exclaimed, as he approached.

"Are they not here?" he asked, amazed.

"No! did you send them here? Oh dear! Oh dear! they are lost!" cried Mrs. Stanford.

"Stop," said Mr. Stanford; "let us look about a little, they can't be lost. I told them to come here."

"But they did not come," said Mrs. Stanford.

"They are near, depend upon it," said her husband. "Mary is such a fearless, curious child, I shouldn't won-

der if she made Henry stay outside with her to watch it all."

"Then call them," said Mrs. Stanford.

And her husband called, "Mary! Henry!" till the woods echoed and re-echoed with the sound; but there came no answer.

"What can have happened?" said Mr. Stanford, growing more and more anxious. "They *must* have heard that, if they were anywhere between here and the house."

"Could they have fallen asleep in the cold?" asked

Mrs. Stanford.

"No, I should think not," said her husband. "I will blow a horn for them, though;" and he blew a long, loud blast.

"That will rouse the Marvins, and bring them up here in a hurry," said Mrs. Stanford.

"It is time they were roused," said Mr. Stanford, walking impetuously up and down. "I am sorry I did not call them before; but I knew they couldn't save the house, and thought they might as well rest."

The Marvins were the Stanfords' nearest neighbors, but they were a long distance off; and before Mr. Marvin and his son James appeared, running with all their might, Mr. Stanford had worked himself up into a perfect frenzy of excitement.

"Halloo," cried Mr. Marvin, as he came toward them, and saw the glimmer of a pine knot, which Mr. Stanford had lighted. "What's all this?"

"Enough," said Mr. Stanford, despairingly; "my house is burned to the ground, and Mary and Henry are gone."

"Gone! burned?" cried Mr. Marvin, in horror.

"No, thank God," said Mr. Stanford, "not so bad as that. I saw them safely out, and sent them here to their mother, but they never came."

"They got bewildered, and ran off some other way," said Mr. Marvin. "Cheer up, cheer up, friend; let James here take your wife to my house, and you and I will scour the woods in a short time, as far as their little feet can have carried them."

Mrs. Stanford consented very unwillingly to leave the place where her children might soon be heard from, and the two men set out on their way through the woods. Up and down they walked, shouting, blowing horns, but all to no purpose, till, at length, nearly opposite the sheds where they had been directed to go, they discovered the track of a child's foot; a little farther on, a shred of Mary's frock, and near it, horror of horrors! the footprint of an Indian.

The practiced eye of Mr. Marvin detected it in a moment, and he pointed it out to Mr. Stanford.

"It's useless to go any farther; that man never came here alone. There must be a good many prowling round."

"Yes, and while we are following here, they may be up at your house, Marvin," said Stanford, suddenly starting off in that direction. "I can't lose wife, and children, and home, all in one night."

So, breathless with fear of what *might* have happened in their absence, they hurried on till they came in sight of Mr. Marvin's house, with a candle burning brightly in the only window, to tell them that all was well.

There was no more sleep in the house that night. The Indians were near, and Mary and Henry had proba-

bly been carried off by them. This news was enough to make every one wakeful. By means of signals long used and well understood among the settlers, the neighborhood, far and near, was roused, and by dawn of day, a dozen determined men had assembled at Mr. Marvin's ready to start out after the Indians.

Now let us return to Mary and Henry. When their father sent them after their mother, they, in their bewilderment and fright, turned the wrong way, and ran without stopping or thinking what they were doing, till they were startled by seeing a tall, dark figure spring from behind a tree. He seized Henry by the hand, and catching Mary in his arm, darted into the woods. Henry screamed with all his might, for which he received a severe blow, which silenced and almost stunned him. They were soon met by another Indian, by whom Henry was carried till they reached the camp of the tribe; here they rested till dawn; then Mary was taken by the same man who first seized her, while Henry went in another direction.

Mary was treated very kindly by her captor; every care was taken of her during their long journey of more than a week. She clung to him, and so evidently trusted him, that he was delighted with her, and taught him to call her by his name, Metea, while he named her Minechee. When they reached his wigwam, he led her in and said to his squaw, "Here, Mohongo, I have brought you Minechee for a daughter; give her the place of Hayne who is gone."

Mohongo did as Metea desired. She treated little Minechee with all the love she could show, and the child grew to love her Indian parents, and to delight in the wild life they led.

Metea was very proud of her, and taught her all the arts of Indian life. She could soon make moccasins and leggings beautifully ornamented with porcupine quills. She could shoot an arrow, or paddle a canoe. Mohongo, too, who had been sad and unhappy since the death of her little girl, became cheerful in her love for Minechee. And Metea was glad to see two bright faces when he came home from hunting. Many a fine deer did he shoot and lay at the door of Mohongo's wigwam.

The long winter wore away, and summer came, and Minechee was never weary of roaming in the woods, mimicking the birds, and picking the flowers. She sometimes thought of her old home, and wondered what had become of all there, and dreamed that she saw her white mother and father leaning over her.

Meanwhile, poor Mr. and Mrs. Stanford were in sad trouble. The men who went out to search for the lost children followed an Indian trail till they came up with those who had taken Henry off. With much difficulty, and many presents, they at last induced the Indians to give up the child, and carried him triumphantly home; but of Mary they could learn nothing, except that she had gone with another chief to the Great Lakes. Everything was done that could be done to find her, and when, at last, a new house was built, and the family comfortably situated in it, Mr. Stanford left his farm in charge of a cousin, and set forth on another search.

Minechee had been almost two years with her adopted parents, and seemed like an Indian maiden in everything. A great council of all the tribes was to be held, to meet some white men who

were sent with the calumet and wampum to treat with them. Metea, the great chief, must go. Metea was not afraid—he was a *brave*—but he had a foreshadowing of sorrow in his heart, and when the time came for him to leave, he lingered reluctantly near his wigwam. Minechee and Mohongo came out to see him go.

“My soul is dark,” he said; “trouble is coming.”



I like not these councils.”

“Is Metea afraid? will he turn his back to a foe?” asked Mohongo.

Metea's eyes flashed fire, as he answered, “Metea knows no fear; but when the white man comes as a friend he carries a tomahawk behind him;” and with these words he plunged into the woods, and was soon lost to sight.

Day after day did Mohongo and Minechee watch for his return, but two weeks passed away before they again saw him, coming with slow steps toward the wigwam, his head bent down, and his whole manner showing the greatest dejection. Mohongo sprang to meet him. “What is the matter?” she exclaimed.

He motioned Minechee away, as she too approached him, and then said:

“I must take Minechee back; her white father will meet her: will she go with him?”

Mohongo shook her head. “Did Metea promise to give her up?”

“No,” said Metea; “only to let the white man see her.”

"She may stay with us," said Mohongo, "but I fear."

Very kind were Metea and Mohongo to their dear Minechee those few days, and when at last the time came for them to go, they did not tell her why, but she gladly followed Metea when he bade her. The three went together till they came to a deep river; here Metea launched his canoe, Minechee sprang lightly in, and he followed, while Mohongo waved them a sad adieu from the bank, and then turned back to her lonely wigwam.

Swiftly the canoe glided down the stream, till at length they arrived at a large clearing, where tents were erected, and white men were gathered in groups. Silently the canoe glided up to the landing-place, and Metea bade Minechee spring on shore. Scarcely had she done so, when she saw advancing toward her, her long-lost father, and with a cry of delight bounded to him, and threw herself into his arms.

Metea looked no longer, but exclaiming, "She is lost!" began with sturdy



energy to push his canoe homeward. Minechee saw him, and called to him, but in vain; he would not turn to look or speak. He saw that her love for her father was unextinguished, and that she could never be his again; and he returned without a word to his be-reaved wigwam.

Mary, sad to grieve her kind adopt-  
ed parents, but delighted to find again

her mother, father, and brother, re-  
turned to her home. Year after year  
she sent presents of everything that  
she thought would please them to  
Metea and Mohongo, but she never  
saw them again; for several years  
after this, the tribe was obliged to  
move farther West, and what became  
of those poor, lonely Indians was  
never known.

A great change has taken place in  
the scene of Mary's first home. The for-  
ests have been cleared away, field after  
field of waving grain has been added  
to Mr. Stanford's highly cultivated  
farm. Mary is married, and lives in a  
house near her father's, surrounded by  
a merry troop of children, to whom  
she often tells the story of her Indian  
life, but who can hardly be made to  
believe that savages and wild beasts  
once prowled about so near their now  
safe and peaceful home."

"Do you mean to say that that is a  
real story?" asked Elsie, drawing a  
long breath, as Cousin Hannah laid  
down her book.

"Certainly; and I have been to  
the very farm where Mary lives,"  
said Cousin Hannah, smiling.

"Who is she? Do tell us," ex-  
claimed all the girls at once.

"Not now," said Cousin Han-  
nah, decidedly. "You would tell  
everybody before my story is pub-  
lished."

"Tell everybody," said Edith;  
"where should we find everybody to  
tell while here at Linden Grove?"

"Never mind if she won't tell," said  
Lucy; "I'm glad she means to print  
it. Will you put it in the MUSEUM,  
Cousin Hannah?"

"Yes, if you think that's the best  
place for it," said Cousin Hannah, in  
reply.

"To be sure it is," said Edith;

"where else would so many boys and girls read it?"

"And be sure you let them know that you read it to *us* first," said Lucy.

"Yes, yes," said Elsie, "let the Merrys know we had the first hearing."

"Oh, you vain, boastful creatures," said Cousin Hannah, shaking her head; but she nevertheless sat right down and wrote as they desired, Edith, Elsie, and Lucy leaning over her chair the while, "to see that she made no mistakes," they said, and Aunt Martha laughing, in her quiet way, at the merry, teasing girls, and the mockingly submissive air of

Cousin Hannah.

### LITTLE IDA.

RINGLETS long and sunny,  
Eyes of deepest blue,  
Brow of snowy whiteness,  
Cheeks of rosy hue;  
Lips like little rose-buds,  
Teeth like tiny pearls,  
With a wreath of violets  
Twined among her curls.

You'd have said she was an angel,  
Had you seen her as I did,  
When her fairy form was lying  
Among the flowers hid.  
Now flitting hither, thither,  
And borne as if on air—  
You'd have thought she was an  
angel,  
She looked so very fair.

Yet, no! she was but mortal,  
And we loved her all too well;  
And how we lost our idol,  
I now can hardly tell.  
But, before her cherished flowers  
Had again their perfume given,  
Our darling little Ida  
Was blooming up in heaven.

I remember well the morning  
When they told me she was dead;  
And how my heart grew heavy,  
And the burning tears I shed.  
I went and gazed upon her,  
As she lay there robed in white,  
And I thought then, in my sorrow,  
All our day had turn'd to night.

'Twas no wonder that I miss'd her,  
And that my heart grew sad—  
She was my only sister,  
All the playmate that I had.  
And now to see her lying  
So pale and still and cold,  
It seemed as if, of bitterness,  
My cup no more could hold.

They put her in her coffin,  
And twin'd roses in her hair;  
I thought, if 'twould but wake her,  
I would gladly lay *me* there.  
But her little hands were folded  
So calmly on her breast,  
That I knew our little Ida  
Was sweetly taking rest.

From among the white moss rose-buds  
I clipped one silken curl,  
To keep as a memento  
Of our little angel girl.  
They laid her 'neath the flowers;  
And when the willows wave,  
The sad winds sigh a requiem  
O'er little Ida's grave.

MINNIE R.

BROOKLYN, Oct., 1859.

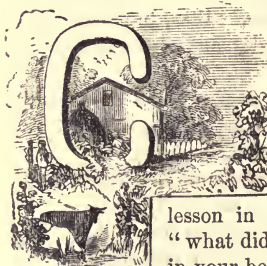
WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—  
Freshen never more to fade;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—  
Brighten never more to shade;  
Where the morn shall break in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong;  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song—  
Children, we shall meet, and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest.

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.

BY HANNAH HATCHET.



CARL," said Mr. Rudolf, when the time arrived for his next lesson in chemistry, "what did you write in your book last?"

Carl opened his book, and read, "Like electricities repel, and unlike electricities attract each other."

"I thought that was it," said Mr. Rudolf. "Try to remember this, Carl, for it has to do with all our experiments to-day."

"I am glad we are to have more

about electricity," said Carl. "Do let it be something about the Aurora Borealis; it was so splendid last night, and there must be electricity in it."

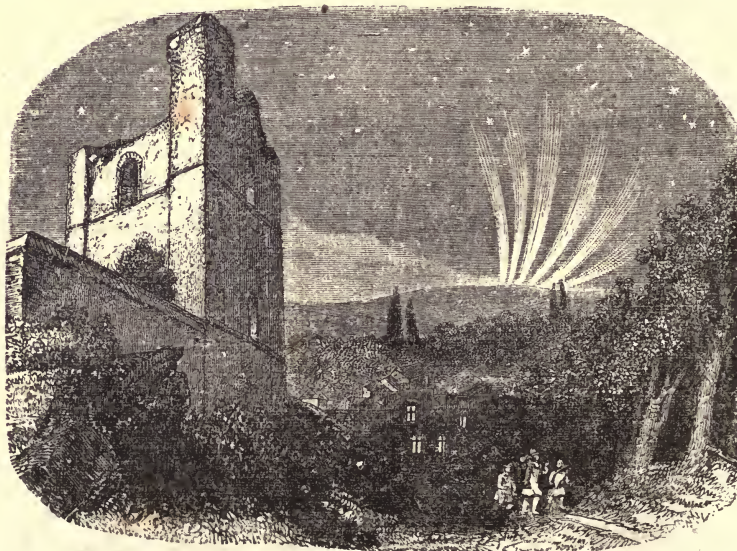
"That's a question not yet decided, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf.

"But what else could make it?" asked Carl.

"Oh, I incline to the opinion that it is electrical," said Mr. Rudolf, "and it is said that when very brilliant, it affects the working of the telegraph."

"Does it?" exclaimed Carl, triumphantly; "that settles the question, then."

Mr. Rudolf laughed. "A philosopher, Carl," said he, "must not jump at conclusions; he must first assure



THE AURORA BOREALIS.



himself of the fact which seems to prove his side of the question, and then compare it with many other facts."

"Oh, dear, I am afraid I shall never make a philosopher, then," said Carl. "But what are you going to teach me now?" he asked, as he looked at the many different articles that his teacher laid on the table.

"First," said Mr. Rudolf, "I mean to explain a term that we often use; that is, *electrical induction*, which means, that any body already excited electrically tends to disturb other bodies near it, and excite an electrical condition in them. Can you remember this, while I try to prove it by experiments?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said Carl, delightedly; "I can remember anything for the sake of experiments."

"Here, you see, I have a brass conductor on a glass stand, and on each end of it are two cork balls hung by linen threads. I will place one end of it near the electrical machine, and you may electrify the ball."

"What effect will that have on your conductor, which does not touch it?" asked Carl, turning the winch vigorously.

"You must watch, and tell me," said Mr. Rudolf.

"I see," exclaimed Carl in a moment, "the balls are flying apart."

"Yes," replied Mr. Rudolf, "they are electrified too. Now what kind of electricity is that in the ball?"

"Vitreous, or positive," said Carl, promptly, "for it is made by rubbing this glass cylinder."

"Very well," said Mr. Rudolf; "you certainly have a good memory, Carl. Can you tell me what sort of electricity there is in this piece of sealing-wax?"

"Resinous, or negative," said Carl. "Take it, and put it near the balls," said Mr. Rudolf; "then you can see how they are electrified."

"How strange!" exclaimed Carl, as he brought the wax near the balls; "these corks nearest the machine are repelled, so they must have resinous electricity too, and these others are attracted, so they have vitreous electricity."

