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And ...
1847

MERRY'S MUSEUM

AND

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

Edited by

ROBERT MERRY, UNCLE FRANK, AND HIRAM HATCHET.



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VOLS. XXXIII. AND XXXIV.  
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIII.

January to June, 1857.

	Page		Page
Carrier's Address.....	1	The Celts.....	99
Squibs.....	3	Who is Washington?.....	101
Peter Parley.....	5	Harry Hatchet's Dog.....	102
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.....	8	Little Thorns.....	104
Don't be Extravagant.....	11	The Nest Builder.....	105
It Snows.....	12	The Rose in the Vale.....	105
Generosity Rewarded.....	13	Gazelles and Gazelle Hunters.....	106
The Miser and the Pauper.....	15	Squibs by Popgun.....	108
Incidents in the Life of Washington.....	16	The Whale.....	109
Uncle Hiram's Library.....	20	Tim Brodax.....	110
The Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week.....	22	Our Sammy.....	112
Christmas with the Birds.....	23	Getting Overboard.....	113
Timothy Fennel's Reflections.....	25	Making Letter Envelopes.....	116
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	27	The Vegetable Kingdom.....	117
Skating.—Woman's Rights.....	33	Baby's Dead.....	117
Our Pets Out of Doors.....	34	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	118
Memories of Childhood.....	40	Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk.....	123
Chestnutting.....	41	Aunt Sue's Bureau.....	126
A Crooked Tree.....	43	A Word with my Patrons.....	128
The Language of Flowers.....	44	May Day.....	129
Rejoicing upon the New Year's Coming of Age.....	45	The Discussion.....	135
The Atheist Silenced.....	49	Hippopotamus Hunting.....	138
Suspension Bridges.....	50	The "I Can't" Family.....	139
A Beautiful Sentiment.....	51	Jack Horner—new version.....	140
Importance of Grammatical Distinctions.....	51	Uncle Frank's Rambles in Holland.....	141
My Squirrel.....	52	Squibs by Popgun.....	144
Lafayette and Washington.....	58	Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.....	145
Curious Peculiarities of the Reindeer.....	54	Convexity of the Earth.....	147
Cousin Alice.....	55	The Courtship of the Stork-Calif.....	148
Squibs by Popgun.....	56	The Chase.....	151
Cruelty to Animals.....	57	Spring Time.....	151
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	58	New York in the Olden Time.....	152
The Mammoth Cave.....	65	The Initials of Names.....	152
Teaching under Difficulties.....	69	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	153
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.....	70	Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk.....	157
Cold Water and Prosperity.....	73	Aunt Sue's Bureau.....	159
Skating.—A Convention.....	74	Glen Nook.....	163
The Size of Books.....	75	My Garden.....	165
String of Pearls.....	76	Uncle Frank's Rambles in Holland.....	167
Elephantine Wrestlers of Japan.....	78	Frankness.....	170
The Patient Sufferer.....	79	Squibs by Popgun.....	171
A Friendly Talk with the Young Folks.....	81	The Courtship of the Stork-Calif.....	172
William Tell's Chapel.....	83	The Cathedral at Milan.....	175
The Home of the Friendless.....	84	First Discoveries of the Northwest Passage.....	176
A Christmas Sketch.....	85	Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.....	177
Winter.—Eve.....	86	Soft Pillows.....	179
Packer Collegiate Institute.....	87	Names.....	180
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	89	The Names of Animals.....	181
Proclamation—a Treaty of Alliance and Amity.....	97	Yankee Shoes.....	182
		History of a Gold Dollar.....	183
		The Word "Canard".....	184
		Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.....	185

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIV.

July to December, 1857.

	Page		Page
Ancient Babylon	3	Effects of Gunpowder	88
The Elder and the Maple	7	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	89
Lost and Found	8	Aunt Sue's Bureau	98
The Courtship of the Stork-Calif	9	Gratias the Caterpillar	97
Wild Indians	12	The Old Homestead	101
Our Garret	13	Theft of my Carpet Bag	106
The Orphan's Wish	13	Origin of Words	107
The Best Time to Fret	13	The Monkey	108
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	14	My Lina	110
Squibs by Popgun	16	Lame Willie and his Wagon	111
What Makes the Man	17	Truth	118
The Biter Bitten	18	Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	116
What I Don't Like	19	Venice	118
Anecdotes of Northern Michigan	19	An Old Scrap	120
New York and Erie Railroad	21	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	121
A Bad Mark	23	Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk	124
Detecting Hypocrites	23	Book Notices	128
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	24	Carl, or a Story Without an End	129
Aunt Sue's Bureau	29	The Harvest	133
An Escape	33	Geography and Astronomy	133
Blowing Bubbles	35	The Sparrow and the Foundling	134
Elsie's Summer Adventures	36	To Carrie	135
My Sister	43	A Sudden Shower	135
Wales and the Welsh	44	Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	137
Uncle Frank's Rambles in Holland	46	Harry Hatched's Dog	143
Conundrums	48	Cleopatra	144
Frightful Death by a Lion	49	Mike Smiley	146
Rover	50	My Mother's Dead	149
The Courtship of the Stork-Calif	51	The Child and the Angel	150
Blessed is He that Considereth the Poor	53	A Child's Prayer	150
Squibs by Popgun	54	The Green Bay Fly	151
New York and Erie Railroad	55	Riding in a Circle	152
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	56	Pride	152
Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk	61	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	153
Robert Burns	65	Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk	157
Steadiness at Sea	67	Mekran	161
The Dog whose Friend Bit Him	68	When One Won't Quarrel, Two Can't	164
The Courtship of the Stork-Calif	69	Winter	166
The Parting	70	Lake Superior in Winter	166
St. Regis Church Bell	71	Aunt Anna's Diamonds	168
The Ruins of Nineveh	78	Carl, or a Story Without an End	169
Song of the Fairy Queen	74	Good for Something, after all	172
Lame Willie and his Wagon	75	The World would be the Better for it	172
The Origin and History of Pews	79	An Honest Boy	173
Our Museum	79	Persian Antiquities	175
Squibs by Popgun	80	Mike Smiley	176
Highland Names	81	A Place for Every Thing	179
Bo-Peep on Trial	81	A Recipe for Happiness	179
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	82	Spelling the Dictionary	180
Happiness	83	The Way to Do it	181
I Wish and I Will	84	The Sewing-Machine	182
Questions and Answers	85	Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends	188
A Sporting Fish	86	The Art of Making Money Plenty in Every	
A Banker in Trouble	87	Man's Pocket	192



Carrier's Address.

ANOTHER year gone by! Old Styx
 Has swallowed Eighteen-Fifty-six,
 And, like a huge Constrictor Boa,
 Distends his jaws for something more,
 Beginning, while we're talking, even,
 On Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven.
 Now naught remains for us to do
 But just to pass in grave review
 The dying cycle, and to fix
 All we can rescue from the Styx.

The year, like others gone before it,
 Has had its shadows gathering o'er it,
 And glittering, twinkling all between,
 Its flecks and reaches of bright sheen;
 Has shaken now with ague fits,
 Anon been seethed in fever sweats;
 Has shown us gusty March, one day,
 And then the soft and genial May;

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—1

Its August, scalding every member,
 And then its shivering, bleak December.

'T has had its full and honest share
 Of toil and pleasure, fear and care,
 And sometimes, when heart-cracked with pain,
 Has cracked its jokes, and laughed again,
 And then, upon some broken head,
 Its half a pint of tears has shed.

In gallant deeds, and lofty vaunting,
 The by-gone year has not been wanting,
 Nor, if the truth be told, can rhyme
 Deny it somewhat of sublime.

We've had our battles, gay with banners,
 Noisy with shoutings and hosannas,
 Our ups and downs, our ins and outs,
 And all the shades of wins and routs,
 And—let me not be hypercritical—
 I scorn to speak of things political,

Of such poor trash as freemen's brains,
 Revolvers, gutta-percha canes,
 Of insults, ribaldry, abuse,
 Such as in Congress they let loose,
 Who, paid enormous sums for ruling,
 Waste time and money all in fooling;
 Who, whatso'er the laws they're making,
 Know less of honoring than breaking;
 And who, if laws should have their due,
 Would hang. But what is that to you?

We, of the Merry host, have seen
 An active, brilliant, hard campaign;
 Have heard the hail and thunder rattle
 Of a well-ordered, hard, pitched battle;
 Have seen the victims, wounded, slain,
 Stretched ghastly out upon the plain;
 And, while the combatants, yet warm
 To urge a siege, assault, or storm,
 And each with eager breath declaring
 His appetite for deeds of daring,
 And shouting 'mid the revelry
 His stern resolve to "do or die."
 A *new bold* spirit we have seen,
 Of lofty air and gentle mien,
 Assume, at risk of very life,
 To be an umpire in the strife,
 And, having put her finger in it,
 Sue for a peace—and nobly win it.

But what brave skirmishes we saw,
 While we were under martial law!
 What earnest scrambling for the prizes
 Twixt *a's* and *x's*, *b's* and *y's*!
 What stormy, rampant algebraics!
 What muss and fuss among the laics,
 Because they could not comprehend
 Where *a*, *b*, *x*, and *y* would end,
 Or how, when ended, they would stan' at
 A better point than they began at!
 How boldly stood the "Black-Eyed-Mary!"
 How wise the "Blue-Eyed" looked, and wary!
 How chevalier, and pugilist,
 And wrestler, rushed into "the List!"
 How bravely stood they to the rack,
 Nor ever dreamed of giving back,
 The victors (who were they?) putting on
 Their laurels, ere the fight was done;
 The vanquished (who?) but fiercer growing
 As up Salt River they were rowing.

Brave Syracuse, and stern Elmira,
 Each stood for laurels an aspirer,
 Waging with sword and battle-X
 A warfare with the gentler sex,
 While Lowville to the rescue came,
 With all the requisites of fame,
 And Ellen, in her maiden pride,
 Threw down her gauntlet for "our side,"
 "Nippinifidget,"—"Well done, John"—
 And cousin Frank came rushing on;
 "Carolus,"—"Black-Eyed Laura,"—"Dodt,"
 And she who in the *corner* got;
 And Willie, Bay State, G. H. B.,
 With knights and squires of high degree,
 And Amazons, and courtly dames
 Sent to the wordy strife their names
 Took up their cudgels, and set in
 For a full share of fun and din.
 What squibs, torpedoes, rockets, mines,
 Flew flashing all along the lines!
 How screaming bugles, rattling drums,
 Mingling with bursting shells and bombs,
 Shook sea and land and sky, and gave
 A world of trouble to the brave.

This *casus belli* settled—(*vide*
 Aunt Sue, proclaiming *bona fide*,
 Though much against the wranglers' will,
 A full "Pacification Bill")—
 We're now as quiet, if you please,
 As mice are in a white-oak cheese;
 We "chat" and spat, but still agree,
 Like Barnum's "Happy Family."
 In this kind temper, pausing here,
 We shake hands with the dying year,
 And with a warm and hopeful pressure,
 Shake hands with his unknown successor,
 Hoping he'll prove more quiet far
 Than his belligerent Papa.

To all the young folks, far and near,
 We wish a right good Happy Year,
 A year of duty nobly done,
 A year of pleasure nobly won,
 A year to be remembered long,
 Unmarked by grief, unstained by wrong,
 A year whose every page shall be
 A record for eternity,
 In which no single line, once traced,
 You'll wish amended, or effaced.

Squibs.



U E E R world this! queer people in it! Quails are not the only silly bipeds, who don't know when they are well off. Quite the contrary. Quantities of human bipeds are in the same state of blessed ignorance. Quattlebum, like a quail, hides his unthinking head behind a small country newspaper, or a comic almanac, or some other piece of waste paper, and vainly imagines himself as well-informed, and as much amused, as if he were a regular subscriber to MERRY'S MUSEUM, and an active participator in its monthly "Chat." Query—how many Quattlebums are there in the civilized parts of our land?

The last time I shot at a quail, it was on this wise. There were some dozen or more fine, plump-looking fellows, picking round timidly in the brush, just as if they smelt something in the wind, but did not suspect how near it was. Two of them were standing very near together, wing and wing, so that one nearly covered the other. (*Vide supra*, as a Sophomore would say.) Now, thought I, two birds with one shot. Pop! went the cap—bang! went the

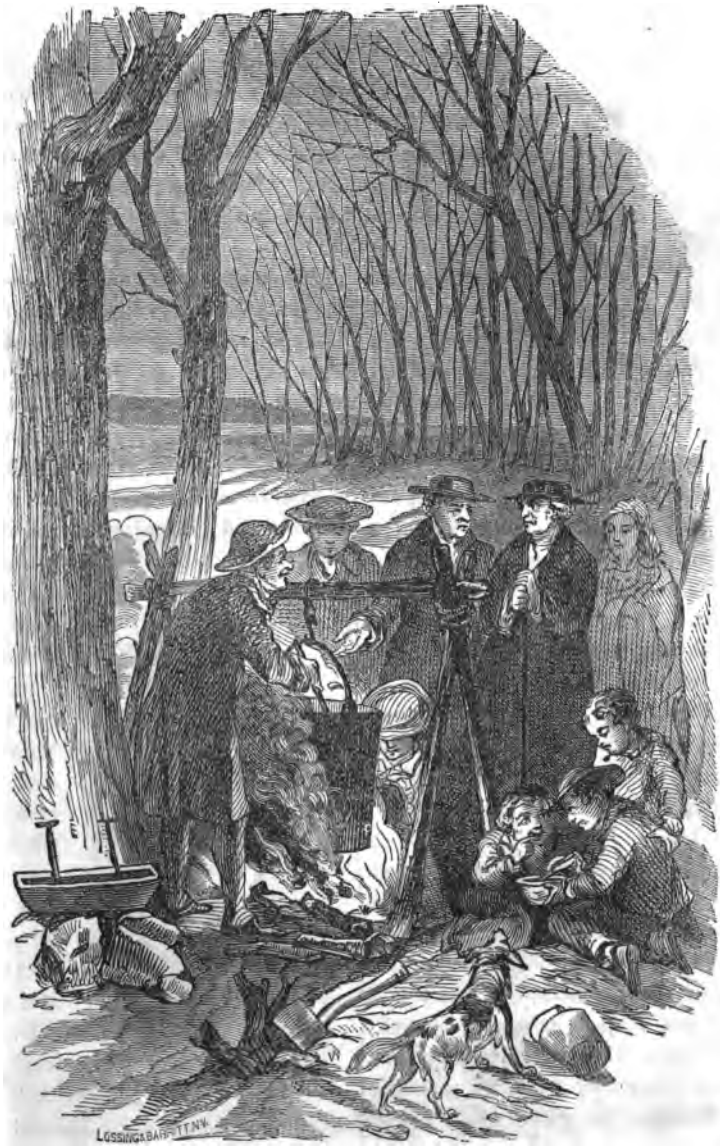
fowling-piece—wh-r-r-r! went the quails, contemptuously dropping a single feather as they went; as much as to say, "Try that again, boy." But I didn't do it, for I never got a chance.

If you ever called on Mrs. — when the grate was being cleaned, and the fires were all out, you know what is meant by a *cool reception*. If you ever trod on your stepmother's gouty toe, just as you were about asking a special favor, you know what a *warm* rebuff means. But, if you never lifted your hat, as Tom Lawson did yesterday, at the door of



a money-lender, who felt, as he looked at you, that the hat you wore, the cane you sported, and the coat that covered you, were all paid for with his money, which he was never likely to see again—you do not know the full meaning of that most frigid of all contradictions—a positive negative—a sharp-flat-denial.

POP-GUN.



MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

Peter Parley.

DOES all the world, and the Merry family besides, know that Peter Parley has written and published his Autobiography? If not, let them take notice that "Recollections of a Lifetime, or, Men and Things I have seen," by S. G. Goodrich (published by Miller, Orton and Mulligan, Auburn and New York), is this same veritable, genial old Peter Parley, done up in lavender, for the use and entertainment of the million—his friends, young and old. It is full of incident, anecdote, and illustration; and, like every thing from that most fruitful pen, is amusing and instructive, humorous and frank, straightforward and funny, altogether. It is in two large volumes, full of pictures, and will doubtless be sought after as eagerly as bread after a famine, or bon-bons at Christmas. Let those who wish to have it, look at our Premium List, and they will find an easy way to obtain it.

The cut on the other page represents one of the scenes, familiar to many of our readers, in which Parley often took part in his younger days. In showing up the domestic economies of a New England farmer's life, he describes, among a variety of other things, the

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

"Sugar was partially supplied by our maple-trees. These were tapped in March, the sap being collected, and boiled down in the woods. This was wholly a domestic operation, and one

in which all the children rejoiced, each taking his privilege of an occasional sip or dip, from the period of the limpid sap, to the granulated condiment. Nevertheless, the chief supply of sugar was from the West Indies."

For a fuller description of sugar making at the North, refer to Cousin Hannah's story, called "Sugaring-off," in the MUSEUM for July, 1856, page 11.

THE COLD FRIDAY.

The cut which follows represents Parley, while quite a youth, performing a heroic act of benevolence, which I, Hiram Hatchet, can well appreciate. For I well remember that same bitter, unparalleled Friday. It was on the 20th of January, 1810, as I well know, for my only brother was born on that day. If Uncle Peter had had such a peg, not to say *thorn*, as that stuck in his memory, he would not have forgotten the date. He thus describes the day, and the act which honored it:

"We returned to Danbury after a tour of some five or six weeks. The succeeding autumn and winter presented no peculiar incident—with a single exception. There was, if I rightly remember, in the month of February, a certain "cold Friday," which passed down to succeeding generations as among the marvels of the time. It had snowed heavily for three days, and the ground was covered three feet deep. A driving wind from the northeast then set in,

and growing colder and colder, it became at last so severe as to force everybody to shelter. This continued for two days, the whole air being filled with sleet, so that the sun, without a cloud in the sky, shone dim and grey as through a fog. The third day, the wind increased, both in force and intensity of cold. Horses, cattle, fowls, sheep, perished in their coverings. The roads were blocked up with enormous drifts: the mails were stopped, traveling was suspended; the world, indeed, seemed paralyzed, and the circulation of life to be arrested.

“On the morning of this third day—which was the ominous and famous Friday—word was brought to my sister that a poor family, to whom she had long been a kind of providence, about two miles off, was in danger of starvation. She knew no fear, and tolerated no weakness. A thing with her that ought to be done, was to be done. Therefore a sack was filled with bread, meat, candles, and a pint of rum: this was lashed round my waist. The horse was brought to the door—I mounted and set off. I knew the animal well, and we had enjoyed many a scamper together. He was indeed after my own heart—clean-limbed, with full, knowing eyes, and small, pointed, sensitive ears. He had a cheerful walk, a fleet, skimming trot, a swift gallop, and all these paces we had often tried. I think he knew who was on his back; but when we got to the turning of the road, which brought his nostrils into the very tunnel of the gale, he snorted, whirled

backward, and seemed resolved to return. I, however, brought him sternly to his work, gave him sharp advice in the ribs, and assured him that I was resolved to be master. Hesitating a moment—as if in doubt whether I could be in earnest—he started forward; yet so keen was the blast, that he turned aside his head, and screamed as if his nostrils were pierced with hot iron. On he went, however, in some instances up to the saddle in the drift, yet clearing it at full bounds.

“In a few minutes we were at the door of the miserable hut, now half buried in a snow-drift. I was just in time. The wretched inmates—a mother and three small children—without fire, without food, without help or hope—were in bed, poorly clothed, and only keeping life in their bodies by a mutual cherishing of warmth, like pigs or puppies in a similar extremity. The scene within was dismal in the extreme. The fireplace was choked with snow, which had fallen down the chimney: the ill-adjusted doors and windows admitted alike the drift and the blast, both of which swept across the room in cutting currents. As I entered, the pale, haggard mother, comprehending at a glance that relief had come, burst into a flood of tears. I had no time for words. I threw them the sack, remounted my horse, and, the wind at my back, I flew home. One of my ears was a little frost-bitten, and occasionally for years after, a tingling sensation there reminded me of my ride, which after all left an agreeable remembrance upon my mind.”



THE COLD FRIDAY.

Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.

COME, children, one and all. Come, Hannah, Frank, Mary, Elsie, Laura, Charles, Willie, Harry, Ellen, Susie, and as many more as can climb on my knees, or hang about my chair, or dispose yourselves in other convenient attitudes—I have a story to tell you of my pilgrimages, for I have been somewhat of a traveler, you know, and I wish you to see what I have seen, and enjoy what I have found pleasant, in the sunshine and shade of a roving life. Stories, if rightly told, are like pictures, and present to the mind of the hearer, or reader, scenes, incidents, and characters which have passed before the eye of the narrator. Let me see if I can paint for you a few pictures from the Sketch Book of my memory, and so introduce you to characters and places with which I have had a passing acquaintance, or a more intimate relation as circumstances, or the fancy of the moment, decided.

On the 15th of May, 18—, I entered on the pilgrimage of life. It has been, so far, a checkered course; rambling, roving, up-hill and down-hill; plain and doubtful; easy and difficult; overshadowed with heavy clouds, and gilded all over with glorious sunshine; darkened with many a sorrow, and many a discouragement, but generally cheered



and illuminated with the bow of promise glowing in advance, and growing clearer, brighter, and more substantial with each step in the progress.

But hold! I did not intend to speak of the pilgrimage of life, but of another and a lesser one, which is but a single stage of the former.

On the 15th of May, 18—, I commenced a laborious, hazardous and amusing "Pilgrimage up Broadway." It was an undertaking, though I say it, worthy of the genius of Marco Polo, Mungo Park, Ledyard, or Bayard Taylor, and the singular incidents I met with by the way, the remarkable discoveries I made, the moral suggestions

and scientific observations that sprung up on every side, for the enlightenment of the world, though they may have been paralleled by those of Columbus, Humboldt, Layard, Dr. Kane, and some few others, will, I am sure, be found worthy of the notice and regard of all the Merry family at least, if not of the whole civilized world.

Precisely at sunrise we arrived at the pier, a little north of the Battery. In less than fifteen minutes I had all my little matters arranged, and was ready to go on shore. With my valise in my hand, I mounted the cabin stairs, and essayed to go forth into the great city. Here I was met by an unexpected, and somewhat appalling obstacle. The perfect quiet and good order which had reigned on board the boat that brought me to the pier, had prepared me for an easy and pleasant introduction to the far-famed metropolis. I had heard of the city police, of old Hays, and other municipal Cerberi, or Briarii, or (where shall I find a fabulous monster worthy to illustrate my conception of the omnipresent terrors of the detective and protective police of a great city?)—and I innocently supposed that such a thing as a mob, or an assault in open day, was no more to be apprehended than another flood. What was my surprise and embarrassment, then, to find myself, as I stepped on deck, in what appeared to be the very purlieus of Babel, or of Sodom itself. The pier was thronged, and the boat absolutely besieged, by an immense horde of ferocious-looking savages, each armed with

a huge weapon, resembling a stage-driver's whip, and each in a gibberish peculiar to the race attacking the hapless passengers as they came out to view, and seeking to kidnap them, or, at least, to entrap them into their power for a time, and for purposes best known to themselves. The scene reminded me of the accounts I had read, of savages in the South Sea Islands, crowding on board the merchant ships that touched there, and sometimes, when not duly watched, overpowering the crews, and following up their victory with murder, rapine, and fire.

I am usually cool, even under unexpected difficulties. But here I was surprised, excited, and much alarmed. I demanded the cause of this strange and untimely invasion. No one answered me. Some stared at me with looks of surprise, as if I had asked a very foolish question. All, especially the older and more experienced, seemed to look on with perfect indifference, and to move about as if there were no danger. I looked about for the police. I wondered where "old Hays" was, and expected to see him walk in among the intruders like Samson among the Philistines, mowing them down with the jaw-bone of an ass. But no Samson appeared, and no one offered to explain the disturbance, and show a way of escape from it. The bustle continued. The confusion increased. And soon the boat was boarded by a large number of the savages, leaping upon the bulwarks, and distributing themselves among the passengers, with inquisitorial

looks and menacing gestures—protruding their ugly visages into every one's face, and demanding, in stern imperious tones—“*Wantercadgeser!*” “*Wantercadgeser!*” Occasionally, whether by way of a musical variety, or in the hope of striking a deeper terror into the hearts of the multitude, they would scream—“*Heesmycardser!*”—or—“*Izepokefustser!*”—or, addressing a comrade, apparently to encourage him in the onset—“*D—youthatsmycustomer!*”

Laura. Do, Uncle, stop a minute, and let me ask what these strange words meant. Were they really Indians? or did they speak some corrupted dialect of our own language?

Uncle H. I could not discover, at the time, what the invaders were, or what they meant by these uncouth exclamations. I afterward learned, however, that they were not Indians, but a sort of semi-civilized Ruffians who infested the city, and were tolerated by the government, because it was a troublesome matter to get rid of them, and city governments are proverbially opposed to any kind of troublesome business that does not pay well. Their language could be interpreted into English, by any one who was curious to understand it. But, as every one wished, if possible, to avoid contact or collision with such rabble, the object of their pow-wow was not often inquired into.

To proceed with my story. The scene would have been absolutely terrific, if it had not, as I became accustomed to it, began to assume a comical air. I was astonished to find that no ladies

fainted, or even screamed. They only clung more closely to their protectors, with looks of annoyance and discomfort, but not of alarm. Taking courage from this, and impatient of further delay, I seized firmly my valise and umbrella, and ventured boldly out into the midst of the ferocious gang, who still hung in large numbers about the gangway, as if to cut off our escape. In this, I felt that I was encountering no little hazard of life and limb. In solid phalanx, the ruffian band hedged up the way, each one brandishing his weapon, and frowning darkly on my fool-hardy endeavor to break through, alone and unassisted. One of the most savage-looking of them seized my valise, and trying to wrench it from me, shouted—“*Imeyourmanser!*” while another laid hold of the other side, screaming ferociously—“*Izepokefustser!*—*seemy-cardser!*” Between the two I was near being pulled in pieces. I called out, at the top of my lungs—“Police! police!” This raised a general shout of laughter, while the two ruffians who had me in hand scowled and swore, as if they would annihilate me. Roused to unwonted energy by the shameful assault, and, at the same time, encouraged by the merriment occasioned by my fruitless call upon the police, I made bold to push the intruders aside, and wedge my way into the solid mass of the besiegers. No sooner had I shaken off these, than I was attacked by others, of the same class, and somewhat in the same way. One of them laid hold roughly of my baggage, as if it were his

own, and then, with a suddenly altered look and tone, as if a wintry nor-wester had instantly changed into "a summer breeze, whispering out of a mellow sky," informed me that he had a very nice *cadge*, and would take me to any part of the city, *cheap*.

I then discovered that his *cadge* was a carriage, and that he was for compelling me to ride with him, whether I would or not. Informing him, as politely as I could, in my then excited state, that I preferred to walk, and should be my own porter, I contrived, with some difficulty, to shake him off, but not until I had seen the "summer breeze" give way again to the rough "nor-wester," and learned a good deal of that part of his vocabulary which related to "*dammean-yankees*," "*stingyoldskinflint*," and several other classes of the community, with whom he seemed to be familiar, but with whom I had no desire to become acquainted.

At length, with great difficulty, and with the loss of two or three buttons from my coat, and of more patience and serenity than I could well afford to spare in one day, I found myself on the outside of the crowd, with my valise in one hand, my umbrella in the other, and with an experience I had neither anticipated, nor desired, of a public reception in a great city.

Frank. Well, Uncle, what now of your Pilgrimage?

Uncle H. That is just begun. Having run the gauntlet through a detachment of Border Ruffians, and found myself, right side up, on the planks of the

pier, and a tolerably open way before me, I laid my valise on a barrel, and paused a moment, to look round, take breath, and consider.

Don't be Extravagant.

If the poor-house has any terrors for you, never buy what you do not need. Before you pay three cents for a Jew's-harp, my boy, ascertain whether you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And, before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love wouldn't be just as glad to see you in a plain one, that cost half the money! If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes. When you see a man paying five dollars for a Frenchified toy, that a philosophic Yankee baby will pull all to pieces in five minutes, the chances are five to one, that he'll live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar; and if he don't, he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use (no matter how cheap it is), don't say yes, until you are sure that some one else wants it at an advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a hole, that every thing that is put in drops through, past finding.

MONEY is well spent in purchasing tranquillity of mind.



It Snows.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
 The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
 Like little birds, that don't know why
 They're on the chase, from place to place,
 While neither can the other trace.
 It snows! it snows! a merry play
 Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
 That hasn't room to hold them all,
 While some keep up, and others fall,
 The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
 They drive along to form the drift,
 That weaving up, so dazzling white,
 Is rising like a wall of light.

But, now the wind comes whistling loud,
 To snatch and waft it, as a cloud;

Or giant phantom in a shroud;
 It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
 At length, a mighty wing unfurls;
 And then, away! but, where, none knows,
 Or ever will. It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
 Then, out will come the golden sun;
 And we shall see, upon the run
 Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
 What now a curtain o'er him seems.
 And thus, with life, it ever goes;
 'Tis shade and shine! It snows! it snows!

MISS H. F. GOULD.

It was snowing fast, and Sissy and I
 Walked out to see the snow-flakes fly;
 We lost our way—I began to cry—
 But Sissy said—Don't be afraid,
 Have a brave heart, dear brother Ned,
 For God is here, and mother would say,
 He will not leave us to go astray

So I took heart from Sissy's word,
 As if an angel's voice I'd heard,
 And a new spirit in me stirred.
 My heart grew strong, and with cheerful
 song,

I took Sissy's hand and trudged along;
 And very soon good cousin John
 Came by in his sleigh, and took us on.

BUB.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION. — A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke was found in a revery, after listening to one of his most eloquent speeches in Parliament, and being asked the reason, replied, "I had been wondering how Ned had contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then I remember, when we were at play he was always at work."

Generosity Rewarded.

“I AM so glad that Christmas is almost here, brother James. Won't we have a fine time? Papa has promised to give us each a silver dollar, to do just as we please with it.”

“Yes, I am happy that the holidays are so near at hand, and that we shall be supplied with every thing that is good to eat, besides the fine presents we are to have. One thing I wish, and that is, that it would come in the summer time.”

“Ha! Ha! Christmas in warm weather! That makes me laugh. Who ever heard of such a thing? why, it is delightful to have the glistening snow on the ground, and hear the merry sleigh bells ringing, while we are enjoying a bright fire in the house, eating plum-cake. Now, what made you think of such a thing? Do you like strawberries and peaches better than plum-cake and mince pies?”

“Oh! no. I was not thinking of myself, but of the poor people who have not the comforts of life. I can never enjoy any thing, when I think the half of what I have would perhaps keep some poor family from starving.”

“There, that is always the way when I go to enjoy myself. You bring up something of this kind to make me feel bad. I believe in every one doing



for themselves the best way they can, and I, for one, am not going to make myself unhappy about all the beggars in the city.”

“That would be very wrong. But you might make yourself happier by giving them some assistance to alleviate the sufferings of those who have not been as kindly dealt with as we. Suppose our parents should say—‘Boys, you are now 9 and 11 years old. We think you old enough to take care of yourselves.’ What do you think we should do? We should be no better

off than this little girl out here. Come to the window and look at her, as she stands there, shivering in the cold, her delicate feet exposed to the freezing pavement, and her tattered shawl scarce large enough to hide her arms, that are raw with the cold. Do you not see that we should be as destitute as she is if we had not some one to do for us. Then why should we not be willing to do unto others as we are done by?"

"I see, James. But when we have nothing to give, the best way is to think nothing about it."

So off ran Charles, to look at a beautiful book his father had given him, full of bright-colored pictures. James turned away, with a thoughtful brow, and left the room to get a huge slice of bread-and butter for the beggar-girl, slipping into her hand, at the same time, a silver sixpence that had been given him, to buy cakes for his lunch the next day.

A few days passed on the wing of time, and Christmas morn was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns. Charles was up by daylight, to see what Kris Kingle had put in his stocking. He awakened James, who was very much pleased with his nice presents and sugar-plums that were done up so neatly; accompanying them was a little note inclosing two bright silver dollars, one for each of the brothers, with another, not to be opened till evening, for him who should make the most judicious use of his money. Charles immediately concluded he would buy a book of games he wanted very much. To do this, he

needed two shillings more. This he solicited his mother to give him, as soon as breakfast was over.

James carefully laid away his presents, and filling his pockets with sugar-plums, dollar in pocket, he started out to dispose of it as he thought would meet the approbation of his parents. The night previous, snow had fallen to a considerable extent, and now the merry sleigh bells chimed in with the glad voices of childhood. Every one seemed to be happy. James really enjoyed his walk. Now and then a snowball from a school-mate would make him start. Then one in return would be sent, that hit just where he intended it. Thus his time was beguiled until he reached the principal street, where the stores were fairly alive with purchasers.— Many things attracted his attention, and he knew not what to buy. Walking along slowly, who should hold up her hand for alms but the little girl to whom, a week before, he had given the sixpence. Her feet were bare still. His mind was soon made up as to what he should buy with his dollar. Taking hold of her cold hand, he wended his way through the crowd into a hosiery store, where he bought, for eighteen-pence, a pair of woolen stockings; and for a sixpence, the woman, that looked so benevolent, let her have a pair of woolen mitts. He then took her into a shoe store, and fitted her with a good pair of boots, for which he paid five shillings, leaving but one shilling of the dollar he had received. This, with some sugar-plums, he gave to the girl,

and turned his steps homeward, feeling far happier than he could have done had he purchased the handsomest toy in all the shop windows.

A few minutes after he arrived home, Charles came bounding in. The book of games, with its bright red cover, was soon displayed. James looked at it and thought it very useful, but doubted very much if his brother was as happy with the book, as he was without any thing in return for his dollar, but the consciousness of doing a good deed.

Evening came. The bright gas shed its light upon the Christmas tree that stood in the corner, on which hung the bon-bons and presents of the two boys and their little wee sister. Wrapped up nicely was the present for the one who had done the best with his dollar.

The father called the boys to him and asked each for an account. Charles immediately showed his book with great pride, feeling certain that he would be the winner, thinking that James had his dollar still in his pocket. James told his father that he had given his away, but hesitated to tell in what manner. His father, feeling sure his boy had not wasted it, insisted upon knowing. When he heard the noble act of one so young, a tear trembled in his eye. The mysterious envelope was taken off, displaying a small Bible, which James received as a reward for his generosity.

Charles felt disappointed at first, but soon forgot it in the pleasure of knowing his dear brother had met the approbation of his parents, and deter-

mined thereafter to follow his example, not from the hope of reward, but because it would make him better and happier.

MAY FULLERTON.

The Miser and the Pauper.

AN old miser in New England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved man hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the field in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper—it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the delighted laborer, "I never work after supper."

A PREMIUM being offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of *irrigation*, and the latter word being spelt *irritation*, by mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.



Incidents in the Life of Washington.

H EADLEY'S 'Life of Washington, recently published by Scribner, is one of the most finished and attractive works of the day. It is a large octavo, of 477 pages, illustrated by nine steel, and thirty-two wood engravings, of a very superior character. As an ornament to the centre-table, or the shelves of the library, or as a gift book for the season, it will doubtless be a general favorite. From the multitude of incidents and illustrations with which the work abounds, we here present two, not as the most striking or interesting, but as presenting the "Father of his country" in positions somewhat different from those in which he is generally represented :

GOING DOWN THE OHIO.

"In October, 1770, he once more passed over the route where had transpired the most memorable events of his life. Taking with him his old friend Dr. Craik, who had been with him from the commencement of his military career, he set out on horseback for the Ohio, to see the Western lands for himself, in anticipation of having them surveyed and laid off in tracts for the army. As they passed through the wilderness, almost every step recalled some scene of interest. They paused by the grave of Braddock, and mused together on the Great Meadows, where Washington suffered his first defeat. To him it was like living his life over again.

"In twelve days he reached Pittsburg. Remaining here three days, dining with the officers of the garrison, and holding a council with some chiefs of the Six Nations, he on the 20th, with a few companions, embarked in a large canoe down the Ohio. They were now beyond the settlements of the whites. An unbroken forest shut in the river, whose bosom, dotted with islands, was disturbed only by the paddle of the red man or the plash of wild-fowl. Night coming on they hauled their boat ashore, and, kindling a fire on the banks, lay down to rest. At daylight they again pushed off. The third day it snowed, and along the white banks, and through the colonnade of trees the solitary boat shot downward—now dancing over the rifts, and again suddenly brought up on a shoal, threatening to upset all in the

stream. Toward evening they saw smoke rising from amid the trees below them, and on turning a bend of the river, suddenly came upon an Indian village of twenty cabins. Running the boat ashore, they encamped here for the night, and were entertained hospitably by the natives. Hearing that two traders had been killed a little farther on, they hesitated about proceeding, but at length concluded to venture forward, and kept down the river, stopping occasionally to allow Washington to examine the lands along the creeks and streams that put into the Ohio. The call of the wild turkey and the scream of the water-fowl were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the solitude. They scared the wild deer, quenching his noonday thirst, with the crack of their rifles, and roused the beast of prey from his lair, in solitudes hitherto unvisited by the white man.

"On the 28th they came upon the Indian chief Kaishuta, with his hunting-party, by whom they were kindly received, and detained till nine o'clock next morning. Cold autumn rains and snow drenched them by day and chilled them at night, but Washington continued his investigations, now piercing several miles inland, and again accompanying the boat on foot along the bank. At length they reached the Great Kanhawa, the end of their journey. He had now gone two hundred and sixty-five miles from Pittsburg, through a country claimed by the Indians, and where the cabin of the white man had never been reared.

Passing up this river to observe the land, they proceeded ten miles, and encamped. Next morning they pushed on four miles farther, and then encamped to go hunting. The forest soon rung with the report of their pieces, and before night the party had brought in five buffaloes and three deer. The next day they set out on their return. Strange wild-fowl, with a cry he had never heard before, huge trees, with trunks forty-five feet in circumference, together with every picturesque object of nature, arrested Washington's attention, as well as the rich bottoms which were destined soon to be crowded with an enterprising people."

A TRIAL OF SPEED.

"A Squire Cheney, reconnoitering on his own responsibility the movements of the enemy, suddenly came upon the advance as he was ascending a hill. He immediately wheeled his horse, a fleet, high-spirited animal, and dashed away toward head-quarters. Shots were fired at him, but he escaped and reached the American army in safety. To his startling declaration that the main body of the enemy was on his own side of the stream, and coming rapidly down upon him, Washington replied, that it was impossible, for he had just received contrary information. '*You are mistaken, General, my life for it you are mistaken,*' exclaimed Cheney; and carried away by the great peril that threatened the Americans, added, 'By h—ll, it is so; put me under guard until you find my story true,' and, stooping

down, he drew a rough draft of the road in the sand. In a few moments a hurried note from Sullivan confirmed the disastrous tidings. The enemy were only two miles from the Birmingham Meeting-House, which was but three miles from Chads' Ford. Washington saw at once the fatal error into which he had been beguiled by the false information of Sullivan, and saw, too, that in all human probability the day was lost. Suddenly calling to his side his aids, he asked if there was any one near, acquainted with the country, who could guide him by the shortest route to Birmingham Meeting-House. An elderly man named Brown, living in the vicinity, was instantly seized and asked to act as guide. He began to make excuses, when one of Washington's aids, mounted on a splendid charger, leaped to the ground and told the old man to mount at once, and conduct the General by the shortest, quickest route to the meeting-house, or he would run him through with his sword. Alarmed by the threat, Brown mounted and pushed straight across the country, his high-bred animal taking the fences in his course like a hunter. Washington with his suit pressed after, and though the old man seemed to fly over the fields and fences, the head of Washington's horse continually lapped the flank of the animal he rode, and there rung continually in his ears from the excited, anxious chieftain by his side, '*Push along, old man; push along, old man.*' The fate of his army was trembling in the balance, and no fleetness could equal

his burning impatience to be at the point where it was so soon to be decided, for already the loud roar of cannon and rattle of musketry ahead, told him that the shock had come. The tremendous cannonading at Chads' Ford, blending in with that around Birmingham Meeting-House, needed no additional confirma-

tion of the deep disaster that had overtaken him. As he approached the scene of conflict, the balls fell so thick around him that the old man stole away. His absence was unnoticed, for his services were no longer needed; the roar of battle and shouts of men were a sufficient guide."



Uncle Hiram's Library.

BY COUSIN HANNAH.

AT last, my good and merry friends of the MUSEUM, after a long summer of journeyings, I, Hannah Hatchet, have come back to Uncle Hiram's old-fashioned hospitable home, with the conviction that it is the happiest, loveliest, and *merryest* place in the world.

Now I have just seated myself in Uncle Hiram's great leathern stuffed arm-chair, and with his own pen in my hand, am all ready to tell his little friends—mine, too—about my summer rambles, and the frolics of the little Hatchets. Perhaps some of you would like to hear about Uncle Hiram's library, where he writes some of his stories and funny chats.

You remember what I told you about grandpa's room, where he received all his children and grandchildren on that pleasant Christmas visit; well, Uncle Hiram's library opens out of this room by a little door cut in the tapestried wall. You would never guess that a door was there, unless you were looking for it very carefully, for there is no door-knob to open it, only a spring, which, when pushed, causes the door to fly open. Here we are in the room—it looks just like Uncle Hiram. There



are two windows, which were once high up from the floor, so that little folks could not look out; but this did not quite suit him, so now they are cut down to the floor and open like doors, so near the ground that there is only one broad stone step from them to the graveled pathway, and green lawn. It is not very green now, for the trees have put on their rich colored dress for autumn weather, and have scattered so many leaves on the ground, that 'tis spread with a carpet of crimson and golden yellow. A bright fire is burning in the library fireplace, and oh, how pleasant the blazing logs look, what a bright cheerful light they make when twilight comes on! On every side of the room are well-filled book-cases, reaching al-

most up to the ceiling. A large study-table is in the middle of the room, covered with Uncle's books and papers, and close by is his arm-chair, ready for him whenever he wants to write or read. His favorite place, however, is that lazy-looking seat, half sofa, half arm-chair, by the fire. Here he rests at twilight, and tells his children all sorts of stories about days gone by. Over the fireplace hangs a picture of an old monastery, which, perched upon an overhanging cliff, overlooks a smiling valley; in the tower is a tiny bell, which strikes the hour with a clear, sweet tone, while the hands of the clock, small as they are, keep perfect time in their journey round the clock face. The clear ringing of Uncle Hiram's clock is heard all over the house, and we call it "the Convent Bell." Now, I have told you all the wonders of Uncle's library, except some little curious things which are scattered about on the table and shelves, or in the drawers; many of them are presents from far-off friends. One is an inkstand, which always stands on his study-table; 'tis made of the claw of an eagle—the three toes, tipped with silver, form the stand, and a little socket is made in the leg, to hold an inkstand.

There come the children, one and all. They have found out where Cousin Hannah is, and they are scampering across the lawn, rustling the dry leaves under their feet. Now they are on the stone steps, and rapping on the window to be admitted. So I put aside my papers and open the window. In

they rush, exclaiming, "Oh, Cousin Hannah, Cousin Hannah, do come out here to the wood-house—there is the prettiest little squirrel out there!" Of course they were too many and too earnest to be put off. I followed them round the house to the green plat in front of the wood-house. There Jessie, who was foremost of the party, stopped suddenly and cried, "Look now, Cousin Hannah!" I looked where she pointed, and there, seated on a limb of the large apple-tree, which overhangs the wood-house, was a beautiful grey squirrel, picking off apples, taking one bite out of each one, and then dropping it on the ground.

"Now, did you ever see such a creature?" cried Edith; "he has not found one apple to suit him yet."

"I think we ought to drive him away, or he will take a bite out of every apple on the tree before he is satisfied," said Harry.

"It is too bad to frighten him, he looks so comfortable," said Jessie; "but these are mother's nicest apples."

With this consideration, Jessie's scruples about spoiling the squirrel's repast vanished, and she began to clap her little hands and call out "Shoo! shoo!"

Master Whiskabout only turned his head on one side, and looked at us out of his bright little eye, not the least afraid of Jessie and her noise.

We all tried our voices, but to no effect—squirrel knew right well that we could not hurt him, and he quietly picked his apples and threw them down as before; he even aimed at us, and

when Jessie happened to come a little too near, the impudent fellow dropped one right on her head.

"You shall pay for that, Master Squirrel," cried Jessie; "I will find somebody to make you move;" and off she ran to the barn, soon returning, followed by Solomon.

Solomon had a long pole in his hand, and as soon as he was near enough he shook it at the squirrel, who instantly sprang from the tree to the wood-house, and, seated upon the ridge pole, bit one of the apples which he had carried off, and rolled it down the roof at us.

We could not help laughing at the poor fellow's coolness; and Solomon turned the ladder up to the house and commenced climbing. As soon as his black face appeared on the roof, the squirrel sprang to another tree on the other side, and soon disappeared.

When we told the story at dinner-time to Uncle Hiram, he said that a little boy who had just come to live in a cottage near by, had a tame squirrel, and he thought probably that it had come up to make us a visit.

The Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week.

IN the Museum of Berlin—remarks a writer in a Newark cotemporary—in the hall devoted to Northern Antiquities, they have the representations of the idols from whom the names of the days of our week are derived. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday.

This idol is represented with his face like the Sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the Moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garment of skins, according to their peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from whence Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed for for victory. Thor, from whence Thursday, is seated on a bed with twelve stars overhead, holding a sceptre in the right hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right, and a bow in his left. He was the giver of peace and plenty. Seater, from whom is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night, at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a method of "doing the thing" which few of our readers have been aware of.

Christmas with the Birds.



GEORGIE, what do you think becomes of all the little birds in the cold, northern countries, when the ground is covered

with deep snow all the winter? It is a very hard time for them, I assure you, for there are only a few berries left on the trees; but some of them manage to live on these, and find a little corner in the thick straw roof of some friendly cottage. A great many feathered travelers fly away to warmer countries, where the winter is not so severe; but some that stay behind, perish with cold and hunger.

But I will tell you what the people in Norway do for them. They, as well as we, are very fond of having a "merry Christmas and a happy New-Year." Can you fancy a home among the mountains the day before Christmas? The snow is all over the house and garden, and all the country round; and though the sun shines on it, tinging it with beautiful colors, it does not melt it. Well, in-doors, every one is as busy as busy can be; even the children find something to do; for, most likely, a lot of little cousins are coming to spend Christmas with them. But not

only do these kind people think of being happy and comfortable themselves, but they do not forget the little birds out in the cold. So, before the sun sets, all the children are muffled up in furs and hoods, and go out to help in the fun of giving the birds a "Merry Christmas." The boys have great snow-shoes on, which are something like little boats, only narrower; and with these they slide about over the snow till they are quite warm. Presently the good man of the house comes out of the barn with a sheaf of unthreshed corn fastened on to a long pole; and a great shout the children set up as he comes. They then stick the pole into the ground by the side of the house, and the corn stands up, and looks as if it were inviting all the birds to come and have a feast. In a short time the birds come, twittering and chattering round the house, and flying into the sheaf, and getting out the full ripe corn; and more and more keep gathering round, till they make quite a large party.

When the sun sets, which it soon does, they go in and gather round a great fire made of pine-wood; and the boys bring in a large log to make a blaze; so the evening passes very merrily, as they sit round the fire, singing Christmas songs, or telling tales.

This custom of feeding the birds, is called "Juleskik,"* or "Christmas Custom:" "Jule" meaning Christmas.

* Pronounced Yuleskik.

Now, we are fond of having a good log on Christmas Eve, and you may have heard your elder brothers and sisters call it a "Yule Log." Well, it is from this old Norwegian word that our word

you have copied from the German children; could you not also take a lesson from the peasants in Norway? Many of you have the opportunity of gleaning a nice handful of corn from the harvest field; and besides this, crumbs of bread, biscuit, cheese, bread and milk, would be gladly accepted by these little denizens of the woods and lanes, who, in the bitter weather, approach the dwellings of man and ask his sympathy. There is your own pet robin, that will repay your kindness with his plaintive song the next time the sun shines; the tiny wren, which hops about the cart-shed; and the blackbird that, for present kindness, will gladden you with his "mellow vesper-hymn" next April, as you walk by the wood-



"Yule" is derived. Perhaps the Danes brought it with them when they came to England, for they speak the same language as the Norwegians.

Now, many children in England and America are fond of having Christmas parties. Would it not be nice if, at your next gathering, you could have this beautiful custom for a new game? You have Christmas trees, and those

side. All these will teach you the true pleasure of doing good, and will be a great deal better than many games which only please yourselves.

MARY ANN.

"TIFF, is that the second bell for dinner?" "No, massa; we don't have no second bell here: dat's de second ringing of de fust bell."

Timothy Fennel's Reflections.



VERY body knows that Timothy's mother was a very "reflecting" woman. When Timothy proposed a visit to New York, the old lady would only consent to his entering so wicked a place on the condition that he should make "practical reflections" on all that he saw. So he came to our city, and saw every thing that was visible, but forgot all about the moral reflections, until the time had nearly come for him to return home. He now began to reflect on the reflections his mother would cast upon him, when she knew how unreflecting he had been. However, he resolved to make the most of what time remained; so, having seated himself in a Broadway stage, he mused somewhat in the following manner:

"Shakspeare said that 'all the world is a stage.' Now if the world is a stage, a stage is all the world. Nothing is more evident. Now, I'll see what the resemblances are, and here is one, right at hand. Before I entered this stage it was empty—not a single occupant. So it once was with this world—both nicely fitted up for man, but as yet no man to occupy them, and then Adam took possession of the world,

and so have I of this stage. Striking comparison! I feel Adam to be a brother. Wonder if he didn't feel lonely? I do. Wonder if he didn't feel it was a pity that so much room should be wasted? I do. Yes, Adam, you and I have a common bond of sympathy! But here comes a woman, another Eve. Resemblance holds good, all but the Eden, for I must confess I don't find that quiet repose which I imagine them to have enjoyed. *This road is rough*, but it probably refers to the world after the fall. There the analogy will hold again. Life is rough, to be sure, a stony ground, and we are whirled over it with little regard to our individual feelings. Think a few more inhabitants here would give some stability to our movements—and we shall have them no doubt, for the world soon began to be filled. And, sure enough, here comes a Cain, and an Abel, a Seth and Enos, and still they come, men, women, and children. Now we are full—rather more crowded than the people of the world are. We jog on together, knowing little of each other, caring less. Still a resemblance. Well, what a variety of forms, faces, and manners! Analogy good. Here's a man who evidently feels that he has the undisputed right to as much space as any other two persons. Esquire Thorne, of our place. And there are these same Esquire Thornes in every place. And there is a little woman who has shrunk

back into herself, until she seems to occupy no space at all; she is willing to yield her rights to such a big man as Esquire Thorne.—One of the Aunt Marys of the world.—There is a youth who is evidently making a great effort to extend himself to such proportions as would suit the dignity of a full-grown man. Shakspeare *was* a wise man! A child cries—just as it should be! What would this world be without cries and tears? And here is another resemblance. We have nothing to do in guiding this vehicle. The reins are in the hands of another, and we are, for the time being, entirely at his disposal; so there's One who guides the affairs of this world, independently of any acts of ours. Mother will like that thought, I am sure. But lo! one has come to his destination. So man has an appointed time on the earth, and the end will come—to some the road is longer, but every road has an end. He pays the debt of nature (in the form of a sixpence), and is gone. There is a vacant seat, but here comes some one to fill it. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." Analogy perfect. And now our new-comer sits there just as if he had had the earliest and sole title, and even we have almost forgotten the face of the first occupant. The world exactly! Only a few weeks ago Dr. Maghtean died, and we all mourned, and said a man could never be found to fill his place, his death had made such a breach. Now Dr. Bardow is carrying his saddle-bags, and half the people have forgotten that it was not always

Dr. Bardow, and they are just as willing to take their certificate for leaving the world from Dr. Bardow as from Dr. Maghtean; and Dr. Bardow has forgotten, too, and thinks no more of those who were before him, or who shall be after him, than does the present subject of our reflections. And now they are dropping off, one by one. So goes the world. "Friend after friend departs," and if I don't depart soon from this stage, I shall be left the sole occupant again. Sure enough! I am all alone. Hope I shall not be left the last one in this world, for, as Jenny Lind said, "who would inhabit this world alone?" Hope at any rate my mother will stay and live with me. That will be a pleasing reflection for mother. I'll lay stress on that, for I shall wish to come to New York again. Stage stops. Well, I suppose I may say I've passed through the world, and the time of my departure is at hand, and I feel entirely ready to leave this moving scene. Hope I may be as willing to leave the world when my time comes. Poor, old stage, you will not always last. I see signs of decay even now, and I suppose the time will come when you will be good for nothing but fuel for the fire, and, so, as my good mother often remarks, this world is to be burned up at some future day. Oh! Shakspeare was a wise man. "This world is a stage," and a stage is this world.

OH-WAH-I-EE.

HAPPINESS can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of dear ones.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"A HAPPY New Year to you, one and all!" said a fatherly kind of a voice, as the door opened to usher in the Merry group.

"Thank you, Uncle, many such to you," was the cordial reply from all sides, in which voices of every tone and key were blended in the perfect harmony of love and confidence.

And so we sat down to congratulate each other on our manifold enjoyments, and to open the "Chat," for a New Year. Everybody had something to say, and everybody wanted to speak first. But, as usual, since Aunt Sue put in her Pacification Bill, order and courtesy prevailed. Black-Eyes sat perfectly still, while Blue-Eyes was speaking, and Alice kept quiet in her corner, while two or three gladiators, fresh from the recent game, flourished eloquently among the compliments of the season. Willie Coleman, Well-done-John, Frank, Nippinifidget, Badger State, Laura, Dodt, each had their turn, without let or hindrance, and no mention was made of bowie-knives, or even *gutta-percha* canes.

It is a decidedly promising beginning, and, if they get along as well in Washington as we are likely to do here, this will be the *annus memorabilis* of the century, marked with a deep notch on the staff of Time.

Would that all the speeches could be reported in full, but the best masters of the phonographic art could not be had for the occasion, and none but the best would answer. The world will be so good as to imagine the speakers, while we proceed to open the Chat correspondence.

JANESVILLE, Nov. 18, 1856.

MR. MERRY:—I propose three cheers for Aunt Sue, the peace-maker. I hope the Chat will henceforth be what it proposes to be—"Merry's Chat with his Friends," instead of an attempt at sharpshooting at each other, by the juveniles. There is one thing I do not understand, and that is, how Earnest, Nippinifidget and Co. came to have the answers all ready for the occasion. Do they all live in

one house, and did they peep over Aunt Sue's shoulders when she was writing? Sister Bell says she don't believe they are real characters, not even Aunt Sue; she thinks Mr. Merry and Uncle Hiram get them up, and sign fictitious names. What a funny idea for a twelve-year old!

FRANK.

Now, what will Sister Bell think about the "real characters?" Please tell her that some of our correspondents are rather *too real*, as her brother Frank was in certain criticisms he sent us, which we passed over to Uncle Hiram, for him to use his hatchet on them. Really, Frank, we don't think the readers of the MUSEUM in general would endorse your views, and therefore we have laid them in the basket.

MILWAUKEE, WISC., Nov. 31st, '56.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I think "††" is "a little credulous," if he believes that there is a State where "every native" can "chase a streak of blue lightning up a thorn-tree without getting scratched," and perform several other such extraordinary feats. By mentioning the name of the "above-mentioned State," "††" will oblige

Yours, etc.,

BADGER STATE

N. Y., 29ieme, 1856.

MR. MERRY:—Je vais enfin vous écrire. Je suis français, et je ne puis bien parler l'Anglais. J'aime à lire "the MUSEUM," et particulièrement les lettres de Laure, et de W. H. Coleman. J'écrirais en Anglais, si je n'avais pas peur de fautes de la grammaire. Outre cela je n'ai que dix ans. De grâce aurons la paix. J'aimerais beaucoup a connaître Mademoiselle Laure, "et" John Weldon, Jr. Ils sont des jeunes gens de grande esprit. Si vous mettez cette petit lettre dans "le MUSEUM," vous me ferez un grand plaisir.

Votre petit ami,

François.

Welcome, François, to our circle. We are happy to introduce you, not only to those whom you name especially, but to all the family. You will find some of them with whom you can converse easily in your vernacular.

Dec. 3d, 1856.

MR. MERRY:—I want a little information. When people come to the city, and want to see their "relatives," how do they set about it? That is, where neither have ever met. Do they walk right in and announce themselves?

'Tis very likely I shall want to see *you*, and pretty I should look walking into your office, "suanctum suorum," or any other name you dignify your "what d'ye call it" with, on no particular business, but "*seeing you!*" I'm coming though, and you must tell me how.

Now for a mite of a chat with my "cousins" W. H. C. first, for he "headed" the columns this time.

My letter suffered somewhat, but enough was left for "recognition." Our weapons shall not be "leveled against this man;" when he alters them at all, it's to make them *readable*.

Algebra seems to be in the ascendant. "Dodt" (what a queer name) and Emmie will be gratified, I presume. I shall be glad to see them, but I do not know whether I shall enter as a competitor, or not. I knew Algebra too well when at school, and my first attempt would be *success*—there's pedantry for you. Good-bye now, perhaps for some time; don't let the basket receive this, I beg. Oh, Minchy, don't speak of "black eyes" to Willie, he prefers gray—don't you know, "that expressive gray eye," etc.?
NIPPINIFIDGET.

There is nothing that would amuse us more than to see "Nip" in a fidget. And if to "walk right in and announce yourself," would put you in that much to be desired condition, we trust you will do so immediately, if not sooner. That is exactly the way we receive calls, and you will find our "sanctum" large enough to accommodate you, and your fidgets. Do please come before Christmas, if possible. You are so kind, to throw cold water on W. H. C.'s contemplated assault. We shall be as glad to see you, as if you were Santa Claus himself.

ELMIRA, Dec. 1st, 1856.

MR. MERRY:—
I saw her there—her dark brown* hair
Dropped down in wavy showers,
And wreathed her face—as a fairy place
Is wreathed with summer flowers.

A breeze passed by, and carelessly
(A mischievous fellow's a breeze),
He caught up a curl with a merry whirl,
And e'en didn't say, "If you please."

* Or some other color.

The curl displaced, I (impudent) gazed
In the downcast face of the girl,
And saw with surprise her bright*-eyes,
Each filled with a liquid pearl.

"O! why this grief! Is there no relief?"
I quickly to her said.

"Are friends all gone? Are you alone
In the cold world, dark and dread?"

"Ah! no—" she cried, and she gently sighed,
And her eyes with tear-drops swum;
"Not that! not that! but this—" "O! what!"
"My MUSEUM hasn't come!"

Now, Uncle Robert, I am not going to tell
you which one of the Merry girls that was.
So doing might make trouble for DODT.

* Black, blue, gray, or hazel.

No wonder, Dodt, that bright eye was shot,

No wonder the heart was *glum*;

Be so good as assure her, if you think it will
cure her,

Her MUSEUM shall certainly come.

MR. MERRY:—Having an evening to myself, I dedicate it to you. I am much obliged to Laura for the compliment of including me with herself as one of the unsaucy subscribers. I am desirous of continuing her acquaintance. I wish Willie Coleman would send me a piece of the Charter Oak, if he has any to spare. Black-Eyed Mary wishes to know if I have read the Pickwick Papers. I have heard of Mr. Jingle, and appreciate her remarks, although I have not read the book she speaks of. In return, I ask if she knows of a person cognomenized Micawber, spoken of in a book called David Copperfield. Frank (my cousin) must have a pleasant time with his pets. He ought to write some of his adventures with them, for it is likely that they sometimes play some very droll tricks. But, "be brief," begins to sound in my ears, and I must come to a close. I shall, the weather permitting, write you an account of my visit to the Burning Springs, in the western part of New York State. Give my best respects to Uncle Hiram. Yours, etc.

JOHN WELDON, JR.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, 1856.

How do you do, Uncles Robert and Hiram, Aunt Sue, Cousin Alice, and all the rest of you. It has been full two months since I greeted you before, and now I am glad once more to be with you. And now I want to

make my speech. You say, Uncle (Robert or Hiram), that this—when we all met—was one of the pleasantest days of Indian Summer. When your remark reached me it was a cold, dark, dreary night. Winter had chilled Autumn to the very heart, and beneath his snowy mantle she lay exhausted and breathless. Do I have to answer my share of that tirade of questions poured upon us? It would take too long, I fear. Aunt Sue! Listen to her! Whew! Let's hurry on. Tell Earnest I too declare for peace and "spicy jokes." But there's—fudge! I forgot about personalities. Tell "*Nip*" I won't join with him. I hope R. W. R. has not retired forever. Ask Willie Coleman if he choked when he "swallowed his rage." I'll go with J. N. any time. Good for "Blue-Eyed Nellie." Short, sweet, and to the point. But, Uncle, how could you answer so. I know Libbie meant to have Johnny or Jessie understood where she put her stars, didn't you, Libbie? Now, what did you cut [†] off so short for? And "Cousin Alice" "put out," too. Now, Mr. Merry, I protest, I like Alice, and I like to hear her talk. I move that she be heard. I second the motion. It has been moved and seconded. Mr. President, please put it to vote. Thank you, Sallie. Happy, very, to make your acquaintance. Hope it will not end with the introduction as so many do. Do you write from Elizabeth, in the old Key-stone State? If so, you may, perchance be acquainted with a friend I have there. Mr. Merry, you forgot pokers, *tongues*, broomsticks and *cushions* (*vide* Mr. Smallweed) in your list of small-arms, etc. But that rule stares me in the face—"Be short."

Yours for *eternal peace*, BLACK-EYES.

Sally—Elizabeth is not in any State, but in Jersey.

GENESEO, Dec. 7, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have long been wishing to write to you, yet have not, partly because I thought you had enough letters to attend to; and then, too, I was afraid mine would be pitched into the "big basket" under the table.

I am so glad winter has come, with its long evenings by the fireside, its Christmas holidays, and heavy snow-storms. But here I am running on, all unmindful of the rules, "Be short," "Come to the point at once." What in the world has become of *Peter Parley*?

Do Uncle Hiram, Aunt Sue, and Cousin Hannah occupy so much room in the MUSEUM, that there is none left for our faithful old friend?

I think more of him than all the rest put together, excepting yourself, Mr. Merry. Don't tell Uncle Hiram, for fear he might be jealous, and give me a cut or two with his hatchet. Is there any more of that story in the October number, "Coming through the Hay?" if so, I would like to hear it. I had a piece of rhyme, of my own composing, which I thought of sending you, but this letter is long enough—besides, it might be pitched into that terrible basket.

ROSE H. BOND.

Peter Parley has not been crowded out, but has walked out, to flourish in a larger sphere. You see something of his doings in this number of the MUSEUM. You shall hear more of "Coming through the Hay," by-and-by. We must make hay while the sun shines, and not in December.

"ROSE."—The second response to our call. Read Premium List again. For a *new* subscriber, with the money in advance, we send a copy, for the coming year, of either MERRY'S MUSEUM, or the MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, and, as a premium for obtaining the subscriber, a copy of "Merry's Book of Puzzles." We do this as an inducement to increase our list. To the subscriber, we intend to give the full value of his dollar in the monthly numbers. For *two new* subscribers, we send a bound volume of the MUSEUM, or two copies of the Puzzle Book—not both for one subscriber.

CITY OF ELMS, Nov. 8th, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—For some time past, I have watched with half jealous eyes the cosy chattering, and somewhat noisy, though agreeable private quarrels which have been going on around your "editorial table," especially since the date of the "algebraic problem." And this evening, unable longer to control my feelings, I have seized my pen, and in a fit of desperation to ask of you the unusual favor of an introduction all around. That is to say, to "Black-Eyes," Alice, Laura, Nippinifidget, Willie H. C., Bay State, R. W. R., and all the other ladies and gentlemen, belligerent or peaceful, who make up your interesting circle of correspondents. Knowing your obliging disposition, I feel almost certain that my request will be granted.

Uncle Merry, do grant me just one favor more, and I will "evaporate immediately," as the colored porter of Yale College here, once

said, when some one of the professors accused him of a small theft—"Ah! massa! don't you please say nuffin 'bout it, an' I'll sartin' voporate immediately." But to return to my request; it is permission to tell Alice B. Corner how my brother and I served up——this afternoon. In the first place, we painted a "splendid photographic likeness" of the "identical gentleman himself," making him as "black" as the niggers he loves so well, and then, having elevated him to a convenient height, with rifle and pistol (for it is a fact, Uncle Merry, that, although I am a girl—I should say a young miss—yet I am a pretty good shot with a pistol) we peppered him without mercy, and by the time our "good intentions" were satisfied, and the poor fellow had come out of the "mill," his countenance much resembled "a pepper-box without a top," or, what is much the same thing, "a sieve without a bottom."

But "etiquette" admonishes me that "first calls should be short," and having already overstepped the bounds of propriety, I will precipitately make my parting bow and retire, only stopping a moment at the door to say that the "MUSEUM" having been a welcome visitor in our family for more than ten years (you may count, too, on a great many years to come, Mr. Merry), perhaps I felt a little too confident that the only letter I have ever written to its "merry editor" would not be slighted, and that I supposed the cordial invitation which he has so kindly extended to all his nephews and nieces, included me also.

But, "Good-evening," "SIGMA."

ELIZABETH, Dec. 9th.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I wish you and all the Merrys a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

I am very glad to know that all the Merrys are at peace again, but as for me, I have a grudge against Uncle Hiram. In giving me an introduction to Miss "Black-Eyes," he gave it only on one side. I must say I like fair play. I think that "Willie Coleman" is right in his ideas, for I am sure that Uncle Hiram has sharpened his hatchet lately, for it cuts so easy.

SALLIE, OF ELIZABETH.

If it was "only on one side," it was the right side.

GLENHAM, Dec. 8th, 1856.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir: Having written a letter before, and not seeing it published, I thought I would write another. But, as you wished me to be short (as I am in stature for my age) I will do so. Would you be so kind

as to tell me why my last letter was not published? Yours truly,

AUGUSTUS BEDFORD, JR.

There may be several reasons why your letter was not published. 1st. It may not have been received. We do not remember it. 2d. It may have been too long, and too personal, or—not to the point. Or, we may have been so full as not to have room for it. Don't be discouraged. Come again, but be sure you have something to say, before you begin to write.

We have a very large number of letters, which we can not possibly find room for, though we should be glad to publish them all. We must therefore make short work of some of them, thus:—

"MERLE."—We will send a copy of "Take Care of No. 1," by mail, post paid, for 50 cts., which can be remitted in P. O. stamps.

"ELIZA H."—In good time, and welcome. The first response to our call for early remittances.

"CAROLUS PIPER."—A brave speech, but, like a certain "message," savors too much of "keeping up the excitement."

"FRITZ."—Admirable, but a wee bit personal. If we can't get a fiddler for Aunt Sue's ball, we have a "Piper" engaged.

"ROSALIE."—"My dream" has not been received.

"BLACK-EYED LILLIE" must allow us to judge what is best for us to publish, and what to reject. There are some questions, which, if once admitted into our discussions, would exclude all others, and lead to a worse war than that from which Aunt Sue has just extricated us.

"MIGNONE."—Personal, pointed—denies being the author of "Noses," and says somebody has stolen her *nom de plume*.

"COUSIN FRANK"—wishes us to notify Alice that he is ready to "kiss and be friends," with her and all the others (girls). He votes

no, on the Algebraic question, as leading to *quips* and *quarrels*—isn't willing to have Dodt monopolize the "Corner," and introduces "Ned," who is welcome. Ned's puzzle had appeared before. But, as he is in Sallust, he can readily furnish another.

"HARRY."—We will send "Merry's Book of Puzzles," on the receipt of 25 cts. in P. O. stamps. This is a collection of all the best Puzzles, Riddles, etc., in the back volumes of the MUSEUM, with many new ones, never before published. It has all the Hieroglyphical Rebuses, and is handsomely illustrated with many of our best cuts.

"EMILY."—Happy to see you, dear. Would like much to share in your pic-nic. Next to being there, a good description will answer.

"ARCHIE."—Thanks for your kind and cordial invitation to Thanksgiving. We have no doubt of the qualities of the sermon, the turkey, or the pie, and would like to have had the opportunity to digest them all.

"ALICK."—Having had the pleasure to see and chat with you, in our sanctum, since your letter was written, we lay that aside for "a more convenient season," as there is some fun to be made out of it.

"SUSIE AND MARIAN."—Your letter, promised more than a year ago—how long it has been in coming! It will bear to wait as long for an answer, won't it?

"JOHN WELDON, JR."—Happy to hear from you, and to know that you were gratified with your call on Uncle Hiram. Please let "Nip" alone, and keep the peace with a will, and not by constraint. Another *aye* for Algebra.

"ISABEL."—The compliments of the season to you, belle of S. X. Your enigma, though already answered by the people, may find a place, when we have more room. So also may that of "LEWIS."

"M. ASH. C."—Happy to welcome you to our warmest corner. Your puzzle arrived before you did, as you will see, if you look at the back numbers.

"WILLIE WILDWOOD."—"Cousin Alice" is on the docket for the next number. Sweet child—but how much fairer, and more blest now, than in the brightest hours of her earthly life.

"EMILY A. S."—Please make yourself entirely at home. You are one of the family.

"ELI."—Welcome to our coolest corner, as you complain of hot weather in Alá. Shall we ship you a cargo of snow, or ice?

PRIZE SENTENCE.

GOLD, IN, BUT, SOME, EXACTLY, DETERMINE, TRUE, FRIEND, RISE, RESULT, TIME, WELL, WHEN, THIS, SO.

Make a sentence, introducing all the above words, in any order that suits you, observing the following rules:

1st. New words may be introduced, but the sentence must make good and complete sense.

2d. Two *new words* must not be used together, in any part of the sentence. By this it will be seen that the whole number of words in the sentence can not be more than 31.

3d. Every word must be spelled correctly, and used grammatically.

For the best sentence, so formed, and forwarded to us by the 1st of May next, we will give Peter Parley's "Recollections of a Lifetime," in two volumes, or Prince's Protean Fountain Pen, or Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, containing about 1,000 illustrations—as the winner may choose.

To be a competitor for this prize, your own subscription must be paid in advance. Consequently none but subscribers can be competitors. Those who are not subscribers, and wish to enter the "arena," can easily open the gate, by a fee to the porter, of one dollar.

All are considered as subscribers, in whose family the MUSEUM is regularly taken.

Improvement in composition is one of the objects aimed at, in offering this prize. For this purpose, it will be better to depend only on yourself; but, if you need it, you can ask aid of your older brothers or sisters, or of any other friend.

Answers,

211. To make the pantaloons first.
S. N.—Susie.—X.
212. They are *in earnest* (in her nest). X.
213. A jail-bird. C. R. L.—X.
214. Because the cart is before the horse.
C. R. L.
215. A wind-mill. H. H.—Susie.
216. The man can see his shadow; the shadow can not see him. Susie.
217. When it is dark. Susie.—C. R. L.
218. Because for every grain they give a peck. C. R. L.—Susie.
219. Because he has many cast-off bows (beaux). H. H.
220. Because they can not make books without *b's*. S. N.—C. R. L.
221. Fill-more. C. R. L.—X.
222. The shoe-U. H. H.—Susie.
223. He is fed from a loft. Susie.
224. He is bride-led. X.—C. R. L.
225. A Dry-den.
Aunt Sue.—Susie.—C. R. L.
226. A Ful-ton. Susie.—C. R. L.
227. The Tom-at-o. Susie.—X.
228. In Herschell (her shell). I. P. O.
229. A-dul-lam. Laura S.
230. A-gate. Laura S.—X.
231. A tur-key. Susie.
232. The harrow. C. R. L.
233. Poe (poh!). S. N.
234. The harrow. C. R. L.
235. She is moving up and down in your rope (Europe). Harry B.
236. One that needs darning.
Aunt Sue.—C. R. L.
237. They are dissolved in light.
Susie.—R. M.
Nature "saves the pieces," and makes a whole day of them. Aunt Sue.

ANSWER TO HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS ON
PAGE 188.

No glittering drop which feathered fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.
Aunt Sue.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. What soap would make the best knife?
Aunt Sue.
2. When is a sailor not a sailor? S. T. L.
3. Which of the poets might a lion like to dine with?
Aunt Sue.
4. When the green grass is covered with snow, what is its color? A. L.
5. What causes the potato rot? S. B. L.
6. In what color should friendship be preserved? A. L.
7. How are we to understand the nature of the potato rot? S. B. L.
8. *Pugno pugnus pugnati*. Ned.
9. *Novus vir bonus vir ivit ad caudam vel habere suam vestem homines mortuos*.
Minna.
10. E E marriage ee.
Minna.
11. M—wood, being at the . of king of terrors, 10 mills for his Quakers, and who which and what. They odor for Dr. Juvenile Humanities, [who] ≡ to Dr. Hay preservers, and little devil behold scarlet his assistance. But, B 4 he arrived, the not legally good changed color, and ^{taker}_{the} $\frac{1}{100}$ for.
Minna.
12. Read see, how me.
Down will I love
And you love you
Up, and you, if
13. Who healed unwholesome water with salt?
Archie.
14. There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber,
And one to make the spirit sad;
Now, any word you choose to take,
An added s will plural make;
But, if to this an s you add,
Plural is plural then no more,
And that is sweet which bitter was before.
Alick.
15. How high were the walls of Babylon?
U. L.
16. Who made Cleopatra's needle? How large is it?
U. L.
17. How many elephants had Noah in his menagerie?
U. L.
18. How long before the flood was the death of Adam?
U. L.
19. How long before the flood did Methuselah die?
U. L.
20. What was the color of Adam's first garment?
U. L.

Skating—Woman's Rights.



Why may not a woman skate ?
 She can walk, and run, and ride—
 In dance, or hop, she's always great—
 Prithee, why not skate and slide ?
 Skating is a useful art,
 Full of dignity and grace ;
 Exercises limb and heart,
 Gives the blood a healthful pace.

Why may not a woman skate ?
 Swan-like grace and queenly sway
 Mark the vigorous, blooming Kate,
 Sailing down yon glittering way.
 Look ! what conscious grace and power,
 In those broad, out-sweeping strides,
 NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—3

As down the silver-gleaming floor,
 With still increasing speed she glides.

Why may not a woman skate ?
 Often on the frozen Scheldt,
 Buxom Dutch girls, early, late,
 For the prize of speed have dealt.
 Sometimes, from the inland town
 To the city mart, or fair,
 They in merry bands glide down,
 And their precious burdens bear.

Why may not a woman skate ?
 To a friend's, long miles away,
 Oft they sail, with heart elate,
 To make a call—or pass the day.
 Often so do lovers meet,
 Whispering, wooing, billing, cooing,
 While upon their iron feet,
 Miles and miles of talk they're doing.

Why may not a woman skate ?
 What though ankles she reveal ?
 Skaters' ankles, critics state,
 Are not over-much genteel.
 What of that !—a trifling charge !
 There's a right for every wrong—
 If the ankle's somewhat large,
 May be 'tis well set and strong.

Why may not a woman skate ?
 Six times we have put the question ;
 No one rising in debate,
 No one offering a suggestion.
 Silence gives consent. So, then,
 Pretty girls, and woman, too,
 No less than rude boys, and men,
 May put on the iron shoe.

Try it, girls—ay, try the skate—
 Good for service, seldom tired,
 Able to sustain its weight,
 Never weak, or loosely wired,
 The well-tried ankle you will find
 In your need-hour, just the one ;—
 Bind your skates on—never mind !—
 You will find it right good fun. **HIRAM**

Our Pets Out-of-Doors.

STORIES ABOUT CROWS.



U S T two Springs ago, when Mr. W.'s health was poor, but we went to the Hydro-pathic Institution of Dr. S—, at K—, Penn., some

forty miles from Philadelphia, on the Reading Railroad. The situation of the establishment was extremely picturesque. Standing on the brow of a short hill, which rose from the junction of four roads, was the large, old-fashioned house, with large portico, formed by the jutting out of the two ends of the house.

Here all the large family used to sit, looking out upon a lovely garden, and surrounded by vines of evergreens and roses, in magnificent luxuriance. Here grew a multiflora rose, in large, dark-red clusters; there, at the corner, crowding down over the hydrant, clustering in sociably at the porch, were finely-formed white roses, with a light flush in their bosoms; yonder grew coral honeysuckles, arching with a glow the dark cedar; here, close to the porch pavement, stood a cedar, with an evergreen vine running over it till it was almost hidden, and beneath this deep shade we used to strew crumbs of bread

for the wild birds, who came there every morning for their breakfast.

Pass down the garden walk, open the gate and cross the narrow road, open the gate opposite, and walk through. Now look about you. You stand in a lovely grove at the top of a short hill; on the right, beyond the dozen trees between you and it, is the vegetable garden; in front of you a narrow path winds downward to the brook in the valley, with the little plank bridge over it, which connects this with all the other paths which deviate over the opposite hill, all clad with pine trees.

The brook winds through the valley, separating the two hills—all day with flashings of sunlight, all night with flashings of fire-flies, who fairly illuminate the whole valley—and then, if you like, just follow us to the top of the hill on the farther side of the brook, and over the fence, across this road on the left, and then clamber over this other fence, and we will introduce you and your basket, if you have one, to a company of as fine, ripe strawberries as ever need be. They are the very last of the season.

Have you paid your respects to them. Then, now for a race—down the road, round the corner of the house-garden; by way of a hint, let us tell you there are plenty of bird-nests in that same garden. Now, if you can reach that large gate where you see

the cows are passing through, with the old Dutch woman who drives them, before we do, we will acknowledge you to be the better racer.

Now! ha, ha, how that makes our cheeks glow! Look over that wall, will you? did you ever see such fine clusters of raspberries? so large and red! why, one is quite a mouthful for a little body.

Tinkle, tinkle, dash, clash, gurgle! What's all that? Why, only another brook, which has made a path for itself over all those great stones, and lies out yonder in the meadow, coolly shadowed by high grasses, ready for the cows to take their foot-baths in when the day becomes too warm, and they have to meditate awhile.

Turn round, now. Do you see where the cows get their dinner? Yes, to be sure you do! Up on the steep, steep hill, with a big wig of trees upon its crown—but what! is it possible, is this water, too? Surely, as we part the clustering branches of the willows, we behold stretched out a lovely lake smiling in the sunshine, as if merry at our surprise. And truly that is a *very* curious-looking boat moored under that broad spreading elm! Why, it is a perfect nondescript—something like a steamboat, more like a flat-boat, but looking still a little like a row-boat.

The fact is, that same boat is rather leaky; and, besides, we are forbidden to use it by the shoemaker down the P— road, who still has the unpar-donable audacity to occupy our waters.

But we do not much heed him; for,

as Mr. W., of Ohio, said to this unreasonable cobbler's brother, "Sir, the boat is on our waves—if you do not want us to use the boat, remove it; or, if you prosecute us, we shall prosecute you." Thus placing the matter in a new light before the astounded mental vision of this man, who twirled his stick and went off with a lugubrious expression, while we proceeded around the lake, shooting frogs for dinner. At least Mr. W. shot at them with arrows, while it took all the energy of our friend Mr. W. to keep the boat in motion, and the united efforts of the rest of our party to keep the boat from filling with water.

It was hard work, you may rest assured, for we had to keep bailing all the time, besides having received directions what we were to do in case we did founder. But we enjoyed it, I can tell you, and arrived safely at the elm again without either a swim or a frog. For the frogs had long before grown wise, and knew well enough how to dodge arrows, even when aimed by as good a shot as Mr. W. And soon he had to manœuvre in all sorts of ways, and finally to try new waters, and there was no scarcity of them in the neighborhood. Besides shooting with bows and arrows, we have fishing poles, and Mr. W. has organized the "Pole-ish Lancers;" that is, each member of the company carries, on all occasions, in our rambles, a long, slender staff or pole, pointed with iron. The females carry slender staffs, and the males poles, strong enough to be of vast assistance in clambering up hills, leap-

ing fences or brooks, and protecting the weaker portion of the party from dangerous—Indians, grisly bears, lions, tigers, or any other desperate danger—if it should appear.

But the principle use we made of these staffs was in clambering rocky hills. Placing the points against the rough boulders, we could swing from one to another with great facility, using them in the same manner with the inhabitants of the Tyrolese Mountains, of whom, you may be aware, that travelers say, that they carry poles of enormous length, by the use of which they swing themselves across the frightful clefts and widely gaping gulfs of their rugged mountains. Indeed, in war, they even organize companies of the hardy mountaineers, who clamber along their mountains with such agility, that a whole battalion may sometimes be seen, as it were, flying through the air in line.

Thus equipped, we made our daily expeditions in search of provender for our numerous pets, who had by this time accumulated to some twenty birds. The stones on every hill-side for miles were turned over, and we knew exactly where lay every old fence-rail, or fragment of decaying bark, which promised to afford a shelter to crickets or spiders.

It would have surprised you to see the quantities of these creatures we would collect in a few hours, for it soon came to be understood that cricket-hunting was one of the institutions of our society. And every body, man,

woman, and child, did their part in the course of our daily wanderings.

Indeed, the neighboring people were fully convinced that the majority of us were crazy, as they saw us groping about among dead wood and stones.

Then, as the season advanced, such heaps of blackberries would we collect in our morning walks!—some so large and fine that it would take two little birds almost to turn one over—not to say eat it, at once.

But the most pleasant thing was to see how tame and confiding our numerous pets became. We would take the cage down to the orchard and turn them all loose for a frolic; and while we lay upon the grass to read, such scenes as would sometimes occur, you could have no idea of without having witnessed them.

Sometimes the whole company would be off and out of sight, and we probably would not see a sinner of them for a whole hour; then, all about the same time, they would come, all of them, trooping back, accompanied by whole flocks of little playmates, whom they had picked up during their rambles.

And it was very funny to witness the unsophisticated ways of our pets, as compared with the ways of the more knowing birds "of the world." Our little folks would seem highly delighted with their new acquaintances, but withal a little aristocratic and shy, as if they meant to say, "Well, we mayn't know as much as you about these outside matters, but we are better bred birds, nevertheless."

The curiosity of the wild birds, and their wonder to see them approach us so familiarly, as they would, lighting upon our heads, and shoulders, and hands, that they would sometimes come very close to us, and seem very much disposed to try the same familiarity; but the little scamps would always end by doing their very best to entice our little people to run away from us. And they would coax and coax, but always in vain, for they liked us too well; and as they were sure to find a well-provided larder in their own house, they were not disposed to take the chances of a precarious out-door life.

We had one amusing little coquette of a Blue-bird, who gave us more trouble than all the rest of them combined. The little jade seemed to have such an irresistible propensity for flirtation, that even every wren and sparrow that came along was welcome, not to speak of the blue people of her own race.

It was flirt, flirt, flirt, coquette, coquette, for hours after the well-behaved birds had all come home. But she was a lovely little "Woman"—and that was her name—and we, although sometimes a good deal vexed at her refusal to come home, yet loved her very dearly. She was a dear, bright little flirt, anyway, and we did not wonder that all the birds loved her so!

Her manners were so exactly like those of a brilliant and coy coquette, that we named her, *par excellence*, as "Woman." And many was the heart-ache the little wizard caused to manly young sparrows, blue-birds, etc.

Some very amusing scenes would frequently occur, between the rivals, for the notice of this charming dame; just such scenes as you see represented in the cut, which we used to call



our "Family Jars," although they seldom amounted to more than "make-believes," as the children call it, of squabbling.

Among our pets was a young crow, a most stately gentleman, whose acquaintance we first made during an excursion of the "Pole-ish Lancers." This same crow, too young to fly well, was hopping along the ground, close to the fence, in the yard of our blacksmith, who was also a preacher.

On the approach of our party, the crow set up the most dismal croaking—and we commenced to examine into his case. Mr. W. took him up, and, much to his indignation, discovered that the poor thing was nearly starved. At once he hurried to the shop of the blacksmith-minister, and asked him "would he sell the bird?" to which

came the response in the affirmative ; and in a minute Mr. W. became the fortunate possessor of this unmusical animal.

Arrived at the house, Jim Crow, as he was dubbed forthwith, was first heartily fed, and then permitted to range the house-garden, where he soon became the butt of all the birds in it who had nests. Poor Jim Crow, what buffetings they gave him, till he was forced to seek shelter in the porch or in the dark cedar ! The birds seemed determined to believe him to be their enemy, and no consideration could induce them to leave him in peace.

For a sleeping-room, Jim occupied the carriage-house, until he discovered that we sometimes overslept ourselves, and he could not get out at sunrise ; and then, when the time came for him to retire, he fought and croaked most obstreperously, biting our fingers, and rebelling in every possible way, so that we had to catch him by stratagem, or let him sleep out-doors.

He was very jealous of the melodious voices of our small birds, and as soon as he was able, flew to the top of the cage, which usually hung in the porch, and would do his very best to imitate them ; or, perched on an upright stick, about a foot high from the ground, with both feet on the top of it, he would roll and twist himself like a sailor in a storm ; and with wings drooping, head on one side, eyes half closed, with the most exquisitely sentimental air, mouth open at an angle of 60 degrees, or mincingly shut, he would ape operatic sing-

ing more charmingly than any thing I ever saw.

But if he saw you laugh at him, away Jim would fly, and not make his appearance again for an hour or two.

Jim was an advocate of water-cure, and not only advocated, but practiced it, as you shall see. My room was situated at the end of the house, next the P—— road. We had been hearing numerous stories about the thieving propensities of crows, especially of one which had lived in this very yard. The old gentleman who had built the house, and lived and died there, had several sons. His son, 'Tom K., had a pet crow, who was terribly mischievous.

One day the old gentleman was sitting at an open window engaged in writing, when one of his people came in to see him upon some business, and he took off his spectacles while he spoke to the person. Now, the old gentleman could not see without spectacles, any more than he could have spoken without a tongue.

While his head was turned, 'Tom's crow walked gravely in at the window, and, picking up the spectacles, flew out again, and staid not his flight till he was safe at the very top of the tallest tree in the garden. When the old gentleman turned round, his hand missed his glasses—he called for the assistance of younger eyes—no where could the glasses be found, until at last some one espied Tom's crow on the tree-top, dancing on first one foot, then the other, in perfect ecstasy at the trouble brewing below.

All the calls of the family availed nothing, and their utmost endeavors failed, until Tom K. came home, when, at the first call of his, the crow descended with his prize.

But, in spite of all this, we still believed our crow was honest. But to return. One day I stood in my room, when a sudden croak made me turn round. On the window-sill stood Jim Crow. Before I could reach him, he flew out, after hastily swallowing a large piece of gamboge, which was on my paint-box on the sill.

Well, I thought, Jim Crow is sure to die, for gamboge is deadly poison, and he has swallowed enough to kill twenty crows. I ran down stairs hastily to communicate the doleful news. I had scarcely given the alarm, before the doctor cried out, "Here's an instance of natural hydropathy, to be sure!" We ran. There, under the stream from the hydrant, stood Jim, with the water running upon his breast, while his whole bearing was that of a *very* sick bird indeed.

Shortly after Jim disappeared, and I went again to my room. And what do you think? That crow had flown up to the window, and there had disgorged nearly, if not all, the obnoxious gamboge! It seemed very strange. Jim must have been conscious that he was justly punished for his crime, and with a sense of the fitness of the thing, had returned his plunder to the place he had found it. During all the whole day, Jim Crow continued to take baths every half hour, until he fully restored

himself to health, to the intense satisfaction of the Doctor, and the wonder of every body else in the establishment.

Jim was not to be frightened by any thing we could do. He *would* scream, and croak, and follow his favorites about the premises, and raising a perfect hullabaloo if his meals were neglected, or due notice of his graces not awarded.

Sometimes he annoyed us, when one day our wits came to our aid. He had followed us down to the "wave-bath" house in the grove, where we had shut him up till he was well wet, and, in fact, done every thing we could to rid ourselves of him, when this bright idea came into our heads.

Thrusting a hand into a pocket, we drew out some toy-torpedoes—lifting our arm, we threw down one just at his feet. He was standing in the garden-path at the time, and croaking with all his might directly at us. You should have seen him. He gave a jump of about a foot from the ground, and came down upon the same spot, his voice silenced, and continued to gaze upon the ground for a little while contemplatively. At last he bethought himself of his occupation, and commenced a croa——. Crack! went another torpedo. Away! went Jim to the top of the fence, where, with a long stare of perplexity, he stood regarding us. Once more our arm was lifted, but before we could throw to the ground the little explosive, Jim Crow was wending his way down the wood-path in the direction of the "Wave Bath."

Water was preferable to thunder and fire, and we had only to hint, in future, by lifting our arm, and Jim Crow was the most demure of crows.

The same crow that stole the spectacles, played a most ludicrous trick at the expense of our neighbor, the blacksmith minister. The man was very sanctimonious, and was in the habit of preaching at a little church near by; but he could no more preach without a written sermon, than our Jim could sing in opera.

One Sunday morning, he was just finishing up his sermon for the day, but was interrupted amidst the closing lines by the appearance of the servant, who called him to the door to ask some question.

His manuscript was lying on the table when he went to the door, when he suddenly heard a great rustle and flutter behind him. Looking round, he had the satisfaction of seeing the crow making off through the window with about half his sermon in his bill, cawing with great exultation.

The minister, in sore dismay, rushed out, hoping to recover the sheets. But too late, alas! For the crow was sailing away with them in mid-air, with the most vociferous demonstrations of delight, toward his nest.

And the next the old minister heard of his sermon, was when the farmers were sending in the waifs and astrays of that lost sermon from all directions in the neighborhood; but, alas, too late! His sermon that day was a dismal failure; and as his services were

little valued, he never after preached for the little community, who gladly availed themselves of the chance to fill their pulpit better.

Memories of Childhood.

THE happy days of childhood, would they
might come again!

The sunny hours of youth and love, delight
without a pain,

When the year began in joyous hopes, and
ended in the same,

And we talked of sorrow lightly, for to us
'twas but a name.

I call to mind the holidays that came in merry
turn,

For I was not as I am now, but needed yet to
learn

That earth is not a fairy dream, a world of
light and joy,

And life not what we thought it then, pleasure
without alloy.

I would I were a child again, for pleasant
thoughts of yore

Come rushing back upon my mind—I seem a
child once more;

I'm wandering on the river banks, I'm stray-
ing o'er the fields,

And in a dreamy revery my heart to memory
yields.

I can not be a child again, with all my shin-
ing gold,

And what doth it avail me now, for I am sick
and old?

Oh! I would barter all my gems, my treasured
heaps of wealth,

For one bright hour of childish play, of inno-
cence and health.

BLUE-EYED MINNA.

THE man who does most has the least
time to talk about what he does.



Chestnutting.

BY COUSIN HANNAH.

A DAY or two after the affair of the squirrel, Jessie informed us at the breakfast-table that there had been a splendid frost that night, and she believed it would be best for all the family to go out nutting. "No sooner said than agreed on," cried Uncle Hiram—"nuts are too good to lose for want of gathering, and if you will wait till I am through with my writing, I will go with you."

"When will you be through?" asked Jessie. "Oh, some time this afternoon," said Uncle Hiram. "After dinner! Oh, dear!" cried Jessie, in a despairing tone. "Can't you leave your writing?" "Leave my writing! no, indeed," said Uncle Hiram—"what would all the Merry family do then, I should like to know? You may go without me if you choose, but I must take care of my little readers *first*, and of the nuts afterward."

"No, no, no," cried Edith and Lucy and Jessie all in a breath; "we would rather wait two days for you, than go without you."

So the matter was decided, and the children went quietly about their day's employments. At dinner-time, however, Jessie inquired eagerly if her father was all ready to start for the chestnut trees, as soon as the meal should be over, and jumped up from her chair, clapping her hands with delight, when told that he was indeed all ready.

Aunt Martha checked Jessie's untimely delight by a gentle look, and she quietly sat down again looking so demurely, that both Lucy and Edith, and even Cousin Hannah and Uncle Hiram, could not help laughing.

Little Elsie and Aunt Martha, at the upper end of the table, were able to keep sober faces, but that was because they could not see Jessie's queer look as she sat down. The dinner was soon over, and with baskets for the nuts, our party started forth. It was a lovely day, the trees were dressed in their gayest autumn hues—crimson and scarlet, orange and yellow, and rich brown, contrasting with the dark-green hemlocks and pines. It took us a long time to get down to the chestnuts. First, we stopped on the river's bank, to see Harry's dog swim after the chips which were thrown in to him. Poor Watch missed his master, who had gone away to school, and would not be back till Christmas; and it was because his dog seemed so lonely and wistful, that we stopped so long to play with him. Then,

as we passed through the fields, Edith begged us to stop just one moment, and see how she had tamed one of the colts. There were several horses feeding in a distant part of the field. Edith went toward them and called, "Here, Ben, Ben, Ben," and immediately a beautiful colt came trotting toward her. He stopped short as he saw such a party; but Edith encouraged him by calling to him, and going slowly near him; and he came close to her, let her pat his neck and face, and finally lead him by the mane quite up to us.

"Well done, Edith," said Uncle Hiram—"you have made quite a conquest."

"Yes indeed, father," cried Edith—"Ben was just as shy as the other colts, before I began to pet him."

"And why did you choose Ben to try your skill on," asked Aunt Martha.

"I thought he was the handsomest," said Edith.

"Well, you have made a pretty good choice," said her father; "and now I suppose you wish me to give him to you."

"To be sure I do," said Edith; "I have fed him every day with hay and oats, and have taken ever so much pains to make him know me—just because I want to have him for my horse; and be sure that he loves me so much, he never will be ugly to me."

"You are quite beforehand with me, Edith," said Uncle Hiram. "Here you have selected my best colt, and made it yours by right of conquest, and then expect me to give it to you."

"Why, will you object, father?" asked Edith.

"No, oh no," said her father. "I suppose if I give him to you, I may ride him sometimes, if I can't find any other horse, may I?"

"Yes, yes indeed, father, if he likes you well enough to let you get on his back," said Edith; "but you will really let me call him mine?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Hiram; "but you must not teach everybody else how to tame my colts, or else I shall not have one left to call my own, when it is time to break them."

Edith clapped her hands, and danced round her pony Ben, in the greatest delight, and would have been glad to spend all the afternoon, in showing off his wonderful beauty and gentleness. Aunt Martha, however, reminded us that we were still quite far from the chestnuts, and we hastened on.

When we at last reached the tall spreading trees, Uncle Hiram climbed a tree as nimbly as any young man, and began to shake the limbs. Down came showers of nuts all inclosed in their green prickly covering; but Jack Frost's fingers had cracked it open the night before, and it was easy enough for us to take out the sweet chestnuts.

Our baskets were soon quite full, and as we were wandering from tree to tree, Elsie cried out, "Look, Uncle Hiram, look at this pile of nuts!"

She was standing by a very old tree, and the pile of nuts was nicely stored away in a hollow close by the ground. "That is a squirrel's store," said Uncle

Hiram; "he will find plenty more before the season is gone, and have enough to feast him all winter."

"I wonder if it belongs to the funny squirrel we saw on the apple tree the other day," said Elsie.

"No, I think not," said Uncle Hiram—"that squirrel belongs to a little lame boy, who has just come to live in the cottage by the pond."

"Oh, father, did you not promise to take us to see him," cried Jessie.

"Yes, I believe I did—but 'tis too late now—some other day we will go."

"Who wants to run?" called Edith as we came to a grassy slope—"one, two, three," and off they started—leaving Uncle and Aunt Hatchet and Cousin Hannah, walking slowly behind.

A Crooked Tree.

A CHILD, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer. How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy objects of some kind direction and culture. The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate, and train in a right direction.

The Language of Flowers.



It is said that the flowers, as well as the birds,
Have a language peculiar, with phrases and
words ;
And that oft, in the hush of a warm summer
day,
You may hear, if you listen, whatever they say.

I have doubted till lately, and thought it was
all
The whim of some dreamer, whom poet they
call ;
But since the sweet seventh of June, fifty-one,
My doubts have all vanished, like mists in the
sun.

As I walked in the garden, I saw a sweet rose,
Such as seldom on this side of Paradise grows,
With a deep, deepening blush overspreading
its cheek,
Leaning down to a lily, as if it would speak.

Behind a tall orange in bloom, as it spread
Its rich fragrant shadow all over the bed,
Unperceived by the parties, I paused in my
walk,
And in truth overheard an intelligent talk.

First a low distant murmur arrested my ear,
Like the memory of tones which in dreaming
we hear ;
Then, clear and distinct, though subtle as
thought,
Their simple, articulate language I caught.

“Thou fairest of gems,” said the rose, bend-
ing down,
“Too sweet for the earth, and too chaste for a
crown,
I would thou wert taller, that here, in my
place,
The world might appreciate thy sweetness and
grace.”

“Nay, nay, lovely rose,” the fair lily replied,
“It is safer in humble retirement to hide.
Earth’s praises I court not ; my graces were
given
To exhale in their careless redundancy to
heaven.”

As the rest of their talk was of love, and as I
Was acting the part of an eaves-dropping spy,
I will not report it ; but this I have told,
As conveying a lesson for young and for old.

HIRAM.

CONFUSED thought is a cheap com-
modity, but some writers parade it as
if it were a priceless jewel.

Rejoicing upon the New Year's Coming of Age.



AVING just had our several sorts and complements of fun on the incoming of the new year, let us just sit down and listen to Charles Lamb's inimitable bleat upon the same subject. If that Lamb had been a Nightingale, he couldn't have sung more sweetly, nor have introduced a more genial, cosy arrangement into the routine-ridden, war-wasted year.

REJOICING UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.—The *Old Year* being dead, and *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would

prevent the ends of the meeting. But the objection was over-ruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old *Domine* would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should wish to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*—well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a green on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white

—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. *Rainy Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Doomsday Day* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made of it. It would have posed old *Erra Pater* to have found out any given *Day* in the year to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty-first of June* next to the *Twenty-second of December*, and the former looked like a *Maypole* siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Day*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared and hiccupped, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-pocrit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipped his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbor*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day of December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was sponging upon *Shrovetide's* pancake; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about *Herodias' daughter* to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confect of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty-ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman) and the *Twenty-third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp) as to which of them should have the honor to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival

had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate Birthday) had scarcely a rag, etc.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little darkish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *Washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year*, from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and

a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the malcontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *beautefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in a few, and yet obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty-ninth of February*, that had sat all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, he struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and

was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humor. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions; but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favor of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sat next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed—clapped and hallooed them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old Madam

Septuagesima (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was forever putting the question to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanac. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leave. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be—e'en whipped him over his shoulders, pick-a-pack fas ion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober; but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine*

and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

The Atheist Silenced.

SOME years ago, the Rev. Isaac Guseman made a trip to Iowa. On board the steamer in which he took passage, there was a gentleman who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to Christianity, and all forms of religion.

He spent most of the day in arguing with those who would dispute with him, and in pouring forth anathemas against priestcraft, and the credulity of mankind. He denounced Christ as an impostor, religion as a delusion, any particular form of worship, or creed, as the result or trammels of education, and that it was only tolerated by statesmen for the security of government, and the benefit of the weak and erring. He was evidently a man of education and ability. His repartee, drollery, sarcasm, and a faculty for turning things into the ridiculous, bore down so heavily upon those with whom he argued, that they were generally silenced, though not convinced.

One day he was in high glee, and kept a crowd of passengers in a continual roar of laughter at his irreligious jokes and witticisms. On this occasion Mr. Guseman, who had hitherto refrained from entering into any dispute or controversy with him, determined to

try and silence him, or turn the laugh against him. He accordingly moved slowly toward the crowd the skeptic was amusing; on his approaching, the other observed:

"Well, old gentleman, I am a free thinker—what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and have never once had a doubt of the existence of a supreme and intelligent Cause. But, in turn, let me ask you a question: Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly not—I have none!"

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, sir, I have heard of you before."

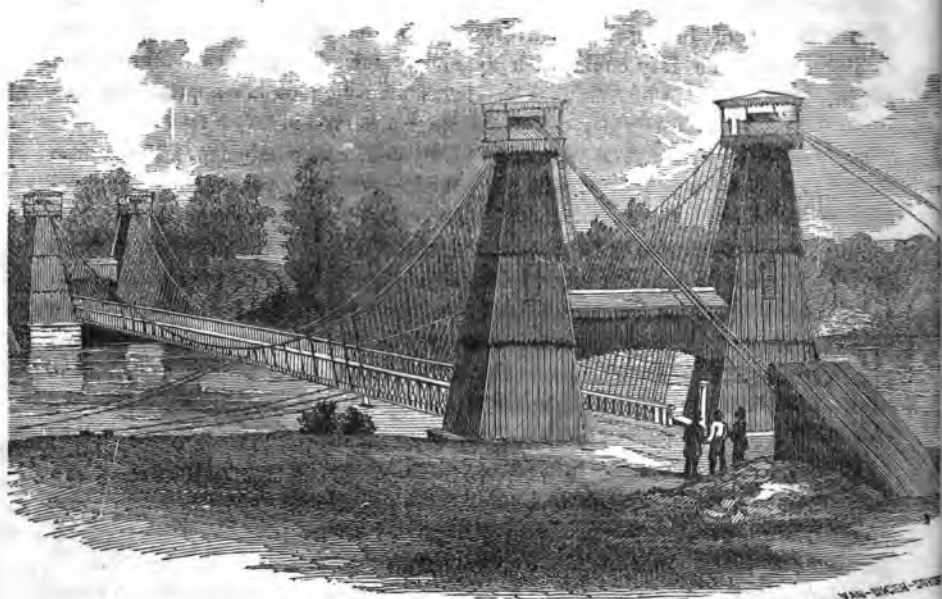
"Heard of me before!"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray, where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

At this unlooked-for turn in the argument there was one general burst of laughter and hurra, at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded and unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly proved a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage, the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects; but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing, "*I have heard of you before.*"



Suspension Bridges.

SUSPENSION Bridges are not a new invention. They were first known in China, the oldest on record being that near Kiang-Tung.

The flooring, or road-way, is supported on strong iron chains, or wire cables, which hang, in the form of inverted arches, from one point of support to another. These points of support are the tops of massive pillars, or towers, erected for the purpose, at suitable distances. Passing over these pillars, the chains, or cables, are firmly anchored in solid rock at each extremity of the bridge, or attached to massive frames of iron, or to solid buttresses of masonry. From the cables depend, at intervals, all along their length, strong

iron rods, which pass through the flooring, and are secured underneath.

The longest bridge of this kind in Europe is probably that across the Saone, in Switzerland, being 905 feet in length, with an elevation of 174 feet above the water.

The bridge over the Menai Strait, built in 1825, is the largest in Great Britain, being 560 feet long. Height, 100 feet above the water.

The bridge over the Cumberland River, at Nashville, Tenn., is 656 feet long—elevation, 110 feet. That across the Niagara, connecting Canada and the United States, is 800 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and 230 feet above the water. But the longest suspension bridge in the

world is that across the Ohio River, at Wheeling. In this the flooring is 1,010 feet long, 24 feet wide, elevated 92 feet above the river.

The flooring is supported by 12 cables of iron wire. Each cable is 4 inches in diameter, composed of 530 strands, and is 1,380 feet long.

The accompanying engraving, which we take from "Minnesota as It Is in 1856," represents the suspension bridge between St. Anthony and Minneapolis. This is one of the most elegant, tasteful, and substantial works of art in the entire West.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

"The moon looks calmly down where man was dying;
The earth still holds her way;
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing;
Naught seems to pause or stay."