"What is so strange about that, Carl?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"Why, that all the electricity these corks have comes from this ball, and that is positive, and now the corks nearest it are negative," said Carl.

"Think a little," said Mr. Rudolf; "perhaps you will find a reason for it."

Carl was silent a few moments, and looked very much puzzled while he tried his experiment over and over again. At length he said, "I can not give any reason at all, unless it is that positive and negative electricity always exist together. If that is so, then, I can see that, as the ball is positive, it drives all its own kind as far away as it can, and draws all the negative kind to itself."

"That is it exactly," said Mr. Rudolf. "The ball fills that conductor with electricity; then as it dislikes all its own kind, it sends it off to the balls on the farthest end of the conductor, and of course only the negative is left for the other balls."

"This electricity is a quarrelsome sort of thing," said Carl, laughing. "It seems like a living being, having likes and dislikes. Doesn't it, Mr. Rudolf?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf. "If we lived in earlier ages we might imagine it some wild spirit of the air or sky, with loves and passions like other spirits."

"I think I should like to have such

a notion," said Carl. "It would be so wild and strange to feel that such an invisible being was round us doing such wonders."

"It is much pleasanter, I think," said Mr. Rudolf, "to feel that this wonderful power is one of our heavenly Father's agents; that He gives it these strange influences, and guides it only to do His will."

"Yes," said Carl, thoughtfully, "that *is* a great deal better; and yet God lets it do a great deal of harm."

"All that He does is good, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf; "and perhaps the very things that we call harm are really God's way of bringing about some great good."

During this conversation Mr. Rudolf had been arranging his apparatus anew. The change now caught Carl's eye, and he asked, "What is that brass plate hung to the ball of the machine for, Mr. Rudolf?"

"You will see presently," said his teacher, placing another plate of brass on a stand underneath, and about three or four inches from the first one; he then put two little paper figures of a man and woman on the lower plate, and told Carl to electrify the machine.

"Ah! we have some dancing dolls," cried Carl, as the little figures began to hop up and down on the plate.

"Can you tell why they hop so?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"No," said Carl; for his lesson had been pretty long, and he was growing tired of thinking hard.

"You see the lower plate is not placed on a non-conductor," said Mr. Rudolf. "The consequence is, the electricity which it receives, it sends direct to the ground."

"Oh, I see!" said Carl. "These little figures are attracted to the plate above, and take the electricity from

it; then it repels them and they come down to the other plate, and *it* sends the electricity off, and then the upper plate is willing to have them come and touch it again, and then gets tired of them and drives them away. Oh, what a constant loving and hating there is in this little spirit of ours!" and Carl laughed heartily at the idea.

"Do let us experiment more," he said, as Mr. Rudolf began replacing the different articles.

"Enough for to-day, Carl," said his teacher, kindly; "we must walk as well as study, you know."

Carl was always ready for his walk, and said no more, but quickly put up his books; and a few moments afterward he was rambling over the hills with his dog and his teacher.

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## THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops blending, as  
they fall,  
In the rushing river tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run,  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca rolling toward the sun  
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone, [braided  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will,  
Life's parting stream descends, [rill,  
And, as a moment turns its slender  
Each widening torrent blends—

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee—  
One to long darkness and the frozen  
One to the Peaceful Sea! [tide,

## THE GIRAFFE.



THE giraffe is sometimes called the camel-leopard, because, while his form and size are more like those of the camel, his skin is spotted like that of the leopard. It is impossible, from a picture, or even a stuffed specimen, to form a correct idea of the grace and beauty of this remarkable animal, or of the impression produced upon the mind by the sight of a creature of such enormous height, lifting up its head to gather the tender leaves from branches ten times as high as a tall man. When the first accounts of travelers, who had seen them in their native forests, were published, they were supposed to be fabulous, or, at least, very much exaggerated. But living specimens, though very rare, have been occasionally brought home for exhibition, and have fully confirmed the original story.

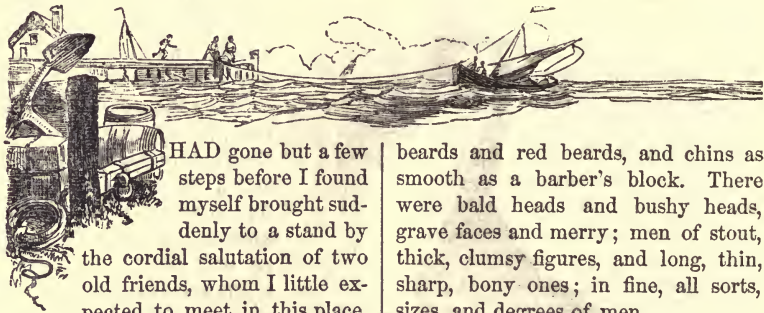
The giraffe, like all animals who have both horns and cloven feet, is a ruminating animal; that is to say, it chews the cud the second time, by bringing it back to the mouth after it has been rolled up and swallowed. You have often seen cows, after laying in a good store of cuds, lie down in the shade and have a good time chewing them over again. The giraffe will eat grass, as our cattle do, when he can get it. But, for lack of pasture in the country he inhabits, his chief food is the leaf of the mimosa, a tree peculiar to that region of Africa where alone the giraffe is found.

The most beautiful part of this animal is the head. It is very finely shaped. The mouth is small; the eyes are brilliant and full; his tongue is rough, and terminates in a point, by which means he is enabled to draw his food into his mouth; his hoofs are cloven, and resemble those of the ox.

It would seem, from looking at this animal, that his forelegs were much longer than the hinder ones. But this is not so. The proportion is about the same as in other four-footed animals.

The horns of the giraffe are small, and are not used for attack or defense. His only weapon is his heel, which he uses with great skill and force. His legs are so slender, and his blows so rapid, when excited to kick, that the eye can not follow them. He has been known to contend successfully with a lion, by kicking him off, whenever he attempted to spring upon him.

## UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



HAD gone but a few steps before I found myself brought suddenly to a stand by the cordial salutation of two old friends, whom I little expected to meet in this place.

They were booksellers—one from Boston, and the other from Cincinnati, and had come to New York to attend the "Trade Sale," as it is called, by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., which takes place in the "great metropolis" twice a year. After the first salutations were over, and a few harmless jokes had passed, principally at the expense of my long and sharp physiognomy, they insisted upon it that I must go with them into the sales-room, where I should be sure to meet a large circle of old friends, as well as some new ones; for all the trade, they were complimentary enough to say, would recognize Uncle Hiram as one of the craft. I accepted the invitation, and shall now take liberty to invite you to go in with me.

Ascending a long flight of stairs we reached a large, spacious hall, with a long, high counter running across one side, and a complete stock of very comfortable arm-chairs, filling up almost the entire area below. Most of these chairs were occupied by different members of the trade; that is, of the publishers and booksellers, from all parts of the country—for it is the book trade that is here represented.

There were young men and old men, gray beards and black beards, yellow

beards and red beards, and chins as smooth as a barber's block. There were bald heads and bushy heads, grave faces and merry; men of stout, thick, clumsy figures, and long, thin, sharp, bony ones; in fine, all sorts, sizes, and degrees of men.

Behind that high counter stood the auctioneer, Mr. Orton, and his assistants, who kept everything in steady motion, especially his own tongue. All day long, from early morning till late evening, he kept on an unvarying stream of talk, putting up the books in the regular order of the catalogue, and knocking them off, to this, that, and the other bidder, with incredible rapidity. There seemed to be a sort of telegraphic communication between him and his customers, by means of which a nod or a wink from them was interpreted at once into so many copies of the book, and at what price. Then a considerable number of the trade would be represented by some funny name, or nick-name, by which he would designate them as he knocked off their several purchases, and the frequent variation of these names sometimes occasioned no little sport. Here are some of them: "Jack," "O. K.," "Mississippi," "Ohio," "X. Y. Z.," "Hal," "Oliver," "Hoosier," "Bragg," "Mich.," "New Orleans," etc., etc.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. had the largest invoice of books. The works of Bayard Taylor and Irving's Washington, by G. P. Putnam, were in great demand. Mr. Taylor is so well known

as one of the most interesting writers in the world; his travels have been so extensive, that there is hardly a spot on the globe that he can not write about, from personal observation.

Mr. Putnam has just issued a new book of his, on Greece and Russia, which I have no doubt you will all read. There were over one thousand copies sold while we were there.

Our friends, Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, presented a long catalogue of choice books. In fact, their list of books can hardly be excelled in this country.

It is astonishing what an amount of business is done at one of these great sales, and how easily and rapidly the different publishers and booksellers of the country thus effect the exchange they wish to make with each other; for the different publishers not only sell their own books at the trade sales, but buy those of other houses. The sales amount to about half a million of dollars a year. A recess occurs at one o'clock, which lasts an hour. An invitation is given to all booksellers and buyers present to adjourn to an upper room, for lunch. And there, to be sure, is a lunch set out in a most liberal style. Mr. Leavitt understands how this part of the entertainment is done—several long tables, abundantly provided with cold beef, tongue, ham, sandwiches, crackers, oysters, and all the *et cetera* of a grand collation. Then there was an abundance of good humor and talk; jokes, old and new, and all sorts of fun went round.

I met here some score or two of old friends, from various parts of the country, whom I should not have seen at all if I had not gone in there. Some new acquaintances, too, I made, whose friendship I value very highly, and who gave me a cordial welcome there. It

proved to me indeed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

It was with regret that I parted with them, and again betook myself to the crowded thoroughfare.

Sin and its misery meet us everywhere as we walk through this world, and nowhere do they glare upon us with more hideous faces than in the proud thoroughfares of great cities. As I passed quietly along, musing of what I had just seen, and thankful that there was so much pure sunlight in the happy homes of New York, I was arrested by one of the most painful and disgusting objects I had ever seen; a miserable, ragged, filthy, bloated, broken-down man, without strength or sense enough to find his way along the streets, was leaning against the iron rail in front of one of the fine houses then to be found in that part of the street, begging for a few pence. Two very interesting and beautiful children were inside the rail, regarding the miserable man with pity and compassion, and one of them was appealing earnestly to her mother, who had just come out, to take the poor man in, and give him some clothes and food. Another little girl, at the next house, was peeping timidly out from behind the portico, as if fearing that the vagrant would come there next and find her all alone.

It was a melancholy, but a very instructive sight. The children knew only that the man was very poor and very wretched, and, not knowing what made him so, thought it very easy to help him, and make him comfortable. The mother, with no less sympathy for his sad condition, knew that it was hopeless; that no relief she could afford would reach it, and that no treatment, but such as we give to insane persons, or idiots, would do him any



good, or make him decent or comfortable for a single hour. I had seen many such cases; but this, in the strong contrast with the wealth and splendor all around, was particularly painful and revolting.

On viewing the man attentively, I recognized him as an old acquaintance. Though somewhat younger than myself, he had been a fellow-student in the same college. He was a young man of fine talents and great promise. He was handsome, refined, and very witty. He had a fine personal address, and great fluency of speech, and was a general favorite in the gay society of the village. Unfortunately for him, his father was one of those

who believed in what was called "the temperate use of ardent spirits," and encouraged his son in the manliness of a social glass at the table. He was often heard to quote Paul's advice to Timothy — "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmity" — not thinking how absolutely this passage proves the teetotal temperance of the Apostle and his young friend. For surely, if Timothy were not most exemplarily and resolutely abstinent, it would not have been necessary for Paul to urge him, with the authority of a spiritual father, to "take a *little wine*," not as a beverage,

or a stimulant, for his indulgence, but as a medicine "for his often infirmities."

Under such influences, this young man grew up. He entered on a professional life with the most flattering prospects. Popular and flattered, he was in all gay society, on all festive occasions. His habits of temperate drinking grew upon him apace. A ready debater, an eloquent speaker, he soon became prominent in political life. He was sent to the Legislature of his own State, and finally to Congress. At every step of his progress, the dreadful habit so early formed, and strengthened by parental example and advice, grew stronger and stronger

With resolution and force of mind enough to overcome all obstacles in the way of his political advancement, he had not resolution enough to overcome himself. With talent and genius to hold the multitude subject to his will, he was himself an unresisting slave to one of the lowest appetites of his animal nature. At length, notwithstanding the fair prospect before him, and the frequent and urgent efforts of his friends to save him, he gave himself up to unrestrained indulgence. He neglected everything else. He lost his position, his influence, his friends, and his property—all, all sacrificed, apparently without one sentiment of remorse, to this one beastly, burning, voracious appetite. I had not seen him, nor heard of him, for many years. I should not have recognized him, but for a singular twinkle of his eye, now almost lost in the baleful bloating of the face, but yet accompanying, with something of the old expression, a peculiar chuckling exclamation, as the boy on the stoop dropped a penny in his hand. "Clutch him, Gro!" said he, as if galvanized into momentary life by the touch of the metal, whose only value to him was its power to command liquor. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "can this be G.?"

He looked up, with a vacant stare, at first, which changed in a moment to a ghastly smile. Then, with a kind of confused howl, he shouted, "Hatchet, give me a drink!" At this moment the police came along, and I had the pain of seeing the once proud and gifted G. borne off to the house of vagrants.

I went my way repeating sadly, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise."

### MODERATE DRINKING.

IF we could have access to the ear of every young man in our land, we would take him by the hand and say to him, Touch not that which will intoxicate. You will be told that to indulge in a social glass—to take a glass of wine, or lager bier, now and then—can do no harm. This is a great mistake. No man ever became a drunkard without first being a "Moderate Drinker." Intemperance comes with noiseless step, in the mask of kindness, and proffers the cup of enchantment. If you only "dash it down" without touching a *drop* to your lips, you are safe, and only then. Sign the pledge, young man; unite yourselves with the Sons of Temperance, Bands of Hope, or similar organizations in your own locality. If you think you are in no danger of becoming a drunkard yourself, join them for the influence you may have over others; perhaps by that means you may save them. Never mind what others may say; ask yourself what is right, and *do* it.

It is far better to *be right*, and stand alone, than to *be wrong*, with the multitude on your side. One thing remember, that whatever your companions may say of you when you stand up for what is right—no matter if they do sneer at or ridicule you—they respect your position, and would despise you in their hearts, if you should yield to their desires. Stand firm in your resolve never to touch or taste any kind of intoxicating liquors, and, my word for it, you never will regret it.

Sparkling and bright is the water pure,  
In fountain, lake, and river—  
Dancing along in the streamlets clear,  
Its music ceasing never.  
The gentle showers and crystal dews  
To us are freely given,  
Distilled from out the fleecy clouds,  
A priceless gift of Heaven.

## THE GREAT WESTERN FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

I SUPPOSE many of the young Mer-rys have attended an Agricultural Fair, and know a great deal about the fine horses, colts, ponies, cows, etc., that are exhibited there, and the great variety of mechanical inventions, as well as fruits, flowers, birds, etc., that are usually seen at such places. But I doubt if any, except those who reside at, or near St. Louis, have ever seen anything like the Great Fair which began on the 26th September. I would not undertake to describe all the fine and beautiful things I saw there. It would require the use of the MUSEUM for a whole year to do it. But I will mention some things which interested me very much.