CLASP the hands meekly over the still breast—for they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes—for they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear. Closed is the ear alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whispsers.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance and kindly hand have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled lips—no flush of wounded feeling mounts the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet too must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue ask: "Can this be death?" Your saddening eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hands yield their last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What, no words of greeting from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear, maternal bosom?

Silent all?

O! if this be broken up! if beyond death's swelling flood there was no eternal shore! if athwart that lowering cloud sprung no bright bow of promise!

Alas for life if this be all,
And naught beyond—on earth!

Importance of Grammatical Distinctions.

BETWEEN NOUNS AND VERBS.—A gentleman asked a friend in a knowing manner, "Pray, sir, did you ever see a cat *fish*?" "No, sir," was the response, "but I have seen a rope *walk*." Wonder if he ever saw a horse *FLY*.

"He takes *young children* in his arms,
And in his bosom *bears*."

BETWEEN ADJECTIVES AND VERBS.—A writer on School Discipline says: "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys *smart*."

"He who *writes* what is *wrong*,
wrongs what is *right*."

My Squirrel.



QUIRRELS are amusing little fellows. I wonder if any of my little Merry cousins ever tamed one. I have an idea floating around in that

part of my cranium where the brains are supposed to find an abiding-place, that not many of them ever undertook the task; not that it was laborious, oh no; we of the Merry family never think of that, but because it was almost, if not quite, absolutely impossible.

But somehow or another I was rather fortunate in the taming of my squirrels. I am not bound to know whether there was any thing very attractive about me, which induced "Bunnie" to place so much confidence in me or not; suffice it to say, he did, and no other shares the trust. Now for how I did it, for of course you all want to know that; but be patient, it will come in time; my pen is scratching away for dear life now, it won't go any faster.

One day last summer, and a warm day it was too, I took my usual walk to the brook, where, with a book, or perhaps my sewing (oftener the former), I've whiled away many a lonely hour, (quite romantic that, isn't it?) On this particular day, however, I had a book,

but it would not engage my attention in the least; do what I would, my mind would wander, and in sheer desperation I threw it away from me, and betook myself to the delightful occupation of—tossing pebbles in the brook. For not long, however; for suddenly, just above me, I heard a remarkably strange chirp. "That's no bird," thought I; and looking up, there on a limb, just over my head, was perched the prettiest little squirrel you ever did see, its bushy tail curled up over his back, his fore paws holding a nut to his teeth, and his little twinkling black eyes dancing about with the most marvelous celerity.

After watching him awhile, I ventured to call "Bunnie." His eyes looked frightened, and glancing about, they at last came down to me. There they stayed, till after satisfying himself as to my identity, he scampered off, up one limb, across another, till out of sight! "How provoking!" I exclaimed, when a bright thought struck me. I wonder what kind of an effect "nuts" will have upon his majesty? I pondered, and the result was a tramp to the house and back, with a pocketful of nuts. A few were laid on the ground beside me, and I sat very quietly awaiting the result of my experiment. I waited a long time before there was any demonstration of Bunnie's presence, and then I heard a slight rustle. I did not move; then another, and an-

other, each one nearer, when, glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw Bunnie's identical self close to my heap of nuts! I kept perfectly still, and saw a little paw put out, which clasped a nut, and away sped the little thief up the tree, and away. Presently, back he came, and, approaching my nuts, another was taken, and away he scampered. And so he continued to come, each time bolder than before, till there was but *one* nut left! As he reached his paw for that, my hand took the paw! A prisoner! and oh, so frightened! "You'll be more comfortable in a minute, Bunnie; just look here!" and I held a nut before him. His eyes glistened, and his little paw clutched it, like a greedy little Shylock as he was. He cracked it, to my infinite amusement and satisfaction, and picked the meat out "beautifully," then looked up into my face with a most "trustlike" expression in his little eyes, for "more." He had another and another, till after awhile I ventured to release him, when he perched himself on my shoulder, and there he sat very contented, nibbling the nuts I gave him, now and then looking into my face with an expression very like "gratitude."

Ever since, whenever I have been down, he always comes out to meet me, and when I sit down, perches himself on my shoulder. Sometimes I talk to him, holding him in my hand the while, then he whisks his tail most understandingly, and looks *unutterables!*

Yes, my squirrel is, I do believe, the knowingest, cunningest, prettiest, and

niciest little squirrel that ever lived. Now, should'n't you think I'd love it? and love it, too, better than a dozen little tame playthings that always were, always are, and always will be, tame. Just you try it who can, and then see if you don't coincide with me.

JESSIE.

Lafayette and Washington.

LAFAYETTE, in his memoirs, thus describes a review of Washington's army, which he witnessed :

"Eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed and still worse clad, presented a singular spectacle, in their parti-colored and often naked state; the best dresses were hunting-skirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest were in the front rank; with all this they were good-looking soldiers, conducted by zealous officers."

"We ought to feel embarrassed," said Washington to him, "in presenting ourselves before an officer just from the French army."

"It is to learn, and not to instruct, that I came here," was Lafayette's apt and modest reply; and it gained him immediate popularity.

Old Bells.

LOUD ringing changes all our bells have mar-
 Jangled they have and jarred [red,
 So long, they're out of tune and out of frame;
 They seem not now the same.
 Put them in frame anew, and once begin
 To tune them so that they may all chime in!

Curious Peculiarities of the Reindeer.

THE reindeer is the color of the stag, and is not much larger. The horns of this animal are somewhat higher than those of the stag, but more crooked, hairy, and not so well furnished with branches. Of the milk of the females they make good butter and cheese. These animals, indeed, constitute the greatest and almost the only riches of the Fin Laplanders. In Finmark there are vast numbers of them, both wild and tame, and many a man there has from six or eight hundred to a thousand of these useful creatures, which never come under cover. They



follow him wherever he is pleased to ramble, and when they are put to a sledge, transport his goods from one place to another. They provide for themselves, and live chiefly on moss, and on the buds of leaves and trees. They support themselves on very little nourishment, and are neat, and clean, and entertaining creatures. It is remarkable when the reindeer sheds his horns, and others rise in their stead; they appear at first covered with a skin, and till they are of a finger's length, are so soft that they may be cut with a knife like a sausage, and are delicate eating, even raw; therefore the hunters, when far out in the country, and pinched for the want of food, eat them,

and find that they satisfy both their hunger and their thirst. When the horn grows bigger, there breeds within the skin a worm which eats away the root. The reindeer has over his eyelids a kind of skin, through which he peeps, when otherwise, in the hard snows, he would be obliged to shut his eyes entirely—a singular instance of the benevolence of the great Creator in providing for the wants of each creature according to its destined manner of living.

THE man that can't laugh or won't laugh—the man that can't or won't take a joke—is one of nature's jokes himself.

Cousin Alice.

SHE was a beautiful child, and as she lay there, her little curly head half buried in the snow-white pillow, I saw with pain that life was slowly ebbing away. She slept now a calm and quiet sleep. A sweet, angelic smile played upon her lips. As I bent over her couch (watching, fearful that any moment might be her last), she raised her eyes to mine, and lifting up her little hands, said :

“Cousin Willie.” I bent down my head to listen. “Willie, your little Alice is going far away.”

“Where?” said I, scarcely knowing what I said. She looked at me like one in surprise, and said :

“To heaven.”

“And who will be there?”

“O, Jesus will be there, and all the bright angels. Mother said that there were children there no larger than I, and”—

“And, will you be one of that happy number?”

“Yes, I hope I shall.”

After a short pause, she said :

“Please call ma.”

The mother, who had just left the room a moment before Alice awoke, now returned, just as I was rising to call her.

“Ma, give your little Ally a kiss before she goes away to live with Jesus.”

The fond mother clasped her dying child to her bosom, and held her in one long and silent embrace.

“Now hear me say my little prayer.

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.’”

This simple but meaning prayer was said in a most devout and fervent manner.

“Now, Willie, kiss Cousin Ally.”

As she pressed her now colorless lips to mine, I could not but say within me, “And is this the child that one short week ago was so full of health, beauty, and happiness?”

“Willie, will you not strive to meet me in heaven?” said Alice.

“Yes, my darling, I will strive to meet you there.”

I kissed her again, and turned away; the burden of grief seemed too heavy to be borne. When I turned again to the bedside, the happy spirit had gone to be one of that number that sing praises around the throne of God.

WILLIE WILDWOOD.

Lessons in Philosophy.

“JOHN, what are the properties of cold and heat?”

“Yes, sir. It is the property of heat to expand, and of cold to contract.”

“That is right, John. Now give me an illustration of these properties of cold and heat.”

“Yes, sir. You see the days are short in winter, and long in summer.”

“Well, John, you may take your seat.”

Squibs, by Popgun.

DRAWING is much cultivated at our school, and a good sketch is as much thought of as a prize in the lottery at Havana. Tommy Titcomb, from his diminutive size generally called Tom-tit, took it into his little head to make a sketch of the school-room during the busy morning hours. But how to achieve it—that was the question. If he should stand on his desk, he could hardly look over the shoulder of any one of his class. Tom-tit was not easily put down, though he was not very high. He hit upon a fine expedient which gave him great *éclat* and added a new



syllable to his name, as well as a new feather to his cap. On one side of the school-room was an elaborate ornamental bracket, which had supported a clock. Tom-tit, placing a stool upon a desk, climbed into this bracket, with his book, and there secured an excellent bird's-eye view of the school. When school opened, there he was, ready for his work. The boys set up a general shout. The teacher, amused at Tom-tit's energy and zeal, good-humoredly favored his whim, and taking him down

when he had finished his work, was so well pleased with his sketch that he marked it A, which was the highest mark of approbation. From that time he went by the name of A. Tom-tit, which soon degenerated into Atom-Tit, a very superlative of diminutiveness.

IF "all men are liars," there are also some lyre-birds. Here is one. He don't look as if he could be trusted, with all that burden of fuss and feathers on his back. It would seem as if any puff of wind would blow him over. "Right side up, with care," would be a difficult matter in a gale. So it is with men-liars. Nothing keeps a man or a boy so straight, perpendicular, upright, as truthfulness. Nothing makes him top-heavy, unsteady, and unreliable, like a habit of lying.



Cruelty to Animals.

DEAR MERRY COUSINS :— It is getting common everywhere to poison dogs. Watchie was poisoned by some unknown hand ; he was gentle to our family ; but, as I told you, loved to bark at those who passed the fence ; though, had all spoken kindly, as some did, he would have stopped, and not offered to bark any more. For the words "Poor fellow!" "Good dog!" etc., were sufficient to silence him. You must not think that he was cross, oh, no ; he was a noble fellow, and notwithstanding he was part bulldog, he had a very gentle eye.

I hope none of the Merrys ever have been so cruel to a dog. For dogs have not eighty, ninety, or one hundred years to live, as men have. A dog of twenty is *very* old ; would you take away that short life ?

If your neighbor's dog does growl at you, don't be angry ; speak kindly to him—it will silence him much sooner than a cross word.

To horses and cows we owe much, and we should be very kind to them. Last week I saw three horses dragging a heavy stone roller around the streets. They struggled hard to even move it, and were followed by three men who continually beat them with great cowhides. On the side of one of these poor animals was a great *bleeding gash*, cut by a cowhide, I suppose.

Then, again, I saw a horse laying out on one of the commons, last winter ; the

hail was falling upon him, and the ground was frozen. Another horse stood by him and licked his poor, thin neck. Men came and beat him to make him rise, but of no avail ; he was left to die. We carried him food and water ; but he seemed too far gone to eat any thing but a few apples. All night he lay there, and in the morning he was still alive—though he died in a few hours. Don't this seem very hard ?

A boy passed here with a dog, which he beat continually, for his own amusement ; at length the boy spoke kindly to the poor creature, which, with true generosity, seemed to forget his former treatment, and leaped for joy.

This summer a stray dog came to Robingrove. He had been ill-treated, and liking his new home, still remains there. He was a young puppy, unable to bite, and some cruel person tormented him ; but fortunately he lived through it, and has now a happy home.

Then the cows, which supply us with milk, butter, and cheese—*they* should be kindly cared for ; not beaten when driven to pasture, oh, no ! "But what good does this letter do, Pansy ?" you ask. I will tell you, cousins : when you go to visit your Aunt, in the country, tell the farm-boys to be kind to the cows and horses—think of Pansy's letter and her request.

But I have said enough, and now close with a "happy New Year" to you all, and to Mr. Merry. PANSY.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WAY DOWN EAST, HALLOWELL,
Nov. 18th, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I would like to *chat* a moment with you. Probably you are acquainted with me, for I have written you three or four letters. I do not know as you received them all, but certainly you did one or two of them; for I saw my name in answer to two or three of the puzzles. Your loving friend and daughter (if you own me).
L. F. D.

You perceive, Lizzie, by what is left of this letter, that, if our correspondents do not "come right to the point," according to rule, we get Uncle Hiram to point them. Some letters we can not point, without cutting them all to pieces. Some, that come early enough for the "answers," are too late for the "Chat." And some are too personal, or too long, or too—something else, and we have to use them as we can. We are happy to hear from all, and do our best to treat all as nearly alike as possible.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 29th, 1856.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*: I am going to try for that prize, so please find inclosed \$2 (two dollars) for two copies of the MUSEUM in 1857. You have not limited us to any particular number of sentences, so I presume we may send you 40 or 50 to select from!

I have been trying my hand at it, and find the words "rise," "determine," and "exactly" very much in the way. Have you a sentence in your mind's eye comprising those words, or did you select them at random?

What do all those pointed remarks of Black-Eyes, concerning "Aunt Sue," mean? Why does she "Whew!" and then exhort the public to "hurry on:?" Is she afraid I shall be after them with my broom-stick. Spirits of peace, forbid it!

I don't wonder that Frank is mystified concerning those letters which you cut up so unmercifully that no one knew their own.

Yours, etc.,

AUNT SUE.

Thanks, aunty dear, for your prompt way of doing business. Right down mercantile. A good example for young folks. Don't notice the insinuation in that last word but one. As to the *words* in the Prize Sentence, we can

only say, if you *determine to rise*, use *exactly* the words we have given you, and use them well. When you have done your best, we will (perhaps) let you know what kind of a sentence was in our "mind's eye." Meanwhile, we may add that, though we think our family uncommonly smart, we never ask them to attempt impossibilities.

Black-Eyes—you are found out. I didn't tell.

CHARLESTON, TENN.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Here I am again. Do you welcome me with a smile, a frown, or a tear? I imagine it must be a tear; yes, the tear of pity. I know it can not be otherwise, for so good and kind a heart as yours can not but feel pity for a poor, ill-treated person like myself. Just think of it now—there is Miss "Black-Eyes," who wishes to make me *older* than I really am. Just let her come to Tennessee, and *see*.
BELLA BASSETT.

It is a great hardship, Bella, we admit, but we are under the necessity of contributing our share to it, by assuring that, if you continue to live, you *will* be "older than you really are." We advise you to make the best of it, and be just as old as you can. For the rest, if the papers you speak of are amusing, entertaining, and instructive, we should be happy to see them, and so would all the Merry family. Where did you reside, before going to Charleston?

MR. MERRY:—"Othello's occupation's gone," or, rather, mine is. Just when I thought I had succeeded in touching up your dignified correspondent ††, down you come (by Aunt Sue's suggestion) with that terrible *pronunciamento*, and put a stop to all further contest. Very well, sir, I understand your design. Pray proceed, by all means.

J. N. proposes to have all our family take a lesson of love from the "Happy Family." Why not put us at once in the hands of the *tamer* of said "family?" I fancy he would have a "time" of it. What a scratching of faces, and pulling of hair, there would be (among the girls, of course)! But suppose us

finally reduced to submission—a doubtful supposition—wouldn't it be a good speculation to box us up and exhibit us around the country? I think I hear the showman: "Here, leddies and gen'lemen, is one of the greatest nateral cur'osities of the age! The 'Merry Family,' consistin' of critters as violent and antagonistic as ever you see, but by great care and patience reduced to their present state of civilization. Walk up, gen'lemen, and don't be afeard of the hanimal with 'black eyes.' She's perfectly harmless *now*, though she does look savagewus."

What do you think of the scheme, Mr. Merry? !—!

Barnum, we believe, has gone to Europe;—else we should be alarmed at such a suggestion as this. He would have us all in his menagerie in a week. Please don't speak loud about it.

FLOWER LAND, December 6.

MR. MERRY:—Thinking that you might be glad to hear from one who lives in such a romantic part of creation, I write to inform you how extremely happy I am out here, removed from all the cares and vicissitudes of everyday life; and also to invite you to call in, and spend a day or two in my delightful mansion. You may think that the cold winter has desolated my beautiful flower-land. But if you do, you are greatly mistaken, as I and my kingdom are entirely beyond the power of such vulgar fellows as Jack Frost and his train.

Ever your friend,

THE FAIRY OF FLOWER LAND.

Accepted, thankfully. Please expect us on the 29th of Feb. We have invited Quarter-Master Spring and Captain March to accompany us. The latter generally looks grouty at flowers, but the former is very fond of them. He contributes largely, every year, to the floral exhibitions.

GENESE0, Dec. 29th, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:—Although my last met the discarded documents in the "Big Basket," or, more likely, went toward kindling the fire in the sanctum, one of those cold December mornings, yet I am not discouraged, but again thrust my poor attempt beneath your paternal nasal organ. Has not R. W. R. "left the world and clumb a tree?" He has not written in long time. As a compliment to him, let me say, the initials he writes over

always makes me think of the celebrated compound—"R. R. R., Radway's Ready Relief." And let me further say, Mr. Editor, that if you allow persons within your Chat who are "a pretty good shot with a pistol," I fear bloodshed will be the consequence, before the close of 1857.

Yours, FRITZ.

P. S.—Nix on the algebra question.

Don't be alarmed, Fritz R. W. R. is not Guy Fawkes, nor is the MUSEUM a *Powder Magazine*.

WARRENSBURG, Aug. 11, 1856.

MR. MERRY:—There are two questions in the last April number of the MUSEUM to which no answers have been given, viz., Nos. 70 and 84.

I send you herewith an answer to No. 84, and a rule to do it—thus: Multiply the circumference of the inner wheel by twice the length of the pole which connects them, $4 \times 2 \times 20 = 160$. *Ans.*

I know of only one right-angled triangle which has the sum of its sides equal to its area, viz., 6, 8, 10, sum of its sides and area, each 24. If there is another, I should be glad, as I am a constant reader of the MUSEUM, to have W. F. O. communicate it, for my own benefit and that of others in this burg.

Yours truly, WILLIE R. D.

It puzzles us to guess, Willie R. D., where you have been sleeping, since August last. This letter has just turned up. W. F. O. will please wake up, and answer.

TENNESSEE, Jan. 2, 1857.

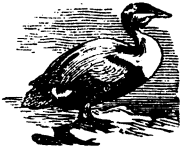
UNCLE HIRAM:—I'll make a polite bow as a new-comer, and then to the point. Wonder if the point this letter is destined to arrive at is under the table, in that all-swallowing basket. I wish to inquire of "Sigma," who was that gentleman she so generously provided with ball? The habit of loving "darkies" so much, as to put one's self to the inconvenience of going into another State to "liberate" them, where their presence is neither needed nor desired, is common in these days of isms, and so the mere loving of "darkies" gives no light on the subject. If the gentleman came from below a certain line, he is, no doubt, much obliged for such kindness. I hope he is at least. A voice at my elbow says that Uncle Hiram is "anti" on the "goose question." He won't publish any thing as bad as this. But, I answer, that if he does not, that will not be

the reason. I don't want any Algebra, because I'm afraid of hearing the "female subscribers'" tongues again. I would much rather have politics—not R. W. R.'s, however.

In regard to the Prize Sentence, please tell me if it is lawful, or if we can make a sentence without any new words.

Your Southern friend, TENNESSEAN.

There, so much of politics, just for this time, merely to give our "Southern friend" a chance to decide how Uncle Hiram stands "on the goose." The truth is, Uncle Hiram, like a sensible man, prefers turkey so much, that he never touches goose, when there's a gobbler to be had. Now, if you don't know on which side of 36° 30' Uncle Hiram stands, you must be a



Yes; make the sentence as short as you can, consistently with using all the words given, and making a good, grammatical, finished period. Brevity will be one of the points on which each sentence will be criticised.

HOME, Dec. 7th, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am an old correspondent, but it is such a long, *long time* since I have written to you, that I am afraid all the Merrys have forgotten me. Though I have taken no part in the late "war of words," I have been an interested looker-on, and am really glad to hear peace proclaimed. As to whether we shall have another algebraic problem or not, I say AYE. I do wonder if the "well-known seminary" at which Miss Nip-pinifidget "finished," is not Mrs. Willard's at Troy. She reminds me very much of a friend of mine who "finished" there. Now, Nip, be honest, and if it is, say so without any *equivocating*.

Your old friend, FLORENCE.

SELMA, ALA., Dec. 26, 1856.

A merry Christmas and happy New Year to all the Merry family.

In your "confab" with your young friends, in the last MUSEUM, you propose two things to be done, and here is the boy who will do them.

First, here is my gold dollar (and I earned it—no gift); and, secondly, here are *three new* subscribers, all paid in advance. What next? Tell us, and we will try.

What a pleasant world this would be if everybody would do as much as Robert Merry, Hiram Hatchet, Aunt Sue, and others, to make children happy! I know one gentleman who visits father, who, I think, ought to have a hand in the MUSEUM. And now, come to think of it, I guess he takes it for his little boys, and that is what makes him feel so young. I will ask him when he comes again, and if he don't, I'll show him a copy. I know he will like it, for it is much like himself, full of fun, riddles, conundrums, stories, mixed with a heap of *good*. He shows he loves little boys and girls, and has not forgotten he was once a child. Well, I won't tell his name, for perhaps he would not like it; but everybody who has seen him will know it, and if you will visit us this winter, I will introduce you, even if I have to go to Mobile to do it.

Please hurry on the January number, for I want to see the bright eyes of the little girls (should I say misses?) sparkle when they receive it. Very affectionately, EDDIE.

There's pluck for you, boys. Who will beat that? Give us your hand, Eddie. We'll come, and no mistake, and get that introduction you have promised.

Dec. 21, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I suppose you will be astonished to receive a letter from me, as I am not a subscriber; but I always use my cousin's MUSEUM. I hope that this letter will not find its way into "that basket." Your MUSEUM is a great favorite at home, and we always are waiting for it. Please excuse this letter, as it is my first attempt at writing, and I hope that after further acquaintance I will write better. Is this short enough, Mr. Merry? PUSSY.

We'll be magnani-mous, Pussy, and g-rat-ify your wish to have your little *mews* (muse) heard in the Chat; which, by the way, a very learned friend of ours insists should be pronounced *cat*, inasmuch as we pronounce character—*caracter*. *Purr-away*, puss, you are *purr-fectly* welcome.

The compliments of the season, Mr. Merry! A happy New Year to you and the MUSEUM! I need not wish you a *Merry* Christmas, for that you must have had of necessity. May you see a thousand of them!

And now what is to be the character of this year's campaign? Peace or war? The latter, I should judge, from the squibs which still continue to fly about, despite your efforts to repress them. Even now "Badger State" seems desirous of having a tilt with me, but as I am for peace, I will close that individual's account immediately. "Badger" is troubled concerning the location of that "State." He evidently fears lest it should be "near home;" but I will relieve his apprehensions, though the description *might* apply in that quarter. The well-known town of Sundown is situated in that State, and if "Badger" will turn to the letters of *Billy Bump*, published in the *MUSEUM*, several years ago, he will find Billy's location of the spot; which will, I trust, satisfy his "inquiring mind."

Black-Eyes announces herself for *eternal peace*. A strong declaration for this prime "mover in mischief."

Très bien, Monsieur François. Essayez en — what is it? Pshaw! I must rub up my French a little; it is getting rusty.

"Timothy Fennel's Reflections" is very good. Mr. Oh-wah-i-ee (what does that mean?) may congratulate himself.

††.

NEW IBERIA, LA., Dec. 12, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have read a great many pretty letters that different little girls wrote to you. Some told you about their uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters. One said she had a little sister Mary. I have a little sister Mary, too. I live in New Iberia, Parish of St. Martin, Atakapas, Louisiana. You may think it funny to have such a long name, and wonder if you can get an envelope large enough to put your letter in, when you answer this. But you need only put New Iberia, Atakapas, Louisiana. This is a beautiful country—every person that comes here thinks so. The town is situated on the Bayou Teche, about two hundred miles from New Orleans. This is the greatest game country in the world. You can go out in the morning and kill ducks, jack-snipes, woodcocks, and almost any kind of game, in abundance. This is a great fish country also. There is a beautiful lake about three miles from here, where a great many fish are caught. It is called Lake Tasse. You must excuse all the mistakes in this letter, for I am but a little girl ten years old. Good-bye.

Your affectionate friend,
LEILA.

Thank you, Leila, for so much information about your part of the "sunny South." Just at this writing, when the thermometer stands

but little above *zero*, and threatens to go lower, if the weather don't *hold up* soon, we are very inclined to think that Iberia is far preferable to Siberia, or Liberia.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here is a Christmas gift for you. My dollar. That brings me the dear old *MUSEUM* for another year anyhow, don't it? And, don't you think, I besieged the pride and love of every father and mother in that part of the old Buckeye State in which it is my lot to dwell, but not one of them had a dollar to spare; and I bet they'll spend a dozen in Christmas gifts that will do more harm than good. Bah! I don't like stingy folks. And then to think of men (*gentlemen* they call themselves) refusing any thing to the pleading of a *young lady*! O! I forgot. I intended to not tell that I was so old as to be a "young lady," but it's out now, and I may as well "own up." O! for the January number! Don't I intend to try hard for that prize? Whew! Don't you think the Millennium is coming? Peace in the Crimea, peace in the Chat, and every chance for Fremont next time. Hope you are enjoying yourself through the holidays. Love to Uncle Hiram, Aunt Sue, cousins Alice (she's my favorite, by the way, Uncle), Nip, and Willie. Did my last letter get in the big basket? "I 'spect so," as Tiff would say.

Yours, with *peaceful* intentions,

BLACK-EYES.

POLO, ILL., Dec. 3, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Don't you remember Julia Green's letter from *Greenland* last August? Well, I should think *this* was *Greenland* if I had been placed here with my eyes shut!

Why, old Winter seems perfectly furious—I shouldn't wonder if he did serious injury unless he's chained up very soon. I think it's astonishing that in all his rage he keeps so *perfectly cool*! Does he ever venture such doings with you there in New York?

As soon as he is calmed down a little, I hope we shall have some fine sleigh-rides.

I'm so glad that "Merry" quarrel (?) is ended—I haven't dared say any thing before peace was declared. But, Mr. M., why don't you burn those dangerous articles, instead of advertising them for sale? I wouldn't trust 'em around for fear some of the children might go to playing with them again.

Do you ever come out West? If so, when you get here, just jump off the cars and run in

and see us—if it's in July, we'll fan you with the breath of summer, perfumed by prairie flowers—if it's January, that'll suit all the better, for these prairie winds save the necessity of using *hatchets*.

As my name is Mary Hawks, you won't think me egotistical if I subscribe myself

HAWK-EYED MARY.

Pity that Winter behaves so *ill* in Illinois. In New York we don't allow such pranks. We have a Merry, A.M. who takes him in charge, as soon as he arrives, cuts him up into "sections," and whirls him round in certain "great cycles," which he has invented, till he scarcely leaves any breath in his body.

Uncle Hiram says he shan't call on you in winter, for he never goes where he isn't wanted.

Communications of all kinds for the MUSEUM should be directed to J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street, New York.

—

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 1, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been intending to write you for a long time, but knowing that you had a "basket" under the table, I had some fears. What do you think of the result of the election? Do you not think that the country is safe for the next four years? I have been a disinterested spectator of the "quarrel," and am very glad it is over. I would be very glad to write more, but "Be short" stops me. Wishing you and all the readers of the MUSEUM a happy New Year, I remain, yours truly,

HENRY.

Safe, Henry, as a thief in a mill-wheel. The wheel will make its revolutions, when the water or steam is let on again, and so will the country. But we have blown off so much steam of late, it will take a long time to get up another "head."

—

GRATIOT, Wis., Dec. 22, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Here I am, right on hand, for another year's subscription; and now that peace is declared, you, maybe, will hear oftener from your Wisconsin subscriber.

I stand up for A. B. C.'s "darling hobby" (woman's rights) to a certain degree, but not quite so far as to engage in open battle; and then if I had, I have not a pair of those dangerous weapons termed "Black Eyes." "Aunt Sue," I am puzzled about you yet. I am inclined to believe that you are not married, nor

have any children, that is, of *your own*, neither do I think you an *old maid*, but a gay young lady.

This is my first letter to you, Mr. Merry. I have been quite long a subscriber. I have often thought I should like to write for the MUSEUM, but thought myself incompetent. I am as green and verdant as the grass that grows on our prairies. I am a Westerner in every sense of the word, born and bred in Wisconsin. I love my Western home very much, but yet there are some very serious disadvantages we are obliged to bear. I sometimes go more than a whole year, not stepping my foot inside of a school-house, for it is only in the towns that there are good schools. I am a country girl, and now, Mr. Merry, I will sign myself "Prairie Girl." Prairie Bird would be much prettier, but as there is nothing birdlike about me, it must simply be

PRAIRIE GIRL.

Commend us to your kind mother, Lizzie. If you write so well without seeing the inside of a school-house once a year, it shows that she who has had the charge of your training found something "inside the school-house," and knows how to use it. Blessings on good mothers, everywhere.

—

PLAINVILLE, Ct., Jan. 1, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—To you and to all the Merry family a "happy New Year." I like the MUSEUM better and better the more I read it, and I mean to take it till my little sister Minnie is old enough to take it in my stead; and may she receive as much pleasure in reading it as I do.

Your little friend, JENNIE D.

—

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I should like to see you again very much, and I hope Uncle Merry will be at home, too, when I come next time. My little cousin Florence and I had a nice doll's party, with eighteen dolls, on Christmas day; but it was not like last Christmas, when my other cousins, Freddy and Clementine, were here; nor like Christmas before last, when my brother was with us all. They are all in heaven, and I think they are happier than they would be here.

The Lord has sent me another cousin, and her name is Juliet. She is only a week old, and is a very sweet little thing.

I am so sorry I forgot to ask about Aunt Sue when I paid you that visit. I know your name

now, and I want to know her true name, and her mother's name. Is Aunt Sue's mother your wife? Please answer this letter. I am very tired, but I must wish you a happy New Year. Your little friend,
TINA T.

Let me see. If Aunt Sue's mother were my wife, it would seem to follow that Aunt Sue is my daughter. No, Tina. You will have to guess again, or call in Aunt Sue herself.

My thanks to little "Florence" for her pretty little note, and her "happy New Year." May she never see any other than happy years.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Dec. 11, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY HATCHET:—(Ha! ha! in my sleeve.) What a name! Well, names are of little consequence, though at first I thought of addressing you as the "old gentleman of the big shoe-buckles." Is there room in the charmed circle for another Merry brother away off in Arkansas? If not, out with the sharp hatchet, or into the flames with this to flumine your sanctum instead of the heads of rosy-cheeked children. I picture to myself the "help" coming in of a morning and, whisk! goes a whole basketful of "rejected" into the grate as a holocaust to the editorial *Penates*. Ah! that "basket" is ominous of a more terrible fate. But enough of this. Your magazine came to-day. I send some of the answers to the riddles, though they may not possibly reach you in time for publication. With much respect, I am,

SIR HARDHEART.

HAZEL DELL, Jan. 2d, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY.—I have long thought of writing to you, but never have until now; but now, as the battle is over, I hope you will allow these few lines a little corner in the Chat. I sympathize heartily with Pansy in her loss of her Watchie. She describes a little pet dog I once had by the same name, as well as I could myself. My Watchie was poisoned, and for a long time I could not speak of him without crying. For a long time I felt very lonesome; I thought I never could love another dog as well. But your rule says, Be short, and I am afraid of the basket under the table, so good-bye.

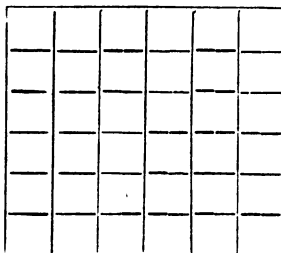
NELLIE.

GREEN POINT, Jan. 12, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—It has been so long since I have written you a letter, that I am afraid you will hardly remember me. But if you will take the trouble to look over the history of the great Algebraical war which took

place in the Merry family last year, you will find my name enrolled among the infantry. I served in that war. And there may be those who think that I must have got killed in some one of the many sanguinary battles of that memorable campaign. But they are mistaken. I did get severely wounded. I lost an *I*, and had my *knobs* badly barked by the *Xplosion* of one of Willie Coleman's *shells*; but, in the language of the immortal Webster, *I ain't dead yet!* Not I. I'm not so easily *Xtinguished*.

But hold on; my object in writing this letter was to propose a problem to my Merry cousins. Here it is:



The above diagram represents a township six miles square, which is intersected by roads crossing each other at right angles, and just a mile apart each way. A man lives at one corner of the township, and his place of business is at the opposite corner. It is evident that he can not ride from one corner to the opposite without traveling 12 miles. In how many ways can he vary the whole, or any part of his route, and not make the distance exceed 12 miles? Yours, etc., X.

Answers.

1. Castile (cast-steel). Aunt Sue.—C. C.—H. W.—J. D.—George.—Henry.—Lewis.
2. When he is a-board. Aunt Sue.—G. A. H.—Lewis.—J. D.—Henry.
When he is a-loft. C. C.—H. W.—George.
When he is a-shore. Lewis.—J. D.
3. Chaucer (chaw, sir). Aunt Sue.
Charles Lamb. H. M.—G. A. H.—Lewis.
4. Green. L. S.—C. C.—H. M.—Lewis.—Henry.—J. D.
Invisible green. Aunt Sue.
5. The rotatory (rot-tater-y) motion of the earth. Aunt Sue.—George.
6. In violet (inviolate). Aunt Sue.—C. C.
7. By consulting the best common taters. Aunt Sue.—George.
8. It should be *pugno, pugnans, pugnans*. Answer next month.

9. Newman Goodman went to the tailor to have his vest mended. *George.*
10. Too great ease before marriage, too little ease after it. *Aunt Sue.*
11. Mr Dashwood, being at the point of death, sent for his friends and relatives. They sent for Dr. Childs, who inclosed a few lines to Dr. Barnes and implored his assistance. But, before he arrived, the invalid died, and the undertaker was sent for. *Aunt Sue.*
12. Read down and up,
And you will see
How I love you,
If you love me. *Aunt Sue.—C. C.—
H. M.—Lewis.—J. D.—Henry.*
13. Elisha. *H. M.—J. D.*
14. Cares—caress. *Aunt Sue.—H. M.—
Henry.—J. D.*
15. 350 feet. *H. M.—Henry.—J. D.*
16. Cleopatra's needle-maker. *Poppun.*
Cleopatra's slaves. *Palmetto.*
17. Two—one male and one female. *Susie.—
H. M.—Lewis.—Henry.*
18. 725 years. *H. M.*
726 years. *Lewis.—Henry.—J. D.*
19. The same year. *Susie.—Lewis.—J. D.*
One year. *H. M.*
20. Green. *C. C.—H. M.—Lewis.—Henry.—
J. D.*
30. Whose was the first "cook" mentioned in history? *U. L.*
31. Where is the first account of the people shouting "God save the King?" *U. L.*
32. When the first of the cry of "Treason?" *U. L.*
33. How many horsemen had Solomon? *E. A. S.*
34. Who instigated the elders and nobles of a city to put an innocent man to death? *E. A. S.*
35. When was a fugitive prophet in danger of being arrested in his sleep? *H. H.*
36. If you throw a stone into the Red Sea, what will it become? *Sallie.*
37. What is that which, if you take its head off, makes you sick? *O. L. L.*
38. Light and gently falls my first
Upon the frozen ground;
When icy winds from the north have burst,
My next is seldom found.
Yet you see my whole in winter time,
When the brook has ceased to flow,
And, as the merry sleigh-bells chime,
They skim along the snow. *Charlie Cheerful.*
39. Three countrywomen went to market with eggs; the first had 50 to sell; the second 30; the third 10. All three sold out at the same rate, and each made the same amount of money. How did they sell? (This was in the MUSEUM several years ago, but never was answered, so says) *Florence.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

21. The circle, where does it begin, and where does it end? *H. H.*
22. How many persons are mentioned in Scripture as having hanged themselves? Name them. *U. L.*
23. What Scripture name would a father use in telling his boy to get into a crowded stage? *J. N.*
24. Why was B placed before C in the Alphabet? *J. D. C.*
25. When, and by whom, was the Tower of Babel demolished? *U. L.*
26. What two sums, subtracted the one from the other, will produce the same result as when added together? *L. R. S.*
27. Who was Semiramis? and who were some of her cotemporaries? *U. L.*
28. Though I live in a study, I know not a letter;
I feast on the Muses, but ne'er am the better;
Can run over English, or Latin, or Greek,
Yet none of these languages ever could speak. *L. R. S.*
29. Where in history is the word "parlour" first used? *U. L.*
40. A. B. marries his niece, C. D., and each has a large family connection. What changes take place in the relationships of the family? *R. L.*
41. When and where were a quantity of earrings hid under a tree? *W. F. O.*
42. Near what river was a linen girdle buried? *W. F. O.*
43. What is that which makes every one sick but those who swallow it? *P.*
44. Why is an andiron like a yard-stick? *L. R. S.*
45. Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? *J. N.*
46. Why is the letter T like an island? *J. N.*
47. Why ought the stars to be themselves the best astronomers? *Sir Hardheart.*
48. Whose daughter was Noah? *Sir Hardheart.*
49. ^{more} brethren, be not ⁷⁷ much; there is ^{one} who stands no, no, no, no, and will X all things. *Aunt Electa.*
50. Why is a colt being broke like a young lady being married?



The Mammoth Cave.

ONE of the most remarkable caves in the world, if not the most remarkable yet discovered, is found in Kentucky. From its immense, and yet unknown, extent it is generally called "The Mammoth Cave." Its entrance is a little south of Green River, in Edmonson County, and some half dozen miles east from Browneville, the capital of that county. Being nearly midway between Louisville and Frankfort on the north, and Nashville on the south, it has become quite a fashionable resort from those places, as well as for the multitude of travelers from all sections, who annually go forth in quest of wonders. Ample accommodation for all such is provided by the forecast of Dr. Crogan, who purchased, a few

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—5

years ago, a large tract of land in the vicinity, and erected, near the entrance, an extensive hotel, which he called "The Cave House." The main building is a spacious airy frame, two hundred feet long and two stories high, substantially built of logs, neatly finished on the outside with clap-boards, and made picturesque and comfortable by green blinds, porticoes, verandahs, etc. This building is flanked, at either end, by substantial wings of brick, which show their gable ends in front, making the whole façade about three hundred feet in length.

The approach to the cave, as delineated in the accompanying engraving, is beautiful and romantic, though the country, for some distance around, is

one of those dry, unpromising tracts of rolling knobs and hills, which sometimes occur in the prairie country, on which it seems that nothing can grow but dwarf oaks, or beeches, or such vines and shrubs as can find a precarious rooting in the hard baked soil. The immediate neighborhood of the Cave House is more agreeable and inviting—sufficiently so to redeem in part the general character of the section. Patches of thrifty woodland, elm, hickory, chestnut, and other species of valuable and ornamental trees, in which there are fine openings, and romantic reaches for pleasant walks and rides, with sharp ravines widening into delightful valleys, present some landscapes of rare beauty.

Cave Hollow is a deep valley bounded by walls of lime-rock, overlaid with sandstone. In some places the sides are precipitous and sharp; in others, composed of loose, broken masses of rock piled rudely together, and overgrown with a wild luxuriance of clambering vines, brambles, and flowers of various hues, while the valley below is thickly set with maples, walnuts, catalpas, paw-paws, etc.

A circuitous path through this hollow leads to the entrance of the Cave. This is a dark, gloomy-looking opening in the side of the hill, some fifteen feet high, and perhaps twenty feet broad at the base.

It does not appear, in passing, as large as this, and, indeed, might well be passed by without notice, being liberally overhung with vines and shrubbery.

From this entrance there is a descent of thirty feet, or more, over somewhat broken and irregular stone steps, to the first floor or level, to which you enter through an archway of loosely piled rocks, overgrown with a tangled vegetation, through which there is a constant dripping of water from above. The outward current of cold air which meets you at the first entrance, becomes here more intensely cold, and much stronger, so that you must look well to your torches.

As it would be impossible, in the space of one short article, to give anything like a full description of this subterranean wonder, we will pause a moment, at the entrance, to make some general statements, and then proceed to describe a few of the more prominent parts, as delineated by the most reliable explorers.

The old guide books say it "contains 226 avenues, 47 domes, numerous rivers, 8 cataracts, and 23 pits." More recent discoveries have extended the range on every side, so that the number of avenues is now estimated at 227, the domes 50, the cataracts 8, and the pits 25.

Willis, in his graphic sketch (see "Health Trip to the Tropics"), says: "The Mammoth Cave is an antiquity of the world before the Flood—a city of giants which an earthquake swallowed, and which a chance roof of rocks has protected from being effaced by the Deluge and by the wear of the elements for subsequent ages—is one of the fancies which its strange phe-

nomena force upon the mind. *All is so architectural.* It is not a vast underground cavity, raw and dirty, but a succession of halls, domes, and corridors, streets, avenues, and arches—all under ground, but all telling of the design and proportion of a majestic primeval metropolis. It is not a cave, but a city in ruins—a city from which sun, moon, and stars have been taken away—whose day of judgment has come and passed, and over which a new world been created and grown old. By what admirable laws of unknown architecture those mammoth roofs and ceilings are upheld, is every traveler's wondering question. In some shape or other, I heard each of my companions express this. No modern builder could throw up such vast vaulted arches, and so unaccountably sustain them. And all else is in keeping. The cornices and columns, aisles and galleries, are gigantically proportionate, and as mysteriously upheld. Streets after streets—miles after miles—seem to have been left only half in ruins—and here and there is an effect as if the basements and lower stories were encumbered with fragments and rubbish, leaving you to walk on a level with the capitals and floors once high above the pavement. It might be described as a mammoth Herculeum, first sepulchred with overtopping mountains, but swept and choked afterward by the waters of the Deluge, that found their way to its dark streets in their subsiding. What scenery and machinery all this will be for the poets of the West, by and by!

Their Parnassus is 'a house ready furnished.'

One of the great halls, called "The Church," is thus described by Dr. Bird:

"The ceiling is sixty-three feet high, and the church itself, including the recess, is about one hundred feet in diameter. Eight or ten feet above the pulpit, and immediately behind it, is the organ-loft, which is sufficiently capacious for an organ and choir of the largest size. This church is large enough to contain thousands" [another account says it will accommodate five thousand]; a solid projection of the wall seems to have been designed as a pulpit, and a few feet back is a place well calculated for an organ and choir. In this great temple of nature, religious service has been frequently performed, and it requires but a slight effort on the part of the speaker to make himself heard by the largest congregation."

The same writer thus describes the Vestibule of the Cave:

"This is a hall of an oval shape, two hundred feet in length by one hundred and fifty wide, with a *roof as flat and level as if finished by the trowel*, and from fifty to sixty feet high. Two passages, each a hundred feet in width, open into it at the opposite extremities, but at right angles to each other; and as they run in a straight course for five or six hundred feet, with the same flat roof common to each, the appearance presented to the eye is that of a vast hall in the shape of the letter L, expanded at the angle, both branches being *five hundred feet long by one hun-*

dred wide. The entire extent of this prodigious space is covered by a single rock, in which the eye can detect no break or interruption, save at its borders, which are surrounded by a broad sweeping cornice, traced in horizontal panel work, exceedingly noble and regular. *Not a single pier or pillar of any kind contributes to support it.* It needs no support, but is

'By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.'

At a very remote period this chamber seems to have been used as a cemetery; and there have been disinterred many skeletons of gigantic dimensions, belonging to a race of people long since vanished from the earth. Such is the vestibule of the Mammoth Cave. The walls of this chamber are so dark that they reflect not one single ray of light from the dim torches. Around you is an impenetrable wall of darkness, which the eye vainly seeks to pierce, and a canopy of darkness, black and rayless, spreads above you. By the aid, however, of a fire or two which the guides kindle from the remains of some old wooden ruins, you begin to acquire a better conception of the scene around you. Far up, a hundred feet above your head, you catch a fitful glimpse of a dark gray ceiling, rolling dimly away like a cloud, and heavy buttresses, apparently bending under the superincumbent weight, project their enormous masses from the shadowy wall. The scene is vast, and solemn, and awful. A profound silence, gloomy, still, and breathless, reigns unbroken by even a sigh of air, or the echo of a drop of

water falling from the roof. You can hear the throbbings of your heart, and the mind is oppressed with a sense of vastness, and solitude, and grandeur indescribable."

Lee describes "The Temple" as "an immense vault, covering an area of two acres, and covered by a single dome of solid rock, one hundred and twenty feet high. It excels in size the cave of Staffa, and rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparos, which is said to be the largest in the world. In passing through, from one end to the other, the dome appears to follow, like the sky in passing from place to place on the earth. In the middle of the dome there is a large mound of rocks, rising on one side nearly to the top, very steep, and forming what is called the *mountain*. When first I ascended this mound from the cave below, I was struck with a feeling of awe, more deep and intense than anything I had ever before experienced. I could only observe the narrow circle which was illuminated immediately around me; above and beyond was apparently an unlimited space, in which the ear could not catch the slightest sound, nor the eye find an object to rest upon. It was filled with silence and darkness; and yet I knew that I was beneath the earth, and that this space, however large it might be, was actually bounded by solid walls. My curiosity was rather excited than gratified. In order that I might see the whole in one connected view, I built fires in many places, with the pieces of cane which I found scattered among the

rocks. Then taking my stand on the mountain, a scene was presented of surprising magnificence. On the opposite side, the strata of gray limestone, breaking up by steps from the bottom, could scarcely be discerned in the distance by the glimmering. Above was the lofty dome, closed at the top by a smooth slab beautifully defined in the outline, from which the walls sloped away on the right and left, into thick darkness. Every one has heard of the dome of the mosque of St. Sophia, of St. Peter's, and St. Paul's; they are never spoken of but in terms of admiration, as the chief works of architecture, and among the noblest and most stupendous examples of what man can do when aided by science; and yet, when compared with the dome of this temple, they sink into comparative insignificance. Such is the surpassing grandeur of nature's works."

"From the Bandit's Hall diverge two caves, one of which, the left, leads you to a multitude of domes; and the right to one which, *par excellence*, is called the *Mammoth Dome*. This dome is near four hundred feet high, and is justly considered one of the most sublime and wonderful spectacles of this most wonderful of caverns. From the summit of this dome there is a waterfall. Foreigners have been known to declare, on witnessing an illumination of the great dome and hall, that it alone would compensate for a voyage across the Atlantic."

MERIT, like fruit, has its season.



Teaching under Difficulties.

"WHAT is that?" asked Mrs. Farley,
Pointing to great O.

"That's my hoop," said willful Charley,
"Can't you make it go?"

"No, my darling, don't talk so,
That's the letter O.

"Now, what's that, my little duck?
Charlie, dear, be good."

"That, mamma, is father's buck,
When he's sawing wood."

"Charlie, dear, don't mother vex,
You must call that X.

"Now, my darling, here's a kiss"—
(Love is wisdom's germ)—

"Charlie, tell me what is this."
"Mamma, that's a worm."

"No," said Mrs. F., with stress,
"Well you know 'tis S.

"Now, my pet, I'll try you here—
Charlie, be a man—

Tell me what is that, my dear."
"That is sissy's fan."

"Charles, how naughty you can be!
Sure you know that's V."

H H.

Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage.

FINDING myself safe on the outer side of the mob, and not likely to be pursued, I took an observation, as Jack Tar would say, and headed my course toward Broadway. There was an unseemly rattle of wagons and carts, but it was music compared with the jargon I had left behind.

The morning was clear and bright; and I had no sooner left the pier, than I was attracted by sounds of mirth and music on the right. I followed them, as I always do, when I can, and soon found myself within the then beautiful inclosure, called the Battery. The trees had on their fairest spring dresses, and the birds were making them ring and thrill with melody. The bay, the broad, bright, sparkling bay, with its living panorama of boats and vessels, of every form and size, and its distant islands, lay stretched out before me in a golden calm. The air was sweet, fresh, and invigorating, and scores of children, and some who had once been children, were making the most of its healthful influences.

Jessy.—I wish I could have been there, Uncle.

"I should wish so too, if I were going there again, dear. The children paid no attention to me, but kept on their sports, as if they had been all alone.



Finding a comfortable rustic seat under one of the broad spreading trees, I sat down to witness the fun, which I enjoyed as much as any one among them. They were very lively and gay, as free and almost as musical as the birds overhead. By and by, one of them, either a little tired with over-earnest exercise, or attracted by a book which I had taken out of my pocket, but had not yet began to read, stopped near my seat, and looked wistfully toward me. My heart was touched in an instant. I felt as if she must be one of my family—a niece at the farthest—she seemed to feel so too,

and to be on the point of saying, "Good-morning, Uncle." But she hesitated, blushed, turned a pirouette, with a sweet bird-like gust of song, and was off among the group of merry dancers in a trice. A few moments after, she took one of her companions by her arm, and strolled away to the other side of the park, and then, in returning, came round through the avenue, on the edge of which I was sitting. I caught her eye, as she approached, and said :

"Good-morning, Mary! How do you do?"

Looking at me again, earnestly, she drew a little nearer, and with a diffident, but very lady-like air, replied :

"Good-morning, sir; but, please, sir, how did you know my name?"

"Why shouldn't your uncle know your name, dear?"

"Are you my uncle, sir? Why, I did not know that, though I felt, when I first looked in your face, as if I had seen you before."

"So did I," said her companion. "Perhaps you are my uncle, too?"

"Yes, my dear Helen, I am your uncle, too."

"Why, how strange!" they both exclaimed together. "He does know our names, surely."

"But, Uncle," said Helen, "I can't understand how you can be uncle to both of us, when we are not cousins to each other."

"Oh, there is nothing easier in the world," said I. "I have a large family of children at home, and a wide circle of nephews and nieces, according to

law. And dear, good children they are, too. But there are not enough of them. My heart has room for so many, that the more I have the more I want. And I claim to be uncle to all the bright, happy children of the land; and I hardly know my adopted nephews and nieces from my real ones."

"How many do you think you have in all, dear Uncle?" asked Mary.

"Well, I can name somewhat over twelve thousand, and they are constantly increasing."

"Oh! Mary," exclaimed Helen, "isn't that funny?" And she jumped up, and clapped her hands, as if a new joy had touched her heart.

Elsie. — Did they know what you meant, Uncle?

"They soon found out. Helen's gesture of surprise and pleasure attracted the notice of others of the party, both boys and girls, who came over and joined our group.

"Each one, in coming up, was introduced by Helen, or Mary, with the question, 'Do you know this cousin, Uncle?' In every case but one, I gave the right name, and that one, which was Estelle, I called Isabel. They were greatly surprised and delighted, and set up a merry shout, as each new name was pronounced."

Elsie, Alice, and two or three others together—

"Why, Uncle! how did you find out all these names? Had you ever seen them before?"

"No, I had never seen one of them,

till I entered the park that morning. But old ears are not always dull. Mine are very quick to the tones of childish glee. There is more music in the unconstrained frolic of a score of happy children, than in harp or organ, or the full-orbed orchestra. I had been noticing them, when they did not notice me. I had heard them call and answer each other in their sports, while they, perhaps, if they had looked my way, would have thought I was dozing or dreaming. I should have given Estelle correctly, but they always called her Telle, which I mistook for Belle."