The Fair grounds are about four miles from the city, about one quarter of a mile square, embracing an area of fifty acres. They are inclosed by a substantial fence, some ten feet high, with a handsome entrance on the east side. The ground is almost as level as a floor, covered with a good coat of grass, and shaded in many parts with a fine growth of oaks. Extending nearly round two sides of the square are substantial stalls for the animals brought there for exhibition. Nearly in the center is a spacious amphitheater, within which the exhibitions are made, with seats around the circumference, rising tier upon tier, and capable of seating about 10,000 persons, while half as many more may find convenient standing room to see the shows. Besides this, there are various buildings for the different purposes of the Fair—one for machinery, one for farming implements, one for fine arts, pictures, statuary, etc.; one for fruits and flowers, one for the sole accommodation of ladies and children,

a very pretty cottage, that would be an ornament to any man's grounds. Everything is here in the best style—just what and just where it should be. To complete the variety and beauty of the place, fountains are playing in several places, while quite a respectable pond occupies the only low spot in the square.

And now I could tell you of sheep, but Uncle Joe would think I was personal, or egotistical; of swine, but they are poor shotes, and were long ago pronounced unclean; of bulls, and cows, and calves, and horses of all kinds—great, powerful, splendid creatures, and beautiful, slender-built, delicate, swift-footed, high-mettled animals, which it is a joy to look at, and a pride to own—but I have not time nor space for one half of them. And besides, I don't know enough about them to do them justice in the description. I can only say, if there is anything finer to be seen in the country, I would like the privilege of seeing it.

In the center of the amphitheater is a tall, fanciful pagoda, three stories high. The lower part accommodates the committee of arrangements, and the judges who award the prizes. In the second story is a band of music. The third story is, for the most part, unoccupied. Occasionally some of the celebrities—of wisdom or folly—are sent up there to see and to be seen, to be wondered at, or laughed at, as the case may be.

On the last day of the Fair, this ring presented some very interesting and exciting scenes. One was a race—the only one I ever saw—between some of the finest roadsters in the country. *Flora Temple* won the prize. But that which interested me most, because

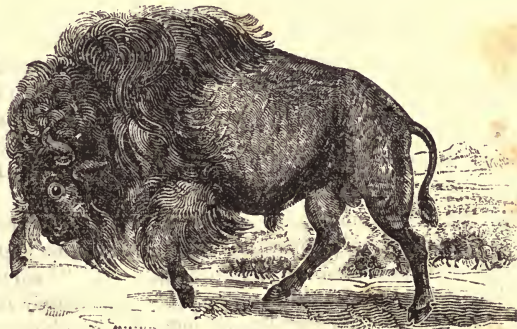


it will be most interesting to our young and Merry family, was a trial of horsemanship—first between four young ladies, and then between fourteen boys on ponies. If the amphitheater could seat so many, I should like to have had all the family there to see it. One of the young ladies rode a sorrel pony, one a gray, one a little bay mustang, and one a large black. They all rode well. The little mustang was a perfect wildfire, and dashed about, and rattled round the ring, as if he spurned the very ground he trod on. He was managed admirably by his spirited little mistress, who sat in the saddle as if it were part of herself, and as if she knew that her own will controlled the fiery spirit of the pony. In my heart I awarded her the premium and so did many others. But the judges placed the blue ribbon on the sorrel, because he was faster than the mustang. But he was much larger, and had longer legs, and, of course, could get over the ground faster. He was a fine animal, and performed beautifully, and his rider was fully equal to her task, very graceful and self-possessed, and would win almost anywhere. The name was given as Miss Anna Cronk, of Beloit, Wis. The judges placed a pink ribbon, a badge of the second degree, on Mustang, but the fiery little amazon tore it off and flung it on the ground. "All or nothing" seemed to be her motto—a difficult motto to get through the world with, though the exhibition of it on such an arena as this may look brilliant and excite applause.

When this was over, the boys came in with

their ponies—of all sizes, shapes, and colors. That was a scene for the Merry boys. How it stirred my old blood, and made me feel myself a boy again! I could hardly refrain from jumping into the ring and challenging the boys to a race. But how shall I describe it? Where shall I begin? There was no beginning to it. They dashed right into the middle. They plunged, and flew, and rushed, and skimmed the ground like so many swallows on the wing—sometimes pell-mell—helter-skelter, every one for himself; sometimes sweeping round the circle all together, in a fiery contest of speed, and then, again, by couples, or trios, putting the wind and fleetness of their ponies to the severest test.

But, brilliant and exciting as it was, this also came to an end, and the panting little chargers gathered round the pagoda to receive the award of the judges. The blue ribbon was given to Henry Piatt, of St. Louis, who rode a very beautiful dark bay pony, rather small, with a faultless figure, long, flowing tail, and limbs as light and delicate as possible. The red ribbon to J. C. Kenny, of Chicago, who rode a fine gray, rather larger, and not so handsome as the bay, but swift-footed, and very handsomely mastered.



THE BUFFALO.

I do not know if some of these young cavaliers were not Merrys. If they were, they were too much taken up with their riding to look round for Uncle Hiram.

One day, during the interval between the going out of one class of cattle and the coming in of another, a buffalo was brought into the ring—not one of those noble-looking creatures which you sometimes see in pictures, with an Indian on a fiery horse in full pursuit, but a little, rough-looking, ill-shaped, ungainly monster, about the size of a common cow, with an overgrown head, and a tail like a Chinaman's queue, or a piece of tarred rope. After a reasonable display of its ugly figure and movements, a blue ribbon was awarded. For good looks and good behavior, the badge was always attached to the head. This the marshal attempted to affix to the tail. But the fractious fellow was resolved to submit to no such indignity. He flung himself round in the liveliest style, and showed tantrums that were truly alarming. Several times the persistent marshal made the attempt, but was always repulsed with such emphasis, that he gave up the conflict, and compromised with the dignity of the beast, by offering to tie it to his ears, but that, too, he declined utterly, with such positive demonstrations of disgust, that the marshal was fain to fling the badge at the keeper, and make off with himself.

There are many other things connected with this Fair which I should much like to tell you of, but I have no more time, or space, now. It was a grand affair, from beginning to end. And, although it is estimated that there were not less than 40,000 persons there every day, I have not heard of a single instance of quarreling or rudeness. They were almost as orderly

and well behaved as the 20,000 Merrys when they gather round our monthly table for a chat.

### GENIUS AND LABOR.

LET the boys of the Merry family listen to the testimony of great men, and learn that *genius* requires study and labor, without which it can do nothing.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters, to which I must reply before the close of the session [which was then three days off]. I have not time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do so much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there be so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

## Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE we are at our table once more, with *such* a pile of letters scattered over it! What a talkative, chattering set the Merry family have come to be! Let me see, didn't I promise Uncle Hi that every one who wrote in time for November should be heard then. Oh, if he had only left his *hatchet* behind, how I would clip, and chop, and shorten, and get them all in! What shall I do? Eureka! I had editorial *scissors* before ever Hiram used his *hatchet*. Here they are, rusty enough, but they'll do.

Here comes our Fleta, spicy and brilliant as ever, with pleasant, witty messages to half the Merry cousins. Alas! that they must be clipped.

Sept. 29, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE:—I flounced into the Chat, just now, intending to administer a severe verbal castigation to your compositor. But, on the whole, I feel too good-natured to scold very hard; and I guess I'll let him off on condition that he apologizes for placing me in such an unpleasant position, "up among these Massachusetts hills," and makes an affidavit to the effect that I never shook my finger and exclaimed, "Oh, fie!" at the uncles, as he leaves your readers to suppose.

Now, dearest Uncle Bob, just doff your spectacles, please, and take yourself off to Uncle Joe's corner, at "talk politics," while I say a few (!) words to the "cousins." I won't be long.

Aunt Sue—I'm an "out and out" Yankee, you know, so there's no use equivocating about *my* "guess." Fill your glasses, cousins, for here's to the health of Mrs. SUSAN N——!!!

"Wild One"—I *like* you, DECIDEDLY! How shall I proceed—shake hands, rub noses, or take a whiff at the calumet—in order to assure you of my admiring regards? "Pitch in" among us frequently, do!

Who "put" you "out," friend Hawthorne?—did I? Let your "light shine" again, I beg! I'll try not to "blow" so hard another time.

"Marsena"—Josiah Joker, B. W. (Bereaved Widower, of course), wishes

information touching your whereabouts!

Stop a bit, friend Coleman! None of the Merrys, an' it please you, are overfond of bedizening themselves in "borrowed plumage." It seems but fair that, since you did not "*earn*" your "titles" and "glory" "by the sweat of your brow," you should now *wear* them, subject to this same inconvenience. "It's a poor rule that don't work both ways," you know.

Uncle Hi—glad to see you so ably defend my sentiments 'bout "brevity," in that last article of yours—"in linked sweetness long-drawn-out."

"Pahnon"—come, I've made room for you.

"Rosebud" and "Cricket"—happy to see you.

"Daisy Wildwood"—here, hold up that naughty mouth of yours. There! one—two—three kisses! Now here's another for Aunt Sue, and—mind!—don't you, either of you, ever say again that you are "afraid" of

FLETA FORRESTER.

Welcome, nephew Fred, to your place, but the scissors must clip your quotation. It should not be lightly applied.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 5, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Let me claim, through you, an introduction to Uncle Merry and Uncle Hi (if he will be so condescending), and also to the 20,000, which I congratulate myself (if the last *census* was correct, and if I am accepted) will now amount to 20,001.

I think, dear Aunt, that you—

Oh, Uncle, spare this scrawl!

Touch not a single line;

Let not the hatchet fall,

And I'll bid you good-bye.

Your affectionate nephew, FRED.

Glad to see you, Hazel-Eyed Johnny, and, in spite of scissors and hatchet, we hope to hear about the cotton-gins. Johnny knows the value of a good book. Hear him!

MINDEN, LA., Aug. 29, 1859.

Christmas night I hung up my stocking and I got a dollar (I suspect my

brother-in-law put it in), and that I sent for 1858. My dollar accompanies this for '59, and I procured it as follows: My father bought me an Indian pony for sixty dollars, which, as it could not pace, I sold for seventy-five, making fifteen dollars by the "operation," as Wall Street-ers would say. My father and brother-in-law are engaged in the manufacture of cottin-gins, spoken of by Uncle Frank in the February number, I think. If the hatchet does not cut this up, I may tell the nephews and nieces how cotton-gins are made.

Yours truly, HAZEL-EYED JOHNNY.

MOBILE, ALA., Sept. 12, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT SUE:—For a long, long time I have been wanting to write to you, and see my name in the "Chat," but hesitated because, in the first place, I hardly dared to, being a little afraid; and, secondly, I did not know exactly how to direct the letter.

Please introduce me to my many cousins, and remember, I wish especially to be introduced to the "smart" nephews and nieces. I am the only one in the family who takes the CABINET now, as my brother, when he went to Europe, left the subscription to his little sister Fannie.

I see that Uncle Hiram has the reputation of being the "cross old gent with the hatchet." Forgive me, dear Uncle, if I have received a wrong impression. Please receive an affectionate good-bye from your Mobilean niece,

FANNIE A. JAMES.

Welcome, Fannie.

AKRON, O., Sept. 6, 1859.

AUNT SUE:—I have taken your little monthly since the first number was issued by the lamented Uncle Frank. Indeed, I learned to read in it, as I was but two years old when my father first subscribed for it. I have all, but the last volume, nicely bound, and they make me quite a library.

I like to read your Puzzles, but as I am a Buckeye, and not a Yankee, I have not often tried to guess them. The "32 hieroglyphical Rebus," in the last Puzzle Drawer, pleased me so much that I determined to find it out. It took me some time, but I was well paid for my trouble. Here it is.

As this is my first effort at deciphering hieroglyphics, or writing for a paper, I

hope you will overlook my style and penmanship, as I have nothing but an old stump of a goose-quill to convey to you my thoughts.

By-the-by, aunt, when a lady writes, should it be called penmanship or pen-womanship? Your new niece,

ELLA S. BIERCE.

Here's a knotty question for the Merrys to decide. We will hear what they say, Ella.

BATAVIA, Sept. 10, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have kept silent for more than a year, and now I must speak. William Hoyt Coleman, you deserve a scolding for staying out so long. Sybil Grey, your name is very pretty, and I think I am sorry you are going. Nip-pinifidget, how glad I am to see you! here is my hand and a kiss. Ada, you are right to prize the CABINET so highly. Black-Eyes, I have not much to say to you, but I think that somebody's elder brother is rather saucy to call us all myths? Love to Uncle Hiram. I wish Aunt Sue would speak to me. Farewell.

ADEL.

Sorry, Adel, you forgot and wrote on both sides of your paper, so your enigma is lost. When you send it again, send the answer too.

MONTROSE, Sept. 12, 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Please introduce me to the 20,000 "Merry Cousins," and let me come in and sit down with them. As this is my first attempt to write to you, I will be brief. I have got out two of the enigmas and the rebus.

I remain yours truly,  
ONE OF THE 20,000.

Come in and welcome.

Here comes Elma with many messages to the cousins, but we can only give her room for a word.

OAKDALE, IND., Sept. 19, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—And so you are safely seated in the "chair of state," eh? Well, I'm glad of it, for you always were more merciful than Uncle Hi, if the scissors did cut rather unsparingly sometimes.

I made out "Pitcher" and "Bargain" in the last "Drawer." I might have done better if I could have found time,

but I couldn't, and so I shall not be enlightened in regard to its valuable contents till somebody with a more active brain, and more of the above-mentioned precious article (time, not brain) at disposal, unwinds the knotty questions.

Hoping this may fare better than its predecessor, I remain yours in fear,  
ELMA.

UP IN THE CLOUDS, *Sept. 3, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there heart and room enough to welcome another niece in? If there is, I will come in a little while and have a short chat with the Merry cousins? I have taken the MUSEUM three years, and I like it better than any other book that I take, and especially the Chat. I read it first almost always. This is my first letter, and perhaps last. Love to all of the cousins, aunts, and uncles. Kiss Aunt Sue.

Your affectionate niece, CARRIE.

P. S.—Whenever you pass this way, call and see us—we will be happy to see you. C.

Up in the Clouds, indeed! you must send us a balloon first, and warrant it to go safely, then we will call on you with pleasure.

BALTIMORE, *Sept. 4, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE:—I send you answers to riddles 24, 26, 27, 28, 30, and 31, and to the rebus. Mattie Bell never sends any more poetry to the "Schoolfellow." What has become of her? I have had the MUSEUM bound in three handsome volumes. I have learned to play and sing the song of the "Snowbird," and I am now learning "The Temperance Life-Boat," duet. I want to tell you I find the answers to the charades, etc., in your magazine, with the help of my brother. Much obliged for the acceptance of my enigmas. But enough (I fear too much). Remember me to the 20,000 cousins and Aunt Sue.

Good-bye, BESSIE JOHNSTON.

Ah! Harry, your brevity isn't brief enough.

*Sept. 18, 1859.*

Hark! what do I now hear? it must be the clashing of *arma et horrentia* things of Uncle Hiram, who, from his name and character, must be the sergeant-at-arms of this monthly meeting of Merry friends.

Now, I imagine that "Hatchet" is poised for its deadly blow, but he had better not strike, for

Nominative, Hic, Hæc, Hoc,  
My poll is harder than a rock,  
And Genitive Hujus.

Dear Aunt Sue, excuse us for using such language to express the thoughts. I have peeped through the keyhole of your "Puzzle Drawer" this month, and flatter myself with having discovered some of its contents.

Accept the best regards of your true friend,  
HARRY.

Here's a place, R. M. B.; make yourself at home, and say a word or two; but remember, when you write, that the printer only reads *one* side of the paper.

BAKERSFIELD, VT., *Sept. 14, 1859.*

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you admit me as one of the Merry band of cousins? I was ten years old last February, and have taken the MUSEUM since last January. I enjoy the Chat very much, and long to be a writer as well as a reader; but mother says you will not accept, and I fear it will be cast into the basket. I think there is one deficiency in the magazine—that is, it comes to the end too quick. R. M. B.