Jesse.—How many of them came to your company?

"About a dozen. Some of the older ones were a little shy, and perhaps doubted the propriety of speaking to a stranger."

Jesse.—Why, Uncle, is it possible you could pick up twelve names in that way, in so short a time? You must have had a wonderful quick memory?

"My memory *was* quicker then, than it is now. But it was not all memory. There was some guess-work about it. And the children, without knowing it, helped me out. First, Mary and Helen, who began to feel like old friends, and to take an interest in keeping up my reputation, would, quite unconsciously, and yet with a good deal of expression, say the word to themselves, thus helping me, as I watched their lips, to apply to the right person a name I had heard called in their play. After I had guessed one or two correctly, every child in the

group would do the same thing, so that, instead of being more difficult, it became constantly easier to surprise and please them."

Alice.—Did you explain the mystery to them?

"I told them there was no mystery in it; that when they had seen as much of the world as I had, and counted as many nephews and nieces as I could, they would understand a great many things that looked strange to them. They then asked me, if I had time, and was not too weary, to tell them some of the things I had seen. I told them some stories of my travels, and something about some of my other nephews and nieces, till the breakfast bells in the neighborhood began to ring, as a signal that our meeting must break up. About half the company said, 'Good-bye, uncle,' and scampered away. A few of them hesitated a little, among whom were Mary and Helen. Then Mary, stepping a little nearer, said, blushing, 'Uncle, won't you please walk over and take breakfast with us? I am sure you will be most welcome.'"

"Thank you, Mary," said I, "my relationship, as uncle to you, does not allow me to claim your parents as brother or sister. I am sufficiently happy in the love of children, to find it no loss to be a stranger to their parents. Besides, I must go on my way. I only paused here a little, to have my part in your sports."

"But what part have you had?" inquired Helen. "You have sat here all the time."

"My part," I answered, "is to look on, and listen. It is as much pleasure to me now to see the frolic, and hear the sport, as it once was to take part in it. Through sight and hearing I now enjoy all the pleasure which I once derived from the full exercise of all my boyish powers. When you leap, my heart leaps with you; when you shout, my heart echoes the shout; when you laugh, my heart smiles; when you are merry, I am glad. When you dance, or troop, or hunt-the-slipper, I seem to have a whole bevy of young cherubs galloping through my veins, and making me feel so young and antic, that I can hardly keep from screaming. But you must go, for the bell has rung. Good-morning, dear children. God bless you."

"Do let us see you again, Uncle," said Helen. "Then, perhaps, we can find out your name, as you have ours."

"Oh! I know," said Estelle; "it must be Uncle Peter Parley."

"Is it so? Is it?" cried they all together.

"You do me too much honor," I replied; "but I claim Peter as an old acquaintance."

"Well, then," exclaimed Helen, "you must be Uncle Merry. Are you not?"

"Not exactly, dear," I replied; "but Robert is a friend of mine, and much sympathy do we have in our love of children. My nieces at home call me —" just then one or two bells rang loudly, and eager and curious as they all were, my young friends heeded rather the call of duty, and ran homeward, without giving me time to pro-

nounce the word; though one of them, turning her head as she moved off, seemed to feel sure she should *catch it*.

Cold Water and Prosperity.

WE had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstances:

Several years ago, a gentleman dined with him who had risen, by his own industry and integrity alone, from humble life to a proud position in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine, the following conversation ensued:

"Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?" asked the guest.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Buchanan.

"Then I'll take a glass of water."

"Ah, indeed! And how long have you drank cold water?"

"Ever since I was eleven years old."

"Is it possible! And pray what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?"

"Seeing a person intoxicated."

"Well," continued Mr. Buchanan, "if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position."

Mr. Buchanan afterward learned that the person he saw intoxicated was his *father*.



Skating—A Convention.

HAVING set the women skating,
(See page 33,)

All the young folks are debating
What their rights may be.
They are holding a Convention
Out on Silver Lake,
With the evident intention
Some reforms to make.

Every class is represented,
Country boy and town,
Upper ten and lower twenty,
Civil folk and clown—
With a sprinkling, bright and golden,
Of the gentler sex,
Which our recent rhymes embolden
In the strife to mix.

Hark! they call for nomination
For a President.
"Hardheart" 's named for that high station,
"Willie C." and "Kent,"
"Black-Eyed Mary," "X," and "Laura,"
"Alice B." and "Nip,"
"Hawk-Eye," "Badger State," and "Roarer,"
"Frank," and "Charley Pip."

Viva voce—acclamation—

What a shout was there!
Omen of a noisy session
"Roarer" takes the chair.
Now we want a Secretary—
Give the girls *fair play*—
"Prairie Girl," or "Blue-Eyed Mary,"
"Cousin Sue," or "May."

"Pencil Vany" claims the honor,
Her *Penn* is known to fame!
"Merry-land" looks down upon her,
Boasting of *her* name.
Other States set up pretensions
Rarely worth a "fip"—
These discarding, the Convention
Gives the place to "Nip."

Now, then, for a warm discussion—
Right and wrong take sides,
While, with florid elocution,
Each some hobby rides.
Black-Eyed Mary opens boldly
On the $y + x$,
Willie C. receives her coldly,
Piper says—annex.

Badger State (can he be jealous ?)
 Sees Frank, Laura greeting,
 Shouts, with X, and other fellows,
 Girls can't "talk in meeting."
 Alice, looking from her corner,
 Knocks them into *pi*,
 Unto which young "Jacky Horner"
 Would his "thumb" apply.

Tennessean squints at Sigma,
 Like a jealous leopard,
 "Please explain your late enigma,
 Who was that you peppered?"
 While Augustus, looking daggers
 Right at Annie's head,
 Says, as if he fain would gag her,
 "Call Aunt Sue *old maid!*"

Minchy makes a pass at Sallie,
 Sallie turns to Dodt,
 Weldon calls a general rally,
 Alice says—"Why not?"
 Mignon hums a pleasant stanza
 With a hint at Fritz,
 Which the tender-hearted Pansy
 Fears will "give him fits."

When, like modern legislators,
 National or State,
 Nearly all their best debaters
 Had dabbled in debate.
 Each some private topic hinting,
 Some out-side affair,
 Without even remotely squinting
 At what brought them there—

[N.B.—Pending these proceedings,
 Members one and all,
 Rules of order nowise heeding,
 Skated round the hall.
 President and Secretary,
 Without chair or table,
 Made themselves sublimely merry,
 As—who better able?]

Question! question! question! question!
 Shouted half a score;
 What's the question for digestion,
 Shouted many more.

Order, order, ye debaters!

Roared the Roarer there—
 Like a fleet of boats, the skaters
 Gathered round "the Chair."

"Hem!" said Roarer; "Gents and ladies"—
 Timidly he spoke—

"Since this humble effort made is,
 And the ice is broke"—

"Mercy on us!" screamed a dozen,
 "We shall all be drowned"—
 Roarer vainly shouted—"Cousins,
 You my sense confound."

Just then our reporter fainted,
 (Sympathy, no doubt,)

We, of course, are not acquainted
 How the thing fell out;
 But of one thing we're suspicious—
 If the ice was thin,
 And the Roarer not malicious,
 Somebody *fell in*.

H. H.

The Size of Books.

WHEN the sheet of paper of which a book is made is folded in two leaves, the book is called a folio; when folded into four leaves, it is called a quarto; when folded into eight leaves, it is called an octavo; when folded into twelve leaves, a duodecimo, or 12mo; when folded into sixteen, a 16mo; when folded into eighteen leaves, 18mo, etc. The number of folds in each sheet is ascertained by the letters or figures at the bottom of the pages, there being as many leaves between each as there are folds in the sheet, the figure at the bottom telling the number of sheets in a book, as those at the top do the number of pages.

String of Pearls.

I SAT at my window and looked down upon the river, which, swollen by recent rains, rushed on toward the sea. The trees and green banks were no longer reflected in its waters. It was in too much haste to picture them as it passed.

On, on it rushed, and every thing which rested on its waves was borne with it away. Rafts went by guided by men who knew all the dangers of the rapid stream, and scorned them. A little boat, loosened from its moorings, came floating along, to be dashed in pieces with the logs and uprooted trees. Fascinated by the scene, I gazed till the noise of the waters became a dull murmur, and the river, and banks, and quiet village beyond faded away. I slept, and as I slept the scene before me mingled with my thoughts. I stood on the banks of the river, not now dashing and rushing on, but calm and quiet, gentle ripples only disturbing its surface; and floating slowly down the stream, came a little boat. In it was a manly youth, who, half reclining, guided with ease the little bark; nearer and nearer he came, so that I observed that ever and anon he turned his head, and raised his hand, as if to receive some-



thing from some one above him. I looked more earnestly, and saw dimly, faintly revealed, an angel figure bending over him, and offering to him a string of pearls. The youth received them with a careless laugh, and after holding them for a moment, dropped them one by one in the bright waters. Still the angel hand continued to supply him, and still he threw the precious gems as carelessly away. What, thought I, is this only play—I will know the meaning of this. Then I saw another form beside the youth, and as he threw the pearls away, this angel caught them from the gathering waters, and strung them again. The face of this angel was sad, and he looked carefully at each precious gem, as if to see whether it had received any impress from the youth. Then I saw that six of these gems were pearls beautifully set with twenty-four smaller gems, but the seventh, which was also surrounded with twenty-four gems, was a diamond. I

looked then to see how the youth would receive the diamond; surely, thought I, he will prize it more than the rest. But no, he seemed glad indeed to receive the gem, but he threw it away more hastily than any of the others. Then I saw that the sad-faced angel talked with the young man, and showed him the long string of gems which he had gathered from the waters, and the youth's face, too, grew sad for a moment, and as he received another pearl, he held it more carefully, and even attempted to engrave something upon it, for I saw that these gems were already prepared to receive the letters which the young man was expected to mark upon them. Then I rejoiced to think that these beautiful gems were no longer to be thrown carelessly away; but, alas! the youth tried for a moment, then cast the pearl overboard with an impatient—" 'Tis useless, I can't trouble myself so."

Now the boat had floated very near me, so I called to the youth, and asked him whither he was floating, and why he threw away so carelessly such beautiful gems.

"Why, you see, I know I shall have plenty more of them; as long as I float on this river I can have them, and I throw them away because I can only keep one at a time, and there is nothing different in them. I can make them different by engraving certain words upon them; indeed, I am told, that is what they are given to me for, but it's too much trouble; and if I begin now, I shall have to write a

great many before I get through, I'm afraid."

"But, when will you get through?" said I.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," replied the youth; "that depends upon the length of this river, and the swiftness of the current; it may be a great while, and it may not."

"And where do you go then?" was my question.

The young man shuddered. "There is a dreary, boundless ocean then," he answered, "but I don't want to think of that."

"But," I persisted, "why does the pale figure by your side keep gathering up those stones, and placing them on the string?"

"That is to see how many I have written on. They tell me that when I get to the mouth of this river, I may reach a beautiful country, and live there; but it all depends on what I write on those stones, so there isn't much prospect of my getting there;" and he laughed—a hollow, affected laugh.

"Why don't you write on them," asked I, "since you gain so much by it?"

"Oh, 'tis too much trouble. Here it goes"—and with these words he tossed over the pearl he had been holding while talking to me, and raised up his hand for another.

I looked wonderingly after him, as he floated on out of my sight. Then I thought, "I will ascend this high hill, and watch that little boat;" so I climbed the hill, and behold, from the

top, I could see the whole course of the river, and far on I saw the little boat. The waters here were no longer calm, there were rapids and rocks to avoid, and the young man no longer looked carelessly, but anxiously watched, peering forward into the darkness, to see what was coming. It needed much care to keep his boat afloat, and sometimes I fancied it was lost, and then I would see it rise on the waves, and struggle on again. Still I could see that his hand was raised for the pearls, and I fancied that he held them longer, and looked at them more earnestly than he did before. So he went forward—wrathful waves around—and the deep surging of the unknown sea distinctly heard, as he came nearer and nearer to it. A startling scream, and the boat gave a sudden plunge, and when I looked, there dimly, in the lowering darkness of the great ocean, I saw the poor man's figure, struggling with the waves. His boat was a wreck. There was one flash of light, and by it methought I saw two angel figures weeping bitterly, flying upward, bearing with them the string of pearls.

REVEUR.

Elephantine Wrestlers of Japan.

"THE attention of all was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were

twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. * * * They were all so immense in flesh that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost set directly on their bodies, with merely folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat; for, although they were evidently well fed, they were not less well exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of the sacks weighed not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground, and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for raising the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather."—*Dr. Hawks' Narrative of Japan Expedition.*

The Patient Sufferer.



OUR readers, dear Mr. Merry, are always interested in stories of patient suffering and virtue. I have one to tell,

of a little girl, residing in the city of Fall River. It is strictly true, as I well know, having spent many happy hours at her bedside.

This little girl, who has been called a second Laura Bridgman, is named Abby A. Dillingham. She was fourteen years old in September last. She was always remarkably thoughtful and gentle, and when a very little girl, if she or her younger brother had done any thing wrong, she would take him to her chamber, kneel down with him, and pray that God would forgive them.

When she was about eight years of age, while returning from school, she fell down, injuring herself, so as to produce partial paralysis of the system. For five years she has not left her bed, except when moved occasionally, and then the pain attending her removal is so great, that she does not recover her senses for twenty-four hours, and sometimes for a longer time. Nearly two years ago she became blind, resulting from disease of the spine, and in a few months after she lost her power of

hearing and of speech, so that, at the present time, she is deaf, dumb, and blind. Besides this, her right arm is paralyzed, so that it might probably be amputated at the elbow, and she would not feel it. She is in pain continually, at some times more than at others.

After she lost the power of speech, she was for a few weeks incapable of communicating; but, having some idea of the mute alphabet, with additions and inventions of her own, she produced an alphabet (for one hand), by which she readily communicates, and she has taught it to many of her friends. When she was comparatively comfortable, a few months ago, she would write on a slate, or paper, with a pencil, and was accustomed to write letters to her friends, of whom she has a great number, signing them, "Your D. D. B. (deaf, dumb, blind) friend, Abby." She could read common new print, and readily distinguish different colors by the feeling. She wrought a little pin-cushion of worsted, the colors and shades of which she selected with her own hand, and she was accustomed to work upon it by pinning it to the sheet, or to the sleeve on her right arm, and using her left hand. This cushion was exhibited at the County Fair, with a certificate of the facts, signed by her physician.

She would sometimes dress dolls for her young friends, and would "play checkers," and games with letters. Her education has all been acquired on a

sick bed, and certainly in grammar it is not defective. It is rare to see any error either in her construction or spelling of a sentence.

At the present time she is much bloated, which causes her breathing to be very difficult, and she is so weak that she converses but little, except when necessary. Every one on entering her room is struck with her beauty. She is not emaciated, but her face is quite full, very white, and her eyes, although sightless, are not at all affected in their looks. They are large and black, and her hair, which curls, is brushed back from a beautiful and intelligent-looking forehead. Every thing about her is neat and clean, as she is very particular on those points, and it is a pleasure to sit beside her and hold her hand. She has a strong regard for the feelings of others, and especially for her dear mother, and is very anxious to make as little trouble as possible. But her grateful look and hearty kiss well repay one for any kindness. I have never known her to shed a tear on account of her sufferings, and she will not suffer others to shed tears for her. She is always patient, and when recovering from severe paroxysms of pain, she will often look up and smile.

It is very sad to think of her afflictions, and would be more so, if we did not know that she can sometimes almost forget her afflictions, in the thought that they will not last forever, but that a home in heaven is awaiting her. When she was about ten years old, on the occasion of a visit of the minister, whose

church the family attend, he offered to pray with Abby, and asked her what she should pray for. As she expresses herself, "It came into my mind all of a sudden, *a new heart*. When he rose from his knees, it seemed truly as if the prayer was answered. My mind was filled with peace." These are her words, copied from a letter to the writer. Since then, we have no reason to doubt that she has possessed the religion of Jesus, and it is this that gives her so patient a spirit, and power to smile, amid severe pain. Shut out, as she is, so to speak, from the world, she is free from the common temptations to which all are subject, and although her faculties are almost gone, she can hold communion with her Saviour; and it seems sometimes, from her glowing countenance, as if she almost beheld his glory. And apparently it will not be long, ere she will see her Saviour face to face, and, free from all *thoughts* of pain, join the blessed spirit-throng.

I thus present this imperfect sketch to the MUSEUM family, and if it serves to interest any of them, to excite sympathy for the subject, or, more to be desired, to awaken one serious thought on the subject of religion, my sincere wish will be granted.

Yours respectfully, S.

THERE was point in the quaint remark of a plain farmer to a somewhat transcendental preacher: "Take care, sir, you do not put the hay so high in the rack the lambs can not reach it."

A Friendly Talk with the Young Folks.

TO the readers of MERRY'S MUSEUM—little and big, black eyes and blue, gray and hazel, boys and girls, one and all, greeting: Far away off from many and most of you, in this sunny south land, I love you, and feel an interest in you. I love children. To me they are the flowers of earth's garden; and the world would be a dark, lonely place, did not their joyous smiles shed such sweet light upon it, in the cottage, and in the palace—in the lowly homes of poverty and obscurity, as well as in the handsome, lordly houses filled with gold, silver, tapestry, and costly furniture.

I have always read MERRY'S MUSEUM. When a child (not many years ago), I hailed its coming with the same joy my little cousin now welcomes it: and I still read it with her, and once in a while I pick up many a crumb of knowledge, I do not blush to own, I had not tasted before. And in it there are many beautiful thoughts, many gentle words of advice, which ought to make me wiser and better, and, of course, happier. Do they make all of you better and wiser? Some rosy-cheeked, sunny-eyed girl, who has seen the blossoms of nine or ten spring-times, is half-way ready to say, "O yes! I know it makes me better;" but she checks herself, thinking it would not be modest to say she was even better than she had been. Yet her heart beats quicker, and something tells her she is happy. She does not know,

perhaps, the cause of that feeling which she can not describe. But I could tell her she felt happy, because she tried to be good. Good people are generally happy. Black clouds of sorrow may hover around them for awhile, but there is a silver lining behind them all, which the thick blackness itself can not hide.

Ere you read this, Christmas, perhaps, will have come and gone—merry Christmas with its snow-balls, gunpowder-crackers, and Santa Claus expeditions down warm chimneys, where the nice woolen stockings are hanging by the mantel. May you each and all be happy then! Those of you who are good, and have kind parents, comfortable homes, and pretty presents, can not fail to be so. But do not forget amid all your happiness, the barefooted beggar boy, who passed you on the sidewalk the other day, and looked up wistfully at you, as if he could have said, but didn't, "Please give me a penny!" Do not forget the wretched children who have known no joys, no pleasures, no holidays since first a mother's eye smiled upon them, or looked upon them; for some have never had a mother's smile. Even that simple natural blessing was denied them; as their miserable mothers, victims of want, woe, and despair, did never smile upon them—how could they? Ah! do not forget them. The long winter nights are bleak, and cold, and stormy. Just listen to that piercing gust of wind! I shiver, and draw nearer

the fire, as it comes rattling against my window-pane. I would not mar your innocent happiness by any thought or suggestion—for *true* happiness, my children, is not lessened (but much increased) by such thoughts as these. At least, breathe a prayer that God would bless them; and if any of you should (now don't get scared!), out of your *abundance*, grant a shilling in charity, t'would be far better than gold or diamonds—a heart's-ease to wear in your bosoms, which the world might not see, but which would make you richer than a king upon his throne.

There is something else I would fain tell you, though I love you far too well to weary you, even with my love—to the boys especially. I saw it suggested in some newspaper, not long since, that the President for 1900 was now living somewhere in the United States. I doubt not but he is one of the readers of *MERRY'S MUSEUM*. Such reading as it contains is fit to make Presidents, good men, and great men. All great and good men, however, do not get to be Presidents, and all Presidents, I fear (nothing personal to Pierce or Buchanan), are not as great and good as they ought to be. Boys, make it your aim to do right, to do your duty! Any one of you may be President at some future time. Be that as it may, you can always say, as a great and good man once said, "I had rather do right, than be President!" Have an aim in life. Some of you will say, "I am too young." If you are old enough to understand this, you are old enough to feel that you were

created for some higher, nobler purpose than just to live and breathe, play ball, smoke cigars, and wear tight, zebra-striped cassimere, and stiff collars. Some young men, now-a-days, are made for this—I beg pardon! I should have said they *think* they are, and from the self-importance many of them assume, they imagine it a high destiny. I feel and know, from the glow in my own heart as I write this, that at least one little boy's heart thrills with new emotion, as he thinks that *he* may one day be President—or some good and great man, whom the world will delight to honor. That's right, little fellow, unbutton your coat—give your big heart room: it will fill a nation's heart some day perhaps. Cultivate noble, generous impulses, don't be ashamed of them. Be a man in honesty and integrity—be a boy in dress and play. Strengthen your body, as well as your mind and soul. You will need all, when you take your stand among the sons of men, as one of them. Begin with the year 1857, as if it were the first year of your life. Wake up! boys and girls; you are old enough, all of you. How old are you? Only eight years old! Well, in ten more years, and long as you think the time now, it will soon pass away, your character will be formed. Think of it. Make it a good one—one you will wish to keep always.

But you are tired, and I must stop. Another time I may talk to you again, if you wish to hear from me. For the present, let us all prepare to begin the coming year with new resolutions to be

somebody—to be good in greatness, and great in goodness. I will try too—let us all try. I would not give a fig for a drone in the great bee-hive of Life. That God may help all of you to be active, diligent, studious, kind, and holy, is the earnest wish of one whom all the little folks know as

Cousin M.

SECLUSION, MISS., Nov. 29th, 1856.

William Tell's Chapel.

ON the fine lake of Uri, upon a rock projecting into the lake under a hanging wood, near the village of Gruti, is a chapel, erected in honor of William Tell, on the spot where he is said to have leaped from the boat which was conveying him as a prisoner. The Emperor Albert having the ambitious design of conquering Switzerland, in order to make a patrimony of it for one of his younger sons, had by degrees succeeded in subduing the greater part; and, under false pretenses, had sent arbitrary bailies and governors, who exercised much cruelty and oppression upon the people. The worst of these was Geissler, a rapacious and ferocious man, whose castle in Uri was a constant scene of barbarity and plunder. Discontents had already taken place, and the people not only murmured, but had meetings on every fresh insult; when in 1307, Geissler, to prove his power and indulge his vanity, erected his hat on a pole, in the market-place of Altorf, and insisted on the people bowing to it as they passed. William Tell refused.

The tyrant, to revenge himself, ordered Tell's youngest son to be brought to the market-place, and tying him to a stake, placed an apple upon his head, and desired the father to shoot at it with his cross-bow. William Tell succeeded in hitting the apple; but when the tyrant asked him the reason of his having another arrow concealed in his dress, he replied, "To have killed you, had I killed my son." The offended Governor had Tell seized and bound, and placed in the same boat with himself, resolving to carry him across the lake to his own castle. A frightful storm (to which the Swiss lakes are liable) suddenly arose, and they were obliged to unchain the prisoner, who was celebrated for his skill as a mariner. He conducted them near a ridge of rocks, and vaulting from the boat, with his cross-bow in his hand, killed the tyrant! To this, Tell and Switzerland owed their deliverance. The chapel is built on the very spot, surrounded with picturesque wood; and the simple story of Tell, in the appropriate dresses, is painted within the chapel.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
 Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
 With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his
 child,
 Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

WHAT is the difference between filling a pitcher with water and throwing a woman overboard?

One is "water in the pitcher," and the other "pitcher in the water."

The Home of the Friendless.

THIS is a very important and interesting feature in the charities of New York City. It embraces such as are utterly destitute and helpless, and have no prospect before them but a life of want, misery, and crime. Hundreds of such are every year thrown upon the hands of Christian benevolence. Orphans, or worse than orphans—the deserted or abused children of abandoned parents—are found sometimes in garrets or cellars, sometimes in coal-boxes, or under the stoops of houses, seeking such shelter as they can for a night, and subsisting by day on what they can beg, pick up, or steal. For such as these “The Home of the Friendless” is provided. Accommodations are nearly completed for 300 to 400, where they are clothed, fed, nursed, taught, and prepared to be useful and happy members of the society. There is no estimating the amount of misery averted, and good done, by such an instrumentality as this. It is one in which all should feel an interest, and to which all should contribute, even if it is but a mite.

If the numerous members of the Merry Family, or any of them, wish to have a hand in this charity, or lay a brick in this edifice, they can do so, in the same manner in which the Sunday



Schools of the land have recently contributed to build the Missionary Ship —“The Morning Star.” Certificates of stock are engraved, representing shares in the enterprise, each share being 10 cents. Any person remitting 13 cents in Post Office Stamps will have a certificate sent by mail. If more than one share is wanted, remit accordingly. If sent to J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street, N. Y., we will pay over the sums to the Treasurer, and see that the certificates are forwarded.

A FEMALE writer says, “Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings.” Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones.

A Christmas Sketch.

“CHRISTMAS gift, mamma; and papa, too. And, little Willie, there’s a Christmas gift for you;” and Ella imprinted a kiss on the lips of her sleeping baby brother. “You thought, mamma, I would not get up so early; but when nurse called me, and said the sun was smiling Christmas in at my window, I never thought of how nice another nap would be, but jumped right up, and as soon as nurse had dressed me, ran to say Christmas gift to you. See! The sun has not melted the pretty frost pictures off the windows yet. Won’t I have a long Christmas?”

Ella’s mamma listened to the prattle of her child with a smile, and when she stopped, said:

“And is there no one else, Ella, to whom Ella would say Christmas gift this morning?”

“Not now. I said so to nurse before I was out of bed, and I met Bidy in the hall and ‘caught’ her, and old Neptune even. He was stretching himself and trying to get a good lay for another nap; but I made him wake up and wag his tail, by saying Christmas gift. But after a while, you know, papa is going to take us in the sleigh over to grandma’s. I know grandma has a big pile of cakes for Willie and me, all made like birds, and men, and every thing. Then, won’t the ride be nice? Mamma, don’t the bells say Christmas gift? They seem to. But who is it I may say Christmas gift to?”

“Did you ever think you could say Christmas gift to God?”

“To the great, good God that lives high up above the stars, and sends angels to make Willie smile so when he is asleep? Would he hear me if I would say so to him?”

“Yes, Ella. God loves to listen to little children when they talk to him, and he remembers what they say, and loves them for it. Will my little daughter say Christmas gift to God?”

“Yes, mamma;” and Ella knelt down by her mamma’s knee, and clasped her hands together and raised her sweet innocent face to heaven and said:

“Dear Father in Heaven, may a little girl say Christmas gift to you this morning? Will you give little Ella a good heart, and bless her mamma, and papa, and Willie? And bless grandma, and please to make to-day a happy Christmas to everybody. And will you hear the little voice of a little girl, and give her the Christmas gift she asks, for Jesus’ sake?”

Ella rose from her knees, and looking in her mamma’s face, said:

“God heard me, mamma. He told me so right here. And he will give me my Christmas gift;” and the child laid her hand on her heart.

Yes, Ella, God did hear you, and he will give you the gift you ask, and may it cling to you through life, and when death takes you in his boat over the stream, may you sing your Christmas

matins with angels in heaven. Little girls, did you all say Christmas gift to God? He loves little children. Be not afraid to go to him. He will always listen. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BLACK-EYES.

Winter.

WELCOME, welcome, good old winter,
 With thy clouds and merry sunshine,
 With thy various lovely pictures,
 Wrought by frost-work on the windows.
 In the morning we behold them,
 Silver tracings on the windows.
 Oh, I love these magic pictures—
 Love to trace their fairy figures—
 Love to watch them slowly vanish,
 Slowly vanish into vapor
 In the sunshine of the morning.
 Welcome, winter, with thy loud winds,
 Blowing from the icy Lapland,
 From the far-off Arctic regions,
 Where thy reign is undisputed.
 Cold and bracing are thy north winds,
 Giving cheeks as red as roses,
 Blowing through the grand old forests
 With a blast so wild and thrilling,
 That to me it seems like music—
 Music from an unseen trumpet.
 Welcome, welcome, with thy snow-storms,
 Falling fast and still around us
 From the misty clouds above us—
 Falling thicker, and yet faster,
 Till the mountain, and the valleys,
 Meadows, moorlands, all are covered
 With a coat of dazzling splendor—
 Falling till the trees and bushes,
 Hedgerows, fences, all are loaded,
 Loaded with these feathery snow-flakes,
 Whiter than the whitest marble
 That was ever cut and chiseled
 Oh, I love to see the shadows

Lying on the snow by moonlight,
 And the moonbeams, brightly glancing
 On the icicles, clear and slender.
 Welcome, also, merry Christmas,
 With thy wondrous friend Kris Kringle,
 Who by night descends the chimneys,
 Fills the stockings of the children ;
 Then vanishes, they know not whither.
 Shall I tell you whence these pleasures,
 Whence these joys that winter brings us,
 Who it is that forms the snow-flakes,
 Forms the beauties of the winter?
 They are sent us from "Our Father"—
 From our Father, God Almighty,
 That we might adore and love him
 As the one all-wise Creator
 Of the earth and of the heavens.

H. ROSE BOND.

Eve.

'Tis eve; the moon gleams forth
 O'er hill and dale,
 And on the lake it shineth bright
 In the bosom of the vale,

The nightingale's soft voice
 Sings sweet and low,
 And the drooping willow gently sighs
 As it waveth to and fro.

The soft breeze fans my cheek
 And throbbing brow,
 While I think of the loved ones far away,
 And would I were with them now.

BLUE-EYED MINNA.

"ISN'T it strange," asked a friend the other day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we inquired. "Why, when he was dividing the rays of light to be sure—for wasn't that cutting up shines?"



Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, L. I.

OUR far-away friend, Prairie Girl, says that she scarcely sees the inside of a school-house once in a year. For her entertainment, and for that of many others, whose experience is somewhat like hers, we have procured the cuts accompanying this article, in order to give them some idea of a school in our own neighborhood, the advant-

ages of which we wish all the "Prairie Girls" in the country might enjoy.

Among the many beautiful buildings in "the city of churches," one of the most prominent and interesting is "THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE." It is an academy of the highest order, for females, on a beautiful site, between Joralemon and Livingston streets, near

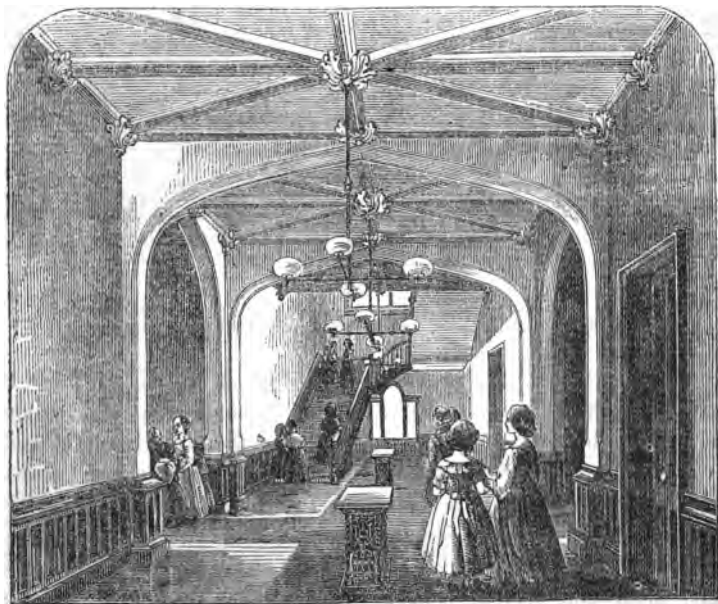
the City Hall. The building is extensive and imposing, of the most approved architectural proportions, and arranged with every possible convenience for the purpose for which it is designed. The accompanying cut represents the garden front, on Livingston Street, showing the extent, and beautiful arrangement of the grounds.

In this Institution, all the advantages for a thorough and complete education are enjoyed, equal to those of our best appointed colleges. There are three departments—the Preparatory, the Academical, and the Collegiate—with able and accomplished teachers in all.

The city of Brooklyn has many advantages for such an Institution. It is easy of access from all parts of the

Union; it has the command of all the educational resources of New York; while, at the same, it is scarcely less quiet, beautiful, and healthy than a country village.

The classics, modern languages, the higher branches of mathematics, mental philosophy, composition, drawing, painting, etc., receive full attention; while any, who do not desire to complete the full course, have the privilege of selecting such branches in the Academic and Collegiate Departments, as they wish to pursue, and of attending any of the lectures. They may also receive instruction in drawing and painting, in French and other modern languages, without being otherwise connected with the Institution.



INTERIOR—MAIN ENTRANCE—FIRST FLOOR.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

COME in, come in, there's room enough,—
 Draw up your chairs around the table;
 Our meetings—(though they have been rough,
 Somewhat like that convened in Babel,
 Where tongues, unmanageable grown,
 Were so confoundedly confounded,
 The speakers scarcely knew their own,
 Or understood the notes they sounded—)
 Our meetings, none can now deny,
 Are orderly and quiet—very—
 Fraternal, genial, never dry,
 Cheerful and social—often merry,
 Piquant, and sparkling—(said you tart?
 "Oh! no, I only whispered—smart"—)
 Suggestive, eloquent—but, whew!
 I must sit down—here comes Aunt Sue.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 31st, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The duties of the month do not seem to be satisfactorily attended to if I fail to write to "the man what keeps the MUSEUM." Tina T.'s question concerning our relationship has given me much food for reflection; in fact, my mind is still a little unsettled on that subject. I have been trying to discover what relation your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew would be to my eldest brother's first cousin's son-in-law, if your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt; and I must confess that the problem puzzles me not a little. Can you help me to a solution? Tell Fritz that the young gentleman about whom he inquires, has "clumb" no "tree," or if he has, he came down again: I'll tell you how I know it. I went to a party the other evening, perhaps it wasn't a "merry" one! You *ought* to have been there. I feel certain that no less than twenty-five persons, male and female, went home with fifty pains in their fifty sides, caused by cachinnatory struggles with propriety and decorum. I had not been there long before a young lady approached, saying—"Aunt Sue, allow me to introduce my friend R. W. R." Not many minutes elapsed before we were very old friends; he is about — years old, has — colored hair, — eyes, and is about — feet — inches high; but I won't describe him any further; it wouldn't be fair to make his identity too palpable. But, Mr. Merry, it's my opinion that R. W. R. would, and could write something for our MUSEUM, outside of the Chat; just you ask him. It is against my

principles to bet, but I don't mind this once betting you a stick of peppermint candy, that he is both able and willing. (R. W. R., if I win the stick, you shall have half.) Give my love to Eddie, Black-Eyes, Tina T., and Prairie Girl; wasn't it clever of the latter to guess I was a gay young lady? Don't tell her about the grey hair, will you.

Yours, till next month, AUNT SUE.

The problem is too much for me. I don't want to think about it. The fact is, all the clever women, pretty girls, and well-behaved boys, are either aunts, nieces, or nephews—and for the rest, I don't care a fig. Somebody almost made it out, last month, that you are my daughter. That puzzled me more than a little, and now the grey hair you hint of, quite confounds me.

Ask him? indeed we do. *Pur-su-ant* (per Aunt Sue) to your suggestion, let him consider himself not only asked, but requested, solicited, urged, teased, and not to be let alone, till he does it. But you needn't offer him pepper from your mint. He is spicy enough—real K. N.

CLOUD LAND, Feb. 5th, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—Heigh-ho! I guess you never expected a letter from up here among the clouds; did you?

My carrier, Mr. Wind, was blowing about New York City the other day, when (I shouldn't wonder if you heard him) he whistled right into your sanctum. While there, he read a letter from "The Fairy of Flower Land," and he told me that in it she called Jack Frost and his train "*vulgar fellows*." Now, Jack Frost is my particular friend; and I am one of his train, and I don't thank the Fairy at all for so unceremoniously classing us among the "*vulgar*." "Delightful mansion," indeed; she ought to see my beautiful Cloud Palace; and as for flowers, they are not to be compared to Jack Frost's splendid silver pictures on glass.

I wonder if she ever saw the trees and bushes hung with jewels, and long icicles, that look like stems of silver. If she has not, she doesn't know what Jack Frost can do. My sisters and I can do beautiful things too. But I refer you to a description of our work,

given in a piece about "Winter," in imitation of Hiawatha, written and sent you by a young friend of mine in the village of G—. Did you receive it? Tell the Fairy of Flower Land all about these things, Mr. Merry, if you please, and then ask if she can call us *vulgar*.

Mr. Wind told me, too, that while whistling about among your papers, he saw "Hiram" give your nose a terrible pinch. Spiteful fellow! What did he do that for? Tell me about it; and if he was to blame, I will send Jack Frost to pinch his nose. Whirr-r-r, here is carrier Wind for my letter.

SNOW-FLAKE.

"Winter," à la *Hiawatha*, must answer for himself. We have had so much of another kind, that you must not be surprised if we turn the *cold shoulder* to any further advance from that quarter. "Snow-flakes," beautiful as they *all* are, are regarded with coolness, and as for your friend Jack Frost, he has bitten so many people, that we have come to the conclusion, he is *mad*.

ELIZABETH, Feb. 10th.

UNCLE HIRAM:—Elizabeth not in any State! who said that? You, Uncle Hiram? why, I am astonished. Of course it is in a State, as any other city is. It is in two States; one is the State of Camden and Amboy, which you—— O well, I suppose I must forgive it this time, on account of ignorance on your part; but I did feel highly insulted when you told all the Merrys that I did not live in a State. But I must not say any more on this subject, for fear I shall hurt your feelings (beg your pardon); so with love to all the Merrys,

I remain, yours truly,

SALLIE OF ELIZABETH.

The Catechism says, that all mankind is in "a state of sin and misery." We all know that Elizabeth is in those two States. I stand corrected, and will be more cautious hereafter.

ESSEX, Feb. 4th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Our New Year's present this year was "MERRY'S MUSEUM," and I think we never had a better one. The reading is so good, and "the Monthly Chat with your Friends" has interested me very much. I ask the privilege of becoming one of your friends, and a contributor to the "Chat."

Inclosed are some answers to the riddles.

With "too late," and "waste basket," ringing in my ears, I am your new friend, SAM.

Not too late, after all, Sam; and then, you are so considerably brief, we should have squeezed you in, if you had come a day after the fair.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 16th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The note from W. R. D. leads me to write this, although I had determined long since that you should never again be troubled by such an unworthy correspondent as myself, for these reasons:

1st. As the Chat is free from problems, it loses its vigor to my mind.

2d. In Horace, a short time ago, we came across this passage: "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi." The trouble with me is, not because so many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but that so many "Black Eyed" ladies live since, enshrouding in deep gloom the feeble powers of the undersigned.

For the enlightenment of W. the sides of the right-angled triangle are 5, 12, 13. Please excuse length.

Yours ever in friendship, W. F. O.

W. R. D. has our thanks for stirring up W. F. O., who will please accept our assurance and guaranty that Black-Eyes will not hurt *him*; though a further acquaintance might perhaps endanger the prospects of some of the Birmingham belles.

COLUMBIA, Jan. 27th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I know that nothing can be without a beginning, and since I am so presumptuous as to write to you, I too must begin. I will not, like some new correspondents, speak of my fear of the "basket," since I am afraid of nothing. You can't think how welcome your MUSEUM was to-night. It is rainy and dull, no new books, lessons all learned, can't bear to sew—what shall I do?—when here comes the MUSEUM, full as usual, with all sorts of interesting articles.

There is one thing I forgot to say: Mr. Hiram Hatchet don't know how many friends he has made by "Skating—Woman's Rights." He is perfectly right. I don't see why a woman should not do just as she pleases.

MAGGIE.

Nor I either, Maggie, provided she pleases to do just what—is right. That is the true theory of "Woman's Rights," and man's too.

OGDENSBURGH, Feb. 8d, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I suppose you will admit me, as one of the Merry family, to join the Monthly Chat, in which I am much interested. I think Aunt Sue is very smart, and real kind, too, to devote so much time to entertain the Merry family. Besides, she is a peace-maker, and the Good Book says, such shall be called the children of God.

Yours truly, GEORGIE.

Aunt Sue thanks you, Georgie, and so do I. Aunt Sue is not only smart, but makes other people smart too, when they get on her wrong side, as I did the other day. Did you ever drop lemon juice into a raw wound? or strike your elbow against a corner? Well, don't say another word.

MR. MERRY:—You are doubtless familiar with the pathetic song entitled "Hazel Dell," which has long been so popular, and can perhaps explain a question which has arisen in my mind. Has "Nellie" become a contributor to the MUSEUM, or has she mistaken it for the *Spiritual Telegraph* or *Tiffany's Monthly*?

Her letter in the February number of the MUSEUM reads like other letters, which induces me to believe that she is only a *name-sake* of the original "Nellie." But if not, I pray you, Mr. Merry, do not insert any further communications from her. It won't do to let the MUSEUM become "mediumized." Will you clear up the mystery? ††

Mysteries we know nothing about; but here is "Miss Terry," who can doubtless "clear up" all your difficulties.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT MERRY—
(I date at Londonderry
This 10th of February,)
Should any critic query
About a certain fairy,
Who dwells at Hazelbury,
And moors her little wherry
Beside the ancient ferry,
That's kept by Uncle Jerry
And good old Deacon Perry,
You'll find it necessary,
You will indeed, sir, very,
To "clear up the mystery,"
To call on me—MISS TERRY.

You have not helped us a bit. We shall not wish to call on you again, to be trifled with in this way. However, you are as clear as any

"medium" we have yet met with, or heard of. If the spirits are as thick-headed as the medium they employ, they must dwell in something duller than clay; and they would do well to come back to earth.

Feb. 11th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Allow me to introduce to you, and the Merry family, *Trip*, who is too bashful to write to you himself, and yet writes very well; so I send you a letter which I received from him, and which describes very well how things go on at Robingrove. You will notice that he addresses me as his "Ex-Mistress;" he used to belong to me, but now he is my aunty's dog; his handwriting much resembles that of my aunt, but that is not strange, as he has always studied at home. The ideas are so like Trip's, that one can not mistake them. "Calamity and Misfortune," of whom he speaks, are two cats.

Many thanks, Nellie; it is with pleasure that I think that some one feels with me how great was my loss.

Pray excuse the length of my letter, Mr. Merry. Yours respectfully, PANSY.

ROBINGROVE, Dec. 21st, 1856.

MY DEAR EX-MISTRESS:—My aunty says I am a very ungrateful dog, to let your kind letter go so long unanswered. The truth is, I have a great deal to do this winter. I am obliged to play with Nep two or three hours a day; then I have to watch for all the dogs that pass here, and run out and bark at them. I always feel it my duty to follow my aunty every step she takes, particularly if she goes into the garret of an errand. Once a day I am obliged to give the barber's dog a good whipping, for disrespectful conduct. And if I can privately, I torment Calamity and Misfortune a few moments out of each twenty-four hours. Added to all these duties, I go out with my aunty every time she walks or drives into the city, and quarrel with as many dogs, while there, as my time will allow.

It is surprising that, with all my labors, I grow fat and sleep soundly.

My aunty says I am growing grey; I told her I would send a piece of the fur off my back, to convince you of the contrary, but she says that will prove nothing, as the white hairs are around my mouth. I heard a young lady ask my aunty, yesterday, if I was an old dog? (How provoked I felt!) My aunty said, "No, only a pet;" which the young lady seemed to think an explanation of these white hairs I have mentioned.

I am going now with my aunty to dine with your uncle, and intend to whine all the time I am there, because I can not find Aunt C——, for I have always been of the opinion that she is shut up in her bed-room, instead of being with you. They say Carlo knows better than that, and is expecting her home on the cars one of those days. Poor little dog! he will feel foolish enough when she comes out of her hiding-place, and I shall laugh at him. I hope you will write again to me, and I will answer your letter sooner than the last, and tell you all we are doing.

Your affectionate, TRIPPY.

KINGSBORO, Feb. 2, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—It is decidedly cold up here, but there is no danger of freezing our fingers, for there are mittens and gloves in plenty. I hope that Nippinifidget will not get nipped into a fidget this cold weather. But I must obey the rule, "Be short," so I will bid you good-bye for this time.

Yours, etc., CATE.

KINGSBORO, Feb. 3, 1857.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*: What shall I say now? Nothing but "A happy New Year to you all." What in the world do you do to escape the wind and snow, which is so plentiful this winter? Perhaps you do not have so much cold in New York as we do. If you do, I really pity you. The thermometer stands 40° below zero.

What do you say to that, Mr. Merry? would you like to exchange? I hardly think you would; neither would I, for I would not be capable of filling your place.

But "Be short" is ringing in my ears. Before I close, I will just tell you that, over the leaf, there are some answers to the questions in the February number. Good-bye.

EMMIE.

Kingsboro must be near the pole. Thermometer at 40°! Put that down in your notebook. But, with Cate and Emmie there, you may be sure there will be summer by-and-by.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—There are several "little accounts" in the January MUSEUM which I wish to "settle." The following sentence is from Nippinifidget's letter: "Oh! Minchy, don't speak of black eyes to Willie; he prefers gray—don't you know, 'that expressive gray eye,' etc.?" No, I don't. Gray, with the a itali-

cized, quotations, hints, and nudges, all jumbled together in one sentence; what does it mean? Can fidgety Nip make it clear to my dull intellect? I wish he (she, or it) would.

I am sorry to inform J. W., Jr., that my stock of oak can not be lessened without involving its entire disappearance.

Next in order comes Black Eyes, still "springing mines," spite of her protestations of "eternal peace." She asks whether I "choked when I swallowed my rage." I neither "choked," nor swallowed any "rage." Mr. Hatchet, who chopped up my letter till nothing was left of the original, felt perhaps a "choking" sensation when he appended my name to that paragraph.

What a strange array of contributors you have, Mr. Merry! With a goodly number of "complete" writers there are intermingled a large quantity of *eyes*—black, blue, brown, hazel, hawk, and gooseberry; hair of various colors; together with stars, daggers, "pussy" cats, exclamation points, lamas, states, eagles, and I know not what else. Really, the MUSEUM is favored.

I missed "Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage" in the Feb. number. *Wontyergwesmoreser*? Please do. WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

It takes a large lump to "choke" Uncle Hiram. Besides, he did not "append" your name. He only did not chop it off—a thing he will be likely to do, if you don't mind your P's and Q's.

"CITY OF ELMS," Feb. 2, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Last evening, as I sat reading, cosily ensconced in the depths of a hospitable arm-chair, something slid slyly over my shoulder, and fell into my lap, which on inspection proved to be nothing more nor less than the February number of your dear little MUSEUM. I hardly think it dropped from the skies—more likely from the hands of some disinterested mortal. The first thing of course was to turn to the Chat. Really, Mr. Merry, I did not know before that you were in communication with spirits, fairies, etc. I don't believe in them, and advise you to have as little to do with them as possible. Take care that you are not bewitched. If the MUSEUM fails to make its appearance some of these days, I shall have my suspicions whether you have not been transformed into some terrible — *je ne sais pas quon*.

Allow me to say that Fritz need have no fear on that score. If I should fire, I promise to put no "balls" in, and for the present the "pistol" is laid by.

As for Tennessean, his or her inquiries will be of no avail. That terrible blank involves everything in a deep mystery. When the original epistle departed this city (not this world, as I feared), the name stood bravely at its post, but I half suspect when it arrived at its journey's end, it fell through. If it did, you may conscientiously believe it *has not* "gone where the good niggers go."

But is Algebra forever to be banished from our midst? Will Uncles Hiram and Merry hereafter ever turn a deaf ear to the subject? And will they still shake their canes at all approaching problems and exclaim, "*Aller! Retirez! Fuyez presto!*"? Do take some pity on our idle algebraists. "It is better to wear out than rust out." At least so thinks
SIGMA.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 20, 1857.

TO THE DEAR EDITORS:—I can sincerely sympathize with "Dodt's" fair mourner, for the general cry has been, "Why don't the MUSEUM come?" But to-day our eyes have been gladdened with the sight thereof, and our ears even now tingle with the sounds of the merry voices. Our thanks are due to good, pacific Aunt Sue for the introduction of her bill, for it opened a door of retreat for all the belligerents. You need not fear any malcontents under this new administration, unless it be that irrepressible, unexpressible, and undefinable Nip. Have out "the dog Noble," then, Uncle Hiram. Nip, who, and what art thou? Don't be vexatious; give over flirting, now that we have settled down into staid old citizens of this Merry Commonwealth. If that *Dodt* don't stop punning on my angular name, I'll change it, and take — his! However, sir, as you sit by me, we'll fix that less publicly. In the mean time, here's my vote on the algebraic motion—Ay!!

Cousin Frank, my ruby lips are just now pouting their sweetest, and I'm against all monopolies.

Mr. Merry, the Legislature this winter, for the first time, convenes in our grand new State House, and consequently the State of Ohio broke loose, and came here to warm it. The number of private individual furnaces, in that capacity, were variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand. It was soon hot enough to satisfy the most cold-hearted, especially when a perfect maze of warming-pans, enchanted by the Apollo music, went floating through cotillions.

In short, Ohio "had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry," besides quite a number that were not so chivalrous, as they ate up all the oysters and ham, and broke the

dishes. In shorter, the people dedicated "the People's House" in a manner worthy the occasion and House; for when completed, Ohio's Capitol will far outrival Sister Capitols, only inferior to the Great House of the glorious Union itself.

Yours truly, ALICE B. C.

Alice! beware how you tempt us so. Uncle Hiram tried a dozen times to get his hatchet in between your sentences by way of "Bloom-erising" you a little, but gave it up in despair, with an awful threat, that, next time, he would decapitate you, if you should venture to stretch yourself beyond your "corner."

Alice, "Nip" called the other day, but Noble "was out, and, most unluckily for him, Uncle Hiram too. He's been cross ever since. Wouldn't have missed it, he says, for — the best grindstone in the country.

TENNESSEE, Jan. 7, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Perhaps you don't like sectionalists. Very glad if you do not. Still, I'm sectional myself, every bit of me, my name included. Why don't more of the "sunny Southerners" write to the MUSEUM, and write interesting letters? There are boys and girls among us "smart" as any others, W. H. Coleman, Black-Eyed Mary, Alice B. Conner, "H," etc. But they are lazy, very. I am, I know; can't you manage to stir them up? Give them some Algebra—any thing. But—about the prize question sentence. You offer a noble prize, for "Recollections of a Life-time" is one of the most interesting books I have ever read. It is worthy of its author, the greatest writer, in my humble opinion, now living in America. And the others are fine, I suppose, but I have never seen them. Your friend and reader,
SOUTHRON.

Peter Parley will stand a peg higher after such a hearty compliment.

WORCESTER, Jan. 21st, 1857.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*: If I'll be "real good" and peaceable, will you give me a place in your circle? I don't care about being in the "corner," though I would like to be near "Cousin Alice," a seat near the fire would be preferable at this season. To come to the "point," can we make two or three sentences of that prize sentence, provided they have a connection with each other?

Now good friends of the MUSEUM, consider

yourselves introduced to a new-comer by name Polly Pod, who hopes to make your acquaintance, and keep it, too. I agree with "Aunt Sue" in regard to keeping peace, and also I agree with "Nip," "John Weldon, Jr.," and several others, on the Algebra question, for though I doubt if I can solve the question, as my knowledge in that branch is not *very* extensive, I like the fun of looking on. Give my love to all the "Merry happy family," and keep a good share of it for *yourself*.

Your constant reader and friend,
POLLY POD.

But one sentence should be made to meet the terms proposed. It can be done easily, as some of the sentences furnished have proved; though, as yet, we have not received one that we consider quite up to the mark.

NEW YORK, Feb., 1857.

MR. MERRY:—I would like to write you a long letter, for I feel just like it; but, first, you say, "Be short," and again, I have something else to do. I promised to send you something for the MUSEUM, and sent it. Why didn't you put it in? But I won't be discouraged. I am going to send you another, entitled "Our Sunday School Excursion," when I get time to write it. I have not tried much at the prize problem yet. But I hope to send some kind of an answer before the 1st of May. What has become of Bay State, R. W. R., and some other of our witty friends? Are they insensible to the passing rumors concerning them? Or have they passed into the gulf of oblivion? Yours in haste,

JOHN WELDON, JR.

There may be many reasons why an article sent to us is not published. It may never reach us. It may be too long. It may be out of place. We may have better articles on the same subject, etc., etc., to the end of the chapter. We have quantities of articles, that have been laying over months and years, many of which will never see the light. We want such as are not only *good*, but *BEST*.

TAKE VERY PARTICULAR NOTICE.—To our correspondents, and subscribers generally, we wish to recommend a book just put into our hands. It is entitled "HOW TO WRITE," and is an admirable manual for every-day use, covering the whole subject of Composition,

Letter-writing, directing letters, etc., etc., which would be of infinite service to all who have any kind of correspondence to carry on, especially to the Merry family. There are suitable forms for Business Letters, Family Letters, Friendly Letters, Love Letters, Notes, Cards, etc., and hints on all the little details of correspondence, which, if put in practice by our young friends, would save us a world of trouble. We have this day received three letters from different persons, giving directions about the Magazine, neither of which is dated, or has any hint to show where it comes from. Of course, we can not find the names; yet we shall be severely censured for not following the directions given. Persons sometimes order the Magazine stopped, or sent to a different place, without naming the place where they reside, or where the subscription was made.

The following is the proper form of such a letter, from "How to Write."

RICHLAND, RUSH CO., IND.,

THOMAS BROWN, Nov. 27th, 1856.

Publisher of the Ohio Farmer.

SIR:

Having removed from Fairview, Guernsey Co., Ohio, to this place, please be kind enough to change the direction of the *Farmer* accordingly, and oblige

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM SMITH.

Price 30 cents. We will furnish it to any who want it, at that price. If to be sent by mail, send two postage stamps for that purpose.

In answer to "Harry" and others, we would say—there are two ways of procuring "Merry's Book of Puzzles;" by procuring a new subscriber to the MUSEUM, or by sending 25 cents in stamps to us by mail.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A subscriber to the *Greenfield Gazette*, finding himself eight years in arrears, recently paid up, not only for the past, but for eight years in advance, to square the account—saying, "You have trusted me eight years, now I will trust you as long."

A PRIVATE, BUT VERY EARNEST TALK WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS. *Please give particular attention.*

There is scarcely any visitor more unwelcome than a Dun. This you will all admit. It is equally true, that there is nothing more disagreeable than to be obliged to *dun*, especially our friends. Now, we have been engaged, for many years, in furnishing reading and amusement to a large circle of friends, on the express and well understood condition, that each of them should pay one dollar every year, *in advance*, to defray the expense. With perfect uniformity, and untiring diligence, we have fulfilled our part of the contract. Regularly, every month, the MUSEUM has gone forth to all parts of the land, and if, through default of the mail, or any other accident, it has not reached a subscriber, we have always, when notified, sent another copy.

With great punctuality, the majority of our subscribers have remitted their annual dollar, and exerted themselves to induce others to do the same. But all have not done so. *Some are now largely in arrears.* Having never received orders to stop it, we still send it every month to their doors, but get nothing in return.

We allow much to forgetfulness in small matters; though it would be supposed that the monthly visit of the MUSEUM would be a sufficient reminder. We suppose some are hindered through fear of mistake, not being sure of our address, etc. For such, we give the address plainly below, and beg them to observe, that remittances are made by mail, *at our risk.* We lose hundreds of dollars, in this way, by the carelessness of the mail, the only agent we can employ for such small sums. We lose a great deal, every year, in sending duplicate copies to those whose numbers do not reach them. *All the losses are on our side.*

N.B. Our terms have always been, *one dollar in advance*, and *one dollar fifty cents after six months.* We have a right to claim this from all in arrears. We shall waive it in

the case of all who make speedy payment. But, hereafter, we shall adhere to the terms.

Remit to J. N. STEARNS & Co.,
116 Nassau Street, New York.

Answers.

- 21. "It" begins with *i*, and ends with *t*.—*Yankee Boy.* In itself.—W. F. O. Aunt Sue says, "At the same place, or where it laps over"—she has no idea of any circle but a "hoop," which *over-laps* often.
- 22. Two. Ahithophel, 2 Sam. xvii. 23, and Judas, Matt. xxvii. 5—both traitors.
Agnes.—Sallie.—Archie.
- 23. Ben-jam-in. *Anna.—W. F. O.—Archie.*
Maggie.—Emmie.
- 24. Because one must *be*, before he can *see.*
Young Republican.
- 25. In the course of ages, by Time. *Susie.*
- 26. Well, what are they?
- 27. The wife of Menones, an Assyrian general, afterward of Ninus, the king of Assyria. Her cotermporaries were Gideon, one of the Judges of Israel, and Theseus, king of Athens.—*Agnes.* Anna says, in addition to this, that Atassa was Semiramis II., who performed many of the acts commonly ascribed to Semiramis I. She reigned in 1997 B.C.
- 28. A mouse. *Anna.—Young Republican.*
The letter *u.* *Agnes.—Archie.*
- 29. Judges iii. 20. *Susie.—Sallie.—Archie.*
- 30. Samuel's. 1 Sam. ix. 23. *Anna.—Sallie.*
- 31. 1 Sam. x. 24. *Georgie.*
- 32. 2 Kings xi. 14. *Susie.—Sallie.—Georgie.*
- 33. 12,000. 1 Kings iv. 26. *Agnes.—Anna.*
—Sallie.—Georgie.—Archie.
- 34. Jezebel. 1 Kings xxi. 8-16. *Georgie.—Archie.*
- 35. Elijah, when he slept under the *Jew-nipper* tree. 1 Kings xix. 5.
- 36. Wet. *Georgie.—W. F. O.—Emmie.*
- 37. Music (usic). *Sallie.—Georgie.—Archie.*
Quill (u ill). *Aunt Sue.*
- 38. Snow-birds. *Young Republican.—Archie.—Maggie.—Snow-Flake.—W. F. O.*

	Eggs.	Cents.
Mrs. 50, sells 7 cents' worth at 7 for a cent,	49	7
Afterward she sells 1 egg for 8 cents,	1	8
	50	10
Mrs. 80, sells 4 cents' worth at 7 for a cent,	28	4
Afterward sells 2 eggs at 8 cents each,	2	6
	30	10

	Eggs.	Cents.
Mrs. 10, sells 1 cent's worth at 7 for a cent,	7	1
Afterward sells 3 eggs at 3 cents each,	8	9
	10	10

Thus they each sold their eggs at 7 for a cent, and 3 cents each; and each took home 10 cents. *Aunt Sue.—W. L. B.*

10 {	9 eggs at 11 cents.....	99
	1 egg at 1 cent.....	1
		\$1 00
30 {	7 eggs at 11 cents.....	77
	23 eggs at 1 cent.....	23
		\$1 00
50 {	5 eggs at 11 cents.....	55
	45 eggs at 1 cent.....	45
		\$1 00

S. S. Bryant.

40. Aunt Sue, where are you?
41. Genesis xxv. 4. *Sallie.—Georgie.*
42. The Euphrates. *Sallie.—Georgie.—Archie.*
43. Flattery. *Archie.—Maggie.—Emmie.*
44. It has three feet. *Anna.—Young Republican.—Sallie.—Archie.—Emmie.*
45. It has a pupil under the lash. *Sallie.—Archie.—Maggie.*
46. It is in the midst of water. *W. F. O. Young Republican.—Emmie.—Archie. Georgie.—Maggie.*
47. They have studded (studied) the skies from the beginning. *W. F. O.*
48. Zelophehad. Numbers xxxvi. 11. *Anna.—Archie.*
49. Moreover, brethren, be not wise over-much; there is one above us, who understands, foreknows, and will explain all things. *Sam.—W. F. O.—Maggie.*
50. She is in the hands of the groom. *Sallie.* Because it's going to the halter? (!) [my grandmother was English]. No?—Because it has a bridle [bridal! any one hurt?]?—Because it is losing its liberty and own free will? Well, there, I give it up. *Aunt Sue.*
8. He fights battles with his fist. *Levi.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

51. Who is the most immoral man in the world, and why? *S. H.*
52. Why is a thump like a cheap hat? *George.*
53. Why is an apothecary like a woodcock? *George.*

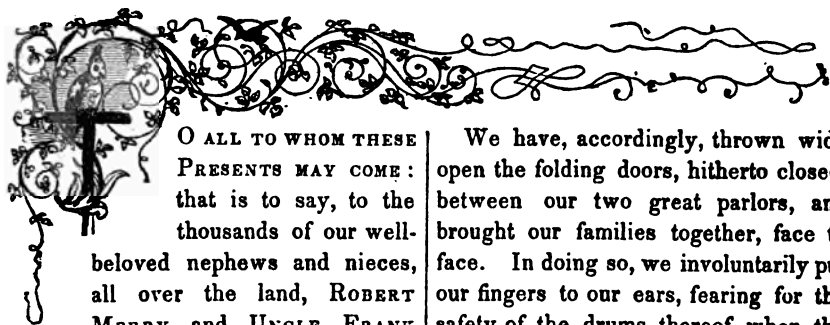
54. Scripture enigma, by "VIOLET."

I am composed of 32 letters.
The waters of my 16, 19, 11, 13, 27, were bitter.
Moses was an 17, 9, 81, 10, 28, 6, 3, 24, 12.
My 9, 21, 32, 30, 23, was an ancient city in Phenicia.
My 5, 22, 29, 7, 10, 26, 27, was a great giant.
My 1, 15, 20, was a man who dwelt in Egypt, and "kept flocks, herds, and tents."
My 25, 14, 28, 2, is enjoined on us as a duty.
My 8, 12, 4, 18, 2, is a coin mentioned in the Bible.
My whole is a text of Scripture.

55. One half of 10 we know is 5,
Yet 6 is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 11.
But how, my friend, do U contrive
To make one $\frac{1}{2}$ of 12 just 7.
Then if U just X tend the ——
You find that 4 is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 9. *Mystery.*
56. Why are summer meteors like belligerent policemen? *Yankee Boy.*
57. Why are the planets like certain dangerous instruments? *Yankee Boy.*
58. PROBLEM (said to be the most difficult one out).
To square the circle of a lady's dress. *Punch.*
59. Why is St. Peter's foot like a misletoe? *Punch.*
60. 100 and 1 and 6 and 50,
Arranged in suitable order, express
How we feel toward the pure, the gentle,
the thrifty,
And those who a name, or a credit possess. *Gul.*
61. I have \$100, and must buy with it 100 animals, paying \$10 for cows, \$3 for sheep, and 50 cents for pigs. How many shall I have of each?
62. One hundred and one by fifty divide,
Then place a cipher by its side;
Now it's your fault, or surely not mine,
If you have not before you one out of nine. *T.*
63. Why is conscience like the door-strap to an omnibus? *Anna.*
64. Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle? *Anna.*
65. Where is the first account of a man falling asleep during preaching? *Archie.*
66. What is the weight of the moon? *Archie.*
- We have more questions, but no more room.

PROCLAMATION.

A TREATY OF ALLIANCE AND AMITY.



O ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME : that is to say, to the thousands of our well-beloved nephews and nieces, all over the land, ROBERT MERRY and UNCLE FRANK send, cordially greeting :

WHEREAS we have, each of us, a very large family of "Merry" "Youths," from every State in our wide Union, for whom we are accustomed to lay out a monthly table of all the best things we can find ; and, whereas, we are fully impressed with the soundness of that good old social adage—"The more the merrier ;" now therefore, be it known, that we have come to the conclusion to bring these two families together, and to invite them to form one grand, social, and literary union, and thus to share, on equal terms, the pleasures, enjoyments, and advantages of the two.

"The more the merrier"—the merrier the more Will the gay and the genial rush in, by the score ;

The more will the wise and the witty desire To sit at our table and draw round our fire ; The more will the gifted and generous of heart Delight in our fare, and their luxuries impart ; And the more shall we all, in receiving and giving.

Enjoy and advance the true science of living.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—7

We have, accordingly, thrown wide open the folding doors, hitherto closed, between our two great parlors, and brought our families together, face to face. In doing so, we involuntarily put our fingers to our ears, fearing for the safety of the drums thereof, when the united shout of this great multitude, meeting, embracing, and cheering each other, should break out. And (we must confess to a little of the timidity of years creeping over us) we took some precautions to save our chairs from being overturned, and our corns from being ill used, when the general rush and encounter should take place.

To speak in plain terms, we have, after mature deliberation, and weighing all the *pros* and *cons* in the case, agreed to unite in the bonds of everlasting friendship, and holy matrimony, the MUSEUM and the CABINET, under the title which appears on the cover, and to make it, so united, the very best, happiest, and most attractive magazine of juvenile entertainment and instruction in the world.

The ceremony has been performed in due style, and with all legal precision. The registry is complete, and the certificate without a flaw. In taking this important step "for better and

for worse," we have been influenced by the firm conviction that it was best for the interests of all parties, but especially for our very large families of readers, correspondents, and coadjutors. We shall now *combine* our efforts to furnish the best, the richest, the most tasteful entertainment that can be gathered from all sources, and to make it as various and racy as the various tastes and talents of our united household may require, or enable us to procure. We intend to make it not only the best juvenile magazine in the world, but all that such a magazine should be, and to satisfy parents, as well as children and young people, that the dollar paid for it is *not a dollar spent, but a dollar earned.*

Do not let it be imagined that, in this enlargement of our numbers, any one will be crowded out, or not have a chance to put in a word. There will be room for all, and to spare.

There is room in the MUSEUM for *Cabinet* makers,

For "Tables" and "Bureaus"—for writers and speakers—

For all that is funny and all that is wise, Which now to the CABINET its interest supplies.

And the Merrys, we're sure, one and all, will salute

Uncle Frank with true frankness, Aunt Sue with a suit—

Or, perhaps, with a suitor, since many protest That this much abused lady still lives "singly blest;"

But, waiving a point we've no right to discuss, We will aim to *suit her*, and she's sure to suit us.

Their compliments tendering warmly to "Fleta,"

The Merrys assure her they're happy to meet her;

They give the right hand to O. L., and most gladly

Would write his full name, if it jingled less badly;

And sure they are all to be pleased, and to please,

The facetious *Old Major* and gentle *Louise.*

There's room in the CABINET—a nice cosy closet—

For books and for readers—a general deposit For every thing curious and rare and refined, To gladden the heart and to furnish the mind; And the young men and maidens, the girls and the boys,

For whom its compartments it fills and employs,

Will greet *Uncle Merry* with hearty good-will, As, beside *Uncle Frank*, the arm-chair he shall fill;

They will listen to his tales, they will join in his "Chat,"

His riddles, his puzzles, his jokes, and all that, And will feel quite as easy, with him in the chair,

As if *Uncle Frank* were alone with them there.

They will welcome, as warmly as he can desire 'em,

The quizzical phiz of sharp *Uncle Hiram*, Quite willing to take, as they happen to catch it,

The point of his joke, or the edge of his "Hatchet."

And gladly, right gladly, they'll answer the grip

Of Fritz, Willie, Roarer, Frank, Alice, and Nip,

Of Sigma, of Black-Eyes, of Blue-Eyes, and gray,

Of Meta and Minnie, of Laura and May;

The pert squibs of Popgun, the stories of Hannah,

They will relish with zest in their own quiet manner;

And methinks, when we all get together in one, There will be such a surfeit of music and fun,

That the danger will be of giving offense,

By frolic too stirring and fun too intense.



A CELTIC VILLAGE.

THE CELTS.

THE readers of the MUSEUM have doubtless read more or less of the histories of Europe, in the by-gone ages. They often see, in the newspapers of our own day, reference to the different races from which the mixed multitudes of Great Britain and America took their origin. In the Irish papers we are constantly regaled with the praises of the Celt, and of the wonderful power by which they claim to have swallowed up and annihilated the Anglo-Saxon race, and to have taken the entire world into their exclusive possession. If this be the case, and we, who have blindly supposed ourselves Anglo-Saxons, are, after all, Celts, how comes it that they are so jealous of

their own flesh and blood? and how shall we account for the wide differences in faith, customs, temperament, and manifest destiny? Leaving these matters to the philosophers, and our factious neighbors to their own fancies, we go back to the Celts of twenty-four hundred years ago.

The word *Celt* is derived, says Webster, from the Latin *celo*, to conceal, and is meant to describe one who dwells in a covert, or an inhabitant of the forest. It is probable, therefore, that this term was applied, originally, not to any particular race, or family, but to all those tribes of men who built their cabins under the shelter of the forest, and depended on the chase for

subsistence, in distinction from those who cultivated the open clearings, or reared their gloomy castles in the crags and fastnesses of the hills.

Ancient Gaul included the whole of the present kingdoms of France and Belgium, with part of Holland, Prussia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. The *Gauls*, or *Celts*, at the North, and the *Iberians*, or *Aquitani*, in the South, seem to have been the first inhabitants of that portion of Europe now called France. Although these two people lived in close proximity to each other, they were very unlike in many respects. Their language, habits, and manners were different, and there was very little intercourse or sympathy between them. The Celts, united in large bands, were lovers of noise and social festivities, were warlike, adventurous, and roving, and often undertook distant expeditions, either for conquest or spoil. The Iberians, on the contrary, divided into smaller tribes, and occupying the mountainous parts of the country, were patient and laborious in their habits, attached to their homes, and devoted to agricultural pursuits. It is remarkable that the languages spoken by these two people should have been preserved distinct, and but little changed, to the present day. The Iberian, true to its old attachments, retains its locality in the Biscayan provinces of France and Spain, and is now called the *Basque* language. The Celtic is the native of the peasants of Lower Brittany, in France, and of those of Ireland and Wales.

The Celts, more powerful, because more numerous and united, drove the Iberians beyond the Pyrenees. At a still later period, the Phenicians, attracted by the riches of the mines, made a landing on the coast of Gaul, with a view to establish a permanent settlement, and open the way for a profitable commerce.

Marseilles was founded in the year 590 B. C., and became the seat of a rich and powerful colony. About this time, or perhaps a little earlier, the Celts of Gaul received a considerable addition to their numbers by the incursions of the Cimbri, or Cimmerians, who, driven by the Scythians from their ancient homes on the borders of the Black Sea, pushed their way westward, and ultimately established themselves in the north-western provinces of Gaul, between the Seine and the Loire. Here their influence was soon widely felt, and it was not long before they became the prevalent power in that part of Gaul. By them was brought, from the confines of Asia to the extreme western borders of Europe, that dark and bloody system of Druidism which so long overshadowed this and the neighboring lands. Its monuments are still found in many places, dumb but eloquent witnesses of its cruel rites and sanguinary sway. It was a religion of terror and sombre mystery, which had its temples in the forest, under the shadow of the oak, or on the tempest-beaten sides of the hills. It mingled with the barbarous practice of human sacrifices, some faint intimations of the

immortality of the soul, and the existence of another world.

The Celts and the Cimbri, from this period confounded under the general name of *Gauls*, were early brought into conflict with the Romans, and gained some notable advantages over them. While Rome was yet unknown or undistinguished, preparing in her humble cradle for the conquest of the world, the Gauls passed the Appenines, and fell upon the city, and reduced it to subjection. For two centuries they were the most powerful enemies of Rome. When Carthage, assuming to be her rival, sent Hannibal, by way of Spain, to her very gates, it was by the aid of the Gauls, whom he induced to join him, that he conquered at Thrasymenus and at Cannæ. "These soldiers fought against Rome with such fury," says the historian, "that it seemed as if they were carried away by a blind and instinctive hatred against the future conquerors of their country." The Celts of the present day seem to have forgotten the ancient feud, and become the blindest and most servile of all the devotees of the power that now reigns in "the eternal city."

The Celts, or Gauls, as described by Cæsar, were men of large size, fair complexion, sandy hair, and fierce aspect. They could endure cold and rain, but were very sensitive to heat and thirst. They were vain and boastful, clamorous and impatient of control, and quarrelsome among themselves. In war, their first onset was daring and formidable, but, if once repulsed, they

easily gave way, and dispersed. Their swords were long and unwieldy, and being made of copper, bent before the steel armor of the Romans. They fought naked, down to the waist.

Their government was aristocratic. The common people seem to have had no political rights, but were in a state of vassalage to the nobles, if that term may be properly applied to the semi-barbarous chiefs of nomadic tribes. Their priests were Druids, a crafty and powerful hierarchy, who held the people in the chains of a terrible superstition.

WHO IS WASHINGTON?

AN old English newspaper is still extant wherein the pertinent inquiry is made: "Who is Geordy Washington?" Replying to his own query, the journal states that "Geordy is an obscure leader of militiamen, who meddles with matters that are above his comprehension, and whose obscure life will be 'rounded' by the gallows if he continues his treasonable practices, and 'provokes his betters too far!' Further, the public is requested to decide his character by the station of his associates, one of whom is spoken of as a 'dirty printer's man, named Benjamin Franklin!'"

A FARMER'S servant having a cheese set before him to take his breakfast, and sitting a long time over it, his master inquired when he intended to have done. "Sir," said he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you may think."

HARRY HATCHET'S DOG.

BY COUSIN HANNAH.



ESSE," said Harry one morning at breakfast, "I'm to have a fine dog one of these days."

"You are to have," exclaimed Uncle

Hiram; "why, I should think you already have all you can possibly need; let me see—Watch is one."

"He is not mine, he's the house-dog; you want him to keep watch according to his name," said Harry.

"Well, there's Topsey, and Rover—"

"Oh, they are only fit for pets for the girls," said Harry, "and then 'Sport'—he is a first-rate fellow, but he is not fit for every thing."

"Very well—what is your new dog to be then?" asked Uncle.

"A first-rate, a No. 1 hunting-dog."

"So," whistled Uncle Hiram, "your trip last year and sporting experience therein has given you a taste for that amusement?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Harry; "I never

was so happy in my life; and when I am more used to it, I shall do so much better, that I shall enjoy it more—I was so free and independent—and, moreover, I'm a very good shot, I would have you know."

"But you have not told us where this wonderful dog is to come from, Harry," said Jessie.

"Oh, I forgot," said Harry; "Clem Harding, who was with us last year, promised him to me, I took such a fancy to him—he was so very intelligent."

"Which? Clem, or the dog?" asked Uncle.

"The dog," said Harry; "Clem is



intelligent enough, everybody knows, without my telling it."

"That's what always puzzles me, father," said Edith, looking up earnestly; "dogs are intelligent, and seem almost to think; then why haven't they minds as well as men and women?"

"A great many wiser heads than yours have been puzzled with such questions," answered her father; "we can not certainly say in what consists man's superiority—nor how far the reasoning faculty of animals reaches."

"They sometimes seem to think just as much as any one of us, and just as well, too," said Edith.

"That they do," cried Harry; "and I never saw any *dog* that could think as well and sensibly as Clem's 'Ranger'; that's what took me completely."

"Won't you tell us about him, then?" said Jessie.

"Oh, yes—nothing would please me better, for I want you all to have a liking for my new pet when he comes. Let me see, he did so many sensible things, that I don't know where to begin."

"Oh, anything—the first thing you think of," cried Jessie, eager to hear anything in the shape of a story.

"Well, once when we were trying to shoot some ducks, we left our hats, etc., quite a distance from the river, and crept through the reeds so that they might not see us and fly away before we had a chance at them; when we got there we fired, and didn't do much execution, so we concluded to lie still and have another shot when the

birds alighted again. Of course, we wanted our hats; so Clem sent Ranger back for them; first he took Clem's and started to bring that, but Clem motioned him back, and he understood that he must bring both. You ought to have seen him work. First he would take one, and then try to get the other up, but the broad stiff brims wouldn't let him, and away would go the first one; once he almost succeeded. The two were fairly in his mouth, but they would not stay there. He stopped, and was evidently deep in thought. He stood perfectly still for about a minute, looking at the hats, and then took one hat, put it inside of the other, pushed it down with his paw, and in the most satisfied triumphant manner seized them and brought them to us. Don't you call that thinking?"

"Bravo, Ranger," cried Uncle Hiram, "he certainly can reason pretty well."

"When is this wonderful Ranger coming?" asked Lucy.

"In a day or two," said Harry, springing up and catching Jessie in his arms, to give her a lesson in waltzing, as he called it, swinging her rapidly round.

"He'll beat all the dumb creatures about here, for sense I mean. We shan't hear anything more of the squirrel after that;" and so saying he waltzed himself out of the room.

"Oh, father, that poor little boy and his squirrel—don't you remember?" said Lucy and Edith in one breath.

"We ought to go and see them, certainly," said Uncle Hiram. "You

must make some appointment for me, and I will keep it."

"Shall it be this afternoon, then, father?" said Edith, who never could wait long for any pleasure.

"Yes, this afternoon, if you please," said Uncle, "only don't insist upon going too early; we will walk there about sunset."

"Now I think of it," added Uncle Hiram, "I have another story of the sagacity of a dog who belonged to one of my friends, and which is a pretty fair match for Harry's Ranger. I wish he was here to hear it.

"This was a large, powerful, quiet dog, of the Newfoundland family, who was trained to go to market, and do other errands for the family. They would wrap the money in paper, put it into a basket, and send Rover with it to the grocer's, or to the market. The change, if any, was sent back in the same way, with the articles purchased, and always were safely delivered.

"His master had a little boy who went to school, and Rover was sometimes employed to carry the boy's cap, or some other article. One day, when it rained, Rover was called up, and told to carry Charley's India rubbers to him, at school. He took them in his mouth, and was going out of the door with them, when he chanced to notice Charley's cap, on the hat tree. He dropped the shoes, took down the cap, and then, for some time puzzled himself to get hold of the three articles together. At length, stopping and taking an earnest look at the matter, he very deliberately

took up the shoes, placed them in the cap, and then marched gravely off, with an expression of perfect satisfaction that was amusing to the lookers-on, as it was comfortable to himself."



LITTLE THORNS.

THE sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and render their traveling irksome and unpleasant.—*Evening Transcript*.



THE NEST BUILDERS

OH! beautiful, beautiful things!
 ● How they range at will through the sky!
 Dear Mary, if I could have wings,
 Oh! wouldn't I, wouldn't I fly?

I would float far away on the cloud,
 All veiled in the silver mist;
 And perhaps I should feel so proud,
 I shouldn't come back to be kissed.

But see, sis, the sweet little creatures
 Have each a straw in his beak;
 A lesson of duty to teach us,
 As plainly as birds can speak.

We think they are only playing,
 As they roam to and fro in the sky;
 But these busy fellows are saying,
 " 'Tis not all for pleasure we fly.

"We're building a snug little nest,
 In the crotch of the old elm-tree;
 We mean it for one of the best,
 And busy enough are we.

"We would not live only for play,—
 And when for a song we take leisure,
 We would show, in our caroling way,
 How duty is wedded to pleasure."

HIRAM.

THE ROSE IN THE VALE.

A ROSE that nature chose to place
 Amid a lonely vale,
 Could not have caught a richer grace
 Where gardens scent the gale.

Though thorns and rocks deformed the scene,
 It still to beauty bloomed;
 And, 'neath the smile of morn serene,
 A deeper blush assumed.

While oft the gentle winds prevailed,
 Afar its sweets were spread;
 But none whom thus its sweets regaled,
 Could guess the rose that shed.

Obscure, to rugged walks decreed,
 The virtues too may grow;
 And, noiseless, round a world in need
 The choicest blessings throw.

THE OLD MAJOR.

G. W. BENTLEY, at a printers' supper, gave the following good toast on Franklin: "Franklin—to-day making lights for Boston's lamplless lanterns—to-morrow enlightening the world; one day stirring the cauldron of the tallow chandler, the next day rocking the iron cradle of the mightiest democracy of the globe; the apprentice boy to-day, the revered of kings to-morrow; the poor Ben of his mother to-day, the immortal Franklin forever!"



GAZELLES AND GAZELLE-HUNTERS

THE gazelle is one of the most beautiful animals imaginable. Did you ever see one? Probably not. The gazelle is not a native of our country, and is very seldom brought here. I saw two or three at the famous Zoological Gardens in London, and I assure you they furnished me a great deal of amusement. I will give you a picture of a pair of them. There, now. After looking carefully at this picture, tell me which of the three families they belong to, the sheep, the deer, or the goat. You are puzzled, I see. Well, that's not strange. Wiser heads than you boast of carrying on your shoulders have been puzzled, too, over the same question; and they found, at last, that this beautiful creature did not belong to either of these families. So the naturalists had

to group the gazelle in a family by itself. Of all the animals in the world, unless the poets deceive us, the gazelle has the most beautiful eye. You recollect what Thomas Moore says on that point, in one of the sweetest lyrics in the English language :

“ Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft blue eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.”

Passing over the poet's unhappy mood of mind, occasioned, probably, as my good old uncle Barnabas used to say, by eating rather too freely of unripe fruit, from the little I have seen of the gazelle, I don't know that its eye is overpraised

in this stanza. Still I think I have seen human eyes quite as attractive. They were to *me*, at all events.

The gazelle is a native of Asia and Africa. The chamois, with which I became quite familiar while traveling in Switzerland, though it greatly resembles the gazelle, is not placed in the gazelle family. There are some twelve distinct species of this animal, each differing but very little from the rest. They have all small limbs in proportion to the other parts of the body, and are well adapted for running gracefully and swiftly. They have a cloven foot, like the sheep. Their hair is short, but fine and glossy.

In some countries, where the gazelle abounds, falcons are bred to capture them. The mode in which the capture is effected is cruel in the extreme. Whenever the hunters see a gazelle at the proper distance, they let the bird loose. The falcon, with the swiftness of an arrow, flies to the poor gazelle, which is unable to escape. The talons of the bird are fixed, one in the gazelle's cheek, the other in its throat; and the innocent creature is soon so faint, from the loss of blood, that its pursuers overtake it and kill it.

Sometimes, too, the gazelle is hunted by means of the ounce, a very savage animal, which, however, can be tamed so as to be perfectly docile. The ounce sits on the horse with the hunter, and remains there, with the composure of a cat in the chimney corner, until a gazelle is pointed out. Then the fierce animal creeps along carefully, without

making any noise, until he comes within a few feet of his prey, when he pounces upon him, and destroys him almost instantly.

There is another way in which the gazelle is caught. A tame gazelle is bred for the purpose, which is taught to join a herd of wild ones, whenever it perceives them. The hunter places a noose around the horns of the tame gazelle in such a manner that, when he comes in contact with the others (for they invariably fight at such a meeting), the horns of the wild gazelle will be entangled in the noose on the head of the tame one, in which case the two fighters can't separate themselves.

Another mode of catching the gazelle is the one represented in the engraving. It is by means of the *lasso*. The natives surprise the gazelles in a thicket, and then dexterously throw the *lasso* so that it is wound around the legs of the animal.

You see that in all these different ways of capturing the gazelle there is nothing that looks very like honorable warfare. If people should adopt the same methods of hunting the gazelle that are resorted to by the chamois-hunter, the gazelle might laugh at all the military tactics of his enemies. Give the gazelle a fair field, and he would most certainly win the day. His legs would be his salvation. **UNCLE FRANK.**

HE who wishes to reap a harvest of the tears of sincerity, must first sow true love in his bosom.

SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.



WHERE now, Willie, so fast and furiously? What are you afraid of? Ah! you can not stop to answer me. I see how it is. You are running away from your mother, and from school. You will have a fine time, won't you? No mother to trouble you; no lessons to bother you. I see. You are a brave boy. You have declared your independence. You will have a glorious time. You will be a man before you are a full-grown boy. And, by-and-by, when you are hungry, you will have no meddling mother to make you sit down to a nice clean table, with clean hands, and a plenty of nice good food before you. You'll have none of that nonsense out in the woods. You can eat roots and berries, if you find any, dirt and all, and you can drink from the duck pond, as the cows do. Won't that be fine? And when night comes, you can lie down on the ground with the cows, and the toads, and the snakes, and without the bother of undressing. Then, in the morning, you can get your own breakfast, with no one to vex you

about your appearance or behavior. Oh, Willie, you are a brave, wise fellow! How happy you will be! I saw a thing just like you last night—a wonderfully wise, witty, curious little miller. He had taken his liberty, as you have. He had run away from his mother, and came fluttering into the room, where I was studying my lesson. He was resolved to make acquaintance with the candle.

"Oh!" said he to himself, "how beautiful! how splendid! how warm! That is the friend I am after." And he rushed at it madly, as if for very life.



Ralph tried hard to save him; but he could not. Ralph leaped, and jumped, and screamed, and struck at the little simpleton, and resolved he would save him, whether he would or no. But the miller was too much for him. He knew better than Ralph what was good for him. So, flirting round and round, intoxicated with delight, he popped into the flame, and then, all maimed and helpless, dropped into the grease. You are in a fine way, Willie.



THE WHALE.

HALLO! old fellow, laid high and dry,
 Upon a cake of ice;
 Methinks you have found that "getting high"
 Is not a convenient vice;
 And that "half-seas-over," as there you lie,
 Is any thing but nice.

You'll doubtless protest, though the doctors still
 The contrary declare,
 That being kept dry, against one's will,
 The health is sure to impair;
 And it's quite as bad as an arsenic pill,
 For a whale to "take the air."

But, where are you bound, in your flat-bot-
 tomed smack,
 Without rudder, mast, or sail?
 Do you take old England in your track,
 And call on the Prince of Whales?
 Will you stop at New York, as you go back.
 And with Governor Fish regale?

You need not fear your craft to steer
 Over Nantucket shoal;
 Nor deem it unsafe approaching near
 New Bedford, or Holmes' Hole;
 Nor that Judd or Macy, or any one here,
 Will tap your brains for toll.

Whale oil is no longer in vogue, you know;
 We're quite in another line.
 Camphene, kerosene, *et cetera*, now,
 Have taken from you the shine;
 We get our light from shote and sow,
 And the *sperm o' the city* is—swine.

But, hark'ee, old fellow, don't flap your jibs
 In Paris, or Broadway, please;
 There's a terrible rage among our "ribs"
 For skirts of ample degrees;
 And the ladies will tear you all to fiibs,
 Your *bony parts* to seize.

TIM BROADAX;

OR, ALL FOR A NAIL.

TIM BROADAX, the carpenter, an earnest, driving young man, had gone over very early one Monday morning to put a new roof on 'Squire Williamson's barn. He had begun to build the necessary scaffold, and was sawing and pounding as if he meant to earn his wages; while the 'Squire was standing near, now offering a word of advice, and now rendering a little aid.

"Better drive another nail there, Timothy," suggested Mr. Williamson.

"Hadn't we better send a man to the shop, sir, and have a two-inch bolt made? Something of that sort may be necessary to bear me, since I have got to be so fat."

The 'Squire made no reply. He couldn't help laughing, though, at the idea of sending for a two-inch bolt to bear up a slender little man, who seemed hardly substantial enough to cast a shadow.

Nothing had been said, of course, which could have reasonably offended him. Tim only meant to intimate, in a way just like him, that he didn't care to hear any such suggestions. Hadn't he built scaffolds enough to know precisely how to do the thing? If, in fact, there was any one in the country who had a thorough knowledge of the carpenter's trade, was not Tim Broadax the very man? It was not likely, therefore, that he



would give much heed to the notions of one who had never served a week's apprenticeship at the business. I doubt whether, in the circumstances, he would have driven another nail in the place referred to, even though he had half-believed himself that another would be useful. I suspect there was enough old Adam in him to dispose him to have his own way whenever he could. Besides, Tim was young—young and green

—and young folks are apt to like that wisdom best which they buy with experience.

The consequences of a decision made before breakfast sometimes hurry along before supper-time. This truth was driven into Tim Broadax very effectually. Along in the afternoon, while in the act of lifting a bunch of shingles to the roof, the scaffold on which he was standing suddenly yielded and fell. The instant he perceived his danger he gave a scream of terror. He was dashed down about sixteen feet, with boards and shingles rattling around him. Mr. Williamson was bending over him in a moment. The poor man was helpless, senseless. It was soon found that one of his legs was broken, and that his body was seriously bruised in several places.

Doctor Squills was immediately sent for. He approached the sufferer with his long face drawn down about two inches longer than usual, and after rolling him over and over, and examining him carefully from end to end, he pronounced his case very desperate. "Yet," said he, with a significant motion of his head, "I think the man will recover, under proper treatment." Of course he would be properly treated in the hands of so skillful a man as Dr. Squills.

Poor Broadax had a sad time of it. It seemed for several days that he would give the lie to all the doctor's assertions in regard to his final recovery. At length, however, the indications became more favorable, and he continued to mend as fast as could be expected.

One day, after he had gained a little strength, he appeared to fall into a deep study. Turning at length to Mr. Williamson, who was sitting near him, he said, "This is all for a nail, 'Squire. If I had listened to you, I would have been a sound man now, very likely."

"Then you have got to be a philosopher, Timothy? I am glad to know it. It takes a deal of hard knocking, sometimes, to get a little wisdom into people. They don't always learn the value of a nail, it seems, till some terrible blow comes crashing upon them, and sets them to thinking. You remember how it was with Mr. Rider. His wife told him more than once that he ought to make the cellar stairs a little stronger; but he didn't do it. So it happened one day that they broke down with him, and came near cracking his skull."

"The most of us are just such fools," said Broadax. "We won't learn till we are cuffed and pounded in the school of experience."

The 'Squire resumed: "You must remember, too, how sad a time it was when Colonel Myers was sold out, and forced to seek a new home. Poor man, he had always toiled like a slave, and everybody thought he had gathered enough to last him a hundred years. But he was too careless in his business matters. He thought other men were as honest as himself, and so made more use of his memory than of account-books. It was easy work, therefore, for two or three rogues to fasten their coils about him, and drag him to ruin."

"All that was just for the want of a nail," added Broadax.

"It is easy to see," the 'Squire continued, "that the widow Decker has a great sorrow in her heart. Her son Robert has long been a torment to her, and when last heard from he had just gone to prison for ten years. Could she have dreamed, when he was a boy, that he ever would come to such an end? She gave him a good education, and considered that she governed him with sufficient strictness. In one point, though, it was known that she failed. She allowed him to dishonor the Sabbath, and to spend it very much as he pleased. That, in my judgment, was the very place where she should have driven in a nail."

"Right, sir," responded Broadax. "If the widow had only put a nail in there, no doubt she would have done a kindness to her son, and saved herself from many a heart-ache."

The two neighbors continued to talk in a similar strain for some time. It was clear to their minds, as it may be to the minds of all who will take the trouble to look into the matter, that much of what people suffer arises from their own fault. If they would use proper precaution—if they would only drive in a nail at the right time and in the right place—they would, in all probability, save themselves from many losses and misfortunes.

THE OLD MAJOR.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

OUR SAMMY.

He was a little sunbeam,
Our darling bright-eyed boy,
So full of life and frolic,
Of health and childish joy.

He was so sweet and cunning,
So winning in his way,
We could not do without him,
E'en for a single day.

His hair was dark and glossy,
His eyes were blue and meek,
And fringed with silken lashes
Upon his rosy cheek.

His tongue was ever prattling,
His hand was never still;
And whatever he was doing,
He did it with a will.

And when his feet were tired
Of wild and boyish play,
He'd kneel beside his little chair
His evening prayer to say.

"O God bless pa and mamma,
And little sisters three,
And make me when I wake again,
A better boy to be."

But the angel Death was looking,
And saw he was too fair
To live within this wicked world
Of trouble, toil, and care.

And soon he came and claimed him,
Our darling bright-eyed boy;
And took him to that "better land"
Of never-ending joy.

GEORGIANA.

BLANKETS were first made at Bristol, in England, by a poor weaver, whose name was Thomas Blanket, and who gave his name to his peculiar manufacture of woolen cloth.

GETTING OVERBOARD.

A CIDER-MILL STORY BY UNCLE FRANK.



BY an old story-teller we are informed that Don Quixote, a great many

years ago, had a remarkable adventure with a wind-mill.

The particulars of this valiant knight's exploits on this occasion have interested a great many readers, and will doubtless interest a great many more. I once had a somewhat similar adventure, with this difference, that while the old Spaniard's was with a wind-mill, mine had to do with a cider-mill. Now, although I can not hope that my affair will excite as much interest as that of Don Quixote's, it seems to me that there are some Quixotic elements in it which render it worth listening to, and so, with your permission, I will rehearse it.

An old-fashioned cider-mill, such as was used when I was a little boy, would look odd and outlandish nowadays. Alas! what havoc these "improvements," as they call them, make with the associations of childhood! The cider-mill which was common at Willow Lane consisted of two wooden cylinders placed upright, in contact with each other. In each of these cylinders were cogs fitting into mortices in the other. The mill was turned by a horse, who was attached to a long *sweep*. The

apples were placed in a *hopper*, and when the two cylinders went around, the fruit was crushed between them. The *press* was a separate affair. The apples, in their bruised state, were placed on the bed of the press, with a quantity of straw, to make the mass adhere, and then, by means of screws, the juice was pressed out, and flowed into a large cask. This cask usually consisted of a hogshead, sawed in two crosswise.

It was rare sport, in the fall of the year, during the cider-making season, for my brother and myself to go over to my Uncle Elijah's mill, a mile or so from our house, and help ourselves to the delicious beverage. There were two methods of getting at the cider. One was to drink it from a wooden dipper, which was always kept in the tub ready for dipping the liquor into the large wooden tunnel communicating with the barrel to be filled. Another method, and one which we boys unanimously voted to be decidedly the best, was to take a rye-straw, as large around and as perfect as could conveniently be found, to insert one end of it into the tub, and to suck the cider leisurely and calmly through the tube.

One day, my brother and I, each armed with a long straw, of the requi-

site description, were regaling ourselves with sweet cider at Uncle Elijah's mill. The tub was not much more than half full at the time, and of course we had to bend over it, at rather an uncomfortable, and perhaps slightly comic angle, to reach the cider. There was, I rec-

the idea comes up fresh from my heart and clamors loudly to be uttered—that my good Uncle Elijah was such a lover of children that he never cared if there were forty of them around his mill at once. You couldn't make him happier at any time, when he was at leisure,



UNCLE ELIJAH AND HIS TROOP OF FRIENDS.

than to let loose upon him any number of little urchins, and to set him to telling stories to them. All the boys and girls in Willow Lane were fond of Uncle Elijah. So you see our cider-drinking at his mill is not to be regarded in the light of a trespass.

As I was saying, before I turned out of my way to pay this compliment to my good old uncle, I was leaning over the cider cask, which was only about half full. I am coming now to the tragic part of the story. I say this in order

ollect, an unusually large number of hornets, bees, and yellow wasps floating, in a half-drowning state, on the surface of the cider.

I can not refrain from saying just here, though it has no connection whatever with my story, but simply because

that you who have tears to shed may get yourselves in readiness to shed them, without further notice. I leaned over the tub a little too far; I lost my balance, and—down I went headlong into the cider-tub! Oh, what a floundering ensued then and there! I don't

believe that Pharaoh and his host made a more resolute and desperate effort to escape from their *red sea* than I did from mine. I can't recollect much of my experience while there, and while the question was undecided whether, like the Duke of Clarence, I was actually to be drowned in my favorite liquor or not. But there has been a distinct impression left upon my mind ever since, that I should certainly be drowned, and stung to death by hornets into the bargain. It so happened that there was no one at the mill, besides myself, but my brother. He, however, called lustily for help. My uncle always insisted that he screamed, "A man overboard!" but it is due to my brother to say, that the statement is not exactly according to his recollection. Letting that pass, however, the frightened little fellow certainly did say something very much to the point, for he succeeded in alarming some of my uncle's men, who were at work in an adjoining field, by which means he brought me assistance.

It was well that the men got there as they did. If they had delayed many minutes, I think I should have made a singularly inglorious exit from this world. As it was, however, there was anything but glory connected with the disaster. I think I must have presented a provokingly ludicrous spectacle when I was lifted out of the tub, and carried over to Uncle Elijah's house, all dripping with sweet cider. At all events, everybody that saw me laughed. Uncle Elijah, even, who generally had

a very cool and quiet way of enjoying a joke, laughed on this occasion until he grew red in the face. "Frank," said he, "you were *in liquor* that time—you can't deny it."

But this was not the worst of it. I did honestly think, considering the vast amount of breath that was spent in laughing over me on the day of the accident, that people would certainly spare their lungs any further exertion on my behalf. But I was woefully mistaken. It was the standard joke of the Willow Lane boys for six months. They didn't fairly get over their giggling until about the expiration of that time; and even after that it was not uncommon for one fellow to look at another, and laugh, when they saw me in the street, which look and laugh I learned to translate into these, or similar words: "There goes the chap that tumbled into the cider-tub!" As for Mr. Solomon Stark, our schoolmaster, he made a conundrum on the occasion—he was great at conundrums—which went all over the neighborhood, and was received as a precious little morsel of wit. I never saw any wit in it, though. It was made at my own expense, to be sure; and possibly, though I had no suspicion of it at the time, that tended slightly to blunt my perception as to the sharpness of the point of the conundrum. It was something like this: "Why was Frank, when he took his famous bath, like a man riding in a stage?" How mightily Mr. Stark loved to give the answer to this conundrum, after the people had given it up,

which was, "Because he was an *insider* (in cider)."

There, boys and girls, there is the story of the adventure at my uncle's cider-mill. Don Quixote's wind-mill affair had a moral in it, and a pretty good one too. My story ought to have a moral, too, I suppose. I have heard people say that all stories ought to have a moral, though I have never been able precisely to see why. However, let us see if we can press a serious moral lesson out of this comic "tale of a tub." I think, at least, we learn this lesson from it: that we should strive to enjoy our pleasures with moderation, and not plunge *headlong* into them. Don't you think so?

MAKING LETTER ENVELOPES.

Tons of paper and barrels of mucilage are used up in this city every month in the manufacture of an article so unpretending as letter envelopes. Four firms are engaged in the business on a large scale, and several others in a small way. It is estimated that the number of envelopes made in this city every week is at least 40,000,000. Out of New York, there is a factory in Worcester, Mass., which manufactures to a large extent, and there is one doing a more moderate business in Philadelphia.

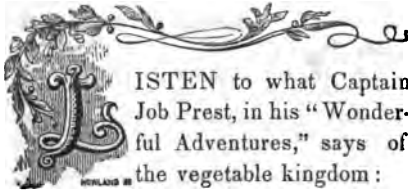
The process of manufacture may be thus briefly described. A ream of paper, or about 500 sheets, is placed under a knife of a shape corresponding with an envelope when entirely opened, which

is forced down by a powerful screw press, worked by a hand lever. The pieces cut out, slightly adhering to the edges, from the action of the knife resemble a solid block of wood until broken up. The flap is afterward stamped by a similar process. A boy is able to prepare 50,000 per day in this manner, taking one, two, or three envelopes at each movement of the hand. They are then taken by 100 girls, seated at long tables, by whom they are folded and gummed. A single girl will apply the gum to 60,000 or 70,000 in a day, and from 5,000 to 7,000 may be folded in the same time. In these processes the girls acquire great celerity and skill, being stimulated by the wages offered, which vary from 12 to 30 cents for each 1,000. The envelopes are next counted, banded, and packed. Some varieties are embossed or otherwise decorated, requiring additional labor. The establishment of which we are now speaking, consumes not far from twelve tons of paper per month in the single article of envelopes. This quantity of paper, at 10 cents per pound, would cost \$2,508.—*Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

HUMBOLDT AND THE TABLE RAPPERS.

—Baron Humboldt has written a letter to the *New York Post*, in which he emphatically contradicts the report that he had become a convert to the spirit-rapping imposture. He says he has a "holy horror of pine-wood spiritualism and psychographic mysticisms."

**THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM
QUIZZICALLY CONSIDERED.**



The term vegetable—sometimes pronounced wegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculent; hence originally called wedge-eatables, wedgetable, and now refined into the present form.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring, most of them very polite and full of boughs.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and boot trees for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch-dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood for a cord.

Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to ax trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics. When young they are trained; they have many kernels, and their shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and threshing is resorted to to fit it for use.

Tares are mostly found with smaller grains—which require sowing.

Great indulgence in fruit is dangerous—and too free a use of melons produces a melon-cholic effect.

Old maids are fond of pairs—but can not endure any reference to dates.

Sailors are attached to bays; oystermen to beeches; love-sick maidens to pine.

“BABY'S DEAD.”

BY JENNIE.

THE stars twinkled so merrily,
And the moon lit up the earth
With a dazzling, glorious splendor,
On the night of “Baby's” birth.

Oh, he was a winsome creature,
With his baby eyes so bright;
And we loved him—ah! too dearly—
That little form of light.

He grew as grow the spring buds,
But fairer far than they;
We learned to greet his wakening,
As we'd greet the dawning day.

But scarcely had he learned to lisp
The names of loved ones here,
When angels led him far away
To lisp His praises *there*.

The stars still looked down calmly,
The skies beamed overhead,
The moon shone bright—how *could* it,
And know that “Baby's dead?”

We dug his grave beneath the trees,
And raised a marble stone,
And “Baby's dead?” you'll read there—
'Twas all we could put on.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OUR cousins of the CABINET being our guests on this occasion, we have given them, as in duty bound, the seat of honor, and the first word. And now we have but little time for a Chat among ourselves. No—I did not mean that—for they are here with us, and of us, and will take part in our Chat, as we have in their Table-Talk. Henceforth, we are all one. So, reserving for another occasion individual greetings and personal recognitions, we will hear what the young Merrys have to say of their own affairs. That we shall be more than ever entitled to the name of "The Happy Family," and that the MUSEUM will be more thronged than ever with curious spectators of our peculiar mode of being happy, no one need doubt.

MR. MERRY:—Can you tell me where those "three market women" (see Problem 39) are to be found? I have a benevolent object in asking this question. It is stated that they sold eggs at the rate of seven for a cent! Either eggs are little valued in that part of the world (where?), or hens are extremely obliging in the matter of laying.

I would therefore authorize you, Mr. Merry, if said women can be found, to invite them to come on immediately to this city, where they will be received with open arms by all distressed housekeepers, who think themselves happy if they get six eggs for a shilling.

Even a slight advance in price will not be objected to. Will you undertake the business? —!

Those same distressed market-women may still be found at No. 39 Chat, where they first hung out their sign, and where they continue to sell eggs at a commendably low rate to all the Merry family.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4th, 1857.

MR. HATCHET:—I supposed that my list of peculiar correspondents to the MUSEUM was complete, but I find two new ones in the last number. You will please add a "Snow-Flake" and a "Puppy-dog." WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Your list is growing, Willie. You will have lots of *addenda* to make since the accession of the whole family of Uncle Frank.

HAVERHILL, March 18th.

MR. MERRY:—

We began to take your merry book
Nine years ago or more,
And yet I never dar'd to think
Of writing you before.

But now I can a riddle send,
'Tis new, I think you'll see—
I've never seen it in your book,
Since first it came to me.

But as you wish me to be short,
I will but stop to say,
I wish your little book success,
And I'll call some other day.

That's right, call often. Your riddle is out among the nuts to be cracked for this evening's sport.

GOUVERNEUR, March 25th, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—The war which has just terminated was only a war of words, and of course was bloodless; besides, not half of it was in earnest, some of the *merriest* were a little inclined to be witty at the expense of their neighbors, and it made the Chat like what it was intended to be—a spicy conversation between friends; and if the Merry family are what their name implies, they escaped without wounds or injuries even to their feelings; but perhaps the debate was growing too warm, and it is better, even in fun, to avoid the *appearance* of evil, therefore I am glad that a treaty of peace has been signed, and the above has been written merely in defense of the Algebra question: I don't see why a little Algebra now and then should be offensive to your readers.