Wherefore, my dear aunt, do you designate me a "moor?" Alas! I have no "Desdemona," for whose sweet sake willingly to undergo the imputation. And if I was a victim to the "green-eyed monster," I would not so cordially offer my hand to W. H. C. Black-Eyes, forgive me, but I am strangely skeptical as to your right to the title of "Madame." I must confess to a belief that B—E—, Esq., is a myth, and exists only in your vivid, etc., etc., imagination.

I wonder if all the cousins feel as I do on the approach of fall. To me the

Yellow leaves, like banners  
Of an Elfin host that's fled,  
Tinged with gold and royal purple,  
Flutter sadly over-head.

The gorgeous coloring of the autumn woods can not efface the memory of the lovely flowers which have faded, and over which winter will soon spread its icy mantle. I love the summer—the soft breezes, the smiling face of nature, the warm moonlight evenings on the water, are delightful to me. Oh, si

*sic semper!* I often exclaim, when I see everything so bright and beautiful around me.

*En vérité*, I have been running on in a most sentimental manner during the last few lines. However, it is a rare thing for me, so please forgive it, *mes cousins*.

Uncle Hi, Oliver O., Nip, Flib, which of you can tell me what has become of "Pansy," our little "Heart's-Ease?" Ah! my dear, I am afraid you are what the country children call you, "Three faces under a hood!" For a time you seemed to delight in our society, and then as suddenly left us. Cousins, I know "Pansy." I have often seen her, and I assure you she is a very fine variety of the species. W. H. C., beware of coming within her influence.

But I must bid adieu,  
LOUIS B. MOORE.

We would love to see the pleasant face of Pansy in our circle again, and listen to her gentle voice. Is she so busy with her pets, that we see her so little, or is her heart far away over the water? May old Ocean guard well her trust, and kindly breezes grant a safe return.

A word only, Willie—the rest *must* wait.  
NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am delighted to hear that Uncle H. has found Sunday. Ever since "Billy Bump's Letters" appeared, I have been extremely anxious to learn its precise location. If there is any news of Billy or his friends, I trust H. H. will tell us. I suppose Uncle's succeeding letter will be dated from the "Middle of Next Week;" please ask him if he has seen any individual who has been "knocked into" that locality. I will take fifty shares of the India Rubber Railroad stock as soon as issued. It will prove a good investment should the road be as elastic as a politician's conscience, though I am a little afraid that Uncle Hiram has been telling a *stretcher*.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

BOSTON, Aug. 30, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—I feel kind of timid about writing to you and obtruding myself without any introduction, but as I suppose all the rest of your cousins and nephews, nieces and Co., do the same, I don't see why I shouldn't? I like the

MUSEUM very much, but more especially the Chat. Already I love some of your correspondents, although I have seen but very few of their letters. I'll tell you who I love—I love Sybil Grey, but don't you tell her of it, for all the world. I wish she loved me. You may want to know what my name is, and how I got it. I'll tell you:

My darling mother dying,  
'Mid strangers left her child;  
And the villagers loved the golden-haired,  
And called me WILLIE WILD.

OGDENSBURG, Aug. 16, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I met with a sad misfortune last week, that has deprived me of many enjoyments, which I would otherwise have enjoyed. Walking out last Thursday, unconscious of any harm, I happened to step on a nail, with the point up, which penetrated nearly through my foot. Fortunately for me, the nail, being quite large, did not break, for if it had it would probably have crippled me for life; but as it is, I will think myself well off if it does not. It has kept me limping about ever since, and probably will for a week to come. Inclosed please find a few answers. Give my love to all the aunts and cousins, and accept a large share for yourself.

I remain yours, affectionately,  
GEORGE B. HIGBEE.

Poor Georgie! I'm *so* sorry. Did they apply plenty of arnica?

BRADFORD, MASS., Aug. 8, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—As most young *ladies* are rather bashful about telling their ages, I will just say that I am just in my teens. Uncle H., can't you read letters that are written on both sides of the page? [Yes, but we can't print them.—A. S.] Or why do you not publish them?

Mattie Bell, I have a favor to ask of you, but not here. Perhaps you will write a letter to me through the P. O. If you do, as I hope you will, I will take all due pains to answer it, and also inform you what that *favor* is.

Yours truly,  
NELLIE HAMILTON.

J. ELLISON D.—Sybil Grey thinks it best not to write to her cousins except in the Chat, and *we* think she is quite right.

H.—We shall continue the offer of the premiums as last year : for one new subscriber, either the Rhyme or the Puzzle Book ; for two new subscribers, both of them, or a bound volume of the MUSEUM. The engraving you referred to is the small one. Be getting your lists ready for the new year. We are completing arrangements to make the MUSEUM better, if possible, than ever before. Will the Merry family aid us by sending all the new subscribers they can ?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., from Oliver Onley, R. M. B., Adel, and C. F. W.

Bessie Johnson sends the greatest numbers of answers this month. She answers Nos. 24, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, and the rebus. Adel, 21, 24, 28. One of the 20,000, 28, 31, 32. X. T. C., 28, 31. Ella S. Bierce, 32. C. F. W., 27.

PETER PARLEY comes again to the children with a new ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, prepared expressly for them, and published by Derby & Jackson, in the highest style of art. Of all men living, Mr. Goodrich is perhaps the best fitted for this very work, and we feel sure that the Merry family will hail this book with pleasure and delight. We take the following extract from a notice already given of the book :

“ Any production emanating from one who has attained such a desirable position in the literary world as the author of the Peter Parley books, is entitled to consideration, is sure to receive it, is likely to be worthy of it. Mr. Goodrich's reputation as a faithful laborer, as a careful student and painstaking collector, is well established among all conversant with literary matters, while the fluent graces of his style, the picturesque and animated language, the charming narrative, the pure and undefiled English, the continuous interest of his popular volumes, are known to seven millions of readers.”

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TES-

TAMENT, published by Blakeman & Mason, is an exceedingly able and well-written book. It consists of a series of lectures delivered by Rev. G. C. Baldwin, of Troy, to his own congregation, and yet the various characters are treated of in such a plain, practical way, sometimes colloquial, that they are made very interesting, and embodying as they do so much of the biographical and historical, of doctrine and precept, and finally deducing such lessons of practical and permanent importance, that they can not fail of being useful.

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND ; OR, MY DUTY, is the title of a handsome volume just published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston. It is an Episcopal story, written in an easy, graceful manner, and leaves upon the mind a good impression. The author must be a devout Episcopalian, and the influence of her book is not only to commend religion, but especially the Episcopal Church as its best embodiment. The paper is beautifully tinted, the type clear, and the whole book gotten up in the best style.

The same firm also publishes CHRONICLES OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, which should be widely read. It contains the most interesting incidents connected with the chapel, and will be especially welcome to occasional visitors in Boston who can only visit the meetings while there.

ORIOLA. *A new and complete Hymn and Tune Book for Sabbath-Schools.* By William Bradley. New York : Ivison & Phinney.

We welcome with joy whatever aids and elevates the sacred music of our Sabbath-Schools, and are pleased to notice every new contribution to the stock of good Hymns and Tunes.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY (late the Chicago, St. Paul, and Fond du Lac Railroad) has taken a new start as well as a new name. Taken as a whole, it is one of the most magnificent enterprises of the great West. If carried out

to its extent, it would open not only an immense tract of country, as yet unapproachable, but a direct way by rail to the upper lakes, thus bringing to Chicago, as its outlet, the business of a large region which would otherwise be kept back a century, perhaps.

The northwestern branch of this road, designed ultimately to reach St. Paul, is in operation so far as to connect with

another road leading to the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien, so that the traveler from the East may strike the great river at the mouth of the Wisconsin, by a shorter route on this road than on any other. The road is in excellent order and well managed, with careful engineers and gentlemanly conductors, and will be found in all respects worthy of the great, growing, enterprising West.

### Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

#### Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

23. When it is set up for a late husband.  
 24. It is going through the bride (bridal) ceremony.  
 25. She makes a great bustle about a small waist (waste).  
 26. The pronoun *I*; all other words in it are Latin, Spanish, Italian, or some of the foreign languages.  
 27. They are first killed, then cured.  
 28. Bar-gain.  
 29. Shakspeare's plays and dramas (dray maise) are unequaled (unique walled) by the works of any dramatist who ever wrote.  
 30. It is past time (pastime).  
 31. Pit-cher.  
 32. One liar (lyre) produces (deuces) more mis-chief than many a thief.

#### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

43. By me brave warriors often are bled;  
 Remove my hat, I'm a fruit, it is said—  
 But when I'm beheaded, I'm seen  
 on your head. *Buckeye Boy.*  
 44. If you stop thinking a minute, what  
 will happen? *Joe.*  
 45. When is a frog king of ravens?  
*A. Older.*  
 46. What bird does a sailor most dread?  
*A. Older.*  
 47. Entire, I am man's bane on earth,  
 And turns to misery his mirth;  
 Cut off my head, and then you'll see  
 A coin oft used in Germany.

*S. W. J.*

48. Why are hoops a democratic institution?  
*Sam.*

49. In what year was the Bible first translated into English?  
*R. E. Jewett.*

50. I am composed of sixteen letters.  
 My 8, 13, 3, 10 and 3, 13, 5, 15 are common to all mankind.

*I am 11, 13, 1, 7, 9.*

My 6, 14, 10 died recently, and is a part of my familiar cognomen.

My 13, 6, 14, 3, 7, 9, 9, 7 was once a popular song.

My 1, 14, 4, 10, 5, 1 strives to 7, 1, 5, 3, 10 its 2, 10, 7, 16, 10, 2, 6, and is at least successful in keeping off the 12, 15, 5, 10, 3.

My 11, 13, 2, 15, 16, though large, and extremely heavy, was made by a breath.

My 4, 7, 1, 3, 13, 9 had his hair cut once too often.

My 8, 10, 2, 13 reigned at 2, 13, 1, 10.

My 12, 7, 2, 10, 12, 13, 8, 10, 3 would probably be ashamed of his name, if he lived now-a-days.

My 1, 2, 6, 12, 7, 2, 12, 7, 5, 15, 16 wrote many popular juvenile stories, as well as more serious works.

I follow her example myself, after a fashion, and *entire*, am somewhat of a myth, though there can be no doubt of my actual existence. When you find me out, however, you will know me immediately, and all vain and vexing speculations concerning my age, condition, and connections will at once be solved. *Original Bess.*





### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

#### PART I.—THE INVITATION.

A CHIME of voices rings about,  
The house is full of life and glee;  
Come every one and join the rout,  
Around our merry Christmas Tree.

We all have presents rich and rare,  
Our eyes to please, our minds em-  
For every one an equal share [pjoy ;  
Of precious gifts, with love and joy.

For father dear forgets us not,  
And mother keeps us all in mind ;  
'Tis few enjoy our happy lot,  
To few is God so very kind.

And sure, this kindness from above,  
And all our parents' tender care,  
Should fill our hearts with joy and  
love, [share.  
Their words to heed, their griefs to

#### PART II.—THE ANSWER.

But "one is not"—his rosy face,  
His cherub eyes, so full of glee,  
His manly step, so full of grace, [Tree.  
Come not around the Christmas

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII.—11

Your joys I would not, dears, abate,  
Your merry shouts, I love them still,  
But when by mirth you're most elate,  
My heart with sadness seems to fill.

For our brave Greenleaf was so dear,  
(Though dear alike we hold you all,)  
So full of promise for each year,  
'Tis hard to miss his merry call.

When least we thought, the spoiler  
came ;  
The burning blush was on his cheek,  
His lips were parched as in a flame,  
His noble frame grew daily weak.

At length a pallor settled down,  
The fever fires were burning low ;  
The fatal shaft at last was thrown,  
Death claimed the victim for his own ;  
The silent grave contains him now.

#### PART III.—THE ANSWER, CONTINUED.

And yet, this is not all, I know ;  
There is a better life above ;  
And grief's convulsive, bitter throes  
Must yield to chastened joy and love..

Though "one is not"—on earth we mean—

He lives forever with the Lord,  
E'en he the Saviour too has seen ;  
Of such his kingdom and his word.

And our sweet Willis, too, is there,  
And angel Julia with the rest ;  
No trifle, sure, is such a share  
Among the mansions of the blest.

And blessings too so rich remain,  
So many precious, hopeful lives,  
And in each life eternal gain,  
If each for heavenly treasure strives.

We will rejoice, then, children dear,  
Although in calm and tranquil glee ;  
With praise and thanks we will appear,  
With friendly joy and holy fear,  
Around our merry Christmas Tree.

C. P. B.

### POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

THIS is well illustrated by the following incident, which was recently told by Dr. Noble in a lecture :

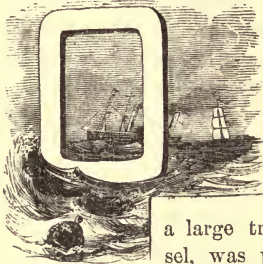
M. Boutihouse, a French savant, served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of the last century. At the battle of Wagram, 1800, he was engaged in the fray ; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below the knees, separating them from the thighs ; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to

move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system.

"At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff who came around to help the wounded. 'What's the matter with you, my good fellow?' said the surgeon. 'Ah! touch me tenderly,' replied M. Boutihouse, 'I beseech you—a cannon-ball has carried off my legs.' The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, 'Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you.' M. Boutihouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs he thought lost forever. 'I felt more thankful,' said M. Boutihouse, 'than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball ; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball passed under my feet and plowed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.'"

It is one of the besetting sins of young men to endeavor to get rid of work by seeking for easy and lazy employment. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot ; banish from you the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified ; it is the parent of health, wealth, and happiness ; look upon it as an invaluable blessing. Shun idleness and sloth ; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

## A STORY OF THE SEA,



ON the deep waters of the wide Atlantic, the "Ocean-Plume," a large trading-vessel, was plying between New York and Australia. It was homeward bound. Dreadful storms had been encountered; day after day, and night after night, the winds raged, howling through the rigging, rattling the ropes, flapping like thunder the vast sails, ere they could be taken in; straining and creaking the yards, snapping them here and there, and threatening the mainmast itself with a downfall.

The waves were "mountain high," as we say; but one who has never seen them can scarcely imagine the scene, when the waters, which are everywhere the eye can look, except the heavens, are rolling and roaring in a violent storm. It seems as if a demoniac spirit possessed the ocean, and was foaming and tearing to a dissolution of itself and the ship; which, however grandly it swayed, as it commenced under a fair sky its watery path, now seems like an insignificant atom, without the least will or power of its own, and dashed at the mercy of its destroyer, whose jaws only delay the destruction, which is quite sure. Overleaping each other, dashing against, and wrestling, swallowing, as it were, each other, come the waves. After the fury of the storm is spent,

for days the sea is maddened still. The demon having been roused, will not easily be pacified. Like the appetite for strong drink, which rages in the wretched drunkard when once it has been really roused, it is difficult, but not impossible, to subdue.

The crew of the Ocean-Plume were almost exhausted with the toil consequent on these protracted gales. The storm had abated, but the pitching of the vessel was awful, for it was weakened and injured by the tremendous conflict with wind and wave, and also the repairs here and there must be at-



tended to. Altogether, the hands were almost worn out. At length the moon, from among the dispersing clouds, was glittering on the crested billows. How welcome her light! Those whose turn it was to rest, were sleeping heavily in the swinging hammocks. The passengers, of whom there were four, having sought their berths with thankfulness, were dreaming sweetly of the lull of the storm.