We should call people rather selfish, at least, who at table should object to the presence of a dish merely because they have no relish for it. This may seem like a strange metaphor, but is it not a feast of fat things which we monthly find spread before us in the pages of the MUSEUM? with this difference, that it tempts the mind, instead of the palate, to a repast.

Now, Mr. Merry, do please listen to my appeal; if I were in your sanctum wouldn't I coax irresistibly? But my letter is twice as long as it should be, and I must say good-bye.

Your friend,

VIOLETTE.

The vote is increasing rapidly, Violette, in

favor of Algebra. And surely such an argument as yours will give it a new impulse. The X's and Y's will yet have their turn.

BETHLEHEM, Feb. 25th, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I was very much gratified at seeing my letter in print. I would like very much to become a member of the Merry family, instead of being only a spectator. It is the *merriest* family that I ever heard of, although, there are occasionally pretty sharp words. The MUSEUM was only received about a week ago, and was hailed with delight by all of us. Please give my love to all the Merry family. Pussay.

TENNESSEE, March 16th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—My sakes alive! If Uncle Hiram has not had the *audacity* to call me a "leopard." I will inform you that "Tennessee" doesn't raise any of that species of wild beast, and that it is *Georgia* which is noted for the nearest approach to the animal in question, in the shape of what is vulgarly called "wild cats."

I'm very much obliged to "Sigma" for explaining herself. I understand perfectly, and in the name of his "aged relative" I thank her for her present. Poor fellow! Neither the praise and adulation of his Calhoun constituency, nor the slander and abuse of Yankee land disturb him now, for he *has* gone—no, I won't say he has—perhaps he has not gone, as Sigma says, "where the good niggers go."

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,

No sound can awake him to glory again."

Uncle Hiram, if "Snow-Flake" is a nephew or niece of yours, pray use all of your influence to prevent any more of his or her visits down here. I don't mean to be impolite, but really I'd a great deal rather receive no more visits from "Snow-Flake," for this spring at least.

That everlasting first rule, "Be short," says I must cease, so good-bye.

Your nephew from the South,

TENNESSEAN.

Snow-Flake expects a cold reception wherever he (she) goes, and will not be deterred from making you a visit by any like or dislike of yours.

March 16th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—
"Better late than never." So said I when after spending a week or two in anathematiz-

ing MUSEUMS, printers, Uncle Sam, and post-masters; at last *the book* stepped forth from father's pocket, and made me its bow. I took hold of it very unceremoniously, when, lo! it opened, and out stepped Aunt Sue, talking as fast as she could about great-grandfathers, second cousins, and fifty-second aunts, with the name of R. W. R. mixed up in it some way. I tell you what I would do were I in his place. I would take revenge on Aunt Sue for traveling about over the country making him out *nobody*, by following in her footsteps and *trying* to make her out—*somebody*. I bet (Aunt Sue set the example) that she is neither old maid nor young lady. It has not been more than twice twelve months (I *guess*) since she stood before a minister and promised to "love, honor, and obey" (?)—not the minister, but Mr. — (ahem) — R ——. Am I in much danger of losing my bet? But while I was listening to Aunt Sue's harangue, I heard a "voice from afar off," and listening, found it came from a "Snow-Flake." But I did not listen long, for I do not like snow-flakes in spring.

Poor W. F. O.!

Give Georgie a kiss from me, will you?

Compliments to Miss Terry, who is witty, very.

40 degrees below zero! "Emmie," I pity you—if you read the thermometer rightly.

Tell Willie Coleman to "*hush up*." I ha'n't been a-springin' no mine.

Alice, did you meet with any of your Buckeye Merry cousins at the "Capitol-warming?" I s'pect you did.

Southron—*encore*.

Uncle H., in a voice of warning, "Be short." Yours, for a *peace* of Algebra,

BLACK-EYES.

BROOKLYN, L. I.,

Monday, March 16th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have never written to you before, but I thought I would try today. At first I did not know what to say, but happening to look at our birds, I thought, maybe, you would like to hear about them. We have two birds, but one of them is very tame. Sometimes when we are all out of the room, but mother, he does all kinds of funny things. My mother sometimes takes her nut-basket and sits in the middle of the floor. But first she lets the birds out. Pretty soon Dick, as we call him, comes to her and stands on her lap waiting to be fed; or else he goes into the basket and gets them himself. Mother puts a nut on her tongue, and he flies up there and gets it. Soon as he gets it he flies down in her lap and eats it.

He will eat off of the hand of any of our family. Sometimes he lies on the top of my book when I am reading, and picks at it like a good fellow.

But "Be short," rings in my ears, so I must stop now and write again. I suppose this will be cast into the "Basket;" but in hopes that it may not, I remain, yours truly,

WILLIE WHITEMAN.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 29th, 1856.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Having paid the fee of one dollar to the porter, I consider myself entitled to a "season ticket" for 1857. Although I do not intend to compete for the "prize," I want to see the fun. And not caring if another battle occur during the coming year, I wish Aunt Sue, Uncle H. H., and all the cousins, a very happy New Year.

Yours, etc., BADGER STATE.

You are late, very late, Badger. Where have you been all this while? But, better late than never, and welcome, always, late or early. And Echo says, "Better late than never."

WAUCONDA, Feb. 15th, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—I have never written to you before. I have taken your MUSEUM three years, and this is the fourth. I am very much pleased with it, especially the Chat. I read every book over about a dozen times when I get it. I go to school at the Wauconda academy; I study Latin, and Adams' Arithmetic, and Colburn's Arithmetic. I have just began to read in Latin. The scholars have got up a lyceum, and sometimes I speak. The reason of my writing this letter so short is because I think that it will get into that terrible basket; so now good-bye.

Yours, forever, FRED.

ELMIRA, March 1st, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—All the other little girls write letters to you, and so I thought I would. Mr. Merry, I love to read your stories very much. I like to read about going a chestnutting. I used to go a chestnutting when I was with my cousins. SNIP.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, March 11th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—How would you like to get a letter from one of your nieces out West? I have been thinking about writing to you before, but have never had courage enough to address you until now. I prize

your MUSEUM very highly; I have taken it ever since 1850, and shall continue to do so for a long time, I think. I extend an invitation to you to visit us if you should pass through our State; we should be happy to see you. With much love to all the Merry family, I remain your friend,

ANNIE.

BOSOM HILL, February 2d, 1857.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:—Permit me to introduce myself (as a youngster entering my teens) to you and the Merry troop that trip along through the year so gay and joyous together; may I strew a few stray leaves or flowers along the verdant path that our frolicsome merry-hearted band bound over so gleefully, in consideration for the quips, quirks, and "Chat Correspondence" of the Merry fraternity?—for the reason that I feel myself indebted to the brother and sisterhood, and would like to discharge old scores. The coin I offer may not sparkle as bright as Black-Eyes', or ring as clear as the notes of Frank or Dodd and Co., but I hope it may be received as current paper, and not chopped up by Uncle Hiram's hatchet.

Yours respectfully, JOHN ALSO, JR.

And "John" came "also" among them; and John is cordially welcome. If John's visits are all so agreeable and polite, he will become the universal favorite.

MAPLE RETREAT, PAYSON, ILL.,
March 19th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I think you prefer short communications, and I am naturally inclined to gratify my friends in this particular at least, therefore I will come to the point at once. I wonder if you received Dora's letter—she did not see her name in the last MUSEUM.

One of your subscribers,

LILLIE FLEETWOOD.

Dora's letter not received. Uncle Sam's post-office is but little better than a high-way robber.

PANSY.—Many thanks for your kind remembrance—we are glad to receive any thing of that kind at any time—would like to listen to your pretty song, "The Invitation," accompanied by the guitar. We have "Faith and Hope" that that time will soon come when "pure truth and equal justice" shall have an eternal triumph. Some years ago we saw your Pleasant Retreat at Robin Grove, and

the free, pure air of its cool shades invited us to call, and we should have done so had we known our little friend lived there.

M. C. E.—Our Premiums extend throughout the year—read the second page of cover, and see if you can not get us up a good list of new subscribers.

GENESCO, March 12th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE :—For, if I may be permitted to become one of the Merry family, I will begin at once to call you Uncle. Your very interesting MUSEUM has been taken a number of years in our family, and each time it makes its advent it is hailed with renewed pleasure. If ever you happen to travel in this part of the State, I hope you will honor our pleasant valley with your presence. I am sure you will be delighted with the scenery, of which we have a great variety, and also the curiosities, from the Town Pump to Big Tree. I have almost persuaded one of my companions to take the MUSEUM. But I must remember the rule that says "Be short," and close my epistle, though I do it with fear and tremblings, lest, being so unworthy, it shall be consigned to the terrible "Big Basket."

Give my love to Aunt Sue.

Your affectionate

NELL.

P. S. Please introduce me to all the family.

Nell is accordingly introduced to the entire circle, with the assurance that we, and all of us, will be most happy to call, and pay our respects, whenever we pass that way.

Answers.

51. Moses was so considered in days of yore, because he broke all the Commandments at once. Aunt Sue.

52. Because it may be felt. Aunt Sue. —Minnie Fish.

53. He has a long bill. Aunt Sue.

54. Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord. Aunt Sue.—Lillie.—Minnie F.

55. Through Roman figures draw a line, To prove that IV is half of $\frac{IV}{\frac{1}{4}}$; Thus, too, you may divide $\frac{VI}{\frac{1}{4}}$.

And prove that $\frac{7}{4}$ of $\frac{VII}{\frac{1}{4}}$ is VII.

Aunt Sue.—George.—Minnie F.

56. Because they are shooting stars. Aunt Sue.—Minnie F.

57. They are revolvers. Aunt Sue.—Min. F.

58. Get it mashed square in an omnibus. Aunt Sue.

59. Something to do with kissing, I suppose; and ma says I oughtn't to know anything about that, even if we are to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us! Aunt Sue.

60. CIVIL. Aunt Sue.—George. —Minnie F.—Pansy.

61.	5 oxen at \$10	\$50
	1 sheep " 3	3
	94 pigs " 0 50c.	47

100 \$100

Aunt Sue.—Maggie.—George.

62. CLIO (one of the nine muses).

Aunt Sue.—Minnie F.

63. Because it acts as a check on the outer man. Young Republican.

64. Because it holds a gallon. Aunt Sue. Maggie.—Y. R.—Lillie.—Minnie F.

65. Acts 20 ch., 9 v. Aunt Sue.—Y. R. —Geo. B. H.—W. M. K.—Lillie.

66. Four quarters? Aunt Sue.—W. M. K. —Minnie F.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY :—I notice a loud call for Aunt Sue at question No. 40; well, now listen—A. B. by marrying his niece C. D. becomes brother-in-law to his nephews and nieces, son-in-law to his brother and sister, uncle to his grand-nieces and nephews, grandson to his parents, nephew to his brothers and sisters, grand-nephew to his aunts and uncles, great-uncle to his children, cousin to his nephews and nieces, and uncle to himself.

C. D. goes through just the same changes, only different. Now are you not sorry you called? Yours truly, Aunt Sue.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

67. My first the traveler loves full well, In truth, it is a small hotel; My second many a hole has bored; My third you've all done, on my word; My whole the people do once in months 48,

With pomps and vanities, and chariots of state. Pansy.

68. Why is MERRY'S MUSEUM like a Christmas stocking? Pansy.

RIDDLE.

69. For me great numbers spend their time, And many thoughts employ, Yet after all I am a thing They never can enjoy. Haverhill.

70. BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.
1. Ten idle pairs. 2. Calm hot women.
3. A poet's din. 4. Prove it rage. 5.
Not a yam. 6. To adorn. 7. Get red
rain. 8. Up, indeed, curs.

O. L. Bradley.

71. BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.
1. Win oranges. 2. Nice, famous art.
3. Shoot paper. 4. Hire candles. 5.
Dire anger.

Adelbert Older.

72. Entire, I am a hard substance; take away
my first letter, and I am a sound; take
away my first two letters, and I am a
number.

Adelbert Older.

73. Entire, I am a disease; take away my
first two letters, and I am a disease also.

Adelbert Older.

74. Entire, I am an animal. Cut off my tail,
I am the imperfect tense of a word signi-
fying to draw near. Behead me and put
my last letter first, and I am crippled.
Transposed, I am a repast. Transposed
again, I am a Latin word meaning bad.
My last, second, first, and fourth is an
article used by ladies. My third, second,
first, and fourth is a spice. Beheaded, a
high number.

Henry A. Danker.

75. Divide 6 into two such parts that the
cube of one part shall be equal to twice
the other. Please send the process by
which you arrive at the solution.

Fleta Forrester.

76. Entire, I am a weight. Reverse, and I am
an adverb. Reverse my last two letters,
and I am an adverb still. Leave off my
last letter, and I am a preposition. Leave
off my first letter, and I am a preposition
still.

Jonathan Sproul.

77.

RIDDLE.

The merry young warblers
Are tuning their throats;
The busy old farmers
Are sowing their oats;
The broad rushing stream
Pouring over its sides,
Is turning the mill-wheel
As onward it glides;
And all this commotion,
Because I am here,
The busiest, merriest
Part of the year.

Again you may see me,
Not in a new form,
Though fashions in these days
Are carried by storm.

But since the creation,
My form e'en the same,
I've blessed the blue heav'ns
As the source whence I came.

The hot, wearied traveler
Doth pause on my brink,
From my clear sparkling bosom
Cool waters to drink.

For my next meaning, ask
Of the wild mountain stream,
As it tumbles o'er rocks
And its mad waters gleam.
Or ask the grammarian,
I'm sure he will tell—
'Tis a verb either active
Or passive as well.

Then opening your watch
You'll my last meaning see
Quite plain, I am thinking,
Without aid from me.

Fleta Forrester.

78. What strange effect does the letter S have
upon the point of a lofty mountain?

79. What southern country is always shiver-
ing with cold?

80. What city of Asia is always peeping into
corners?

81. Which one of the States make you sigh
deeply when you pronounce its name?

Fleta Forrester.

82.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.

1. Men it is of Satan. 2. Tim said it
ran on. 3. She sent its lamb. 4. Large
or small, pa? 5. I value rain and mist.
6. Save Aunt Ida's dog. 7. O, pay one
customer. 8. O, if I can sing it. 9.
Pass, nimble ice-cart. 10. A unity climbs
in Rome. 11. Come to dinner, Sam.

Fleta Forrester.

83. Entire, I am a detestable character. Be-
head me, and I am often oppressive.
Again behead me, and you find what all
do. Take off my head once more, and I
am a preposition.

Winona.

84. Entire, I am an instrument of war. Cut
off my head, and I am a fruit. Again be-
head me, and I am a portion of the hu-
man body.

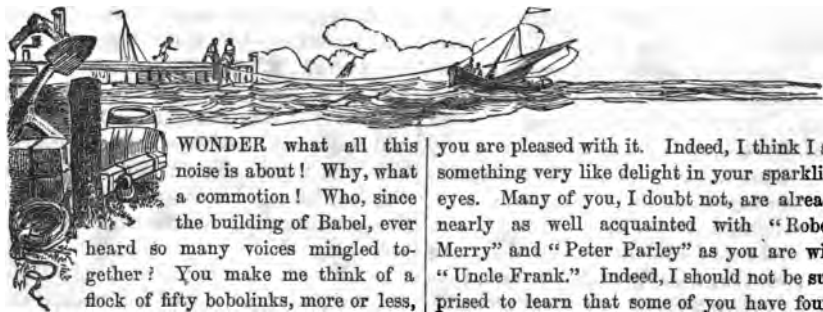
Winona.

85.



A certain state of the ocean.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk.



WONDER what all this noise is about! Why, what a commotion! Who, since the building of Babel, ever heard so many voices mingled together? You make me think of a flock of fifty bobolinks, more or less, which I once saw on a tree together in Georgia, and which were chattering as if the fate of the whole empire of Birddom depended upon their crowding the greatest possible volume of noise into the briefest possible space of time. What is the matter? What has happened? Oh, I see. The increase in the sum total of noise is to be accounted for in the same way we account for the fact that there is more wool on white sheep than there is on black ones. Because *there are more of you*. Why, how many new faces there are around me. Our number is doubled, I do believe. What! standing up yonder, at the other end of the table! Well, I declare, we must send out to the neighbors for a few more chairs, or else mend up some of those old ones that have got shaken to pieces by the careless boys, laughing so violently over each other's explosions of wit. All this can't be done in a moment, though. Suppose we lay the chairs—I mean the subject of chairs—on the table for this month. I shall gain something by this arrangement, I fancy. Your *standing* jokes will not be likely to damage my furniture so much, at all events.

Well, little friends—I speak now more particularly to those with whom I have long been in the habit of chatting from month to month—how do you like the new arrangement? What have you to say about the union of *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet* with *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine*? I hope

you are pleased with it. Indeed, I think I see something very like delight in your sparkling eyes. Many of you, I doubt not, are already nearly as well acquainted with "Robert Merry" and "Peter Parley" as you are with "Uncle Frank." Indeed, I should not be surprised to learn that some of you have found yourselves puzzled to decide which of the two magazines—the *Museum* or the *Cabinet*—was the richer and better, and to have "cut the Gordian knot" by subscribing for them both. As for myself, I have always loved my more venerable rival, and have rejoiced over its popularity. For more than one tenth of a century we have moved along, side by side, each every year making new friends and steadily advancing in popular favor. For a large share of this time we have been so near neighbors, that Robert Merry, if he were an eaves-dropper, and had chosen to listen, could have overheard the discussions in Uncle Frank's secret *Cabinet* councils; and yet, so far from either party cherishing envy toward the other, I honestly believe that both have heartily rejoiced over each others' growing prosperity. The intercourse both of the editors and publishers of the respective magazines has not only been amicable, but warm and intimate. Now, instead of inquiring why the two families should come together, I think we might more properly ask why they should be kept apart? The general character of the two works has for several years been almost precisely the same. Prepared for boys and girls of similar ages, similar capacities, and similar tastes, they have each looked for their support to the same class of readers. A union, then—an absolute union—not a partial one; not a coalition scarcely more than nominal, such as was once attempted, rather unwisely and quite unsuc-

cessfully, as the sequel showed, with another magazine—a union to all intents and purposes, a union of heads and hearts, of aims and interests, can not fail to be advantageous to the patrons of both works. Why, my little friends, don't you see that you get all you had before the change, and a good deal more into the bargain? You will have Uncle Frank and Aunt Sue, just the same as ever, and Robert Merry and Hiram Hatchet besides. By the way, one of these days I am going to give you a sort of crayon sketch of both these last-named worthies. I have the vanity to believe that, without pretending to any great artistic skill, I can hit them off to a nicety. At present, however, I can do no more than barely to introduce you to these two gentlemen.

I wish all my nephews generally (and my nieces particularly) to address me the same as they have done, unless they should find themselves, some of these times—we never know what may happen, you know—taking a greater fancy to either or both of my associates than they do to Uncle Frank, in which case I will promise not to exhibit any signs of jealousy, and will try hard, moreover, not to let any creep into my heart. In future, however, letters which relate strictly to the editorial department of the magazine, whether addressed to me or to either of the other editors, should be inclosed in an envelope, directed to Messrs. J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street. At the same time, letters of friendship, or any other communications, intended for me personally, and not relating to the MUSEUM AND CABINET, should be directed as formerly, Francis C. Woodworth, 118 Nassau Street. You will please observe this distinction, will you not? It will save us all a vast amount of trouble.

I trust you will none of you allow your interest in the *Puzzler's Drawer* to flag in the least. We want to make this department more attractive than ever. There will be separate drawers, so far as the answers to puzzles are concerned, in the MUSEUM AND CABINET, through the months of April and May. After that time, the two drawers will be merged into one. All the nuts, that is, will be thrown

into two baskets, the cracked in one, and the uncracked in the other.

There are some boys and girls—how many we do not yet know—who up to this time have been subscribers both to the *Museum* and to the *Cabinet*. To these subscribers the proprietors will send any other dollar magazine in place of the one lost by the union, or they will credit such subscribers on their subscription to the united magazine whatever amount they may have paid in advance, for which they do not receive an equivalent on account of the union.

One thing more. The form of the *Cabinet* differs slightly from that of the *Museum* and *CABINET* united. If any of our old subscribers think the difference is so essential that they would not, at the end of the year, like to see the three numbers of the one bound with the nine numbers of the other, the proprietors will, so far as they are able, obviate that difficulty, by sending the three numbers of the *Museum*, from January to March, inclusive, at a mere nominal price, *only twelve cents for the whole*, it being understood that none but former *Cabinet* subscribers can avail themselves of this reduced price. Please to make a note of that fact.

You may be a little curious to know how my brother, the publisher, is going to occupy himself in future. He will have quite enough to do to keep him out of mischief, I warrant you, though I hope he will find himself relieved from some of the cares and anxieties of business which have been pressing pretty heavily upon him for the last eleven years. He will still continue to publish the bound volumes of the *Cabinet* and some of Uncle Frank's other books. He will also, for some time at least, be a general agent for the united magazine, and will employ other agents to make collections and extend the subscription list of the *CABINET AND MUSEUM*, if possible, tenfold beyond its present number. It has now a circulation *far beyond that of any other young peoples' magazine in the world*; and neither the publisher of the *Cabinet* nor its editor will be quite satisfied, until we can say

that the united magazine has *double* the circulation of any other.

You have noticed what a beautiful design our artist has given us for our new cover. You see that, while it is a very pretty thing in itself, it is so ingeniously sketched that it is made to embrace all the important features in the covers both of the *Cabinet* and *Museum*. The credit of this handsome design belongs to Mr. Hooper, a draftsman, we think, of uncommon promise. It is but a little while, comparatively, that he has devoted his entire time to this branch of art; but he has already won for himself the reputation of a master. We predict for him a high position as an artist.

But I have had such a long talk with you about our new arrangements, that I am afraid I have left too little time to dispatch my correspondence. However, if I am too brief with your letters this month—there is a tall stack of them on the table—I promise to make up the deficiency in our next number.

FLETA FORRESTER.—There is a letter for you in my portfolio. It came from—well, I guess I'll not tell you. But if you want the letter, you must tell me how to send it, that's all. Meantime, I'm glad you are not sensitive, except about your age, and I can easily pardon that.

W. H. G.—Have not those charades of yours been published before? Some of them have, I'm sure.

SARAH LORD.—Yours was a very good letter, indeed, for the first one. My little niece, Mary, to whom I showed it, was much pleased with it, and thinks it is better than her first one, which she wrote to her uncle while he was in Europe.

EMILIE.—Your rhymed charade is excellent. It will appear soon. Meantime, can't you oblige me by sending something more in a similar vein?

My generous and thoughtful nephew in Mobile must accept my thanks for the present of native wine which he says is *en route* to my office in New York. By the way, his letter is dated the 9th of March, and he says: "You can not imagine any thing so beautiful as our

gardens are at this season of the year. The fig-trees have all put on their summer dress."

NELLIE.—"I thought, perhaps, as you allow other little girls to write to you, and call you uncle, you would not blame me for doing the same thing." Certainly not. I read your letter all through, and, what is better, was pleased with it, too.

H. C. B.—Very well. But did you mean to write *assumption*? Was not that a slip of the pen, or of something else?

O. K. BUSH.—Are you not just a little too complimentary? Why, if all my nephews should write in such a strain as you do, I'm afraid they would utterly spoil me.

CHARLOTTE, my Oberlin niece, deserves a great deal of credit for the style in which her letters are written. Why does she call the task of writing compositions such a hard one, I wonder? Why don't she dash off her compositions in some such fresh and racy manner as she dispatches her letters to Uncle Frank?

That parcel of letters from a trio in Waukesha, Wisconsin, pleased me very much. I think all three of you improve in letter-writing. The labyrinth which Henry sent is under consideration.

LIZZIE.—Why do you want to know Aunt Sue's name? You can write to her now, with no more difficulty than you would find if you should copy her entire family register. All you have to do is to place her name on your communication to her, and address the outside envelope to the publishers of the magazine.

HARRY.—Quite an artist that young brother of yours must be. The picture was very nicely copied, tell him.

J. L. C.—What! an invitation to visit Florida, and a rhymed one to boot? I declare I am half tempted to go. The wind is howling around my study windows as I write. What a treat it would be to enjoy your genial climate. Thanks for your invitation to Spring Grove.

MARQUETTE.—The little girl who lives in Marquette, in the State of Michigan, and who wants to see Uncle Frank so much, is informed that I intend to visit her place next summer.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

NOW, my little *Merry* friends, behold me in one of the chairs of state, and bear in mind that anything I may now say is "*ex officio*," which some of you—not very well posted up in Latin—may translate as "extremely officious." I have a word or two to say to my CABINET friends, which should have been said some time ago, judging from the date of the letters; but better late than never.

Charles W. Reed, of Newark, N. J., fancies that Uncle Frank prefers the letters from his nephews and nieces in Michigan, Louisiana, and such remote places, to those nearer home, and promises me—if I will settle the question—"two crullers, a piece of mince pie, and ten thousand kisses." Of course I shall settle it immediately. Charley, I am quite certain that Uncle Frank has no such preference. Now, if you please, send me the number and name of your street, be ready with the kisses, and let me know when the next batch of pies is to be made.

Here is a letter from my old (!) friend, O. L. Bradley; but the edges are all burnt, and charred holes right through the centre! What can it mean? Never mind, there is enough left to prove that he isn't "going to give us up so." He says something very complimentary about H. A. Danker, and rather insinuates that he would like to know his age. (H. A. D., will you whisper it in my ear?) O. L. B., your letter has come just in time to shield you from the attacks of Mollie E. You ought to hear how she talks! She calls you "Mr."—"Gen."—"perhaps grandfather;" suggests your "making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington to procure yourself a cane," or if you will "visit her, she will deck your brow

with roses and sunflowers." Oh! Mollie E., don't be so severe: don't "pull his hair;" Oliver has repented, and has concluded that he is not too old to write for our Magazine (especially as now it's a regular *team!*), haven't you, Oliver?

Adelbert Older wanted a letter. I wonder if he got one!

Here is a funny letter from LITTLE BILLIE, who would like to see it in print. You should be gratified, Billie, dear, but this month I must condense. What *did* your mother and "Mollie" go into the country for, in January?

Pennsylvania Friends have sent us a very pretty labyrinth; I don't wonder "Pa" was pleased with it.

Fannie sends me a very pretty letter, and wishes to know if she may claim a place as niece. Of course you may, dear; walk in and take your hat off.

Albert M. Holden says Uncle Frank has never answered any of his letters: just you write to me, Albert, I will.

Give my love to "Aunt," and thank her for her kind invitation.

Richard Dewey, don't be discouraged because your letter has not been noticed till now; let us hear from you again.

Roger E. Jewett, if you waited until you could write without errors, your waiting was a very successful experiment. Yours is as faultless a letter as I have received. Thanks for the promised welcome.

Now I wonder who will get the most letters next month; Mr. Merry, Uncle Frank, or Aunt Sue. I think I can reckon on nine or ten out of the twenty-five thousand subscribers. *Nous verrons.*

 THE CABINET PUZZLER'S DRAWER.

THE following are the answers to the enigmata, and other knotty things, in the February number of the CABINET. A good

many boys and girls sent answers, but their names I think I must omit this month, as I have so often been obliged, though reluctantly,

to do before. What smart nephews and nieces I have; two or three of them—among whom are Henry A. Danker, of course—answered every puzzle in the Drawer for February. By the way, speaking of smartness, reminds me of that *prize enigma*. Have none of you guessed it yet? Well, I know who *has* guessed it. The answer has been sent me by a boy who lives in Schenectady, in this State; next month I'm going to publish it, and tell the boy's name. Perhaps, too, I shall let you into another secret, and inform you *how*, by industry, perseverance, and not a little ingenuity, he managed to conquer all obstacles and solve the enigma. His mother has told me the whole story, and I can't help thinking it will be instructive, as well as entertaining.

ANSWER TO CHARADE No. 3.

See o'er the arched way,
 Token of slow decay,
 The green *moss* creep;
 Or down the slippery ledge,
 Close to the water's edge,
 Just take a peep.

Over the peasant's cot
 Seeming a fairy spot,
 The *rose* bush tyngs,
 Showering its perfume rare
 Upon the summer air
 As day declines.

In that sweet fairy bower,
 Beauteous as queently flower,
 Dwells blushing bride.
 The *moss-rose* on her bosom fair,
 Or 'neath a tress of golden hair
 Nestles in pride.

Upon the green Earth's breast,
 Where gentle loved ones rest,
 We plant the rose.
 And while our treasures sleep,
 Angels their bright watch keep
 O'er their repose. ESSIE.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 3.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION."

ANSWERS TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS,

No. 4.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. ANTIDOTE. | 4. SYSTEM. |
| 2. LEDGERS. | 5. GRAIN. |
| 3. SENTIMENT. | |

ANSWERS TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS,

No. 5.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. ORCHESTRA. | 6. FANTASTIC. |
| 2. PORCELAIN. | 7. PERTINACIOUSLY. |
| 3. IGNORAMUSES. | 8. PARADIGM. |
| 4. ESTABLISH. | 9. IGNORAMUSES. |
| 5. FRIENDSHIP. | |

ANSWER TO CHARADE No. 2.

PENMANSHIP.

ANSWER TO REBUS No. 2.

P
 A initial of ADAM.
 Y in the centre of NEW YORK.
 U initial of URIAH.
 P
 PAY UP.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. 2.

TALLAHASSEE. TALL, adjective. AH, interjection. As, conjunction. SEE, verb.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. 1.

CIVIL. $L(50) \times I+I(2) = C(100.)$
 $IV(4) \times L(50) = 2C(200.)$

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL QUESTIONS,

No. 1.

1. Pliny the Elder was a celebrated naturalist who lived in the first century. He was an intimate friend of the Emperors Vespasian and Titus. He lost his life in the year 79, by the terrible eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. He was at Misenum, endeavoring to render assistance to the inhabitants who wished to flee from the doomed cities, when he was killed.

2. Domitian, a brother of Titus, became Emperor of Rome in the year 81. He was one of the greatest tyrants that ever lived, and

his reign was a series of cruelties almost beyond parallel. He invented new tortures. Sometimes he cut his victims into piecemeal, sometimes poured melted lead into their throats. One day, he invited the senators to a banquet. He had them all ushered into a room hung in black, and filled with coffins, on which the names of the several senators were inscribed. At a given signal, a troop of slaves rushed in, with drawn swords, which they flourished about for some time. Then, when the guests had been sufficiently tormented to satisfy the fiendish spirit of the emperor, a servant entered the room and told them they might depart.

3. The Coliseum was begun in the reign of Vespasian, and completed under Titus. It was an enormous building, capable of holding 90,000 spectators. It covered five acres of ground. It is said that 12,000 Jewish captives were employed in its erection. Here gladiators used to contend with each other; and here men were in the habit of fighting with wild beasts. A large part of the Coliseum is now standing. Though a ruin, it is a splendid ruin, and forms one of the principal attractions to the visitor at Rome.

4. Titus was the commander of the Roman forces when Jerusalem was taken. The Jews were reduced to such an extremity that they ate human food. Titus destroyed the temple by fire. This sad event happened under the reign of Vespasian, in the year 70.

5. The great fire at Rome occurred in 64. Only four parishes out of fourteen escaped uninjured. Some say that the fire was caused by Nero, who was then emperor. Nero, however, accused the Christians of the deed, and made it a plea for a bloody persecution against them. Paul was beheaded and Peter crucified at that time.

6. The decline of the Roman empire commenced in the latter part of the second century. The empire ended in 476, when Odoacer, king of the Heruli, conquered Rome, and assumed the title of "King of Italy." The empire continued 1,229 years; from B.C. 753 to A.D. 476.

A WORD WITH MY PATRONS.

My connection with the CABINET, as its publisher, ceased with the issue of the April number. I have been the business manager of WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET for upward of eleven years. During this time I have sustained a very intimate relation to its subscribers. I feel almost personally acquainted with many of you. I look over the books of subscription, and I see, in many instances, a long line of credits appended to your names, reaching from 1846 to 1857. Now, as you may suppose, it costs me some pain to transfer these duties to another person. Though they have sometimes occasioned not a little labor, they have never been positively burdensome or unpleasant. The inquiry then comes up in your minds, why this transfer has been made. I will tell you. Some relief from the pressure of business cares and anxieties seemed absolutely essential. I have devoted myself, for many years, almost incessantly, to the pecuniary management of my magazine. During this long period I have given myself almost no time for recreation; the consequence is, that like a clock, with tolerably good machinery, but which, nevertheless, has run down, I need *winding up*. The subscription list and back debts of the CABINET, instead of being my property, as formerly, now belong to MESSRS. J. N. STEARNS & Co., the proprietors of MERRY'S MUSEUM.

I shall still be personally interested in the success of the magazine, and hope to be one of its most efficient agents. I shall make it a part of my business to employ other agents, to extend the circulation of the MUSEUM AND CABINET. It will, however, be proper, hereafter, to send letters pertaining generally to CABINET affairs to the proprietors of the *United Magazine*. That is all. With many more kind wishes in my heart than I shall allow my pen to transcribe, I will simply say that you "may count on me as being

Ever your sincere friend,

D. A. WOODWORTH,

Publisher of Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.

MAY DAY.

BY COUSIN HANNAH.



"FATHER," said Lucy, one bright April morning, "this spring is very forward and warm, and the trees are beginning to have some leaves. Don't you think it will be pleasant enough to have a real May party on May Day?"

"I can't say certainly, Lu," said Uncle Hiram; "but if this pleasant weather lasts, you *might* have quite a May party, I think."

"Well, will you help us, father?"

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—9

said Lucy. "Tell us where to go, and what to do."

"I will think about it," said Uncle Hiram, rising to go into his library.

"And tell us all about it at dinner," exclaimed the little girls.

"Perhaps, perhaps," said Uncle Hiram; for he was very busily thinking about his new magazine, and what stories would most amuse his readers; so he did not pay much attention to the children's request; but he did not forget it. Uncle Hiram never forgets any thing where children are concerned. Two or three days passed away, however, before he said anything more about the matter, and the children saw he was very busy, and they were too thoughtful to trouble him with questions.

Nearly a week, therefore, after Lucy's first mention of the May party, the children saw their father hurrying toward the house as fast as the frolicsome tricks of Watch and Tray would permit. They all sprang to the door, and ran down the steps to meet him.

"Oh, father!" said Edith, "why did you not let us know that you were going to walk this morning?"

"I started off while you were sound asleep, Miss Edith," answered her father.

"But you might have called us," said Lucy.

"And waited till this time for you to

be ready," said her father; "no, no, you must be up and waiting for *me*, if you want to take a walk in the morning."

"Where have you been, father?" asked Jessie.

"Ah, Jessie," cried Uncle Hiram, "you know how to come to the point. I've been looking up the best place for your May party."

"Oh, father, how kind you are! Where is it, and what are we to do, and who shall we ask to go with us?" exclaimed all the girls at once.

"Stop, stop!" cried their father, putting his fingers in his ears, and running into the house—"one at a time, one at a time; I have only one tongue and one pair of ears."

The children laughed, and then quietly waited for their father to take off his hat and coat, and seat himself in his arm-chair.

"What do you think of an island party for May Day?" he asked, when he was at last quietly seated.

"Oh, that would be splendid!" cried the children, clapping their hands.

"But what made you think of May Day at all?—I thought you had forgotten all about it," said Lucy.

"I had a letter yesterday that reminded me," he answered; "for it said that your Uncle Tracy would be here the last week in April with all his family, and I thought if you had your cousins for company you would certainly want a May party."

"Is Elsie coming, too?" asked Edith.

"Yes, Elsie is coming to spend the

whole summer here," said Uncle Hiram.

At this news, all thoughts of the May party vanished. Elsie was their darling cousin, and they ran off to tell the news of her promised visit to their mother and Cousin Hannah.

At breakfast-time, however, matters were all settled; and it was agreed to say nothing about a May party till the day arrived, because it *might* be unpleasant.

But Edith and Lucy resolved to scour the woods for trailing arbutus, and any other wild flowers that unusually warm weather might have tempted into blossoming.

May Day came at last, bright and beautiful. It had been an early Spring, and contrary to all experience and expectation, the grass was looking soft and green; the earliest Spring flowers had already begun to peep forth; and this particular Friday seemed meant on purpose for an excursion, the air was so mild and balmy.

Early, very early in the morning, the little folks of Uncle Hiram's household were all astir, making mighty preparations for the day's frolic. It seemed an age to them before the breakfast-bell rang; and when Uncle Hiram informed them that he was going into his library, and wished to be called at half-past nine *precisely*, some of the most impatient ones were quite in despair.

"What! not begin to get ready until half-past nine! What shall we do till then?" thought they.

Their faces must have expressed a

much, for Uncle Hiram laughed aloud; and then, drawing down his face into the most doleful expression possible, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, how can we wait till half-past nine?" Then, changing his tone, he said: "I have plenty of work for you all. You, Fred and Charley, see that the wagons are ready, and arrange seats for all of us in the best way you can. We are going over rocky roads, and you will have to dispense with the carriage. Lucy and Elsie, I depute you to attend to the eatables. You may go to the kitchen, and see that mother has provided plenty of sandwiches and cake, and other good things; indeed, I think she will be quite willing to give the matter entirely into your hands. Edith and the other girls must see that we have something to drink, and wherewithal to drink from. Harry, you will please provide a rope for a swing; and you little folks generally, see that battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, bows and arrows, graces, and every other article of amusement which you desire to use to-day, are safely stowed away in the wagons."

The children ran off to their various duties, and Uncle Hatchet retired into the library. All their commissions were faithfully performed long before half-past nine; but the children contrived, with Harry's help, to be quite patient till the "Convent Bell" in the library sounded the half hour—then a simultaneous rush was made toward the door, with the full intention of breaking it open, and carrying Uncle Hiram off by main force, if he were not quite ready.

However, at the first shout of the troop of little folks the door was seen to tremble; and, before the foremost had come near enough to strike a blow, or even touch the handle, it turned on its hinges, and Uncle appeared.

It did not take many moments to seat the whole party in the great wagons—some on the straw in the bottom, some on the boards, which answered for seats.

"Get up," shouted Jerry, as he caught the reins in his hands, and mounted to his place. "Get up," sang out a chorus of children, and off went the party in fine style. The road which Uncle Hiram had chosen was a new one to all of us. It wound around the mountain along a rough, steep road, which soon jolted us all off our seats into the soft straw in the bottom of the wagon; then we entered a quiet little valley, and our road was terminated abruptly by the river bank. Here we left the wagons; but we found boats on the shore all ready for us, and soon our party were all on board, and we were rowed swiftly along by two stout men in each boat.

It was the warmest day of all the Spring; and we soon found our shawls and cloaks, with which we had prudently provided ourselves, altogether too warm; so we threw them off, raised umbrellas to screen ourselves from the sun, and floated down the river to the music of a merry song which Harry had commenced singing, and in which we all joined. The river, at length, made a sudden turn, and then spread

out into a beautiful lake. Uncle Hiram said we were near the landing, and pointed out a green, grassy knoll, on the opposite shore, as our picnic ground, and thither our boats were steered. A great oak tree hung over the bank just where we landed, and the boats were tied to its trunk after we were all safely landed on the beautiful pebbly beach, which just gave us a dry foothold before we stepped on the green sward. Harry and Uncle Hiram, with Jerry to help, were soon busied in preparing the ground. The swing was made in one of the tall trees near by—seats were prepared for the more quiet members of the group, under two large oaks which grew at a little distance, and a little higher; so that any one sitting there could see all that was going on. Here Aunt Martha and Cousin Hannah placed themselves, with the baskets of provisions near by, the shawls, bonnets, etc., keeping a sort of guard over these valuables, while the little folks dispersed themselves in search of new sights and amusements. Edith soon discovered that wild violets and trailing arbutus were quite as plenty here as in the woods nearer home; and we heard her voice calling to Lucy and Elsie to assist her in gathering enough to make a wreath for the May Queen. Fred and Charley were playing with the dog—sending him into the water for the sticks which they would throw in. Harry was swinging Jessie, and Uncle Hiram was making a see-saw, by placing one of the boards which were lying near, ready to form our din-

ner table, over a fallen stump. Thus scattered about and variously employed, they formed a happy picture, which Aunt Martha and Cousin Hannah enjoyed highly.

At last, Uncle Hiram came too, and seated himself beside us.

“’Tis almost time for you to get dinner ready,” said he; “I am tired and hungry already.”

“Oh, well,” said Aunt Martha, “we can not complain of being tired; so you may sit here while Hannah and I prepare dinner.”

“Uncle Hiram threw down a shawl or two, and then stretched himself, full length, upon them, and told us to go to work.

We called Jerry and Harry, and asked them to prepare us a table, which they did quickly, by placing two boards together, from one stump to another, and then laying stones on the ends to keep them firm. Aunt Martha laid a snowy table-cloth, and then we unloaded our stores. Sandwiches and ham, cold biscuits and fresh yellow butter, various dishes of cake; oranges, for dessert; two or three bottles of milk, closely corked, but which we were really afraid might have been churned into butter by our rough ride; a quantity of lemons, which Harry agreed to make into first-rate lemonade;—all these were unpacked, and distributed temptingly on the table. Jerry had discovered a clear spring near by, and volunteered to fill all the pitchers and mugs, and bring a sufficient supply for the lemonade. Fortunately, a pail was found

among our treasures, and one journey to the spring sufficed to bring all the water necessary. When all our arrangements were made, we called Uncle Hiram, and he came, to give us his approval. Then he took his whistle from his pocket, and whistled long and loud; and soon we saw girls and boys running toward us. What a merry dinner we had! what jokes were cracked! what songs were sung! what stories were told! At last our repast was over. The fragments were hastily gathered up, and the table removed; for we had decided while dining that it stood in the very place where our May-pole ought to stand. The boys all went off with Uncle Hiram to find a suitable pole, and erect it in its proper place; while the girls gathered round Aunt Martha and Cousin Hannah to make the wreaths and sceptre. We were busy, and skillful, too, I think; for we not only had a wreath for each little girl, but one for each boy, and a sceptre, which was most beautifully ornamented.

"Whom have you chosen for queen?" asked Uncle Hiram, after the pole was up, and crowned with a wreath.

"No one yet," said Lucy. "How shall we choose?"

"We'll draw lots, I think," said her father; so he cut some strips of paper, and on one wrote the name, "Queen;" then he gave them to Aunt Martha, and each one went up and drew one out. Uncle Hiram said he meant to draw, too; and though Jessie exclaimed, "No, no, father; you couldn't be a queen if

you would," he went right up to Aunt Martha and pulled out a slip of paper, and sure enough it was the one that had Queen on it!

"Now I am Queen!" he cried out. "Who will crown me? Can't I dress up like a lady in these shawls and make a beautiful Queen?" So he wrapped the shawls round him, and slipped on Aunt Martha's bonnet, and sat down with such a funny air that we all laughed outright.

"What do you laugh for?" he said; "don't I look well enough for you?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle," said Elsie, "you make a splendid Queen sitting there, and I'll crown you myself." So she threw off his hat, and put a wreath on his head. "But, Uncle," she exclaimed, in a moment after, "how can you lead the dance round the pole; and who will play on your flute if you play Queen?"

"Ah, I'm afraid you are right, Elsie," said Uncle Hiram; "I must give up the honor of reigning, but I'll make you my representative. My subjects all," he said, looking very dignified, "I abdicate in favor of my niece, Elsie." So he took off his crown and put it on Elsie's head.

"Yes, Elsie shall be Queen, Elsie shall be Queen," shouted the little folks; and away they went to prepare her for her duties.

You can see them in the picture: Edith is placing the crown on Elsie's head; Lucy is on the other side near Fred, who has just presented her with her sceptre; while Jessie kneels oppo-

site, with her hand on Charley's shoulder.



Uncle Hiram's flute began to sound before the wreaths were all adjusted; but in a moment or two the procession appeared, with the little Queen at the head. First she danced with her followers round and round the May-pole, and then, seated under it, she waited for Uncle Hiram, and Aunt Martha, and the rest, to come up and be presented to her; which they did very politely, gravely kneeling and kissing her hand. Then Harry proposed that she should dance a polka with him. It was pretty

hard to do it nicely on the uneven and soft grass; but Elsie did her best, and then the party dispersed to their various games—graces, battle-doors, swings, and see-saws were all tried and duly enjoyed, till another loud whistle from Uncle Hiram called us to prepare for home. 'Twas quite early, not more than two o'clock; but Spring afternoons are hardly to be trusted, and picnics must not be kept up too long. Uncle Hiram played the flute as we rowed back up the river; and often he played little airs which the children could sing—thus singing and laughing, happy as happy could be, we reached the wagons, and drove home—each one declaring, that there never was, and never could be, so delightful a May Day as this one.

THE breeze is rippling o'er the lake,
Come, sail in our light canoe;
Sweet strains of music we'll awake,
As we glide o'er the waters blue,
In our light canoe,
As we merrily row
Over the rippling silver tide,
While free from care
Our spirits are
As away we merrily glide.

A CELEBRATED lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, sir!" "Yes," said the lawyer, "*we* lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is thick as it is long, sir!"



THE DISCUSSION.

"You see," says John—"Oh no, I don't!"

Says Hal, with mock surprise;

"Well, then, you would, if you had sense,"
John smilingly replies.

"You see, there's much that may be said
On both sides of the question—
The *pros* and *cons*, if duly weighed,
Would bother our digestion."

"Then drop the prose," says George McBride,
"Good poetry is better."

"Oh, pshaw!" says John, "how you divide
The spirit from the letter!"

"Why touch the *cons*?" asks Harry Blake,
"They are not consequential."

"The constitution," whispers Jake,
"Regards them quite essential."

"Come to the point, boys!" John exclaims,
"Give puny puns the go—"

"You're quite too pointed there," says Ames;
"You are some *punkins*, though."

"The point," cries John, "to try again,
Is—shall we have, or not?"

"A knot, by all means," answers Payne,
"Tied tight around your throat."

"Shall we, or not," John still persists,
"Decline it, or resent it?"

"It's indeclinable," says List,
"And if re-sent, who'll scent it?"

"Oh, oh!" groans John, "I waste my breath
To argue with such fellows."

"No argument," retorted Seth,
"We look for from the bellows."

"Good! Cousin Seth, I owe you one,"
John Bellows answers fair,

"You shan't be punished for a pun
Which but displays Seth Ayer!"
(*dispiaceth air*)

"Bow-wow!" says Growler. "Bah!" says
"Such execrable punning [Jake,

Will make the very table ache,
And set the candle running." H. H.



HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

TO cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days, and often even weeks, and it had been determined that the first, and if need be the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible.

Consequently we, the mate's boat's crew, had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the

boat's bow toward the nearest island. Landing here, we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said :

"Trim aft, Tom, there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland." Accordingly, the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves out at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying



an unusual treat of some cigars which our chief officer had good naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the mainland, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow-thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig either—nor—no," said he, with some degree of animation—"nor any thing else that wears black skin that I ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows!"—"and there again!"—"and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull up and see what it is!"

We took out our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing" against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us upon our backs into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort,

and incontinently dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question—which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it, lads—so pull ahead." We were again under headway, keeping a bright look-out for the re-appearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school," said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white-water showed that a number of the non-descripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water, just ahead," said the boat-steerer.

"Pull easy, lads—I see him—there—way enough—there's his back!"

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm-whale's.

"Stern all—back water—back water, every man!" and the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white-water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the Hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round until he grasped the shank of the

iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, dove down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was traveling along the bottom, by a line of blood, as well as by the air-bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boat-steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity; and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead.

"Pull ahead a little; let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around—so—now, stern all!" and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water!—back, I say! Take down this boat-sail, and stern all! Stern, for your lives, men!" as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which

the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it in his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and soon settle him with a lance."

This was done; and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar, and a desperate final struggle of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking for a moment, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as does the whale when dead.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for our victory, towed the carcass to the not far distant shore. When we here viewed the giant, and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another that to get among a school of Hippopotami would be rather a desperate game.—*Nordhoff's "Whaling and Fishing."*



A LAWYER'S OPINION OF LAW.—A learned judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay him, replied: "Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands; yea, and I would send him, moreover, five pounds, to cover all possible costs."

THE "I CAN'T" FAMILY.



ETTER attempt and fail, than fold your hands in indolence, and do nothing.

The "I cant's" are numerous and ubiquitous.

Their numbers are astonishing. A curious statistician estimates that about one half of the children born into the world are furnished by Nature with a remarkable lingual facility for the utterance of this brief and cowardly sentence. Neither time nor experience enables them to abolish from their vocabulary these fatal words, and from the cradle to the grave they drag a slipshod life, spent in accomplishing nothing, from the fact that they lack the energy and will necessary to accomplish.

These human drags are recognizable anywhere, under any circumstances, and in whatever garb; in the palace, but more often in the prison, especially in such enlightened States as ours, where prisons serve as a welcome refuge to many of them, who are too utterly worthless to get their own living, and therefore force their creditors to get it for them. And with this exception we can see no other humane purpose in a debtor's prison. Of the legal and ducal "I cant's," history furnishes too many examples to need illustration at our hands.

Of titled members of the order, of lower degree, the world is cursed with a less number than formerly, for the reason that the race is dying of mere insanity; but in the great world among the masses, it is astonishing what a host of drones share the honey of the bees' gathering! Regarding every thing they do as hardship, looking upon labor as an evil, it seems to be a sort of moral duty with such men to do as little as possible, and get all they can for it. "I can't" is their shibboleth and shield. Propose to them the accomplishment of whatever new work, any thing out of the beaten track, any little addition to what they have done, and see! how, like trained jackdaws, their beaks fly open—without a moment's consideration of the possibility or desirability of the doing—and out it comes, like the "pretty Polly!" of a pet parrot—"I can't."

We have said you may know them everywhere; in the legislative halls, on the battle-field, in the council-chamber, at the bar, in the counting-house, in the studio, at the bench, or in the furrows; for they are spawned everywhere, and among all classes of industrials, merchants or mechanics. You may know "I can't" as well by what he does as by what he will not try to do; and a miserable—mumbling—mealy-mouthed—mountain-raising, and mole-hill moving mummy of a man will you find him in any of these pursuits. He is always for delay. He hasn't time, or he hasn't tools; he lacks means; or he must have

more help; you "had better wait," or he knows "it is impossible;" any thing rather than do it. "I'll try!" never comes into his head, as it did into Colonel Miller's; to try being just what he wishes to escape from, while to say "I can't," is the easiest as well as the meanest method of accomplishing his desires.

"I can't," is a humbug and a nuisance, and society ought to make him sensible of the fact by kicking him without its pale. All things are possible to God; and of the countless things possible to man, through the right use of the gifts He has bestowed upon him, not one in a hundred have yet been accomplished; myriads of failures resulting from the soulless efforts and combined blunderings of the inanimate host of "I can't's." A boy of sound body and mind ought to be punished every time he uses the phrase, by the adoption of which salutary corrective the number of the men who will use it can materially be diminished.

"Can't" is the most contemptible combination of letters known to the English scholar; and it may be safely assumed that neither Alfred nor Arkwright, Milton nor Maury, Washington nor Whitney, Girard nor Astor, nor any other among the glorious galaxy of determinate industrial stars, ever yet recognized the canting use to which the phrase is put by such as we describe.

COUNT that day lost, whose descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done.

JACK HORNER—NEW VERSION.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

WHEN little John is five years old,
His cheeks like peaches growing,
With merry eyes, half bold, half shy,
And smiles like ripples flowing—
Wouldst see him happy? Watch him well,
And proud as famous Horner,
You'll find him, joyous and alone,
With sweetmeats in a corner.