But hark! "What, ho!" is the cry upon deck. Hoarse and thrilling

was noble, and worthy of his post. In less time than is required in the narration, he spoke:

"I will join with any two for the rescue of our brother—quick! for his strength will fail."

Two brave seamen sprang to his side; the boat was lowered; ropes and hooks were taken, quick as thought, almost; for how could he live five minutes, even, in that boiling surge? Oh, how can that tiny boat ride one wave, and live! Farewell, noble Cap-



it comes to every ear, "A man overboard!"

All are mute, as if death had stricken each one; *his* death is certain. Such a sea—such jaws of the monster—the blood curdies in their veins at the thought; and just as they had believed dangers escaped, it is the more harrowing. Human daring seems all in vain for any rescue.

But the commander of the Ocean-Plume was not a common man. He

tain Harman, and thy noble compeers! It will be a miracle if the slight boat gets half way to the drowning man.

Every heart on shipboard is in an agony. Every one puts up a prayer, while the blood is frozen at the peril of the four. More excited from the lingering terrors of their own dangers just escaped, some shriek out the petition to heaven for help to the little bark. Some with gasping, and some in awful stillness, plead for its safety.

Hark ! forgetting their own danger, the bold oarsmen shout to encourage the perishing man. "Coming, brother; coming—hold out!"

Oh, that frightful wave! it engulfs him—it must be forever; he is buried, as under a mountain; his wife, his children, he can meet no more; that wild shriek was his last!

But no; those heroes faltered not—he was lifted by the very wave that first buried him; they return with him alive. Shouts and thanksgivings are heard, even above the roar of the sea; for at such times men's hearts are soft, and each felt toward the one exposed like a bosom friend. When he is laid upon the deck he is speechless, and he stirs not, but life is in him. At length, their efforts restore him; he revives a little, opens his eyes, and what then?

Gratitude first appears; he raises feebly his hand, and clasps the feet of those about him—his rescuers. Love of life, natural to all, which is rekindled now, would excite to gratefulness, but Mr. Fairson has a wife, and children, and many friends, and he loves to live. He kisses tenderly the feet which he clasps, feebly moaning. Oh, the dashing and gulping in the wild waves which he has escaped!

His deliverers disengage his hold, that they may go to mingle restoratives. Weak as an infant, he *creeps* like a child to lay his hand upon the *wet tracks* which their feet have left on the deck of the vessel. What a touching sight! He *pats* the tracks in a fondling manner. Not an eye is dry. Even the heroes themselves weep.

Mr. Fairson, who was a passenger, and supposed to have been in his berth, proved to be a man of wealth. Arrived in port, he lavished gifts and

gold upon his deliverers; but that was what any one would rejoice to do who possessed the means; yet the purest and most beautiful gratitude was displayed, when, forgetting himself, he did everything he possibly could, from his full heart, by fondling those *foot-tracks*, in his feebleness.

All on board the Ocean-Plume felt renewedly grateful to Providence for their safety when they came, on another day, in sight of a complete wreck, with four or five almost famished men drifting upon the remnant of a once gallant vessel. A bit of flag was floating as high as they could raise it as a signal of distress. Captain Harman lost no time in going to the rescue of these men, and they too were comforted and grateful on board the Ocean-Plume.

In our hearts we admire gratitude. Cultivate a habit of grateful feeling for not only large benefits, but little, every-day kindnesses that each one can give to another.

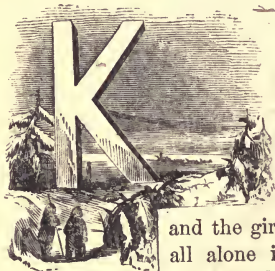
LAURA ELMER.

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A GOOD TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it; it is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. It is sunshine falling upon the heart. With it, a man is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you find kindness and love predominating. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, and captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its power.

## UNCLE HIRAM'S LIBRARY.

## A VISIT TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.



KEEP yourself warm, as well as busy," said Aunt Martha, as she and the girls left me all alone in uncle's library half an hour ago. The fire burns brightly, and my chair—uncle's great arm-chair, that I have taken possession of while he is away—is drawn up so close to the hearth that I can toast my feet nicely while I am writing.

Edith, Lucy, and I have been to visit the village school, and see lame Willie at his studies.

"What a queer old man Master Crane is!" whispered Edith, as we peeped in at the door. There he sat, before his desk, with a class of boys standing in front, his birch-stick in his hand, and his spectacles on his head, a perfect picture of an old-fashioned pedagogue. We entered very quietly and took our seats in the places assigned to visitors.

Master Crane merely gave us a stately bow and went on with his lesson, but the boys and girls were winking, and laughing, and peeping at us over their books, as if visitors were not *very* common in the school.

We soon spied Willie, sitting at his desk, his whole face brightened by his smile of welcome to us.

By-and-by we noticed that his attention was drawn, not to us or to his teacher, but to a little boy who sat near him, who was evidently in the

midst of some school-boy frolic. While we were wondering what he was doing, a little mouse jumped out of his pocket, raced over his desk, up and down his shoulders, and then popped into his pocket again. The mouse was tied to a string, and therefore could not run away. On one of its excursions from the pocket, it took a fancy to scamper over the little boy's face and peep under his collar. This was too much for poor Johnny, and he burst into a fit of laughter, in which all those who understood the cause, joined.

Master Crane looked up, in amazement, to hear the decorum of his school thus broken in upon.

"Was that you, John?" he exclaimed. "Come here."

John came up to the master's desk, looking as demure as possible.

"What were you doing, John?" asked Master Crane.

"Nothing," said John.

"What did you laugh at, then?" asked the master.

John hesitated a moment, and then said, "I couldn't help it!"

Just at that instant the mouse made his way out of John's pocket, and began his rambles, darting up and down over the little boy's arms and shoulders, till the string was pulled in and he was safely stowed away again in John's pocket.

"So you brought a mouse to school, did you?" asked Master Crane, in a stern tone.

John only laughed, and pulled at mousy's string.

"Very well, sir, you may go and stand in that corner, and I will see



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

you when school is out," said Master Crane, shaking his rod in a very significant manner. He was evidently annoyed to think that any want of order had been seen by us, and I was very much afraid that Johnny's punishment would be very severe, for I knew Master Crane had the credit of being a stern man, who would never spoil a child by sparing the rod.

Johnny, however, did not seem to

mind it so very much. He stood in his corner, the very picture of fun, his eyes dancing with some funny idea that had evidently just come into his head. While we were all watching him, the mouse peeped out again; we saw his bead-like eyes and his sharp nose a moment, and then he disappeared in the pocket; a moment more, and out he came again, ran down Johnny's leg, and scampered across the floor in true mousely style.

Boys and girls all started to see where the little creature went to, while Johnny looked his blank astonishment that his prisoner had given him the slip. His mouseship had

taken advantage of his long stay in the pocket to gnaw off the string that bound him, and make sure his escape.

By this time Master Crane was through with his class, and came down to us to know what we would like.

We told him that we only called a moment to see his school, but we would like to speak to Willie before we left. As Willie could not easily

move from his place, Edith went to him and told her errand, which was, that Aunt Martha desired to see his brother, and that Harry had left some books which Willie might have if he wanted them.

Willie was delighted, and promised to send his brother up to the house as soon as possible, and our errand being done, we bade Master Crane good-day, and went our way homeward.

Just as we stepped out of the school-yard gate, we met Deacon Merrill, Johnny's father.

"Good-morning, Miss Hannah," he said; "how do you do, to-day? Edith and Lucy, are you coming to our village school?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Edith, "we only came to make a call."

"You don't look as if you liked it very much," said the deacon, laughing.

"No, indeed," said Lucy; "Master Crane likes Dr. Birch too well."

"I remember when he liked a horse-whip better," said the deacon.

"You?" exclaimed Lucy in surprise.

"Yes, I," said the deacon. "I took my degree in this same school-house, and Master Crane seemed *almost* as old to me then as he does now. Oh! I remember his horse-whip!"

"Do tell us about it," said Edith and Lucy.

"I don't know how wise it is for us grave, old people to tell of our youthful follies," said the deacon, "but I can't refuse you. You see, Master Crane always wore the same sort of wig that he wears now, and so always looked old to us boys. He lived away out on the Branch, and used to drive in to school every morning. He had an old white nag that went right along at a steady and pretty fast pace, but whenever any one said 'Whoa!' he would stop instantly.

"There was a sort of ditch right here, just as you turn round by the side of the school-house, and, whenever he came to it, Master Crane always rose and went over it standing, and was ready to spring out the next moment.

"I was playing near by as he drove up one morning, and thought I'd play the old man a trick; so I watched till the wheels just touched the upper edge of the ditch, and then I called 'Whoa!' Instantly the horse stopped, the wheels fell back, and Master Crane was thrown out in front."

"Oh, how could you?" cried Edith.

"I don't know; I was a thoughtless little boy," said the deacon, "and never supposed he would get a fall. But the moment I saw what had happened, I started for home as fast as my feet would carry me. The master was up in an instant, and after me, whip in hand, and as soon as the lash could touch me, he began to lay it on. Thus I ran a full half mile to my father's house, screaming all the way with the pain of the master's whipping. He gave me the last crack as I went in at my father's door, and then he turned round coolly and went to school.

"I was laid up for two weeks with the effects of that whipping, for every stroke told. But my father and mother said I deserved it, so I had no pity; and when I was well I went back to school."

"Did the master ever speak to you about it?" asked Lucy.

"Never a word," said the deacon; "but I took good care not to need a horsewhipping again."

When the deacon finished his story we hurried home, and to-night the girls and Aunt Martha have gone visiting, leaving the cosy library, the cheerful fire, and a quiet evening to

Cousin Hannah.





**THE CLOSING YEAR.**

How strange our fancies! I sit down  
 Just in the twilight here,  
 To gather up the memories strewn,  
 The way-marks set, the seeds thick sown  
 Along the path, now bleak and sere,  
 Of the outgoing year;

And looking up to catch a thought,  
 Which now seems heavenward steal-  
 ing,  
 I see the flitting shade—a sort  
 Of phantom photograph, well wrought  
 In outlines just beneath the ceiling—  
 My very thought revealing.

Within my reach, embodied there  
 By some mysterious art,  
 A winged hour-glass in the air,  
 By shadowy fingers balanced fair,  
 Reads out its lesson to my heart,  
 As the last sands depart.

A ghostly finger reaching through  
 The shadows of the eve,  
 Bids me observe the sands are few,  
 Fast lessening, ebbing from the view;  
 The last even now beyond retrieve,  
 About to take its leave.

I gaze awhile, and, as the sands  
 Fall, one by one, away,  
 The glass, the wings, the shadowy  
 hands  
 Vanish and fade, and Time ex-  
 pands [gray,  
 Out of the shadows, dim and  
 Into a New Year's day.

**CURIOUS STORY OF WA-  
 TERLOO.**

EVERYBODY was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It happened that between the services of that eventful Sunday a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, "There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere, for I remember when we were in the Peninsula, we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of the fresh mold." He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil. "That's it, sir," said the gardener; "they're at it, sure enough." Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread from end to end of all the "sea-girt isle; joy cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land; and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms.

SOME hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadow of life.

## UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



AS soon as I recovered from my astonishment and distress, at this sudden apparition and no less sudden disappearance of an old comrade, I moved on very thoughtfully, and wondering how I had been preserved from the dread gulf into which poor G. had plunged so deeply. From these reflections, I was soon aroused by the clear, musical, joyous shout of a little girl—a sound that never fails to go right to my heart, and that, then, in contrast with the unearthly yell of a miserable inebriate, was like the music of a better world. I turned toward it as a sick man, tossing in his fever, would

turn to a breath of pure air through the open window. Two girls, of the poorer sort, but decently clad, were standing before the great show window of a toy-shop; they had set down their baskets, to rest awhile before this attractive exhibition, and seemed disposed to enjoy, to the uttermost, the sight of the beautiful things, which others might possess, but they could only look at. The window was very showy, and very attractive, and more favored children than they had often stopped to enjoy the view, and to tease indulgent mamma to go in and purchase some coveted article. I have often paused there myself, partly to admire the ingenuity of the manifold contrivances for pleasing and educating the young, and partly to enjoy over again the pastimes of my own childhood, or imagine the fun that some of my numerous family might be enjoying at home with these or similar articles of furniture in their nice little play-houses.

“Oh! Mary,” shouted the younger of the two girls, “do see this darling little baby, with such sweet pretty eyes, and real hair, and darling little feet and hands.” It was this that drew me away from my somber thoughts, and took me straight home again to realms of innocent, happy childhood. Thank God for the sunshine of joy in the child’s heart. I wanted to take her up and kiss her. But Mary answered, “Oh! yes, Nettie, ’tis beautiful. I wonder how they can make them so. And do see that dog, he looks just as if he was going to bark at baby, or jump and play with her.

It almost seems as if he must be alive, he looks so bright." Several times, while Mary was speaking, the little one broke in with some new exclamation, as each new object in the store caught her eager eye. "I never saw such a beautiful kitten!" "Oh! what is that great cross-looking bird, with big staring eyes?" And so the two sisters went on through the whole array of animals, birds, windmills, kites, tops, dancing-figures, masks, and all the countless variety of things, great and small, that find place in a city toy-shop. I enjoyed greatly their pleasure, and the simple comments they made on each article as it passed in review, and wondered that they did not express any wish to have them, as their own, as children generally, and very naturally do. At length, I said, "Wouldn't you like to have some of these pretty things for yourself, Mary?" She looked up as if she had not noticed me before, and seemed a little abashed. Nettie drew close to Mary, and was silent. "No, sir," said Mary, modestly, in reply to my question; "I don't wish for them, because I know I can not have them."

"That is very wise," said I. "It is not well to desire strongly what we know we can not obtain; but it is very common for people to get into the habit of wishing for more things than they have."

"Yes, sir," she replied; "I often wish for things I have not got, but not for such toys as these."

"What are the things you wish for?" I asked.

"Oh! sir, I want mother to be stronger, and not to have to work so hard, and I want little brother to get well, and go with us to the Sunday-school."

"You have a good mother, Mary,"

said I, "and you are a good daughter, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed," interposed Nettie, who had now mustered courage to speak. "We have a dear, precious, good mother, and a darling little brother Charlie, and we'll make him very happy when we will get home, telling him what beautiful things we have seen here."

I talked more with the sisters, and learned more of their history before I left them. I gave them a sweet little book, which I had in my pocket, for Charlie. I found out where that good mother lived, and Charlie and I are right good friends. Mary and Nettie are all that I thought they were, when I first met them at that show window, and I have often thought, as I have seen how they grow in wisdom and in every grace, that there is not a happier mother or a more blessed household in all the city.

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### INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells  
With rain the sweeping river;  
Word follows word, and tells  
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits,  
Whose wings the winds dis sever;  
Thought follows thought, and lights  
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer  
The cloud the bolt would shiver;  
Throb follows throb, and fear  
Gives place to joy forever.

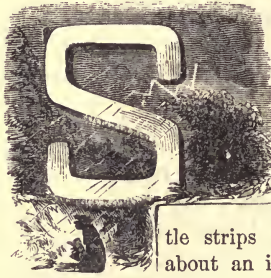
The drop, the flake, the beam,  
Teach us a lesson ever;  
The word, the thought, the dream,  
Impress the soul forever.

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

CARL'S FIRST TEACHER.

BY HANNAH HATCHET.



SEE, Mr. Rudolf, what are these?" asked Carl, taking up two little strips of metal, about an inch wide and three or four inches long, which were lying on the table.

"They are for you to experiment with," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Are they?" cried Carl, delighted. "I'm ready; tell me what to do."

"First look at them," said his teacher, "and see what they are."

"This is copper," said Carl, holding up one, "and this is zinc, I rather think."

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf, "that is zinc which has been amalgamated or united with quicksilver, and that is the reason of its brilliancy. Put those pieces of copper and zinc into this glass of water, into which I will pour some sulphuric acid."

"Shall I let them touch?" asked Carl.

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Rudolf.

"I don't see anything strange in the glass," said Carl, after examining it attentively a moment.

"Place this metallic rod carefully over the top of the copper and zinc strips," said Mr. Rudolf, "and then see what will happen."

"I see," said Carl, after looking a

moment; "there are tiny bubbles all around the copper."

"Take off that rod, and put on this of glass," said Mr. Rudolf.

"That has no effect, Mr. Rudolf," said Carl; "there are no more bubbles."

"Those bubbles, Carl, are hydrogen gas," said Mr. Rudolf. "Water is formed of hydrogen and oxygen, and by means of these strips we can separate it into its parts."

"How do I know that these are hydrogen gas bubbles?" asked Carl.

"I will show you how to prove it, by-and-by," said Mr. Rudolf; "but first I want you to take out that piece of zinc and weigh it carefully in these scales."

Carl did as he was bid, found the exact weight of the zinc, and wrote it down. "Shall I weigh the copper now?" he asked.

"No, that is not necessary," said Mr. Rudolf; "place the zinc back in the water, and connect it with the copper by means of the metal rod."

"Now what shall I do?" said Carl, after this was finished.

"Wait a few moments, and then take the zinc out and weigh it again," said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl waited, and presently taking out the zinc and weighing it, he exclaimed, "Mr. Rudolf, it has grown lighter; it does not weigh so much as it did!"

"You are right," said Mr. Rudolf; "and if you should examine the water you would find that it contains oxyd

of zinc, and would learn that as long as the rod connects the two pieces of metal, water is decomposed, the oxygen unites with the zinc, and the hydrogen escapes in bubbles from the copper."

"Yes, I see that," said Carl.

"Now let us darken the room and raise this rod very carefully," said Mr. Rudolf. "What do you see?"

"A spark, an electric spark!" exclaimed Carl; "then this is electricity, too?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf; "place this platina wire over, instead of the rod, and watch it awhile."

"The wire is growing hot," said Carl, touching it; and presently he exclaimed, "It is red hot, as if it was in the fire!"

"That is the influence of a constant current of electricity running through it, Carl," said Mr. Rudolf. "This is called a Voltaic circle, from Volta, an Italian philosopher, who discovered it."

"I should think it could be made very useful," said Carl, thoughtfully.

"It can," said Mr. Rudolf. "I will show you how Volta increased its power by using several alternations of metals; indeed, I think I will let you make a Voltaic pile just as he did."

"Oh, do!" cried Carl; "there's nothing I should like better."

"Very well, you may try," said Mr. Rudolf; "here are twenty pieces of zinc, and here are as many silver coins; now cut as many pieces of this cloth and wet them in that water which has some sulphuric acid in it, then arrange all in a pile, one above the other."

"In what order?" asked Carl.

"Think a moment, and see if you can not tell," replied Mr. Rudolf.

"Is it just on the principle of this Voltaic circle?" asked Carl.

"Yes," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Then the silver and zinc must not touch," said Carl, "so I will put the cloth between—silver, cloth, zinc—silver, cloth, zinc;" and thus he went on piling one above the other, till all were arranged.

"Is that right?" he asked; "and what must I do next?"

"Moisten your hands and touch the end of the pile," said Mr. Rudolf.

Carl jumped suddenly away. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that was just like an electric shock."

"It is a shock," said Mr. Rudolf, smiling; "and now, since you have made a Voltaic pile like the first one that was ever made, I will show you a perfect apparatus of the same sort;" and he took out of his cabinet an instrument made of ten or twelve glass jars.

"This is not the same thing, Mr. Rudolf," said Carl.

"Yes it is," said his teacher; "here are two cups, one inside of the other; the inner one is of earthenware."

"I see," said Carl, "and it has a slip of platina in it."

"And the glass cup is lined with a plate of zinc," said Mr. Rudolf. "Now the earthen cup is filled with strong nitric acid, and the glass cup with dilute sulphuric acid, then the slip of platina is connected with the zinc in the next cup by a piece of copper."

"And a grand circle is made," said Carl. "I understand it."

"If you do, we will experiment a little," said Mr. Rudolf.

"That is just what I want," said Carl.

"Then put these two bits of charcoal on the ends of the wires of the battery and bring them together."

"What a beautiful light!" exclaimed Carl; "the charcoal is on fire!"

Mr. Rudolf separated the bits of charcoal an inch or two, and the flame rose from them in a beautiful arch.

Carl would have watched till the coal was consumed, but Mr. Rudolf called him for another trial.

"Put some quicksilver in that glass," said he, "and then fasten a piece of steel wire to one pole of the battery and let it touch the mercury, and I will place the other pole in contact with the mercury also."

Carl did as he was told, and the moment the steel touched the mercury it took fire, sending out a shower of bright sparks, while the mercury quickly disappeared.

"One experiment more," said Mr. Rudolf, "to *prove* that water is decomposed as I said."

"What shall I do?" asked Carl, prompt to give his aid.

"Do you see this dish, with these small holes in the bottom?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"Yes," said Carl; "what shall I put in these holes?"

"Those bits of platinum wire," said Mr. Rudolf; "but do not let the wires bend and touch each other."

"What next?" asked Carl, when that was done.

"Next fill the dish with this water, also these glass tubes, and invert them over the wires."

"I have done it," said Carl.

"Now connect one wire with the positive and the other with the negative pole of the battery, and see what takes place."

"I see bubbles of gas rising from the wires and running up into the tubes and driving the water down," cried Carl.

"Is there any difference between them?" asked Mr. Rudolf.

"Oh, yes," said Carl, "the nega-

tive electricity has made twice as much gas as the positive."

"Then let us try these gases, and see if they are alike," said Mr. Rudolf; and he carefully lifted the tube containing the smallest amount of gas, covering it with his finger, that no air should enter. "Now, Carl, take a small piece of wood, with a spark of fire on the end, and put it in here."

Carl did so, and immediately the wood burst into a bright flame.

"There, that proves this to be oxygen gas, which is the life of flame," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Now try the other," said Carl; and Mr. Rudolf lifted the other tube, allowing as much air to enter it, however, as there was gas in it already, then he told Carl to hold a light there. Instantly there was an explosion.

"What is that?" cried Carl, springing back.

"It is the hydrogen gas, which, mingling with the air, forms an explosive mixture," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Well, I agree that the water is decomposed into two different gases," said Carl.

"And that there is twice as much hydrogen as oxygen gas in water," said Mr. Rudolf.

"Yes," said Carl; "and now I will write the result of my experiment in my book."

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In the anatomy of the hand we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it; and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

The bank that never fails is the Bank of Earth, the best check-book on which is the plow; the more frequently it goes to that bank, the better for the owner.



### THE EAGLE AND HER YOUNG.

“LOOK at this eagle, mamma! Is it going to eat those pretty little doves?”

“You mistake, Mary. Those are little eaglets in the nest. Their mother has probably just brought them some food. Though fierce and cruel to other birds, the eagle is very careful of her little ones, and watches over them very tenderly.”

“I did not think, mamma, that young eagles would look so soft and pretty.”

“They are covered at first with a soft, yellow down; but as they grow larger, the feathers begin to shoot out, and the claws grow strong and sharp, and the wings become large and powerful. When the mother sees that they are able to take care of themselves, she sends them away, that they may make a nest and find their own food.”

“How does she send them away, mamma?”

“She has some trouble in doing it,

but she is very careful of them. After pushing them to the edge of a rock, she spreads her wings and flutters around them, to induce them to do the same. The young eaglet is rather cowardly, and if the mother sees it lingering on the edge of the rock, and fearing to try its wings, she comes suddenly behind him and pushes him off. Now, he must fly or be dashed to pieces.”

“Oh, mamma, that seems very cruel.”

“Stop till I have finished, Mary. Quick as thought, the mother then darts under him with her broad wings outspread, and thus bears him safely onward far away from the nest. Soon the young eagle gains courage to try the strength of its own wings; and, in time, it becomes as bold and fearless as its mother.”

To break a vow is a great fault, but to make one is a still greater.



## TOWSER IN THE SHIP-YARD;

OR, THE TRUSTY MESSENGER.

**M**R. PATTEN'S ship-yard was generally a very busy place. There was little time there for anything but work. Rolling logs, hewing timber, fashioning and fitting ribs and knees, driving tree-nails, caulking seams, and sundry other laborious and pressing occupations kept every hand fully employed—at least while Mr. Patten was about; for he was one of those men who not only do not suffer the grass to grow under their own feet, but see to it pretty sharply that none of their apprentices or journeymen give it much chance to grow under theirs. Where there are three or four stout hearty boys together, however, there

will be something like fun, if not some mischief, going on. Eyes more jealous and vigilant than Moses Patten's can not always detect it. Rules stricter than his can not always prevent it.

A large ship had just been launched—an occasion which made something of a holiday for all hands; though there was enough for all to do, in clearing up the yard, and preparing to lay a new keel the next day. Thousands of people had been down to see the launch. The youth, the beauty, and the wealth of a large neighborhood had been represented. From all the villages, for ten or fifteen miles round, they had come, in all sorts of convey-



ances, arrayed in their best, to see and be seen.

The launch was over, having come off in the grandest style, to the entire satisfaction of the whole community. The gay company had retired. Mr. Patten had gone home to do the honors of a great feast to a houseful of invited guests; while Reuben Sprague and Jesse Mitchell were left to gather up the scattered tools, and put everything "to rights" in the yard. While thus employed, they found, under one of the platforms which had been laid for the accommodation of spectators, a small package of papers, neatly done up in an envelop, but not directed to any person. To ascertain to whom the papers belonged, the package was opened. It was found to contain three letters, all unsealed, and addressed, one to Moses Patten, one to Fanny Wingate, the belle of the place, and the daughter of a rich lawyer, and one to Fred Wilkins, editor of "*The True Patriot*," published in the village near by.

"What shall we do with the papers?" said Reuben to Jesse; "shall we put them in the post-office, or hand them over to Uncle Moses?"

While they were discussing the propriety of the case, Mr. Patten's big dog Towser came into the yard, smelling about for bits of sandwich; cheese, and such other crumbs as had dropped from the various groups of visitors, many of whom had come from far, and brought their lunch with them.

"I'll tell you what," cried Jesse, as soon as he saw Towser, "Let us have a little sport. Fanny Wingate and Fred Wilkins are both invited to the feast. Let us change the letters, seal them, and give them to Towser. He will take them home to his master, who will give each to its proper address."

No sooner said than done. Fred Wilkins' letter was put into the envelop addressed to Mr. Patten, Mr. Patten's into Miss Wingate's, and Miss Wingate's into Fred's. They were then sealed, and put into the same envelop in which they were found.

"Here, Towser!" said Jesse, and the faithful dog was instantly at his side. The package was put in his mouth, with the brief direction, "Home, Towser! Uncle Mose," and Towser was off in a trice.

Edwin Butler was a young lawyer, but recently established in the town. He had been known, for some time in the country, as an ambitious, scheming politician, without much principle, but a very fair allowance of talent. He had practiced in the country several years, and now had opened an office at "The Post," with a view to climbing more rapidly to the top of the ladder. These letters, all written by him, were a part of his programme of political and business advancement. He was one of the guests at Mr. Patten's table, and intended to deliver the letters as the party broke up in the evening.

Mr. Patten was just rising from the dinner table when Towser came in with the package. He opened it immediately, gave their letters to Fanny and Fred, and stepped aside to read his own, the company meanwhile dispersing in different directions for amusement. With Moses, and the other readers, it was more amazement than amusement. They were first puzzled, then vexed, then in a passion, while the writer was strolling quietly in the garden with Mary Patten. Mr. Patten read thus, what was intended for Wilkins—

"DEAR SIR—Go right ahead, as I told you. It is all safe. I will fix old

Mose. I have a noose for the imperious, vain old curmudgeon, that will keep him out of harm's way for a while. He thinks he has caught me with his pretty, simpering daughter. But I know a thing worth two of that, and so does the superb Fanny Wingate.

"Put this in your paper to-morrow. It will tell. I will contrive to have Mose and Mary know who wrote it. Fan will give credit, if she sees it, to Ben Eveleth, the schoolmaster, as my initials reversed will answer for him.

The proud ship plunged into the wave,  
The wave embraced her proudly;  
While from a thousand tongues her  
name—\*

As pure as light, as bright as fame,  
Was echoed long and loudly.

That name she'll bear the world around,  
A spell of wond'rous power;  
At home, abroad, wherever found,  
That name shall like a charm surround,  
And shield her every hour.

B. E.

"Be sure you destroy this as soon as printed. E. BUTLER."

The letter to Mr. Patten, which fell into Miss Wingate's hands, read thus:

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I can not refrain from taking this occasion to say, that I have two conflicting feelings about naming the ship for the angel Mary. The first is, that the ship is one of the noblest of man's works, and this, the most perfect ever built, and therefore should have the best, the most exalted name we can give it. The second is, that any work of any man is so far inferior to such a marvel of perfection and beauty as your daughter, that it seems a desecration

\* The ship was named "Mary Patten."

to place her name upon it. On this account, some other name, such as I proposed to you, would have suited me better, and the Wingates would have valued the compliment.

Yours, most truly,  
E. BUTLER."

While Mr. Patten and Miss Wingate were reading and re-reading the above, with very different emotions, Wilkins was chuckling over the following, intended for Fanny:

"What a pity that such a magnificent ship should have been put off with such a name, when there was one near by that would have been an ornament of grace to it all the world over! I took leave to suggest your name to the old man, as altogether fitting, and am decidedly vexed that he did not adopt it, especially as it spoiled some capital lines I had written in anticipation of his taking my advice. As I think them too good to be lost, I take leave to deposit them with you, hoping you will excuse my boldness.

Was ever seen a nobler sight?  
Was nobler deed e'er done?  
A thing of beauty, grace, and might,  
Thus married to the ocean bright,  
With streamers waving in the light  
Of the approving sun.

But, noble in her grace and pride,  
As the tall ship appears,  
Her brightest glory, gleaming wide  
O'er every ocean, sea, and tide,  
Is that proud name, which like a bride  
In jeweled light she wears."

Mr. Patten and Fanny were confounded, amazed. Fred Wilkins saw through the mystery at once—at least a part of it; and seeing that Butler was a two-faced knave, and ought to

be exposed, he walked over to Miss Wingate, and begged her to exchange notes with him, as somehow he had got one belonging to her. "But," she replied, hesitating, "this can not belong to you. It was meant, I think, for Mr. Patten." Wilkins looked at Patten, on the other side of the open hall, and saw that he was in a fuse over a letter he had just read. Calling to him to come into their council, the whole matter was soon unraveled, except the mystery of how the letters were changed. Mr. Patten explained how Towser brought them to him, and they all concluded that Butler, in his haste, or carelessness, having written the letters all at once, misdirected them. When they had arrived at this point, and were getting somewhat amused over the pretty development, Wilkins looked up, and saw Butler coming down the garden walk, with Mary in close conference. Mr. Patten was about to rise, and kick him out of the house. But Wilkins prevented him. Beckoning and calling the company together, with the promise of a little fun, he stated that three letters had been found, that day, in the ship-yard, addressed to three of the company present—that they had each reached the wrong person, and so had produced no little confusion—that he had possession of them all, and would publish them in his paper the next day, so that all the community could enjoy the fun, as well as the company then present.