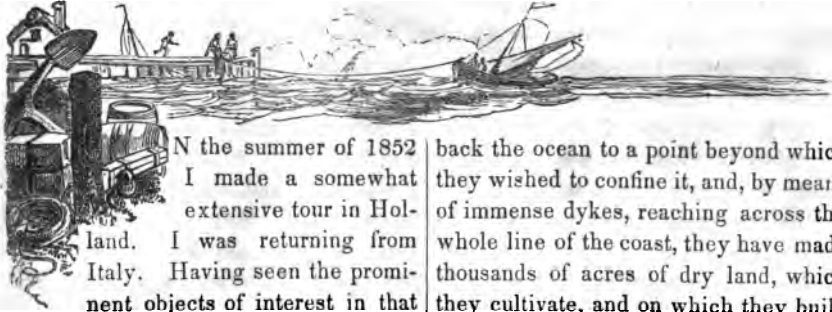
And older grown, a youth in years,
When tastes and pleasures vary,
He loves to haunt the self-same place,
With cousin Jane or Mary.
Inquire not what their talk may be,
Nor laugh, you idle scorner;
But be assured, whate'er they say,
They're happy in their corner.

And later still, when past his prime,
He's run the round of pleasure,
And learn'd, like Israel's mournful king,
The worth of things to measure,
"What shadows I have chased," he cries—
And sighs with heart forlorn—
"Vexation, vanity, and shame,
I spy you from the corner!"

Still faithful to the place, he sits
With wife and children round him,
And smokes the "calumet of peace,"
When troubles would confound him;
Takes fortune kindly if she comes,
If absent does not mourn her;
So topple kingdoms if you will—
He's quiet in the corner!

A QUIET exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its ways into their places, and leaving them no room to grow.

UNCLE FRANK'S RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.



IN the summer of 1852 I made a somewhat extensive tour in Holland. I was returning from Italy. Having seen the prominent objects of interest in that classic and beautiful land, I crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, rambled over the country of William Tell, made a hurried visit in Germany, and wound up my continental sight-seeing in Holland.

I wonder if you wouldn't like to hear something about what I saw, and heard, and felt in that country. Travelers from America don't often visit it; so that a few sketches of men and things there may be in a measure new to you. Holland is a singular country, and the people are singular, too. The laws of nature seem quite reversed here. In other countries, the water is lower than the land. Here, the land lies the lowest. One of the first things that struck me as particularly strange, when I landed from a steamer at Arnheim, was that the land and water seemed to have changed places. The reason for this arrangement, as most of you know, is, that almost the whole of Holland is recovered from the dominion of the sea. The people have done what Xerxes tried, but failed to do. They have driven

back the ocean to a point beyond which they wished to confine it, and, by means of immense dykes, reaching across the whole line of the coast, they have made thousands of acres of dry land, which they cultivate, and on which they build cities, just the same as if it had been dry since Noah's time. When I got to Amsterdam, I found myself right in the center of marvels. This city is built in the water. It is situated at the junction of a little river with an arm of the Zuyder Zee. It appeared to me, all things considered, one of the most wonderful cities in Europe. The whole town—its houses, canals, and sluices—is built upon piles. I think it was Erasmus who said, when he visited Amsterdam, that he had reached a city where the inhabitants, like crows, lived on the tops of trees. You may say just here, that this city must be very like Venice. There you are mistaken. The resemblance is but slight. In Venice, the canals are roads in which the *gondolas* serve the people for coaches. In Amsterdam, their canals are used for shipping, and are made wider than those of the Italian city. In Venice, you can sometimes delude yourself into the belief that the water is at least tolerably clear. In Amsterdam, it would require a more vivid imagination than any mor-

tal ever possessed, to become master of such a delusion. Indeed, I am not sure but mud would be a more appropriate term than water to describe the fluid of Amsterdam. You might suppose that the way in which the houses are built—upon piles driven into this fluid mass (call it what you will; ask the geologists to give you a name for it)—would render them very insecure. I should suppose so, too. But they told me that such a thing as the fall of buildings, through the sinking of the piles, is very rare. About thirty years ago, it seems, a very extensive accident happened in this way. A large number of warehouses, situated contiguous, and stored full of grain, absolutely tumbled into the mud with their contents.

All around Amsterdam, and, in fact, in every part of the country, you see multitudes of wind-mills. I was told that there were as many as nine thousand of these mills in Holland. The people use this wind-power for all the different purposes where we employ steam. They have mills for grinding grain, for sawing timber, for raising water, for dressing hemp, and I know not for how many operations besides.

Holland is so crossed all over with canals, that I should think it would seem to a person looking down upon it from a balloon, like a vast network of water sluices, reaching from one end of the country to the other. I found them very convenient. I often traveled from one place to another by means of them. The mode of traveling is slow, but it is often much better than walk-

ing. These canals serve as drains, too, to carry of the waste water of the country. The Dutch are ardent lovers of canals. Good old Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his humorous history of New York, informs us that some of the first emigrants to this country concluded to settle on the lower end of Manhattan Island, and in that vicinity, because that locality afforded such an excellent opportunity for canal-digging. The principal canals in Holland are some fifty or sixty feet broad. Strange and almost incredible as it may seem, not only the surface of the water, but the bottom of the canal, is frequently higher than the land through which it passes. The odor from these canals is not always as pleasant as that of the finest grades of Farina's cologne; but the Dutch people don't seem to be annoyed by it at all. Indeed, from the fact that in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities, their places of amusement almost always directly overlook one of these canals, I felt half inclined to believe that the peculiarity so plainly perceptible in men as well as things in Holland, extended to the Dutchman's constitution, and that there was something peculiar in his organ of smell, so that the odor of stagnant water was absolutely grateful to him. But however this may be, there is not a more scrupulously neat people on the face of the earth than the Dutch. Such a thing as a particle of dust in their dwellings is rarely found. And such a washing as they give their houses once a week! It is enough to frighten all the male

citizens out of the territory if they have any of the horror of house-cleaning which our American gentlemen exhibit, if not out of their senses. I happened to be at the Hague on Saturday (which, all over Holland, is the day for the *schoonmaken*, or universal cleaning), and I think I never in my life saw such an energetic and thorough system of mopping, and scrubbing, and brushing, and scraping. It extended to the door-steps, the sidewalks, and the pavement. The poor pedestrian is in danger of perpetual drenchings. In some parts of Holland it is customary to remove the shoes before entering the house. In Broek, a little village of farmers, not many miles from Amsterdam, this neatness, or affectation of neatness, is carried to the greatest possible extent. I spent half a day in this village, and had a chance to learn a good deal of the modes and customs of its inhabitants. At the door of almost every house I saw shoes which the wearers had taken off as they entered, and exchanged for slippers. The *best room* is regarded as little short of sacred. The stables are washed every day; I think they wash their farm-fences, though I am not quite sure about that. Posted up conspicuously in the streets is a notice: "No smoking without a cover on the pipe. Penalty three guilders." A person on horseback is required to dismount on entering the village, and to lead his horse. Carriages are not allowed to come in at all.

The Dutch ladies have a singular contrivance to enable them to see what

is going on in the street, without looking out of the window. It consists of two small mirrors projecting in front of the window, making an angle of some forty-five degrees with each other, the one reflecting up, and the other down the street. By this means the lady can see all that passes outside, without the necessity of subjecting herself to the gaze of those whose movements she is inspecting.

But I am spinning out this sketch to a tedious length. Perhaps I might as well stop, and give you the remainder at another time; for I have much more to say about Holland and the Dutch.

BLESSINGS OF INDUSTRY.

PEOPLE may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

THE annual production of crude iron throughout the world is estimated at 6,000,000 tons. Of this, Great Britain produces 3,000,000, France 750,000, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, and Russia about 250,000 each, Sweden 150,000, the United States 750,000, etc.

SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.

I POPPED into a gun-store, the other day, and inquired for a Sharp's rifle. The clerk, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as if he thought he had a green customer from the country, went into the back shop, and brought out a rough instrument, like a razor-strop, covered with coarse emery. "That is what you want, I presume?" said he, with an attempt at gravity. "Your presumption is correct," I replied. "It is just the thing to sharpen the wits of an impudent wag, like you." Upon which I drew it sharply across his thin face, making it thinner and redder than it ever was before.



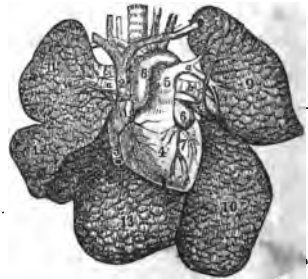
scribblers are a sensitive race, and run into many unnecessary troubles. Passing along Wall Street, by the Custom House, a few days since, my attention was drawn to a huge basket of delicate white puffs, over which stood a

small sample of a man, crying, "Pop con, ere's your nice *pop con*." Startled at the sound, I rushed at him, and asked what he meant by calling out my name in the street. "Your name!" said he, stretching himself up as far as he could, "I don't know what your name may be, but faith, if you don't look as much like a popped pepper-corn, as one eye looks like the tither, I'm not my own mither's

son." By this time a crowd began to gather round, and I popped off.

"WILLIE," said a doting parent, at the breakfast table, to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high-school—"Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?" "Thirtainly, thir—takthes me to passthe anything. Butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth underthhood."

WHAT a wonderful thing the heart is! How it beats, and beats, and keeps on beating, day and night, without cessation or rest, as if conscious that all the functions of life were depending upon its fidelity! What if it should pause a moment to rest, or sleep, or think! What, if, in a fit of passion or sulks, it should turn about and go backward, as its owner sometimes does? Think of that. The heart, with all its faults, does its duty pretty well. Here is one for you to look at. It is at rest now, and will never move again.



UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



COME, Uncle, we are glad to be all together again. We are eager to hear of your pilgrimage, for you have hardly begun it yet.

That is a grand mistake of yours, my darling. You know the old proverb—“Well begun is half done.” It is as true now as ever it was. And, surely, a Pilgrimage whose first step is a battle for dear life, and the second, a sweet, bright, gladsome interview with a whole troop of family friends, trees waving over, and birds singing around us, may be said to be *well begun*, when that battle is successfully ended, and that interview fully enjoyed. It was as if the city had been walled and strongly guarded, and I had effected an entrance, either by scaling or breach, and found within, a host of my best friends, ready to give me the kindest of welcomes. If I was not as proud as the conqueror whose path is written with blood, I was as contented and happy as the beggar, when he struck into a path strewn with pearls.

Well, Uncle, where did you get your breakfast?

Pilgrims, my dear, never stop to eat; or, if they do, they never tell of it. They are supposed to live on what they see and do, like your heroes in fiction.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—10

I parted from my lively neices with a feeling of gratitude, that, however the head might become white and the form bent, there was no need of the heart growing old. I looked after them as they ran away, at the sound of the peremptory bell, wishing them all manner of blessings. Waiting still in my comfortable seat, to enjoy, for a few minutes, the fresh breezes and the fresh songs of the morning, I put my book in my pocket, and walked up to the gate, at the northeastern angle of the inclosure. Here I first broke upon Broadway, and began to realize something of the bustle and stir of that great thoroughfare. It is broad, very broad, at the beginning, or rather it would be, if they had not dropped into it a beautiful bright gem of a garden, and inclosed it round, thus dividing the broad way into two narrow ones. This little oasis, called the Bowling Green, has been a famous spot in its day, and has seen wonderful sights. It witnessed the rebellion and execution of Jacob Leisler, and the terrible panic and tragic end of the “negro plot.” It witnessed the comfortable, quiet days of the pipe-loving Knickerbockers, and the more stirring times of English supremacy, and of the Revolution which put an end to that supremacy. But the chief distinction of the Bowling Green, in the olden

time, was the famous leaden statue of George II., very appropriately made of lead, to represent the dull old king. Do you know what was the end of that statue, any of you?

I do, Uncle, exclaimed two or three voices at once.

Well, how was it

It was melted up at the time of the Revolution, and cast into bullets, to defend New York against the British invaders, replied Harry.

Yes, and a very good use they made of it. That was the most profitable piece of statuary that our old mother, England, ever presented to her colonies; and George II., stupid as he was, did some service even after his death.

Well, I was musing quietly under the shadow of the great trees, and thinking of the stirring scenes of those days, when lead was scarce, and courage and true patriotism plenty, when my thoughts were suddenly disturbed—perhaps I ought to say quickened—by the rolling of a drum, and the sound of other martial instruments. Turning inquiringly round, I saw a merry troop of young soldiers, armed with wooden guns, swords, and spears, and with banners waving, coming round the northern sweep of the Green, and moving toward the Battery. A little farther up the street, another company of full-grown boys, who had not yet outgrown the foibles of youth, were coming down in the same direction.

When the leader of the juvenile band saw me, he seemed to be suddenly struck with a pleasant recollection.

Commanding his company to form a line along the sidewalk, he ordered



them to "present arms," which they did with great alacrity, if not with the most approved military precision. Then, stepping out a little in front, he gave the order for a salute; whereupon, the standard-bearer waved his ensign, the drummer rolled a spirited welcome, and the whole company raised their hats, and gave three hearty cheers.

This done, the Captain was about forming them again for the march, when I thanked him for the honor they had done me, which could not have been more hearty, or more civil, if he and his young friends had known that they were saluting Uncle Merry himself.

I thought you must be Uncle Merry, said the Captain, as soon as I saw you, and I could not persuade myself to go by without saluting you. Uncle Merry! Uncle Merry! exclaimed the boys all together, in spite of the rules of military discipline, breaking from their ranks, and gathering round me. I immediately

told them they had made a mistake. I was not Mr. Merry; but that did not matter much, since I was their Uncle, at any rate, and had come to the city as much to see them as for any other reason. And, I added, Robert Merry himself can not claim to be more fond of his nephews than I am of mine.

Well, exclaimed the Captain, Uncle, at any rate—Uncle Merry, or Uncle Peter, or whatever other Uncle you may be, we are most happy to see you, and now, unless you prefer to be our guest, we shall claim you for our prisoner. We are about to have a grand review in the Bowling Green, and a cold collation, under our marquee, which you are invited to witness and share. For if you came to the city to see us, you will never have a better chance.

I accepted the invitation; the gates were thrown open, we all marched in, and the gate was closed against all intruders. The other company, as it marched by to the Battery, gave a salute, which was handsomely responded to by the juvenile Merrys. The review passed off very pleasantly, consisting much more of gymnastics, curvetings, and merry-making, than of any thing military or warlike. They treated me as an invited and honored guest, and were very anxious to learn my name. Some called me Uncle Frank, but others said I did not at all resemble the portrait they had seen of that worthy gentleman. The Captain, who was a right merry little wag, was quite positive that I was Uncle Merry, while the drummer thought I resembled his ideal

of Uncle Hiram. We had a very social time, and stories and jokes went round, till the call was made for the repast.

This was just what it should be—a real merry-making. It was not boisterous or irregular, but a well-conducted, though very amusing affair. Every one felt at liberty to pay me such compliments as came to hand, which I returned as well as I knew how. At length, after toasting all the uncles from Adam down, I was called upon for a speech and a song. This was rather too much for me, and I excused myself, assuring them they should have both in the next MUSEUM, in a form which they could keep. Time passed so rapidly that it was near noon before I was ready to take my leave. They gave me another cordial salute at parting, and a special invitation to visit them all at their houses.

CONVEXITY OF THE EARTH.—The earth being round like a ball, it follows that at a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much farther, its form will prevent us from seeing objects even if its surface were perfectly smooth. It has been calculated that at six hundred yards an object one inch high can not be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at one thousand four hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet; so at that distance a man would be invisible. In leveling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE STORK-CALIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY MRS. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER I.



It was on one fine summer's evening, Chasid, the calif of Bagdad, was lazily reclining upon his sofa. After having slept awhile, for

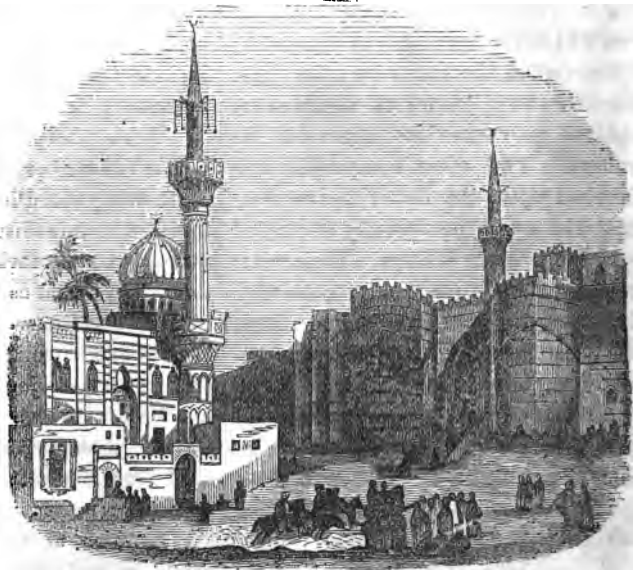
it was exceedingly warm, the calif awoke in a very good humor. He was smoking from a long rosewood pipe, drinking, at intervals, the fragrant coffee which a slave held for him; and while tasting it, he stroked, with an air of great satisfaction, his long, fine beard. In short, any one could see at a glance that the calif was in a happy frame of mind.

At such times, his highness appeared very affable, and exhibited much condescension and kindness even to the lowest of his subjects who brought any

business to him. Therefore this was the hour that Manzour, his grand vizier, had selected to pay his daily visit to him. The grand vizier came this day as usual to the palace; but, what was very unusual with him, his countenance wore a very serious aspect.

"Ah, why do you have such a sober countenance, grand vizier?" said the surprised calif, taking for an instant his pipe from his lips.

"My lord," replied the vizier, crossing his arms upon his breast, and bow-



ing very low, "I was not conscious that my countenance betrayed, in spite of

myself, the secret thoughts of my heart; but I just now saw, as I entered here, a Jew who was displaying such fine merchandise, that I confess to you that I was much vexed that I had not more money."

The calif, who had sought for a long time for some opportunity of bestowing a favor upon his grand vizier, for whom he had a real affection, made a sign to one of his slaves to go and bring the merchant.

The Jew came as soon as he was commanded. He was a little man, with a dusky skin, a nose shriveled and crooked, his upper lip thin, and turned up on either side by two large yellow teeth, the only ones that remained in his mouth. His little green, serpent-looking eyes glittered like fire under his heavy eyebrows. As soon as he appeared before the calif, he touched the floor with his forehead, and advanced as if he were crawling, while, with the appearance of smiling, he displayed the most frightful grin that ever spread itself upon a human countenance. He carried before him, suspended by a large strap which hung from his crooked shoulders, a box of sandal-wood, in which were packed all kinds of precious wares, which his black, hairy hand displayed to the eyes of his customers with the skillful cunning of a true son of Judea.

There were pearls of Ophir, hung in ear-rings, gold rings, studded with diamonds, which the eye could scarcely look at, so great was their brilliancy; also richly wrought pistols, onyx stones,

ivory combs, inlaid with gold, and a thousand other jewels not less rare and costly. After having examined them all, the calif bought for Manzour, and for himself, magnificent pistols, and for the wife of his vizier, a wrought silver comb, surrounded with a crown of fine pearls, which made it the richest and the most beautiful thing in the world.

As the merchant was about closing his box, the calif, who could not take his eyes off from it, discovered a little drawer which had not been opened, and asked if he had not some other jewels there. The merchant opened the little apartment which the calif pointed out, and took from it a kind of snuff-box, containing a black powder wrapped in a paper, written over with singular characters, of which neither Chasid nor Manzour could decipher a single word.

"This box came to me," said the Jew, "from a merchant who had found it in the road going to Mecca. I do not know what it is; however, it is at your service, if you wish for it. I know nothing at all about it."

The calif, although very ignorant, gladly collected in the shelves of his library all kinds of curiosities and old parchments. He bought the snuff-box and the manuscript, and dismissed the merchant, who walked out backward, bowing as low as when he entered.

Chasid contemplated joyfully his acquisition; but not, however, without earnestly wishing that he knew what was signified by the writing on the paper, which he turned over mechanically in his hands.

"Do you not know any person who can read to me this writing?" said he, at last, to his grand vizier.

"Most gracious lord," replied the latter, "I know a man, just opposite the grand mosque, who is called Selim the Learned. He understands, they say, all languages. Send some one to seek him; perhaps he can explain these mysterious characters."

Two slaves were sent to find Selim the Learned, with orders to bring him there immediately.

"Selim," said the calif to him as he entered, "I am told that you are versed in the knowledge of all languages. Examine this writing, and see if you can read it. If you can explain it to me, I will give you a holiday dress entirely new; but if you are unable to read it, you shall be beaten with twelve blows and twenty-five strokes upon the soles of your feet, for having usurped the noble name of "The Learned."

Selim bowed, and replied, "Let your will be done, master." Then he considered attentively the writing which had been given him. Suddenly he exclaimed, "It is Latin, my lord, or may I be hanged!"

"Well, Latin or Greek, tell us quickly what is there," said the calif, impatiently.

Selim hastened to translate it, and read thus: "Whoever thou art who findest this article, thank Allah for the favor he has deigned to give thee. He who takes a pinch of the powder contained in this box, and says at the same time, MUTABOR (I will be changed), the

same shall be changed, according to his own desire, into whatever animal he pleases, and shall also understand the ideas which those animals communicate in their language. If he shall wish again to return to the human form, let him bow three times toward the East while pronouncing the same word, and the charm is broken. Only beware, oh, thou who attemptest this ordeal—beware of *laughing* while thou art changed! Otherwise the magic word will irrecoverably escape from thy memory, and thou wilt be condemned to remain forever in the race of animals."

As soon as Selim had finished the translation of the cabalistic paper, the calif experienced such a degree of pleasure, that he could hardly contain himself. After having made the wise man swear never to reveal to any person the secret which he possessed, he hastened to send him away, but not before he had clothed him with a magnificent robe of silk, which added not a little to the respect which Selim the Learned already enjoyed in Bagdad.

He had hardly departed when the calif gave himself up to his joy. "This is what I call a famous bargain," exclaimed he. "What pleasure, my dear Manzour, to be able to be changed into an animal! To-morrow morning, you come and find me; we will go together into the fields; we will take my precious snuff-box, and then we shall understand all that is spoken and sung, whispered and murmured, in the air and in the water, in the woods and in the fields.



THE CHASE.

“MASTER,” said John, “may I go out?”

The master answered “No!”

John coolly turning him about,
Prepared himself to go.

Then, striding through the open door,
Was, presto, in the street,
Which brought, within a second more,
The master to his feet.

John put on all the steam he could—
The master did the same;
’Twas all in doubt, for many a rood,
Which now would win the game.

The boys jumped up to see the fun—
The school was in a row—
Some cried, “Do see the master run!”
Some cried—“He’s got him now!”

Some shouted—“Run, John, run, my lad!”
Some cheered the master on;
Some said the master was too bad,
To speak so cross to John.

“Ha, how he runs! Was ever race,
Since Gilpin’s day, to match it?
But, look! the master’s won the chase—
Poor John! now won’t he catch it?”

The culprit shows a heavy heart;
The master looks as cool
As if the chase were but a part
Of order in the school.

No blow was struck, no word was said—

Poor John was quite subdued,
And never, from that hour, displayed
An unsubmitive mood.

H. H.

SPRING-TIME.

A SOUND of merry laughter
Is floating on the breeze,
A shower of falling footsteps
Beneath the forest trees;
A gush of thrilling music,
The robin’s matin lay,
The rushing of the river
Upon its winding way.

The shouts of merry wand’rers
Echoed far and wide,
Searching for the wild flowers
On the green hill-side;
Sailing tiny mimic barks
On the blue lake’s breast,
Peeping in the leafy hedge
For the blue-bird’s nest.

Stormy, blust’ring March winds,
Mingled snow and rain,
Smiles and tears of April,
And the warbled strain
Of the May’s gay songsters
Twittering in the trees—
Dearest of the sisters,
Spring-time, bringeth these.

FLETA FORRESTER.


KINDNESS.

A ROSE was faint, and hung its head,
One sultry summer’s day,
When a Zephyr kindly fan’d its cheek,
Then sped upon its way.

That Zephyr now—where’er it roams—
Delicious perfume brings.
So kindness gathers—as it goes—
A fragrance for its wings.

AUNT SUE.

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.



SIXTY-EIGHT years ago, the following letter was written by Governor Page (a delegate from Virginia to Congress, then sitting in New York), to his son. The old Tea Water Pump referred to is still remembered by many of our aged citizens.

“NEW YORK, March 16, 1789.

“MY DEAR BOBBY: My letters to your brother Mann and your sisters will inform you how and when I arrived here. I will tell you, then, what I have not told them, and what you, a young traveler, ought to know. This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared with it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets here are badly paved, very dirty and narrow, as well as crooked, and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs and mud. The College, St. Paul’s Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall, also, in which Congress is to sit, is elegant. What is very remarkable here is, that there is but one well of water which furnishes the inhabitants with drink, so that water is bought here by every one that drinks it, except the owner of this well.

“Four carts are continually going about selling it, at three gallons for a copper—that is, a penny for every three

gallons of water. The other wells and pumps serve for washing, and nothing else. I have not time to say more about this place and the other towns through which I passed, but will by some other opportunity write you whatever may be worth your knowing. You must show this to Frank. Give my love to him, and tell him I will write to him and Judy next. Kiss her for me, and be a good boy, my dear. Give my love to your brothers and sisters, and to your cousins Mat and Nat. Tell Beck [a maid servant] that Sharp [the servant who went with him] is well, and sends his love to her [his wife, I suppose]. That God Almighty may bless you all, my dear, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father,

“JOHN PAGE.”

THE INITIALS OF NAMES.

A STATEMENT in the *Daily Advertiser’s* notice of the *N. A. Review*, which we suppose to be correct, is a little curious. It is this: “There are more names beginning with the early letters of the alphabet than with the latter ones. At Cambridge, where classes in the College have been alphabetically divided into two sections, the division has generally fallen at the letter H—eight letters including the names of the first half of the class, and eighteen including those in the other half. A glance at the Directory will show that the names beginning with the letters A, B, C, occupy 78 pages out of 356, being 22 per cent, or nearly one quarter, instead of one eighth, as the *Review* has it.”

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

If any of our young friends find their letters very much shorter than when they left home, they will please bear in mind that "brevity is" not only "the soul of wit," but the *sole wit*, when the time is short, and the company large. Uncle Hiram's hatchet has full employment now. If it should seem to cut too deep sometimes, you can avoid the edge, by keeping to "the point."—RULE 2.

SHARON, PENN., March 3d.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am a new subscriber. Will you introduce me to the Merrys, and permit me to become one of them?

And will you tell me what the war of words, that your correspondents refer to, was about?

I can't think of a good *nom de plume*. I have neither black eyes nor blue eyes, so I will sign my every-day name, FANNIE.

Fannie (there is no better name than that), I have great pleasure in introducing you, not only to all the Merrys, and Uncle Hiram, Cousin Hannah, etc., but to all the CABINET, to Uncle Frank, Aunt Sue, Fleeta, The Old Major, and a host more, all your Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, and friends. Please make yourself, and them, quite at home.

The war you ask about was a war of words about matters and things in general, and some things in particular, as you will see by referring to the monthly bulletins thereof in the past numbers of the MUSEUM.

COLUMBIA, March 19th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I wish to ask if all who chat in the "corner" are considered Merrys? Or, if this is not the case, who are the fortunate ones? Neither Cate nor Emmie seem afraid of the cold; but, if they do live near the pole, I don't think they could have had as cold a winter as we did, or they would pay more respect to the memory of ice and snow. We had a sleet storm last week—just think of that! A sleet storm at the South in March! But the pleasure of seeing the trees in diamond necklaces more than compensated for the cold. Do, Mr. Merry, describe Willie

Coleman to us. Aunt Sue can tell you how to describe him—

"Has he a father? has he a mother?

Has he a sister? or has he a brother?"

If so, they have reason to be proud of him. I suppose we are to have no more Algebra. Don't you feel the least desire to visit "Cloud Land," Mr. Merry? Do ask Mr. Hatchet if he thinks my letter needs shaving?

We are expecting to take "time by the forelock," and have our May-party (to which allow me to give you a cordial invitation) a month sooner than usual.

Yours truly,

MAGGIE.

To answer all your questions in order—

1. All who chat in our corner are Merrys.
2. Willie Coleman is the son of his father, and the son of his mother; and, if he has neither sister nor brother (we have not consulted the census), he has as many cousins as would make up for a very large circle of the nearer sort.
3. Algebra is looking up.
4. I have a very decided *penchant* for "Cloud Land," and intend to charter the first balloon that is constructed on constitutional principles.
5. Mr. Hatchet says *yes*, and has acted accordingly.
6. Accepted with thanks.

NEW YORK, April 10th, 1857.

I am in a quandary. I want to write my monthly letter to the MUSEUM (or CABINET), and don't know how to address it. Out of half a dozen editors and editresses more or less, which shall I take? Shall it be Uncle Frank, Uncle Robert, Uncle Hiram, or Aunt Sue? Perhaps I had better cut the knot by addressing them as a collective body, leaving Uncles and Aunt to suggest a more appropriate way. So

DEAR EDITORIAL CORPS:—Permit me to offer my hearty congratulations upon the consummation of the marriage (*vide* Proclamation) of the gallant and fascinating ROBERT M. MUSEUM, Esq., to the lovely and accomplished Miss CABINET. May the union be prosperous and happy!

And (to summerset from one *métaphor* to

another) let me send up my hurrah of delight, with the thousands which will peal from Maine to Minnesota, as the Union Train starts off on its trial trip. With engineers like Uncles Frank and Hiram, a conductor like Uncle Robert, and a fireman (I mean *firewoman*) like Aunt Sue, it is bound to leave all competition in the dim far distance. Opposition lines will please "look out for the engine while the bell rings." Hurrah for the Union Train!

"A union of hearts, and a union of hands,
A union of means, and a union of plans,
And the Magazine Union forever!"

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Willie, you are a trump!

MR. MERRY:—I would cordially welcome Uncle Frank and his *youthful* friends to our Merry table. I trust that our affairs will hereafter be conducted with due gravity and decorum, now that a *Cabinet* is formed in the MUSEUM.

But pray, Mr. Merry, where will you seat this large company? Our table has been filled to overflowing with our own numbers, and now that these are doubled, you surely do not think of crowding them into the same space as before? Will you not bring in more tables and chairs, or, in other words, enlarge the magazine?

††

Where there is a will, there is a way; and where there is a large heart and a warm one, there is no danger that true friends will crowd it. There is always, as in the cars, "room for one more."

We, the Buckeye Family, are highly pleased with the "*union*," and shall do our best to support it. REC., LENA, AND JONAS.

BROOKLYN, E. D., April 10, 1857.

Well, Mr. Merry, 'been getting married of late, Without e'en consulting with me or with Kate! Such conduct I'm surprised at, I am, Mr.

Merry,

It is wrong—all wrong; it is very—very!

What excuse can you render, what apology give, To all the young Merrys who so happily live? Did not Willie, and Annie, and our own little

Kate,

Treat you kindly and well in *your lone, widow'd state?*

Hadn't all the young Merrys done all that they could,

To fill up your columns with matter so good—

Hadn't Black-Eyes and Pussy, and Fleetwood and Fred,
And dear little Susy, and Lillie, and Ned?

Then why should you marry? say why in a pet
Have you rushed to the arms of an old CABINET?

Was there no source of joy, no fountain of mirth,

Save that to be found in the arms of Woodworth?

When divorced from your first love, I own I had fears

That you'd be caught by some old maid, ere many years;

But now that you've taken another helpmeet,
I suppose that you feel pretty neat, neat, neat!

But pray, don't go crazy, though you've had the good luck

To get a new wife—you may find she's got *pluck*,

For marriage, you know, is a ticklish thing;
Some it makes crazy, and some it makes—sing.

But who is this Woodworth you've thus rashly wed?

Is she handsome and witty, and is she well bred?
Can she cook up your dinner, and make up your bed?

Is she gentle and kind? *or is her hair red?*

As one of the Merrys, most sad should I be
To hear that a mishap had fallen on thee;
That friends now so loving should fail "for to get"

The blessings all hope for in the new CABINET.

Then welcome, friend W., to the family of Merrys,

And bring, if you please, your whole CABINET of Jerrys,

Bring Fleta and Lizzie, and Bush and Marquette,

We'll welcome them all, and so will Violetta.

And now, Mr. Merry, if it was't for you,
I'd pay my respects to our old friend Aunt Sue;
But for fear you'll be jealous and call me a

ninny,
I'll keep all my love till I meet my sweet Minnie.

But why this new *union* should require a new Cook,*

And one of our Merrys should be "*put in the book*,"

With a big "*chair of state*," and a broom handle too,

'Tis partial—'tis dangerous—it will never do!

* See page 126, April number.

To talk about "kisses," "ten thousand or more;"
 And to say she now loves them, and lov'd them before,
 Is a public confession which you must well know
 Must shock all our feelings, though it be "ex officio."

Then pray, Mr. Merry, take care that Aunt Sue
 Don't spoil our friend Charley, nor Hatchet, nor you;
 But quietly sit, in her new "chair of state,"
 Administering justice, both to little and great.

While you, then, Sir Merry, and you, Mistress Sue,
 And you, Mr. Frank, with your CABINER too,
 And all the young Merrys, as well as old folks,
 Unite their best wits to crack their best jokes,
 The new MERRY MUSEUM will certainly be
 As lively, as witty—as any need see.

OSCAR.

We leave it to critics to say if friend Oscar
 Don't travel along like a rumbling horse-car;
 And if we are bound to answer his rhyme,
 When he pops out his questions a score at a time.

Answers.

67. 'Tis not the wear'd trav'ler alone who loves well
 The INN that should be a most welcome hotel.
 Nor is it the AUGER alone that makes holes,
 For men that live here, or for men at the poles.
 Nor is it the man who ATE the most food
 At the dinner supplied by your hotel so good,
 That is the best fitted to govern the State
 Though all men combine him to INAUGURATE.
Little Bright.
In-augur-ate. H. A. Danker.—Willie.—S. Hart.—Dick W. C.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.
68. It is full of good things for young folks.
Little Bright.—Dick.—H. A. Danker.—C. F. W.—Bay State, Jr.—Willie.—Mauch Chunk.
69. The future. *H. A. Danker.*
 Nothing. *Susie.*

70. 1. Presidential. 2. Commonwealth. 3. Antipodes. 4. Prerogative. 5. Anatomy. 6. Tornado. 7. Redintegration. 8. Superinduced. *H. A. Danker.*
71. 1. Norwegians. 2. Manufacturers. 3. Apostrophe. 4. Chandeliers. 5. Grenadier. *H. A. Danker.*
72. Stone-tone-ones. *Little Bright.—Bay State, Jr.—H. A. D.—Dick.—S. Hart.—Crab.—Willie.—Mauch Chunk.—*
73. Chill-ill. *H. A. D.*
74. Camel-came-lame-meal-male-lace-mace-ace. *Willie.—Dick.—S. Hart.*
75. 2+4. *C. F. W.—H. A. D.—Trueman.—Willie.—Crab.—S. Hart.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.*
 Let $x = \text{one part}$. $6 - x = \text{other part}$.
 $x^2 = 12 - 2x$.
 $x^2 + 2x = 12$. It can then be solved as any cubic equation. Young's method is very short. *Dick W. C.*
 Let $a + z = \text{1st number (larger)}$.
 And $a - z = \text{2d number (smaller)}$.
 Then $2a = 6$, and $a = 3$.
 Also, $a^2 - 3a^2z + 3a^2z^2 - z^3 = 2a + 2z$.
 By substituting the value of a in above equation, we have $27 - 27z + 9z^2 - z^3 = 6 + 2z$.
 Transposing, gives $z^3 - 9z^2 + 29z = 21$.
 This is a cubic equation, and may be resolved by Young's Method (See "Davies' Bourdon," p. 361).
 In this equation z is equal to 1.
 Therefore, $a + z = 3 + 1 = 4 = \text{larger number}$.
 And $a - z = 3 - 1 = 2 = \text{smaller number}$. *Rec.*
76. Ton-not-no-to-on. *Bay State, Jr.—H. A. D.—Willie.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.—Crab.*
77. Spring. *H. A. D.—Willie.—Dick.—S. Hart.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.*
 In the matter of seasons,
 Which is the best?
 Opinions may differ
 Each from the rest.
 But one thing is certain,
 That Fleta did sing
 In her pretty riddle,
 The praises of Spring. *Crab.*
78. It makes the peak speak. *C. F. W.—H. A. D.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.—Dick.—W. C.*
79. Chili. *C. F. W.—Bay State.—H. A. D. S. Hart.—Crab.—Dick.*
80. Pekin. *Bay State, Jr.—H. A. D.—S. Hart.—Crab.—Dick.—Rec.*
81. Ohio (Oh! Heigho!) *Little Bright.—Emma M. J.—Rec.—S. Hart.—H. A. D.—C. F. W.—Bay State, Jr.—Crab.*

* See page 126, April number.

82. 1. Manifestation. 2. Administration. 3. Establishments. 4. Parallelograms. 5. Valetudinarianism. 6. Disadvantageous. 7. Cotemporaneously. 8. Significantive. 9. Impracticableness. 10. Incommensurability. 11. Recommendations. *H. A. D.*
83. Cheat-heat-eat-at. *Little Bright.—H. A. D.—Crab.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.—Dick.*
84. Spear-pear-ear. *Little Bright.—C. F. W.—H. A. D.—Dick.—Crab.—S. Hart. Willie.—J. B. B.—Mauch Chunk.—Rec.*
85. High tide (high tied). *Dick W. C.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

86. What curious effect would the letter *h* have upon a certain bird? *Dick W. C.*
87. How would two donkeys following Mary make her sweeter? *Dick W. C.*
88. Entire, I am a useful vegetable product. Behead me, and I am loose. Again decapitate me, and I become a cutting instrument, almost. *Dick W. C.*
89. What word in the New Testament, containing nine letters, is composed of 3 h's, 2 p's, 2 a's, 1 e, and 1 t; and where is it to be found? The word, I believe, occurs but once in the Bible. *Grandpa.*

CHARADE.

90. A preposition is my first,
Of letters very few,
And you will find when you have guessed
That I have told you true.

My *second* is a garment worn
By most men in the town;
Sometimes 'tis black, or figured gay,
And often white or brown.

My *third*, we all of us do love,
And have loved long and well,
Some carry this e'en quite too far,
As plain their actions tell.

My *fourth*, by ladies much are worn,
Composed of leather, kid, or cloth,
But whether on the foot or hand,
I am to tell you rather loth.

My *whole*, the name of gallant ship
Which sailed the seas upon,
In search of England's daring son,
The long-lost, brave Sir John. *Emilie.*

91. Place the 9 digits so that, added together, they will make 100. *M. B. P.*
92. Why is India Street, in Brooklyn, N. Y., like the island of Borneo? *Little Bright.*

93. Why is the daffodil, just peeping out of the ground, like a whale rising to the surface of the ocean, after being harpooned? *Little Bright.*
94. Wherein is the modest violet like the duellist preparing to fight? *Little Bright.*
95. Entire, I am a measure. Drop my second, I am a verb. Drop my third, I am one. Transpose my first and second, I am what all have but would gladly escape. Place my third before my first, I am what boys are apt to do. Omit my last, and place my third after my first, I am a geometrical term. *Uncle Joe.*
96. What is that, of which the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality, and which answers as a medium of public circulation as well as the true coin? *L. E. P.*
97. What single word will express the meaning of the question—"Have I the power?" *L. E. P.*
98. What is the humblest and the most bashful thing in the world? *L. E. P.*
99. Why is marriage always mercenary? *C. W.*

CHARADE.

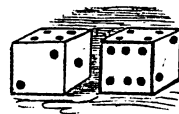
100. Seated upon her prancing steed,
Her cheek all freshly blooming,
A maid, through forest, vale, and mead,
Enjoyed my *first*, with little heed
To clouds so darkly looming.
Make speed! make speed! delay not here,
The storm will soon o'ertake thee;
Well may thy spirit quail with fear,
Thy courage all forsake thee.

Alas! alas! with deaf'ning crash
The quivering branches sever:
And now the lightning's deadly flash
Descending on that maiden rash,
Death paled her cheek forever.
Her friends to do my *next* shall come
With bleeding hearts to-morrow,
Then leave her in her "last long home"
Unconscious of their sorrow.

My *third* the mournful tale shall spread
With slow and solemn measure;
While lifting up its grateful head,
Upon the maiden's flowery bed,
My *whole* shall give new pleasure.

Cousin Sally

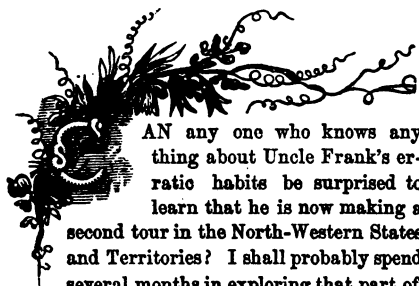
101.



A place of happiness.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk.

AT THE WEST AGAIN.



AN any one who knows any thing about Uncle Frank's erratic habits be surprised to learn that he is now making a second tour in the North-Western States and Territories? I shall probably spend several months in exploring that part of

our country. What route, precisely, I can not tell; but I hope to be able to see, with some thoroughness, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

One district I *must* visit, if I neglect all the rest. I must see that great wild region lying in Michigan, outside of the peninsula, between Lake Superior and Green Bay. I have set my heart on that. It was one of the routes I marked out for myself before leaving home last spring; though a somewhat sudden determination to visit Kansas disarranged this among other plans. I shall write letters for the MUSEUM AND CABINET while I am absent, and tell you some things I see and hear. It would gratify me exceedingly to see as many of my Western nephews and nieces as possible on my tour; and if those of you who share this wish with me should happen to inform me where they live—where they “tie up,” as they sometimes say in the backwoods out West, who knows but I give them a call? I don't say I will, because such a thing may sometimes cost me too many miles' travel; but I can say, and do say, that I'll try to call on them. Such of you as care to give “Uncle Frank” a chance to shake hands with you, may address a line—two or three lines, if you are so disposed—to my address, at Detroit, thus: *Francis C. Woodworth, care of Messrs. Raymond & Selleck, Detroit, Michigan.* Letters relating to the editorial depart-

ment of the magazine should be sent, however, to my address in New York, as usual.

MY CORRESPONDENCE.

When I announced to my nephews and nieces, last month, that an alliance had been formed between the CABINET and MUSEUM, and that they might now send their letters to “Uncle Frank,” or “Robert Merry,” or “Hiram Hatchet,” just as they pleased, I confess I felt a little, a very little afraid that my letters would drop off to some extent. I began to collect together, in a heap, all the odds and ends of philosophy within my reach, so that I could use them in case I should feel myself in a measure supplanted by either or both of my brother editors. These bits of philosophy, by the way—these precious little *morceaux*, as they are generally regarded among mankind—what miserable good-for-nothing pieces of trash they are! Here are some of them: “There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.” “Well, I can afford to spare some friends, I have such a host of them.” “If they don't care much for me, then I don't care much for them.” “I shall not be obliged to read their letters if they don't write to me—that's one consolation.” What nonsense this whole batch of philosophy is! There isn't a quack medicine in the land more utterly worthless.

Well, the April number of the magazine was issued—rather late, to be sure, but the publishers said they couldn't help that. They insisted that they couldn't make up a number without copy, any more than the Israelites could make brick without straw, and that the editors, in their desire to make this number the best that had ever been issued, spent an unusually long time in polishing and beautifying it. Well, as I was saying, the first number of the union magazine was sent out. It was read—read all over the land, by more than twenty thousand boys and girls. I don't know what they all said when they were read-

ing it—I don't know precisely what they thought—but I can tell you what multitudes of them *did* about that time—they sat right down, and wrote a letter to Uncle Frank, telling him how perfectly delighted they were with the new arrangement. I have had a deluge of letters within the last month. Instead of having less, I have had a great many more on account of the union. So, you see, my fears all went for nothing. I had no occasion to draw from the heap of husky philosophy I had collected. That heap is at the disposal of any poor fellow—he must be *very* poor to want it, I fancy—who comes begging for it. If it is not called for before I make my garden, I propose to burn it with the dry leaves and other trash raked up about the premises at “Woodside.” I find, too, that while “Uncle Frank,” has had such a multitude of letters, that “Uncle Robert” and “Uncle Hiram” have been equally favored in the same way. Verily, our respective friends, must have been uncommonly good-natured and satisfied with our efforts to entertain them, or we should not have had so large and so pleasant an addition to our number of correspondents. The letters I have now on my table would fill quite a volume. I am glad to see them all; I would not have the number less; I can't publish them all—that you don't expect—but I shall publish some of them, and portions of others.

I have a pretty letter from a little niece in Roxbury, Mass. I scarcely think it was written for any other eyes than those of Uncle Frank's, though I wish she would let me read it at our table. Emma, when you write again, may I make your letter public? And, by the way, if you can, just as well as not, find out why the baby is so anxious to get your pen—whether she wants to play with it, or to use it in writing some very affectionate words to Uncle Frank.

Next, we have “Cousin Sally,” a delegate from the land of the Cherokees. It seems she is a little afraid of passing for more than she is worth, as was the case with our smooth shillings until recently. She intimates that

she is not so young as she has been taken to be, though she adroitly leaves us in the dark as to her precise age. “*Very* discreet,” as Miss Flite would say.

PARK HILL, CHEROKEE NATION,
March 20th, 1857.

Are you a *priest*, Uncle Frank? Whether you are or not, I think you will be obliged to come to the confessional this once. To tell the truth, father confessor, I was conscience-smitten when I saw that you set me down as a little girl. I am *not* a child, though I do not think myself very aged. I have been an invalid for more than two years, and during that time have frequently amused myself with the enigmas, puzzles, etc., in your magazine. I have considered myself a child in strength, and almost in mind, though not in years. This is all that I have to confess. And now that I have made this *frank* acknowledgment, may I be forgiven, and permitted still to reckon myself one of your nieces? I think your other nieces would say yes. About that unsolved enigma—I might have known that if “*Aunt Sue*” had given it up, I need not undertake it; but I have spent a good deal of time over it vainly. Please permit me to subscribe myself still,
COUSIN SALLY.

Here comes another girl from the “Bay State.” She writes well—well enough, I think, to justify her in using a pen rather than a pencil.

BARRE, MASS., April 10th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I have taken the CABINET for many years; but being a little girl, I had hardly courage to write to you. I have seen your portrait; but I had rather see the original. I think there is no other uncle in the United States that has so many nieces and nephews as you. Frank is a very familiar name in our family. I have got a grandfather, a father, a cousin, and a brother by the name of Frank.
M. A. RICE.

The next letter on the pile is from ALBERT FOREMAN, of Sterling, Ill. Albert will make a good writer, I predict, before he is many years older.

MOBILE, ALA., March 29th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—As I was reading over the letters written to you, by those whom you call nephews and nieces, I asked mother if she thought they were really written, or whether you just made them up, and put them in the book; she told me I had better write to you myself, and perhaps you would tell me

how it was. Mother has tried upon the still unsolved enigma, but I believe she thinks she can not solve it. I have five sisters, three of them can read, and we all look forward with pleasure to the arrival of your magazine. Please remember me to "Aunt Sue."

Yours truly, MARY L. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mary is a little skeptical, I see; I wish I had her here at my desk, while I am making up this Chat. I think it would not take long

to convince her that, in order to obtain letters from the numerous members of my family, it is quite unnecessary to resort to my own brains. No, Miss Mary, we editors here in New York have to make a good many shifts, now and then, to maintain our standing with "Young America;" but so far as "Uncle Frank" is concerned, this is not one of them.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

I FOUND a small parcel on my table to-day, and on opening it saw that it contained a number of dear little letters (all in different handwriting), addressed to Aunt Sue. Uncle Frank had sent them to me, safe and sound; so you little curious ones need not know my "last name," merely for the purpose of writing to me. Send my letters to Uncle Frank; he is pretty honest, though I do not promise that he will not get the first peep at them.

Thank you, Ella Bella, for your kind wishes. Your verses are *too good* for me to "revise;" besides, it is not my province, so I must e'en hand them over to the editors.

Ada, what can that mysterious exception refer to?

OSWEGO, March 28th, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have often wished to write to you, but have never had courage to send any one of my repeated attempts; and as this is the first letter I have ever written, I hope you will excuse the blunders. Ma says "practice makes perfect," and it's high time that I should begin. I love the CABINET very much, and have taken it several years, but it grows more interesting every year. I have succeeded in getting into all the puzzles, and guessed a good many of the riddles. I have a few answers which I think are right. * * * These are not original, of course. There is little original in me, excepting ———.

I was delighted with the number which had a view of Woodside. Look on the map of Oswego County, and you will see my home. Accept my love for many happy hours.

Yours,

ADA V. MERRIAM.

JOY, March 31, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have just been writing to Uncle Frank, and I thought I would

write to you; you see I hail from a Joy-ful place. My father is a Presbyterian minister. For the last few years we have moved about every three years, and at last have moved to Joy. Since I wrote you last, I have lost a sister; out of a circle of eleven brothers and sisters, she was the first one taken. She died of consumption, after a long and very distressing illness. We miss her much, and yet we would not call her back, for she was willing to go, and we feel that she has gone to heaven. Many years ago she was one that took your CABINET, and during her sickness she has enjoyed hearing it read very much. She was sick about six weeks. But I beg pardon for writing a long letter composed of things that do not interest you at all, and so I will close. Yours, etc. C. HOLCOMB, JR.

You slander me, my young friend, by saying such things do not interest me. When my sympathies are moved, I am always interested.

SOUTHFORT, CONN., March 4th, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have never subscribed for the YOUTH'S CABINET, although my brother has; but that was when I was a little boy—being now only twelve years old. Tuesday evening two copies came to my cousin; I have read them both through, and have become very much interested in it. I am sure I should like to see you, for you must be a very nice Aunty. I wish I could take a peep into that basket Miss Fleeta talks about, although I hope my letter will not be thrown into it. I wish, also, that I could see your bureau, so that I could know whether it was an old-fashioned one, all made of mahogany, with a lion's claw clasping a ball for a foot; or whether you have bought a new one, thinly covered with mahogany, with a marble top and oval looking-glass. No matter which it is, so my letter is slipped in, for then, perhaps, I shall see it again. Now, Aunty, I want to

know who Uncle Frank is. Is he your husband? or your brother? or what? No matter, he must be very pleasant, or every body would not write to him the way they do. Auntie, I want to know him, so you must introduce me to him, and that right soon. Your affectionate nephew,
HARRY.

Uncle Frank, allow me to introduce to you my friend and nephew Harry. (Polite bows are interchanged, and then Uncle Frank assures Harry that Sue is neither his wife nor sister.)

Effie, "all you want to know" is contained in the above paragraph. My love to "mother."

QUINCY, ILL., ADAMS Co., Feb. 24th.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have read all the letters from cousins, but have not seen any from Quincy, so I thought I would take the liberty of writing to you. I have been one of your nieces for a long time. I am just as old as the CABINET. If I make any mistake, please

tell me of it. I only wanted to know whether you were Uncle Frank's wife, or not, and what is your last name, so that I can write and direct a letter to you. I find out almost every one of the puzzles, but I will not send any this time. I should like to see you and Uncle Frank very much. Mother sends her love, and says that she thinks the YOUTH'S CABINET is the best magazine in the world for little folks. If you think this is worthy of an answer, please give me one. Give my love to all the cousins; but I expect they don't want it, so good-bye.

Your loving niece,

EFFIE.

Horatio N. Spencer, Jr., I have seen the flower and returned it to Uncle Frank, and notwithstanding I accept the kiss, I am dreadfully jealous about it! I would rather have one tangible flower than a prospective "strawberry."

With love and kisses to all my nephews and nieces, I close my bureau for this month.

April, 1857.

DEAR MUSEUM:—Fearing that I may pass out of the remembrance of all the "Merry readers," I hasten to have a letter ready for the next MUSEUM, or "basket," just which Uncle Hiram pleases.