While he was speaking, Butler was seen to be feeling vigorously in all his pockets, for something that evidently was not there. By the time, however, that Wilkins had finished his speech, Butler had found his hat and the door. And by the time that those precious letters made their appearance in print the next evening, he was packed up,

bag and baggage, and on his way to "parts unknown," having learned—perhaps not too late to get some benefit from the lesson—that "honesty is the best policy."

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## WHAT LITTLE NORMAN SAYS

### ABOUT HIS FAVORITE KITTEN.

My kitten is neat—  
 She loves to eat meat;  
 And whenever she pleases, can walk  
 in the street.  
 She never complains  
 Of any hard pains,  
 But always seems happy, except when  
 it rains.

My kitten is sweet—  
 She has little, soft feet;  
 And the fur on her back is very com-  
 plete.  
 She seldom is sick,  
 And always looks slick;  
 And whenever I call her, she runs to  
 me quick.

My kitten will play  
 With a mouse as she may,  
 Whenever one comes right along in  
 her way.  
 'Tis her nature, you see,  
 Thus playful to be,  
 Until she is tired—then quiet she'll  
 stay.

My kitten is fat—  
 She will soon be a cat;  
 Instead of a mouse, she will then catch  
 a rat.  
 She will then use her paws,  
 And scratch with her claws,  
 And thus she fulfills one of pussy-cat's  
 laws.

GRANDPA.

## HOW A CHILD MAY BE USEFUL.



DO you, dear children, ever think to yourselves, "I wish I could do some good;" "I wish I could help others and be kind to them, like papa and mamma, and other grown-up people; but I am yet too young and too little to be of any use?" If you think so, come to me, and I will tell you many things which you may do to help others and to make yourselves happier; for you know, I dare say, that nothing makes us feel so happy and so *glad* as to know that we are of some use in the world. When your father comes home tired in the evening, go and sit on his knee, or take your little stool to his side, and ask if you shall read to him; for, as you can read this, you can read other little

books; and, most likely, there are some that he too would like to hear. Or you can help your mother, when your school is done, by winding her silk or tape, or by fetching her things from upstairs when she wants them; or you can read to her while she works. When you are out of doors, and see a little child crying, as we so often do, you can speak kindly to it, and ask what is the matter, and try to comfort it; for often little children are made happy directly, if some one speaks to them so. I can tell you how some of my friends try to do good to others. One little girl, who had only a penny or two given her at a time, saved them all up until she was able to give a handsome present to a child

whose parents were so poor that they could not give her any money at all. I know, too, a kind gentleman, who does all he can to help poor people when he sees them in trouble. One day, when he was walking in a dirty street, he saw an old woman trying to lift a heavy basket of fish on her shoulder. The basket was very dirty, and disagreeable to touch; but the kind gentleman stopped, went up to the old woman, and lifted it for her. How grateful the poor woman must have felt!

Another time he saw a feeble old woman walking up some steep steps. Many gentlemen would not have liked to walk with her, as she was untidy and poor; but he was too good to

think of that; so he asked the old woman to lean on his arm, and helped her slow steps up the long flight.

So you see, if you look out for ways of helping others, you will soon find them; for though you may not be old enough or strong enough to do as the kind gentleman did, yet you often see children smaller and weaker than you are, whom you may help, and who will be delighted if you will talk kindly to them. I dare say you sometimes have pence or sweetmeats given you, which you can share with those who have none. If you do this while you are a child, you will find it much easier when you are grown up; for then you will have become used to denying yourself for the good of others. Besides, you have no idea what a difference a good, kind child makes in a house. How often does a mother say, speaking of such, "My little girl helps me so much already, and does so many little things for me, that I could not do without her!" or, "My little boy so often goes errands for me, and is so useful, that I am quite dull when he is away!" So, think of these things, and try every day to do something to help or please others. There is nothing that makes people so happy—there is no kind of happiness that lasts so long—as true kindness to others. Kindness always comes back, with interest, to the heart from which it goes out, as the mist and dews return in showers to the bosom of the earth.

Don't tell me of to-morrow  
 There is much to do to-day,  
 That can never be accomplished,  
 If we throw the hours away.  
 Every moment has its duty—  
 Who the future can foretell?  
 Then why put off till to-morrow,  
 What to-day can do as well?

## DREAM-LAND.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Up! away! the call is sounding  
 For Utopia's dream-land zone!  
 Joy and pleasure there abounding,  
 Pain and sorrow all unknown.  
 Freely, without toil or money,  
 Every want is well supplied;  
 Rivers flow with milk and honey,  
 Wine-founts gush on every side.

Every meal you may be wishing,  
 Ready cooked will be at hand;  
 Turkeys, geese, and ducks, and chick-  
 Roasted, walk about the land; [ens  
 Deer and sheep, and swine and oxen,  
 Boiled and roasted, range the street,  
 Each with knife and fork you coaxing—  
 "Please to help yourself and eat."

Cake, bread, cross-buns, crackers grow-  
 All the trees profusely yield; [ing,  
 Figs in all the hedges showing,  
 Pine-apples in every field.  
 Then you have no care of picking—  
 Wish, and to your mouth they come.  
 Is not this a land worth seeking?  
 Shall we make it hence our home?

All the roads by which you travel,  
 Every alley, lane, and street, [el,  
 Paved with cream-cakes, 'stead of grav-  
 Mixed with *bon-bons*, nice and sweet.  
 Bridges built of sticks of candy,  
 Spanning every creek and stream—  
 While beneath them, nice and handy,  
 Broiled and fried the fishes swim.

Truly 'tis a realm enchanted,  
 Filled with blessings rich and rare,  
 But to few who seek 'tis granted  
 To secure a dwelling there.  
 Without wings none ever found it;  
 You to get there needs must fly;  
 For a ridge of hills surrounds it,  
 Three miles wide—of pumpkin pie.

H. H.

## NEWSPAPERS.

IT was in the year 1588, when the people of England were greatly alarmed by the approach of the Spanish Armada to their shores, that the first newspaper, "Ye English Mercurie," was printed, in London, by order of Queen Elizabeth.

But though printed newspapers first appeared in England, the idea was borrowed from the Italians, who had at an early date established written papers, which were called "Gazettas;" and it is supposed they derive their name from a small coin or "gazetta," their common value.

The "English Mercurie" was not printed at stated periods, and after the destruction of the Armada it was discontinued; but the idea was a popular one, and numerous other papers arose to claim the patronage of the people.

But the restrictions imposed on them by the government retarded their increase, and in the time of Charles the Second there was but one paper published in the city of London, all others being forbidden to be printed under severe penalties.

This want of newspapers was, however, in part, supplied by the circulation of News-Letters or written papers, which were prepared in London, and contained a weekly summary of the sayings-and-doings in the great metropolis.

In 1702 the first daily paper, the "Daily Courant," was established at Westminster, in England.

Two years after this, the people of America became desirous of having a paper of their own, and the "Boston News-Letter" was originated, which was the first newspaper printed in the United States. A second paper was established in Boston, December 21,

1719, and the following day, Philadelphia published its first paper, the "American Weekly Mercury."

The city of New York, it seems, was quite dilatory in newspaper enterprise, for its first paper, the "New York Gazette," was not issued until A. D. 1725. The truth is, however, that New York could not then boast of any pre-eminence over her two rivals in either literary or commercial pursuits.

There being no restrictions upon the press of our country, and the mass of the people being intelligent, it is not surprising that we have surpassed the "Old World" in the number of our newspapers, and I have seen it stated, and it is very probably true, "that the journals of New York State exceed in number those of all the rest of the world beyond the limits of the United States, and the circulation of the newspapers of New York city alone exceed those of the whole of Great Britain."

There are now printed in the United States over 15,000 different newspapers; an almost incredible number when we consider the fact that one hundred years ago there were not twenty-five papers published in America, and they are still increasing with a rapidity fully proportioned to the growth of the population.

The newspapers of our country absorb a vast amount of talent, many of our ablest literary men being constantly employed upon them, which has the effect of heightening their influence and making them, as they should be, co-workers with our common schools in the cause of universal education.

S. WILSON, JR.

WEST UNION, OHIO.

## AUNT MARY'S CAT.

THE curious incident described in these lines occurred many years ago in Norwich. The poem was written at the time, but has long been out of print. Should we not learn to treat with kindness these dumb creatures who show so much intelligence and affection?

Aunt Mary's Cat three snowy kittens had,  
 Playful, and fat, and gay. So, she  
 would sport, [and spread  
 And let them climb upon her back,  
 Her paws to fondle them—and when  
 she saw  
 Her mistress come that way, would  
 proudly show [delight.  
 Her darlings—purring with intense

But one was missing—and Grimalkin  
 ran, [eagerness,  
 Searching each nook with frantic  
 Garret and parlor, 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, [harm,  
 Her head held high to shelter it from  
 She joyous laid it with its sisters twain,  
 Who mew'd loud welcome, and with  
 raptured zeal  
 Wash'd and re-wash'd its velvet face  
 and paws.  
 It had been trusted to a lady's care,  
 By my Aunt Mary, out of pure good-  
 will [tighed  
 To pussy—fearing she might be fa-  
 By too much care and nursing. But  
 she sought

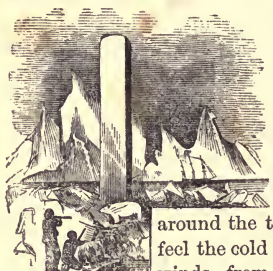
From house to house, among the neigh-  
 bors all,  
 Until she found it, and restored it again  
 To her heart's jewels.

One full month she fed  
 And nurtured it—then in her mouth  
 she took  
 The same young kitten, and conveyed  
 it back [lap  
 To the same house, and laid it in the  
 Of the same good old lady, as she sat  
 Knitting upon the sofa. Much sur-  
 prised, [cat,  
 She raised her spectacles to view the  
 Who, with a most insinuating tone,  
 Fawning, and rubbing round her slip-  
 per'd foot,  
 Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true—  
 Aunt Mary told me so. Did pussy  
 think [when grown  
 Her child too young for service? and  
 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 [hard,  
 Are only led by *Instinct*. Yet 'tis  
 Often to draw the line where one  
 And where the other ceases. [begins,

But I know  
 That kindness to domestic animals  
 Improves their nature—and 'tis very  
 wrong [cross  
 To take away their comforts, and be  
 And cruel to them. The kind-hearted  
 child [surely find  
 Who makes them humble friends, will  
 A pleasure in such goodness, and obey  
 The Book of Wisdom, in its law of  
 Love.

## Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



AM glad you are all here, in good time this month. Gather closely around the table, for I feel the cold December winds from the icy north, which will make it comfortable to sit close, and drive in to our circle some who have remained out during the pleasant days just passed. How delightful the Indian summer! But it is always summer in our little parlor—for, if “two swallows won’t make a summer,” twenty thousand smiling faces and happy hearts will. And then, Uncle Hiram is here with us again, positively sharper than he was before he went West. Look out! But here comes one from across the ocean, a veritable European correspondent. Welcome, Sybil. We are glad to see that you do not turn the cold shoulder on your Young America Cousins, *à la Nip*, but send us a real live letter from the seat of fashion. Let us hear from you often. Meantime, Willie shall keep a respectful distance. Though his last letter had to go into the basket, he is not a star that shines with borrowed light, as you will admit when you see him.

## PARIS, PLACE VENDOME.

Now for a delightful chat with my Merry cousins this rainy afternoon. Here I am in Paris, many miles from the place where I dated my last letter. Do you think, my dear cousins, that I am going to bore you with a long rigmarole about what’s to be seen here, as if I thought you’d never, any of you, read a book of travels in your life? If you do, I assure you you’re very much mistaken. I will only inform you that I did not leave the United States as early as I had

expected—had a tolerably pleasant voyage to Havre, am now in Paris, where I expect to spend the winter. I am traveling with my uncle, aunt, and cousin.

Having now made known my whereabouts, I will turn a cold shoulder to the “hatchet,” and have a little confidential talk with the 20,000. (Understand, I don’t mean the proprietor of the hatchet, but the implement itself.) So Adrian has no penchant for bumble-bees! Very well, my dear, when you visit my bower, some honey shall have attracted them all to a far distant wood, and there shall be no impediment to hinder you from feeling quite at home. Lizzie G., I shall be delighted to see you; when shall I expect you?

My dear cousins feminine, I have a word or two for your ears alone. I think we are all in great danger of spoiling W. H. C. Every fair cousin sends him a message—one and all agree in calling him “a bright particular star,” while it’s my private opinion he is only a meteor, or *falling star*. If the rest of you were so well acquainted with the species as I am, you would know that men in general are altogether too apt to have a good opinion of themselves, and instead of being assisted in their upward flight, they need a gentle pull to make them remember that though they may consider themselves the “lords of creation,” yet they are not demigods, and must not claim a seat among the stars.

Ever yours,

SYBIL GREY.

P. S.—Tommy Hawk, is it the fashion in North Carolina to call boys of twenty “young men?” or are you only called so by courtesy at “Sugar-plum Hill?” Is the “Son of the Evening Star” any relation to “Lucifer, Son of the Morning?”

STOCKPORT, Oct. 28, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—If your room is not too crowded, I should like to be admitted to your Merry circle, and to be numbered among the twenty thousand. I enjoy the “Chat” very much, but would much rather be a member than merely a reader. I have lost my dear mother, but am happy to say that I have got a good father, grandpa, and grandma, and uncles, and one of the best



of aunts, and a dear little brother and sister. Give a kiss to each of my uncles and cousins (may I call them so?), and a kiss to Aunt Sue.

From

ELMA ANN HOXIE.

BOSTON, Oct. 25, 1859.

MR. MERRY AND ALL OTHERS:—For a long, long time I have seen your kind, cheering magazine, and as soon as it comes into my hands, I, by some strange impulse, drop my work, no matter what it be, to peruse and devour with eager eyes its contents; but more particularly the "Chat." I tell you what, sirs, if you could but see one half the faces of your subscribers, young and old, light up with joy on receipt of your noble little work, I feel confident that ten years, yes, perhaps twenty years, would be added to your age. But who am I that writes to you in this way? I am Ike Marlin. I live in a large city. I am rough in my manners, but am gentle at times, and those times are when I see the magazine. This is my first effort in the literary world; if unsuccessful, I pledge you it shall be my last. I'll wait. I'll next month, I'll say good-bye, and then farewell, perhaps forever.

Yours,

IKE MARLIN.

Exactly so, Ike; it does make us feel wondrous young and light-hearted to go out and see the bright faces and happy homes of our young friends, all over the land. Uncle Hiram has just returned from a wide range of travel in the West. He feels so young and frisky, that we think we shall have to get him a wig to cover his white locks. We often visit your city, Ike, but have not met any "rough in manners." Where are they to be found?

ROSE VILLA, October, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I address you again, to thank some of the cousins for their congratulations. "Black-Eyes," I did not mean for you to congratulate me on having graduated, but on having passed through that trying ordeal, public examination. If it had been in my power, I would have stayed at school for two or three years longer, for I dearly loved school.

J. L. Pierrepont, my congratulations will be ready when you arrive at the period of graduation.

LIZZIE G.

LE ROY, ILL., Oct. 17, 1859.

DEAR MUSEUM:—Please to give me a little space in the Merry circle. I will be as short as possible. Uncle Hi, if you happen this way, I will venture to say you will find some Western boys that their Yankee cousins will have to get up very early in the morning to beat. We are not all fools out West. I think that India-rubber railroad a good plan. When it is finished, please to pay us a flying visit out here, will you?

"Clio," I believe Aunt Sue has borrowed Uncle Hiram's hatchet. I have scarcely recovered from the fearful chopping she gave me some time ago. Misery loves company, you know, so let us shake hands.

That is all, this time, from

ADELBERT OLDER.

I did try all sorts of ways to twist those stiff, perverse railroads, so as to give me a peep at the thousand little snuggeries, all over the West, where some of the different branches of our happy family live. But I could not do it. I passed so near to Black-Eyed Mary, that I thought she could hear my whistle, though they would not take me round to see her. Will B. E. M. please say if she heard the whistle? H. H.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—In my last letter, which was written from home, I spoke rather severely of the "Yankee Girls." But my sojourn at the North this summer, and the many pleasant hours I have passed in the society of some of them, have completely changed my opinion respecting them; and I now beg leave to return to you my sincere thanks for kindly chopping off that part of my letter which would have rendered me unpopular with my Northern cousins. However, here's my hand for good friends again, and I hope Fleta will not be so severe on my fellow-Tennessean again. Aunt Sue—I know a young lady from your place, and I guess she knows who you are. Where does Rose-Bud hail from? I met a Miss Rose Budd this summer—wonder if they are not one and the same? I will leave in a few days for the South. Adieu.

Your nephew,

HAWTHORN.

Here comes our Rose-Bud again, as

fresh and blooming as if we were just coming to the opening Spring, instead of cold and bleak December. Always call at "our sanctum," *all* of you, when you come this way.

CANTON, MASS., Oct. 18, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I wrote a letter to you a few months ago, which, though not printed, was spoken of, which gave me courage to try again.

I have just returned from New York, and wishing to obtain a missing number of the "Schoolfellow," I visited "our sanctum." I stayed only a few moments, but those few moments I enjoyed very much.

Emma M. Shaw, were not you afraid when you saw those Indians? I should have been. Black-Eyes, very well, thank you, happy to make your acquaintance, etc., etc. But my letter is getting long. With much love to all the cousins,

I remain your affectionate niece,  
ROSE-BUD.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1859.

MR. CHAIRMAN (?):—Having been silent so long, I think it is about time to "put in a word."

I should think that when Carl wrote his last letter he was —— (?), (but I shouldn't think that any of the Merry cousins would do such a thing), as a number of the letters seem to follow his example, *i. e.*, of inclining. If you don't like that, Carl, we will have cof—, but we must not talk about such things here.

Cousin Kate, are you willing to "make up" about that sewing-machine?

Oliver Onley, I haven't seen or heard from you but once since May, when we had that chat at the Lowell Institute, on Exhibition Day. Where are you?

I remain your "war in the Chat" nephew.  
C. F. W.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Though I have been for many years a subscriber and reader of the CABINET, a silent one, it is true, never have I read it with such terrible interest, as when my eyes fell on those few short words "Uncle Frank is dead!" For minutes I sat gazing into the vacant air, and my thoughts wandered back to days long gone by, when he, the soul of our "Table Talk," used to enliven us with his delightfully interesting and in-

structive conversation. Well do I remember when on my first feeble effort to make myself known to his bright young circle, and to see my name in print, how gently he chided me for writing on both sides of my page; and bade me welcome, oh, so kindly! And now, he is dead. May all of those to whom he has imparted precious words of advice sleep as quietly, and need as little of panegyric to render their names immortal.

And now, Aunt Sue, I must tell you how favored I have been. I have had a visit from Uncle Hiram, not a figurative one, but a regular *bona fide*, flesh-and-blood call from our fearful Knight of the Hatchet. Unfortunately, however, I was not at home, and therefore did not see him. From my sister's account, he is a gray-haired gentleman, well advanced toward the evening of life, with the bump of philoprogenitiveness largely developed. How can he use the hatchet so relentlessly? However, I am not afraid of him now, he is a long way from the seat of his power. But stop, perhaps our amiable aunt has an unpleasant way of using the scissors. Who knows?

GEORGE.

You are not the only one, George, whom Uncle H. failed to see while hunting up his Western cousins. He went the rounds faithfully, and had a grand good time, whenever he found the young folks at home.

BROOKLYN, Sept., 1859.

MY JOLLY OLD UNCLE:—It has been a long time since I appeared in your cosy Chat, but I have not forgotten the happy hours formerly spent with my Merry cousins. I again appear among them as a comrade, and crave that my old corner of the table may be allotted to me.

On looking at the MUSEUM for September, I am sorry to miss some of the familiar faces which I greeted in my former visits, yet am glad that new candidates have supplied their places. To these (to me) strangers I beg an introduction.

Willie H. Coleman and Black-Eyes I am glad to see at their posts. Give me your hand, Willie, and I am sure that Black-Eyes will not refuse a genteel kiss of reconciliation to an old friend who formerly tried to pick a quarrel with her.

I gladly propose to bury the hatchet with Nip, which proposition should have been made before, had I known that her bright optics shone beneath a sun-bonnet, or that the hand raised in warfare to my own was a maiden's.

With brevity, your old Chatterer,  
CAROLUS PIPER, Esq.

O. O. complains that he has lost four or five letters in the basket, so now we must give him room.

SOUTH BOSTON, 1859.

Fairie Jane, you *are* a little (?) fairy, and no mistake. My love and a kiss. You see I'm not bashful, and I only wish I could give you a *real* one.

Daisy Wildwood afraid of *me*? Good gracious! I think I shall have to come to P. and show myself. Suppose you were introduced to a young gent (I won't say what age) of about 5 feet 10 inches in height, etc. (imagine him as good-looking as you please), would you be afraid?

Pertine, *what* a description of Aunt Sue! Black-Eyes, do. Were you thinking of F. F.? No such thing, my word on't.

Hurrah for Uncle Joe!

Lizzie G., where *is* Rose Villa? In what State, county, town, etc., is it situated?

M-e-x-i-c-o! The next thing I shall expect to see a letter from the interior of Africa.

Sybil Grey, we will remember you, and hail with pleasure any word from you while in the Old World.

Fleta, this chilly weather puts me in mind of skating. "There's a good time a coming," etc.

Aunt Sue, really, I won't—write any more now. Yours,  
OLIVER ONLEY.

#### OUT-OF-WAY PLACE.

UNCLES AND MERRYS:—I thought I would write a line or two to see how you were getting along, etc. As for me, I am well, and all right everywhere, and hope you are the same.

During this fine weather I hope I will see all the Merry family out to my *Out-of-way Place*, and give me a visit, and have a good time together.

Love to all. YOUNG JOE.

FAIRY JANE wishes to know if Black-Eyes is our "affectionate nephew, or niece."

FRANK—Aunt Sue says it is too near Christmas—we will take your suggestions under consideration; *meantime*, send along the answers.

JIMMIE L. P—r, of Mo., sends answers to questions in Sept. number. Your letter was a long time on its way.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD, of Boonesville, wishes an introduction to the 20,000; but we think it unnecessary, as he says they have taken the MUSEUM "ever since it was started." Come right in—you will be welcomed by the whole family.

SNOW-DROP, of Oak Town, will have to try again; you did not guess right this time. *Drop* in again, don't get discouraged; recollect what is said about "tall oaks," etc., and perhaps your letter will not *mell* away as easily next time.

LIZZIE G. answers Nos. 33, 34, 40, 41, and 42.

J. H. KNOX, Rome, N. Y., 33 and 41.

#### PRIVATE CHAT WITH THE MERRYS.

Once more we are here at the end of the year, and at the end of another volume of the MUSEUM AND CABINET. We hope that the visits of our little *Monthly Magazine* have not been in vain. If you are profited and made better, we are amply repaid. Soon the new year will open, and we hope that none of the smiling faces and sparkling eyes will be missing. We wish to see you all here, and have already made arrangements to make the coming year better than any of its predecessors.

Some of you have been kind enough to say that the MUSEUM was "as good as it could be;" but we intend to *keep* improving it all the time. Read the Prospectus on the second page of the cover, and see if you can help us. First, send along your dollar for the coming year at once, that you may receive a portrait of our dear Uncle Frank, which will be sent to all those who send their dollar in advance. If, as soon as you read this, you forward the dollar for

the coming year, we will send the portrait in the next number of the magazine. Secondly, we want you to ask your friends to subscribe for the MUSEUM for the coming year. We will also send the portrait of Uncle Frank to all such new subscribers, and will send a premium to you as a token from us of our appreciation of your kindness in getting new subscribers. You can help us very much in this way.

To such of the CABINET subscribers as have already received it, some other engraving will be sent instead, if they desire it.

ANSWER OF J. H. L. TO UNCLE HIRAM'S PRIZE PUZZLE.

CHARADE.

*A dam* will stop the river flowing,  
*A dam* will set the mill agoing;  
*Adam*, a man, and yet Eve's mother,  
 Was all alone, without a brother.  
 Let this be first, in time and place,  
 My name and character to trace.  
*Ruth's* name the tears will cause to flow,  
*Ruth* pitied poor Naomi's woe; [drawn,  
*Ruth's* name's from history's records  
 Mother of kings, yet humbly born.  
 Let *Ruth* be second—you prepare  
 The way my secret to declare.  
*Kite* sometimes in reproach is heard—  
*Kite* is an unmelodious bird;  
*Kite* is a frail but useful toy,  
 Philosophers sometimes employ.  
*Kite* coming next, you banish doubt,  
 And spell my name and uses out.  
 ARK am I—their first letters show  
 Just what I am and what I know.  
 A mighty ship of gopher wood  
 I, *Noah*, bear above the flood.  
 A slime-and-pitch-daubed bulrush boat,  
 With *Moses* on the Nile I float.  
 Ark of the Covenant, once I stood  
 Within the holy house of God;  
 The cherubims of glory spread  
 Their glittering wings above my head;  
 In me the God-engraven stone,  
 While o'er me the Shekinah shone.  
 A trunk, a coffer, box, or chest,  
 I hold the meanest things and best.

ENIGMA.

With M (one thousand) for my crown,  
 St. Mark I am, of great renown;  
 Or mark, a coin, or common sign,  
 Dot, circle, dagger, cross, or line.

With D (five hundred), from the day  
 As dark, fiend-like, I slink away.  
 With fifty—L—as lark do I  
 With day mount upward to the sky,  
 Soaring on light and joyous wing,  
 My welcome to his coming sing.

CONUNDRUM.

When crowned with M, as Mark, I claim  
 In law to represent the name  
 Of ignorant, unhappy men,  
 Who know not how to wield the pen.  
 But crowned with D, as Dark, do I  
 Unvail the treasures of the sky,  
 By the same art concealing all  
 The treasures of this earthly ball.  
 But when with L we crown this ark,  
 My box is changed into a lark;  
 And thus the mightiest ship of ocean  
 Becomes an emblem of devotion.

BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have on our table, this month, some good books that will please the young folks, published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston. This is a new firm, composed of young men who know just how to get up books for the children.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL; BURIAL OF THE FIRST-BORN; THE CARDINAL FLOWER, AND LOST LAMB, are an interesting series by Joseph Alden. Sabbath Talks on the Psalms of David and about Jesus, are all entertaining and useful books. Fairy Stories, by Mrs. Anstice; also, Dandy Jack, beautifully illustrated on tinted paper, will soon be ready. We shall take some extracts from them hereafter.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

This new and interesting work by Harriet Beecher Stowe, published by Derby & Jackson, was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has been read with delight by thousands, and will be admired by all who peruse its pages. It deals with the most rugged traits of New England character, the picturesque side of old-fashioned life, as well as those deep emotions of the heart which are the same in all generations. Her description of rural life, and the rare faculty of clothing her thoughts in the most attractive language—attractive,

because of its simplicity—will make this book a great favorite with all who read it.

THE UNIVERSAL SPEAKER is a collection of Speeches, Dialogues, and Recitations, adapted to the use of Schools and Social Circles, by Brown, Taggard & Chase, of Boston.

The want of a book like this has long been felt—and those who make use of this class of books will find this an exceedingly valuable collection. The directions and cuts appended to the pieces

will be found useful, and the book can hardly fail giving universal satisfaction.

“THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE,” is the title of the right book at the right time, by Fowler & Wells, containing an extensive table of Synonyms, Abbreviations, Chapters on Writing for the Press, Punctuation, Proof-Reading, and other valuable information, indispensable to all, and adapted to the desk or the pocket. It should have a wide circulation.

### Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

#### Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

- 33 Eye—I.  
 34. His cousin, as well as his father.  
     See Exod. vi. 20 and Num. xxvi. 59.  
 35. Moll Pitcher.  
 36. One is a beholder, the other a spectator.  
 37. Coleridge (coal-ridge).  
 38. Noon.  
 39. Nun.  
 40. An author (a norther).  
 41. Cape—cap—ape.  
 42. Counter-sign.

#### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

51. Why is a fisherman like a miser?  
     *Oliver Onley.*  
 52. Why is time ranked in the masculine gender?  
     *C. M. Gibbs.*  
 53. What proper name, of six letters, can be transposed so as to form three other words?  
     *A. Older.*  
 54. Why is a stick of candy like a horse?  
     *Oliver Onley.*  
 55. Why is a farmer, digging on his farm, like a successful California gold-digger?  
     *C. F. W.*  
 56. I am composed of thirty-four letters.  
     My 13, 32, 23, 4 is a kind of bark.  
     My 2, 23, 18, 7, 14, 10, belongs to the cat race.

- My 20, 23, 21, 25, 21, 9, 24, 8, 23 is a kind of acid.  
 My 3, 32, 22, 8, 21, 25 is a leaf-stalk of some plants.  
 My 15, 32, 8, 30 is a kind of fur.  
 My 5, 25, 23, 34, 26, 6, 12, 33 is a plant.  
 My 17, 16, 27, 25, 5 is a kind of powder.  
 My 29, 31, 12, 11 is a throne.  
 My 19, 1, 33 is an abbreviation.  
 My whole is the name of a book and its author. *C. F. W.*  
 57. Why is a bachelor's opinion of a man worth having?  
     *Timotheus.*  
 58. I am an ancient battle-ground;  
 A measure, too, I guess.  
 Transposed—I'm what we all must have,  
 Yet want not to possess.  
 Transposed again—I'll be, indeed,  
 A trial of a horse's speed.  
     *Buckeye Boy.*  
 59. Go, search through all your grammars,  
 And if you look with care,  
 Among the prepositions  
 My first you will find there.  
  
 Far down in old earth's bosom,  
 Where patient miners toil,  
 My next is what they do there,  
 As they search for wealth the soil.  
  
 When Britain's hosts invaded,  
 And war's alarms were heard,  
 Roused by my whole, our fathers  
 Fought, bled, and saved my third.  
     *Adelbert Older*



## OH! I'LL BE A GOOD CHILD.

Words by REV. C. W. DENISON.  
Solo or Duet.

As sung by little Martha Davies.

Music by M.  
ARR. by H. WATERS.

1 Oh! I'll be a good child as ev - er I can be, I'll mind what my teacher says to me I'll  
2 When wick - ed children tempt me to play, I'll ask my Saviour to send them away; And

read my Bible and keep the rule, And ear - ly come to the Sab-bath school.  
if they want me to do any wrong, I'll go to the Lord with my lit - tle song.

### Chorus

Oh! yes Oh! yes I love my teacher still, I'll be a good child, In-deed I will

3. On the holy Sabbath day I love,  
I'll raise my song to the God above;  
My childish feet shall tread the court  
Where happy Christian flocks resort.  
Oh! yes; oh! yes, &c.

4. When all my journey on earth is done,  
I'll quick to the arms of my Shepherd run;  
He'll fold me close to his gentle breast  
There safe for ever will I rest.  
Oh! yes; oh! yes, &c.

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