Aunt Sue, how I wish I had been you, the "other evening!" Dear! dear! R. W. R., comfort me—write me a consolatory letter by the way of the "Chat," for I know you must have felt my absence that evening as much as I could myself. It makes me unhappy to think of it.

"Black-Eyes," why will you call me "him?" I was in hopes I could pass for a lady; but my natural manly spirit will show itself, I suppose, even through my letters; and your eyes are so bright, and of such quick, nice, perception, as to detect the truth, in spite of all I have done or could do. Ah, well! so much for deception.

Mr. Coleman, I don't like to call you names, but really you are very dull. Can't even "see through a mill-stone" as far as most folks.

Alice, Alice, what names you call me. Do you really think I would be the first one to break through the bonds of peace? "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Now, don't let me hear any more personalities.

Florence, my dear, "New York" had the honor of graduating me—Gotham itself. And I'm a first-rate representative. When Uncle Hiram has that "meeting of all the Merrys," then, and not till then, shall you see how well I carry myself.

NIPPININDERT.

Can't account for every thing, Nip; but,

I guess, as "Black Eyes" and others have mistaken you for a man, somebody else has mistaken you for a woman. Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families. Daughters are sometimes mistaken for mothers, especially when they are very grave and dignified. The April number was delayed by the marriage ceremony. Young folks are generally in a great hurry to get that knot tied; but we old folks take it coolly and moderately, and make sure that what is done is well done, whether it's done quickly or not.

We have a very large budget of Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc., which we shall draw from, more or less, every month, for the Chat. We hope our young friends who have sent them will not be impatient if they do not appear as soon as they may have expected. Where there are so many, they must take turns, and only one speak at a time. We shall try to do the best we can for all.

N. B. Some of our young friends write with a pencil, or with very pale ink, and very light marks, so that it is very difficult to read what they send us. It would save us much trouble, and secure them more attention, if they would take this hint.



GLEN NOOK.

"I WILL try what music there may be in this retirement," said Robert Merry to himself, as he entered a dark, winding path that led into the deep woods, where the only sounds he heard were the gurgling of the brook, and the whispering of the wind in the tree-tops. It was a wild, romantic part of the country, which he had not seen before, and he was tempted to make a somewhat longer pause than usual, for a quiet talk with nature in her own domain. That he might accomplish this, and still be making progress in his journey, he crossed, from Laura to the head of the lake, on foot. It was just after passing the beautiful village of Linden, that the remarkable beauty of the forest scenery attracted his attention, and induced him to turn aside from the direct road, and penetrate its depths. For more than a mile a circuitous path of rare and ever-changing beauty led him on, till the sound of human voices and of distant music arrested his steps. Following their lead, he soon struck into a beautiful opening, where several groups of men and women were amusing themselves in various ways—some of them strolling about, and some seated on the turf, in earnest conversation. Under a gigantic oak, one man was entertaining three ladies with the story of his adventures in crossing the Rocky Mountains, and taking possession of California, under Fremont. At a little distance, in the near vicinity of an inviting-looking basket, another was tell-

ing a different kind of story to a deeply interested listener, who seemed quite unwilling that any one else should share in the entertainment. The merry voices of children were heard in the distance; while glimpses of other groups in different directions indicated a general turn-out of the life and gayety of the village.

With the freedom of an experienced traveler, Mr. Merry entered among the groups, and addressed himself to two of the party, who stood in earnest conversation somewhat in the foreground. As he approached, the lady exclaimed,

"By no means, George; you have entirely misunderstood my meaning."

"How could I misunderstand you, Marielle? Your words will bear but one interpretation; and surely I have quoted them correctly."

"That is true, George; but the circumstances and qualifications—" the near approach of the stranger prevented her from finishing the remark.

"Pardon my intrusion," said Mr. Merry. "I would inquire if there is an outlet from this beautiful opening on the opposite side to that by which I entered, by which I can reach the main road leading to the head of the lake?"

"I think not," replied the gentleman.

"Oh yes, there is, George. You do not understand the geography of 'Glen-Nook' as well as I do. I will be your guide, sir, to a path so wild and tangled, that you would never attempt it without the assurance of one acquainted with

it that you could get safely through; but having once tried it, you will remember it always, as the very poetry of wood-paths."

I shall be most happy to accept your escort, miss, and promise you never to forget either the poetry, or the muse that inspired it. But, excuse me; I interrupted your discussion, and will leave you to finish it, while I explore the beauties of your romantic 'nook.'

"Please don't leave us, sir," said George; "we will make you our umpire; and, having settled our dispute, you shall partake of our lunch, which is about being prepared, and then go on your way. We were talking about this same 'nook,' which this lady insists is, in all respects, the most perfect gem of its kind in the world. I do not differ so very widely from her in that; but when I chanced to remind her of what she said, a few summers ago, in one of the valleys of Piedmont, she protested that there was no inconsistency in her two opinions."

"And so I do still protest," interrupted Marielle; "and I am sure your umpire will sustain me. But state your case, and then I will make my explanations."

"It was a lovely spot in a valley so deep that it seemed as if the stars could never get a peep at it, and yet so bright that it seemed always day there. And this lady, in her ecstasy, said that if that was not the original paradise, it surely was copied from it, as nothing could be more perfect. Now she claims for *this* spot absolute precedence over

every other, and protests that the latter claim is wholly consistent with the former."

"You forget, George, or perversely overlook the fact—"

"Excuse me, miss," interrupted the umpire—"allow me to ask the gentleman one question: Was not her commendation of the Piedmont Eden qualified with a remark like *this*—that it only wanted a certain '*home halo*' about it to make it paradise?"

George and Marielle looked at each other, and then at the stranger, whose countenance underwent a sudden change as the recollections of old friendships beamed out of it, and then exclaimed, both together:

"Why, is it possible? our old friend, Mr. Merry!"

The talking, the laughing, the bright reminiscences of the past, the introduction to the other groups that followed, we can not now repeat; it would make our story too long. In the midst of the chat, a shout was heard from the farther side of the glen, which attracted Mr. Merry's attention.

"Ha!" said he, "some of my young nieces down there among the wild flowers! I must go and see them;" and he started off to find them. This was no difficult task, for the merry voices were a sure guide to an ear as sensitive as his to that kind of music. Scattered in little groups along the bank of a babbling brook were some dozen or two of the juvenile Merrys. Their shouting ceased, their music died into an echo, and even their flower-gatherings had a

pause, as they saw a stranger approaching them, though some of them thought he had just the look and air of an old friend.



“Sing away, young hearts! sing away! and shout as merrily as you please!” said he. “Your old Uncle would not for the world disturb your mirth: he would much sooner take part in it.”

Assured by this address, though they did not recognize the stranger as one who should call himself Uncle, they gathered round him to show him their flowers, and tell him the incidents of their sport. He soon had them all in

earnest conversation; and great was the pleasure with which they listened to the many stories he had to tell them. In the midst of one of them, Marielle, who had come up, unperceived, and was listening quietly from behind, exclaimed:

“Oh yes, Mr. Merry! I was there, you know, when that incident took place!”

Then what a shout and a rush! “Uncle Merry! Uncle Merry! is it possible? Oh, dear! so it is, Uncle Merry himself! He has been promising to make us a visit, for a long time. Dear Uncle Merry, we are so glad to see you!”

A thousand other kind and cheerful things were said; and Robert Merry was the greatest and happiest man in the world, and his friends the most generous and hospitable. Nothing would do but he must halt at the village two or three days, and leave the “head of the lake,” and all the other places he was bound to see, to the following week.

WRITTEN SERMONS.—The antipathy of the Scotch people to reading sermons is well known. At Kirkcudbright, at an “inauguration,” an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a *reader*. “And how can he read, woman?” was the reply; “the poor man’s blin’.” To which the first made answer, “I’m glad to hear it—I wish they were a’ blin’!”

MY GARDEN.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.



I LOVE my garden!—dearly love
That little spot of ground!
There's not, methinks—(though I may err,
In partial pride)—a pleasanter
In all the country round.

The smooth, green turf winds gently there,
With no ungraceful bend,
Round many a bed and many a border,
Where gayly grouped, in sweet disorder,
Young Flora's darlings blend.

Spring! Summer! Autumn!—of all three,
Whose reign is loveliest there?
Oh! is not she who paints the ground,
When its frost fetters are unbound,
The fairest of the fair?

I gaze upon her violet beds,
Laburnums, golden tressed;
The flower-spiked almonds—breathes perfume
From lilac and seringa blooms,
And cry—"I love Spring best!"

But Summer comes, with all her pomp
Of fragrance, beauty, bliss!—
And from amid her bowers of roses,
I sigh, as purple evening closes,
"What season equals this?"

That pageant passes by. Comes next
Brown Autumn in her turn;
Oh! not unwelcome cometh she,
The parched earth luxuriously
Drinks from her dewy urn.

And she has flowers, and fragrance too,
Peculiarly her own;
Asters of every hue—perfume,
Spiced rich with clematis and broom,
And mignonette late blown.

Then, if some lingering rose I spy
Reclining languidly,
Or the bright laurel's glossy green,
Dear Autumn! my whole heart, I ween,
Leaps up for love of thee!

Oh, yes! I love my garden well,
And find employment there—
Employment sweet for many an hour,
In tending every shrub and flower
With still unwearied care.

THERE'S not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT.

UNCLE FRANK'S RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.

A STRANGER can not be long in Holland, without making the acquaintance of the storks which abound there. You see these birds, not only around farm-houses in the country, but right in the midst of a large town. In Haarlem, I could stand at the window of my hotel and count a score of storks' nests on the roofs of as many houses. The people must have a great affection for these birds, I should think. Certain it is, that the stork family are seldom or never molested; and one of the consequences of being thus kindly treated is, that the birds are all singularly tame. They have a very singular appearance, as you may suppose, walking on the ridges of the buildings in a densely settled city. I was told that these birds all migrated to a more southern

latitude, about the middle of August, and that they come back again early in May. They don't build new nests, like most of our birds of passage, but content themselves with repairing the old ones. There is superstition in Holland, as well as in most other countries in the world, and many people consider it a good omen, for a stork to select their house as a site for its nest.

In most of the cities which I visited in Europe, I found myself very much assisted by Guide-Books. In Holland, however, on the contrary, though there was everywhere much that was interesting to see, I looked in vain for any assistance from the books. I found that the best way to become acquainted with objects of interest was, to employ a *valet* for the occasion, and to trust

him for hunting them up. While in Amsterdam, I was in the company of five Americans, all of whom, like myself, were inveterate sight-seers. We procured the services of a *valet* without difficulty, and under his escort rambled all over the city. One of the first places we visited was the old Palace, or *Stadhuis*. It is a singularly imposing edifice. I'll not undertake to determine after what architectural rules it was built, but will hazard the guess that the order is strictly and purely Dutch. Our guide informed us that this palace was built on upward of thirteen thousand piles. If so, let us hope that the day is far distant when it will settle down into the mud. It was originally occupied by the magistracy, for city purposes. Under the empire of Napoleon, his brother Louis, whom you know, this great usurper made king of Holland, occupied the building as his palace. It has in it a grand hall, 120 feet long, some 60 feet wide, and I should think 100 in height. Our party ascended to the top of the tower of this old *Stadhuis*, where we had the finest view imaginable of the city. What a picture! In the foreground were innumerable canals, all bearing large vessels on their bosoms, quietly moored, as if "life's fitful fever was over;" grotesque buildings, with sharp roofs, on which the nests of the stork were everywhere visible, and with gables next the street, often overhanging the sidewalk by several feet; men and women clattering along the pavement with wooden shoes; horses that seemed to be shod

with English *pattens*; and the peculiarities attending the ebb and the flow of life in this singular city. In the background were still canals, canals, canals, less numerous, though stretching away into the dim distance; innumerable windmills, looking for all the world like huge giants, with their arms in motion, as if threatening any one who might be so fool-hardy as to approach them; and a low, marshy expanse of land, without a knoll larger than a mole-hill, to relieve its flatness.

It is astonishing what lovers of water, and rather dingy-looking water at that, these Dutch people are. A large portion of the poorer classes live in canal-boats all their life-long. They are born in the boat, they are married in the boat, they die in the boat, and the funeral procession moves from the boat to the grave. How I wanted to talk with some of these poor boatmen and their wives, and to ask them a hundred questions about their mode of life! But, alas! I could not speak more than six words of Dutch, and to make these intelligible, I had to spend half an hour in the proper discipline of my organs of speech.

Now I think of it, I must tell you what an adventure I had at a railway station, in one of the *dams*—Rotterdam, I think. My traveling-bag was put into the baggage car, but, owing to some carelessness, the man who had the charge of it, failed, after it was weighed—every thing in the shape of baggage is weighed here, and the passenger is charged for transportation by weight—

to give me the proper check. I applied for it—I had learned the Dutch word for ticket—but in vain. The bag had been put in. The deed was done. There was no help. Dutch sagacity could give me not one shadow of hope. Well, I wanted to tell them that if the ticket could not be had, I insisted, at least, on the custody of the bag. I think I gave them a faint glimmering of that idea of mine; but they said it would be *irregular*, and they could not vary from their ordinary custom. By this time all the officials connected with that station—so it appeared to me—had gathered around me, all trying at once to talk reason into me. Seeing I remained apparently unconvinced, they talked the louder and the faster. Their united ebullitions of wisdom had one good effect, and but one—that whereas I should otherwise have got slightly out of temper, perhaps, which is very unwise, not to say very uncomfortable, they set me to laughing most good-naturedly and immoderately. At length a fat man appeared, who said he did the French for the establishment, and very politely offered his assistance. He said the bag would go safely on to the other *dam* where I was going, and that the conductor would see it was delivered to me without an order.

While in Haarlem I attended worship in the church which contains the celebrated organ. You would be surprised on entering a house of worship in Holland, in the midst of the sermon. The male part of the audience almost all sit with their hats on. I wonder where

this custom originated. Now and then, apparently in consequence of something the minister said, the hats would all come off; but in a few moments they went on again. The great power of the organ was not shown on the Sabbath. I went to the church the next day, with my companions, by agreement with the organist, when we found the instrument in full force. A *sovereign*, which we transferred from our pockets to those of the organists, had effected the change. This organ has 5,000 pipes, 60 stops, 3 rows of keys for the hands, and a pedal board for the feet. The performer astonished us by the exhibitions which he made of the capacity of the instrument, rather than he delighted us with its music. The organ is indeed a wonderful instrument; and in the storm piece with which the performer concluded, there was displayed a most marvelous effect. I was frightened almost. The prelude represented a calm. Then the wind began to rise; then to grow more boisterous. The report of distant thunder was heard. Then came pouring down torrents of rain. At length the elements seemed goaded into fury. Peal on peal of thunder broke and reverberated in the midst of the tempest, in a most terrific manner. There is a stop in this instrument which very successfully imitates the human voice.

The peasantry throughout the whole of Holland—as far as my observation extended, at all events—are clad in an extremely grotesque costume. I thought, while passing through some of

the Swiss Cantons, that some of the dresses worn by the country girls were odd enough. But some of the female peasantry in Holland far exceed their Swiss cousins in their peculiar style of dress-making. I was struck with the fact—and by the way, it seems to be common all over Europe—that the costumes I met every day in traveling through the farming districts, were made almost exactly after the pattern represented in Dutch paintings as worn by the same class of people two hundred years ago. Fashions seem never to change in these rural districts. Precisely the style of dress, from top to toe, which you see in the pictures of Rembrandt, you encounter now in one hour's ride from The Hague, or Haarlem. *Apropos* of this Rembrandt, with *Van Ryn* appended to his name, he must have been a universal genius. His paintings, several of which adorn the Gallery of the Ducal Palace at Florence, exhibit many of the elements of a master. And he could etch on copper, too, as well as he could paint, from all accounts. His works, when his fame was at his height, were in great demand. Indeed, he was, perhaps, the most popular of all the Dutch artists, at one time. What a pity so great a man should have had so many littlenesses! He used secretly to buy up old paintings of his, at auctions and otherwise, and then encourage his son to sell them as new productions which he had stolen from his father. I never saw a painting of Rembrandt's without thinking of the paltry deceptions he had

recourse to, in order to get money even after he was a rich man. See, my boy, what comes of having a few defects in one's character. Look to it that you leave behind you an unspotted and unstained character.

FRANKNESS.

BE frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion; and I take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend begs a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you can not. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation. Never do a wrong thing to get a friend, nor keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at too great sacrifice. Deal pleasantly, but firmly with all men. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you can complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of trying to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, act, and talk out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be seen and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as matter of policy.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care—
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.



NOW, Annie, dear, you fix it just right, because I am going to be queen, and a fresh, sweet rose in my hair will be just the thing, you know.

But how do you know that you shall be queen, Dolly? You are not the oldest girl in the school?

Oh, I know that. But I shall be queen, you may be very sure. My mother says so.

How does your mother know?—has any one told her? I do not think it at all likely that they will choose a queen from the youngest class in school.

Well, now, mother says I am the prettiest girl in school; and so they will have to choose me, for the queen would not wish any one to be prettier than herself.

O la! Miss Vanity, there are half-a-dozen girls in school who think themselves much prettier than you. Besides, queens are not always handsome. Dignity is more important for a queen than beauty. And then—a queen ought to know something.

Oh! you mean to say I am not a good scholar! Well, mother says if I

am only handsome and genteel, that will be better than learning.

Dolly! what a name for a queen! Who ever heard of Queen Dolly? Queen Annie would sound better.

MR. BEECHER says that his "skill in fishing is principally displayed upon paper; and that his excursions usually turn out to be a little of fishing, a good deal of wandering dreamily about, yet more of lying under trees, or of being perched up in some notch of a rock, or of silent sittings on the edge of ravines and trumpeting water-falls." This agrees with my observation. The laziest of all sports is fishing; and the laziest of all sportsmen—no, I won't say that exactly, but the sportsman who finds the highest delight in doing absolutely nothing, lying flat on the bank and looking dreamily into the water, stupidly wondering why the shy things don't bite, and still more stupidly wondering what he should do with them, if they should bite—is your amateur fisherman. "Fishing for compliments" from a flatterer, is a more intellectual employment than fishing for trout, besides being less cruel. There is no better definition in the dictionary than that of the fishing-line—"a string with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other."





THE COURTSHIP OF THE STORK-CALIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY MRS. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER II.

THE night seemed very long to the impatient calif. At length the morning dawned, and immediately, to the great surprise of his slaves, Chasid rose from his bed. He had scarcely taken his breakfast and dressed, when his grand vizier presented himself, as he

had been commanded, to accompany him in his walk.

Without any delay, the calif slipped into his girdle the magic snuff-box; and, taking the arm of his vizier, after having commanded his attendants to wait behind, he commenced immediate-

ly, in company with his faithful Man-zour, this venturesome expedition.

They walked through the large gardens of the palace, but in vain; they did not meet a single thing upon which to try their magic skill. At last, the grand vizier proposed to go farther, to a pond, where he had often seen, he said, many animals of various kinds, and especially some storks, whose awkward gait and singular chuckings had always arrested his attention. The calif gladly agreed to the proposal of his vizier, and they both proceeded towards the indicated way. Just as they reached the borders of the pond, our two friends perceived an old stork walking slowly to and fro, hunting for frogs, and muttering, I know not what, with his long beak; and at the same time they noticed in the air, at a great height, another of these birds, whose flight appeared to be directed toward that side.

"I will wager my beard, gracious lord," said the vizier, "that these two birds are going to converse with each other! What say you? Shall we change ourselves into storks?"

"With all my heart," replied the calif; "but first let us recall the way by which we can become men again."

"Nothing is easier," said the vizier, in a bold voice; "we must bow thrice toward the East while saying 'MUTABOR.'"

"And I shall become the calif, and you the vizier," interrupted the calif. "But we must not laugh; for if we do, we are certainly lost."

While the calif was speaking, they distinctly perceived, soaring above their heads, and gradually descending toward the earth, the stork, which at first seemed only a black spot in the sky. Unable to wait longer, he quickly drew the snuff-box from his girdle; he took from it a large pinch—then, presenting it to his vizier, who did the same, they both exclaimed, "MUTABOR!"

The magic word was scarcely spoken, when their legs shriveled up and became slim and brown. At the same instant, the beautiful yellow slippers of the calif, and those of his companion, turned into the ugly feet of a stork; their arms became wings, their necks shot out an ell above their shoulders; and, finally, to complete the change, their beards vanished, and their bodies were covered with soft hair.

"You have a very fine beak, sir," cried the calif, arousing from his great surprise. "By the beard of the Prophet! I have never seen any thing equal to this!"

"I thank you very respectfully," replied the grand vizier, bending his long neck; "but if I may be allowed, I would say to your highness that, for my part, it seems to have a rather better appearance in a stork than in a calif."

"Flatterer," said the calif, "the metamorphosis has not changed you!"

"No, indeed," declared the vizier, with the greatest seriousness, "I have told you only the truth. But come a little, if you please, toward the side of our comrades, and let us see if we know truly how to speak like a stork."

While they had been thus conversing, the stork had reached the ground. After having carefully cleaned her feet, and arranged her feathers by means of her beak, she advanced towards the hunter of frogs, who was continuing still the same employment. The calif and his vizier hastened to join them—and I leave you to imagine what was their astonishment on hearing the following dialogue :

“Good-morning, Madam Longshanks—if, indeed, it is morning upon the earth.”

“A thousand thanks, my dear Miss Pretty Bill. I was just going to fish for a little breakfast, which I shall be very much honored if you will take with me. A quarter of a lizard, or a leg of a frog, will, perhaps, agree with you.”

“I am much obliged; but I have no appetite: I have come to this field for another purpose. I am to dance this evening at a great ball which my father gives, and I wish to practice a little by myself.”

Saying thus, the young stork began to leap about, and to describe upon the field the most grotesque figures. The calif and the grand vizier gazed upon every thing with staring eyes and wide-open beaks, hardly able to repress their astonishment. But when the young dancer, in the last figure, stood upon one foot in the position of a sylph, bending her body, and flapping gracefully her wings, they could not restrain themselves any longer. A loud laugh burst from them, so powerful and so irresist-

ible, that it was some time before they could control it.

The calif spoke first. “Truly,” exclaimed he, “this is a good jest, a fine amusement. It is only too bad that those foolish birds were frightened at our laughter; had it not been for that, they were just going to sing.”

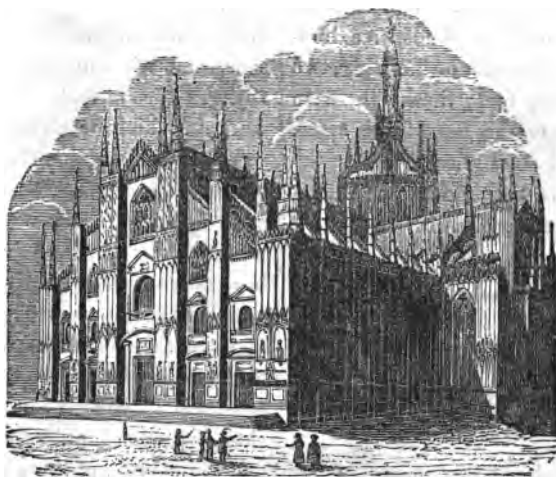
Just then the vizier remembered that laughing was strictly forbidden during their metamorphosis, under the penalty of forever remaining a beast, and this thought hushed his gayety; his countenance became pale; he imparted to the calif his trouble.

“I declare,” exclaimed the calif, “by Mecca and Medina! this will be a very bad joke if I have got to be a stork. But stop; let us think a little what we must do to change ourselves. I have not the least idea.”

“We must bow thrice toward the east,” replied the vizier, quickly; “saying at the same time, Mu—Mu—Mu—what is the word? But let us try—perhaps it will come to us.”

So the two storks saluted the sun, and bowed so low that their long beaks grazed the earth. But oh, miserable ones! the magic word had fled from their memory. In vain the calif bowed and bowed again; in vain Manzour exhausted himself in crying, Mu—Mu—Mu. They had both of them lost the remembrance of the last syllables.

And now, indeed, the unhappy Chasid and his unfortunate vizier were changed into storks, and remained in a feathered condition much longer than they had wished.



THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

OF all the cathedrals in Europe, that of Milan delighted me most. It is not as celebrated as many others, I know. St. Peter's, at Rome, cost much more, and is a great deal larger. But for all that, while it astonished me more, it pleased me less, than the *duomo* in the beautiful city of Milan. The present building is said to be the third which was built on this site. Attila, when he came down, like a great hungry locust, with ever so many thousands of other great hungry locusts, to ravage Italy, laid waste the first cathedral. He seemed to have taken pleasure in spoiling beautiful things—just so I have seen little children tear their toys in pieces, merely for sport. The present edifice was commenced in 1386. It is built of the purest white marble. You can form no conception of the beauty of its exterior. Its style is a peculiar Gothic, of the richest type. In the

niches, and on the pinnacles of the exterior, are a multitude of statues, chiseled, most of them, by artists of the highest order of merit. I think there are not less than three thousand of these statues. The eye never wearies of gazing upon this beautiful structure. Day after day one may look at it, and still find, continually, something new to admire.

But let us ascend to the roof: here we shall have an opportunity to study more minutely the elaborate architecture. About one hundred and sixty steps bring us to the roof. What a maze of beauty here presents itself! We can ramble in it all day without becoming acquainted with all its objects of interest. This roof is supported by fifty-two pillars. The height of each pillar is eighty feet; but the extreme height of the nave is one hundred and fifty feet. For some reason—I know not what—the ceiling appeared to me loftier

than that of St. Peter's. The extreme height of the nave is almost five hundred feet; the breadth of the body, two hundred and fifty feet; the height, from the pavement to the top of the spire, three hundred and fifty feet. The pavement is laid in a mosaic of red, blue, and white marble.

FIRST DISCOVERERS OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

BY "AUNT ANN."

I HAVE no doubt that many of you have read about Capt. Franklin and his polar voyages. They have also heard of Dr. Kane, and of his adventures in the frozen regions of the north. The narrative of them is as interesting as the most exciting story I ever read. But I wonder if these same young readers know who were the first polar navigators—the real discoverers of the "Northwest Passage." Some of them can not guess, I am sure, and I would like to tell them.

You know, from your geographies, that the sea in the torrid zone is very warm. Now, the right whale—the whale of the northern seas, which is found in the North Pacific, and off the shores of Greenland, is very different from the whale of the southern hemisphere.

The right whale can not cross the torrid zone. He avoids it as we would a prairie on fire. Many years ago, Mr. Scoresby, of England, a very learned

man, who interested himself very much in the study of the animals of the polar seas, and who attained in one of his voyages the latitude $81^{\circ} 50'$, wrote a work in which he gives us some interesting facts about the whale. He states that it is the custom among whalers to mark their harpoons with the date and name of their ship, and that whales have been taken on the Behring's Strait side with harpoons in them bearing the stamp of ships that were known to cruise on the Baffin's Bay side of the American continent. Now as the time was very short between the date on the harpoon and the capture of the whale, how came the whale there? Not on the ice surely, nor round Cape Horn, for he would avoid the torrid zone, and, moreover, there was not time for him to perform so long a voyage. It follows, then, that he knew of the Northwest Passage, and his ancestors before him had traveled the path long before the British government had an existence, or kings and emperors thought of offering prizes to the bold navigator who should discover it. If this leviathan of the deep would only allow us to put a hook in his nose and a bridle in his mouth, and come to the surface often enough to supply us with fresh air, the great problem might have been solved long ago, by a swift ride over that wondrous way. I fancy, however, if he understood, as we do, the value of his oil to man, he would rather keep the secret, and value that "open sea" beyond, as the Paradise of Whales, where they may grow old and fat, without fear of a harpoon.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

TAKING leave of the young captain and his merry friends, I crossed over to the "western sidewalk," now well known, the world over, as the *genteel side* of Broadway. I was, of course, in somewhat of a military mood, and easily affected by objects and associations connected with the history of the past. I paused before the house on the corner, now known as the Washington House. It was a house much

the ill-fated André wrote his letter to Arnold.

Willie.—But, Uncle, I see a part of the Bowling Green here on the right, and I want to ask if the printer did not make a mistake in the May number of the MUSEUM. It is said there that the leaden statue which was broken up and cast into bullets was a statue of George II. You told us it was George III., just as I have read it in books.

You are right, Willie; somebody made a mistake there; but whether it was a slip of the pen or of the type, I have not investigated.

Elsie.—Was there not once a beautiful fountain in the Bowling Green? I have read something about it in the papers.

Yes, there was once a fountain here; but as to its being *beautiful*, I prefer not

to testify. It was a huge pile of rocks, which might have fallen from some volcano in the moon, and certainly they were moon-struck who placed them there. They were as appropriate to the spot, as an elephant to a lady's boudoir.

Harry.—Did Arnold occupy the same house?

I believe not. After his treason he resided for a time in the next house, on the right, now No. 3 Broadway. It was there that Sergeant Champe, the brave Virginian, attempted to capture



celebrated in the days of the Revolution as the head-quarters of most of the leaders of the army. It was built by Captain Kennedy, of the Royal Navy, a son-in-law of Colonel Peter Schuyler, of Newark, N. J. Here you have a view of the house, as it now stands, with several of its nearest neighbors. The first house on the left, with arched doorway and pediment, is the Kennedy House, occupied for a time by Lee, Putnam, Washington, and afterward by Sir Henry Clinton, Robertson, Carleton, and other British officers, and where

the traitor. Do you remember the story?

Yes, Uncle, but we would like to have you repeat it, with the houses before us, so as to explain it more fully.

Well. The scheme of arresting Arnold, and bringing him to the American camp, originated with Washington. He consulted Lee about it, who at once fixed upon Champe as the person to carry the plan into execution. The great difficulty in persuading Champe to undertake the perilous mission was not the danger, but the seeming dishonor of the service. Champe was to desert to the enemy, and offer his services to the king, and, while acting this double part, to steal away Arnold in the night. Washington had friends and correspondents in the city, with whom Champe communicated. Champe enlisted in Arnold's legion, and became familiar with his habits. A garden, attached to the house, extended quite down to the river's edge, for most of the ground west of Greenwich Street has been made since that time. Arnold was in the habit of walking in this garden every night, about midnight, just before retiring. Adjoining this garden was a dark alley, leading to the street. Champe arranged with two accomplices, (one of whom was to have a boat in readiness,) to seize and gag Arnold in his garden, convey him to the alley, and thence by such means as they could, to the river. In case of interruption, they were to represent him as a drunken soldier, whom they were carrying to the guard-house. Every

thing being arranged, and the time for the capture agreed on, Gen. Lee, with a chosen party, waited all night on the opposite shore to receive his prisoner. But he was disappointed. The plan was foiled by the removal of Arnold, on that very day, to other quarters, for the purpose of superintending the embarkation of his legion for Virginia. Poor Champe was in a sad dilemma. He was obliged to go to Virginia with the arch traitor, but there found means to escape and join his old friends.

Lucy.—How strange it seems, when looking at such quiet places, to think of what has happened there in the troublesome times that are past.

Yes, Lucy, the world is full of strange things, and there is scarcely a spot, however dear to us, whose past history, if given in full, would not startle and amaze us.

Lucy.—Were the other houses in this sketch remarkable for any great incidents.

The two I have been speaking about stood by themselves at the time of the Revolution. The next two are more modern. The space occupied by them was an open garden. The next one (now No. 9, Atlantic Garden) was occupied by Gen. Gage in 1765, before the Kennedy House was built.

When Lee entered New York, immediately after the evacuation of Boston, he took possession of this house (No. 1). Capt. Parker, of the British ship *Asia*, lying in the harbor, threatened to burn the town if the rebel troops should enter it. Lee replied:

"The first house fired shall be the funeral pile of the tories."

Lee followed the British to the South, and Putnam took up his quarters in this house, awaiting the arrival of Washington. Majors Aaron Burr and David Humphreys formed a part of his staff at this time. It was while residing here that Putnam formed his plan of blowing up the British ships in the lower harbor.

There are many more very interesting historical incidents connected with this part of Broadway, but I have not time now to relate them. You will find them in all the freshness and glow of original anecdote, beautifully illustrated, in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," published by the Harpers—one of the richest and most elaborately embellished works ever issued from the American press.

SOFT PILLOWS.

SOFT pillows are very desirable. Not many people can sleep well without them. Probably, however, when I spoke of soft pillows you immediately thought of feathers, or down, plucked from live geese. It is quite possible, though, to have good soft pillows without any thing of that sort. You will understand the matter perfectly, after I have talked a minute longer.

Once, when the great Whitefield and a pious companion had stopped for the night at a public house, they were much annoyed by a set of gamblers in a room

next to the one where they slept. The noise and horrid profaneness of those uncivil fellows so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious compassion, that he could not rest. "I will go and reprove their wickedness," said he. His companion tried in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. He would go. But his words of reproof fell as powerless to all appearance, as if they had been aimed at hearts of marble. When he had returned and again lain down to sleep, his companion asked him rather abruptly: "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," said Whitefield, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

You see now, I presume. Soft pillows are the reward of fidelity; the result of a clear conscience. If one's own heart does not condemn him; if he feels that he has done right in all things, and performed his duties to all around him, no matter whether he has a sack of feathers under his head or not. He can sleep soundly even with a pair of boots, or a stick of wood, for a pillow.

THE OLD MAJOR.

"WE must be unanimous," observed Hancock on the occasion of signing the American Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

RICH and poor live in like abundance: the former in wealth, the latter in hope.

NAMES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"



UNCLE *Merry, Grant* that I *May* Tell the *Story* of *Mann*. On his *Furst* *Paige* he is a *Young* *Child*, a *Fairchild*, in the *Arms* of his *Mother*; her *Hand* supports his *Head*, her *Foot* *Rocks* him. As a *Ladd*, he *Grows* *Strong*, and his *Powers* *Increase*; *Pride* excites his *Blood*; *Self* is his *Love*. He is the *Ruler* of the *Fleet* *Steed*. If he *Mount* the *Back* of the *Stout* *Colt*, his *Brains* guide his *Leggs*. As a *Ryder* in the *Chase*, he will *Trott* or *Gallop* with *Hoof* and *Horn* through the *Green* *Field* and *Broad* *Meadows*, over *Walls* and *Hedges*; through *Forest* *Rhoades*; in the *Lane*, or *Street*, or *Broadway* of *Towns*; or in the *By* *Way*. With his *Gunn* he will *Hunt* the *Fox*, the *Beaver*, the *Stagg*, the *Buck*, the *Roe*, the *Hynde*, the *Doe*, through *Woods* and *Moore*, and *Heath*; on *Mountains*, on *Hill* and *Dale*. His *Dart* will *Pierce* the *Hard* *Hyde* of the *Bull*. His *Home* is in the *Sweet* and *Dewey* *Soil*. He'll *Keep* around his *House* and *Barnes* his *Bullock* and his *Steer*, and in his *Coope* his *Fowles*, his *Cock* and *Henn*, his *Drake* and *Gosling*, his

Dove and *White* *Swan*. As a *Hunter* and *Fowler*, he seeks the *Black* *Bird*, the *Brown* *Thrasher*, the *Partridge*, the *Quail*, the *Swallow*, the *Wrenn*, the *Gray* *Parrot*, the *Robbins*, and the *Finch*. His *Ball* outstrips the *Wing* of the *Swift* *Eagle*; the *Crow*, the *Heron*, the *Sterling*, and the *Hawke* are his *Pray*. As a *Fisher*, with *Hook* and *Lines* and *Spear*, by *Brooks* or *Rivers*, by *Pond* or *Lake*, he takes the *Phinney* *Tribes*, as the *Haddock*, the *Herring*, the *Trout*, the *Sturgeon*, the *Pike*, and the *Whale*. He puts a *Ring* in the *Snout* of the *Hogg* that he may not *Root*. He is an *Archer*, a *Baker*, a *Brewer*, a *Carpenter*, and a *Carter*, a *Caulker*, a *Cutter*, a *Driver*, and even a *Drinker* of *Wynes*. As a *Smith*, he can *Weld* the *Irons* and *Steel*. He *Works* in *Gold* and *Silver* and *Jewels*. He polishes the *Pearl*, the *Diamond*, the *Ruby*, and every *Stone* of *Price*. As a *Farmer* or *Harvester*, he raises *Oats*. *Hays*, and *Rice*. Of the *Ham* he makes *Bacon*. As a *Spinner* and *Weaver* he makes a *Webb* by *Twining* *Cotton* or *Wool*, which the *Taylor* *Cutts* into *Coats* and *Spencers*. He may be *High* or *Low*, *Rich* or *Poor*. I *Wright* of the *Race*. He may be *English*, *Irish*, *Welch*, or *Scott*. From *England*, *Ireland*, or *France*, *Russ* or *Turk*, from *Paris* or *Florence*. He thinks him-
self *Worthy* of the *Church*, and is a *Clerk*, a *Dean*, a *Sexton*, a *Deacon*, a *Priest*, an

Archdeacon, or a *Bishop*. *Folks* say he is *Noble*, and *Call* him *Lord*, *Baron*, an *Earl*, a *Duke*, a *Monarch*, a *King*, and his wife is a *Queen*, his son a *Prince*. He tempts the *Storms* of the *Main*, and on the *Flood* of *Waters* trusts to the *Moon* and *Pole Star*. He, *Sales East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*, by *Day* or by *Neitz*. *Butt* all this is a *Dearborn Boon*. *Search* and *See*. Though so *Wise*, it is not all for his *Good*. Though *Sharpe* he must suffer *Payne*. He is *Still*, *Little*, and *Small*. He has *Nott* a *Crum* of *Royal Comfort*. It is *True* he has *Joy*, perhaps *Bliss*, in the *Bright Spring*; yet the *Summer's Sonne Burns* him. He is exposed to the *Hoar Frost* of *Fall*, and the *Snow* of *Winter*. He *Failes* at last. He must soon *Dey*; he must *Lay* in the *Board Coffin* in the *Tombs*, or among the *Graves*, with nothing but *Marble* to *Mark* his final resting *Place*.
 GERSHOM.

An American record of nomenclature, given in the memorials of William Shattuck, lately published at Boston, says :

"Simon Shattuck, of Fitchburgh, named three sons Shadrack, Meshach, and Abednego; Abel Shattuck, of Coleraine, named the male of a pair of twins Truman, and the female Truly; this Truman Shattuck named a girl Truly Ann, and Truly Shattuck named a girl Emeline Truly; Moses Shattuck, of Brookline, named four sons, since 1800, Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. Other odd names in the volume are Ai, Philiahasse, Seraph, Seyneda, Sa-repta, Serada, and Thisby Athalia.

"Mr. Shattuck, in his remarks upon some of these names, says : 'Singularity of taste is not peculiar to our family; we once had under our instruction, in Detroit, a family whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney, and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three elder children of a family nearer home, were named Joseph, And, Another, and it has been supposed that, should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened, afterward, to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.'"

THE NAMES OF ANIMALS.

IN the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently, at Albany, Dr. Weinland read an interesting paper on "The Names of Animals with Reference to Ethnology." Very many of the names of the North American animals are taken from European animals—thus, buffalo, grouse, robin, lizard, chamois. Nations have only names for their native animals. Thus, lion in all modern languages, is leo hardly changed. The camel and the tiger derive their names from their native countries, other nations adopting these names with slight modifications. The elephant is so called in all countries. The ass got his name from the old Hebrews. The hare and the deer,

which occur both in Europe and Asia, and have two names, one native in each country—the former *lepus*, and the latter *cervus*. Nations try to reduce all foreign animals to the names of their own, by adding a descriptive designation, as Guinea-pig, camel-leopard, river-horse, etc. The Anglo-Saxons who lived on the sea, had names for all sea-animals, but the Germans of the interior called them all by some land name, with the addition of “sea,” thus, sea-horse, sea-dog, sea-lion, sea-tiger, sea-mouse, sea-devil.

Almost all animals were originally named from their qualities. The name of the ass comes from a root, meaning “walk slowly;” the serpent to “glide quickly;” the rabbit to “burrow in the ground.” Prof. Haldeman said reindeer meant “running animal;” fox is from the Greek *phuzos*, “sharp;” serpent from the Latin *serpo*, “to creep;” and tiger from the Persian, “an arrow.” Indian tribes call a lion by a name meaning “having a long tail;” a horse by a name meaning “like a deer;” a mole, “having his right hand on the left shoulder;” a squirrel by a name meaning “he can stick fast in a tree.” The Indians have also a name for a horse meaning “having only one toe.” Apropos of names, it was remarked that the potato is called in German the “ground pear.”

WITH time every thing vanishes and decays, except the virtue of the true, which stands like a rock, and guards him unharmed forever.

YANKEE SHOES.

IT is customary for the planters in the Southern States to buy articles of clothing, etc., for their plantation hands by wholesale, and sometimes they get stock which is of little worth.

On one occasion, Mr. S. having distributed a quantity of shoes among his people, one of them, a lean, gaunt, sharp-visaged specimen of the scarecrow species, came hobbling along toward the verandah, where his master was quietly smoking a cigar with a few friends. Taking off his rimless hat, Zeb looked comically at Mr. S. and asked,

“Massa, where git these shoes?”

“In New Orleans, Zeb.”

“Who you buy ‘em of, Massa?”

“Of a merchant.”

“Where did merchant get ‘em, if you please, Massa?”

“He bought ‘em of the Yankees.”

“Where Yankee get ‘em, Massa?”

“Oh! they grow on the trees, up there, Zeb.”

“Oh! Massa, that Yankee leave ‘em hanging too long, dey too ripe—break right out on the sides.”

CONSOLING.

You’LL be forgotten, as old debts,
By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten, as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow;
Forgotten, like the luscious peach,
That blessed the school-boy last September
Forgotten, like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

HISTORY OF A GOLD DOLLAR

THE first part of my existence was passed in peace and quietness. I knew not care or suffering, and fear and grief were strangers to my bosom.

It is true that storms and tempests spent their fury above me, and foaming waters rolled over my head; but they could not harm me, so securely was I protected from their wrath. Years and years I lay in sweet repose, and never a dream did I have of the change which was to come over me.

One day there were singular noises around, and the earth would quake and tremble. For some time I remained firm and undaunted; but, as the sound increased and came nearer, my heart filled with unutterable emotion, and my whole body shook with dreadful terror. A being, whom I afterwards learned was *man*, clutched me with evident satisfaction.

What followed I can not tell. The shock was overpowering, and rendered me insensible for a time. When aroused to consciousness, I found myself the victim of severe trials and hardships. Indeed, it may truly be said that I have passed through the fiery furnace of affliction. I was told that trials purify, and take away the dross, and that all my sufferings were solely for my good. I can not but think, even now, that most of the benefit rested on these *humans*.

I launched out into the wide world with a host of companions very similar to myself. We were all put into one

common sack, in real loving fraternity, just like a Socialistic Community.

We were soon started on the steam-packet Princeton, bound for New York, and were going a-head finely, little thinking of danger, when we were alarmed by the cry of "fire!" I will not attempt to describe the scene which followed; all was confusion. And, oh! the shrieks and groans of those about us!

My master hastily caught up myself and companions, fastened us around him with a belt, and, seizing a piece of broken plank, sprang into the water. Oh, how dreadful were my feelings! Hope and fear alternated. But just as hopes were brightest, I found our owner about to loose us from him and throw us away, in order to save his own life. Just at this moment, however, a wave dashed toward us a piece of the floating wreck. In an instant it was clutched in the powerful grasp of the almost dying man. We were saved.

In a short time I found that several of us had been left with a fine old Jersey farmer. Everything about his house and barn was in perfect order. His heart was full of love and kindness; his step was light and bounding; and a musical time we had of it as we jingled away in the old man's pocket.

One day, while he was making the change for one of the high-minded feathered Shanghais, I was accidentally dropped, and was soon covered with the litter of the barn-yard. "Oh, what a fall was there!"

An old hen, with about a dozen chickens, seemed to be near me; and it was chuck, chuck, chuck, continually. Another, in the distance, imitated her example. Then there was a furious scratching over my head, and once more I saw the light. One of the little ones was just about to devour me, but the well-known "churr-k" made him desist. A short time after, I was found by a dear little girl who came to feed her pets. How she jumped and danced about, and declared that she must have such and such nice things! "But," said she, stopping thoughtfully, "MERRY'S MUSEUM is the nicest and best of all; so I will just send this dollar by the next mail."

And here I am, bounding away, under the care of "Old" Uncle Sam, who drives ahead with those old leather bags full of letters, and papers, and magazines, for the benefit of the little Merry family, and the rest of creation.

H. C. S. B.

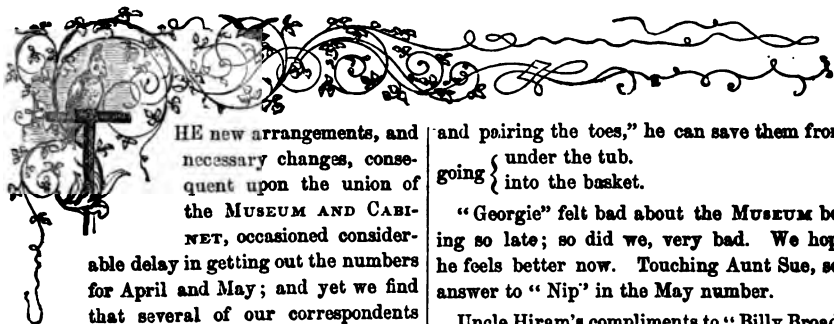
THE WORD "CANARD."

THE origin of the word canard (French for duck), when employed to signify some unfounded story, is not generally known. The following are the terms in which M. Quetelet relates, in the *Annuaire de l'Academie*, the manner in which the word became used in its new sense. "To give a sly lift at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals are in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornelissen

stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals had been placed together, and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, had been gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was taken from the nineteen and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who was thus placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time. All this, most pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the rounds of all the journals in Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America, with amplification which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving animal, whose esophagus was declared to have been found seriously injured. Every one laughed at the history of the canard thus brought up again, but the word retains its novel significance."

THE art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance, than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



THE new arrangements, and necessary changes, consequent upon the union of the MUSEUM AND CABINET, occasioned considerable delay in getting out the numbers for April and May; and yet we find that several of our correspondents were too late with their answers to the Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades, etc., etc. One of the "Older" ones, after expressing his satisfaction with the union, and sending a variety of answers, suggests, very wisely, we think, that the answers should be given the second month after the questions are issued, as was the custom in the CABINET. The suggestion is adopted; and there will, accordingly, be no answers in this number. This will give an opportunity for our more remote correspondents to do their part, with some degree of assurance that their answers will reach us in season for insertion. We want to hear from all quarters; and we hope that none will be prevented from writing because they do not see all their letters in print. They will please remember that letters often miscarry: we do not receive all that are sent to us. They will also remember that we have not room for one half that we receive. We are obliged to make selections, and then to cut down those we select, so as not to occupy too much space. Many of those which are not printed give us a great deal of pleasure. They light up a smile on the countenance of Uncle Robert, or Uncle Hiram, or Aunt Sue, or all of them. And—don't make this public, it might affect our reputation for originality—they sometimes suggest ideas, which find their way into the Chat as our own. With these preliminary remarks, we hand the whole batch over to Uncle Hiram, to see if, by "pairing the heels,

and pairing the toes," he can save them from going { under the tub.
into the basket.

"Georgie" felt bad about the MUSEUM being so late; so did we, very bad. We hope he feels better now. Touching Aunt Sue, see answer to "Nip" in the May number.

Uncle Hiram's compliments to "Billy Broad-axe," commending him to a grind-stone, rather than to the edge of the "hatchet" he refers to. Aunt Sue shall be consulted about the "Insurance Office."

"Eva Redrose"—come again,
June—July—whene'er you can;
Not a month throughout the year,
But the rose is welcome here.

"Agnes H."—Don't wait any longer. We have many as young as you, and none are more loved than the little ones. Uncle Hiram sends you a kiss, and promises to call on you, when he goes to Ohio.

"Joseph B. K." will change his mind, perhaps, when he sees Uncle Hiram.

Thanks, "Tina," for your kind remembrance. Hope you are well now, and that we shall soon have that letter.

"Ella K."—"a little girl of 12"—is hereby formally introduced to the whole Merry family; and we hope she will always feel at home with us. As to Aunt Sue, Ella, some say she is nobody's wife, and some—But what do you think her husband says?

Entirely welcome, "Bay State," and always welcome. But we have had a correspondent of your name who may think himself entitled to use it again. How shall we know you apart?

"Nellie" hopes † † will not worry himself into a fever about "mediumizing" the Mu-

SEUM. She is not the "original Nellie," but a namesake, and seventh cousin. For any further information, call on "Miss Terry," who will "clear up the mystery."

Suppose, "Milton B.," you send us a specimen of that maple sugar, that we may see how it compares with that of some of our Eastern cousins.

The "hatchet never was sharper, "Imogen," but it can not cut so deep as to mar your compliment to "Blue-Eyed Minna's" poetry, or clip the love you send to Aunt Sue and the cousins.

"Mellie," dear, how could you let your brother take the MUSEUM to college with him? Those "college boys" know so much, and are so critical, we shall have to mind our *p*'s and *q*'s, and all the other letters. Please tell them not to be too hard upon us.

"Helen" will please make herself entirely at home, as we shall do when we go to Iowa. We can't have too many "Prairie Girls" in our parlor. The "Cousins" all bid you welcome.

We are all sorry, "Josie," that the little darling has been so sick, and right glad that she has recovered. You must not press her too hard in her studies. Uncle Hiram thanks you, and sends back a whole lot of love, enough for you all. He liked yours so well, that he kept the whole, and would not let Aunt Sue, Black-Eyes, Willie H. C., or R. W. R. have so much as a smack.

We are greatly obliged to "Young Sucker" for his compliments and good wishes, and beg to introduce him to "Black-Eyes," "Badger State," and all the rest.

"Sigma" congratulates "Tennessean" on the relief he appears to experience since the timely explanation, etc. "I saw, the other day," says this same Sigma, "the somewhat unusual sight of several effigies hanging to a tree—they having *grown* there. I leave it to science to discover the probable cause of this strange freak of nature." Tennessean will please take notice that the "real victim of

our exploit, unfortunately for the effect of his touching tribute, does not "sleep his last sleep."

"Snip" feels very smart, to see her letter in print; is delighted with "the union," and wonders we did not invite the little ones to witness the ceremony. She sends love to Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, and hopes "Nip" won't get *fidgety*.

"Adelbert Older," though very much surprised to receive "the MUSEUM," is much pleased with the union. He had thought the CABINET could not be improved, but finds he was mistaken. His valuable suggestion about "the answers" is noticed in our introductory remarks.

"Ellarsie" is right welcome. His solution of 75 is correct, but too late.

"Theodore O. W.," also too late with a budget of answers. "Eugene H.," "George H.," "L. F. Goodwill," "Black-Eyes," "Lillie F.," "Dora F.," "Johnnie B. B.," and "Archie," are all in the same predicament.

"Busy Bee," ditto, with a new conjecture about Aunt Sue, viz., that she is the wife of Uncle Frank. Now, Aunt Sue, will you answer that frankly?

"Georgan" proposes, as the Merry family have a CABINET, that we choose a President, and nominates A. B. C. as the Woman's Rights candidate. Uncle Hiram is D. E. F. to such a suggestion.

"John H. C." is welcome. The next time he comes, we hope he will bring a specimen or two of the Paterson pearls.

"H. R. M." will please see to it that "Goshen" puts down the price of butter a little, else some of the Merry boys will be obliged to eat dry bread.

"L. F. G.—a good specimen of the "industry" of the "North"—shall see himself "in print" by-and-by. If he did come on the 1st of April, he has the "soul of wit," and the *good-will* of the Merry family.

No personalities, "Fritz," the lady in the "corner" has "rights" of her own, and Ohio

is a great State. Aunt Sue was very exact in her description of R. W. R., and you are very *exacting* to ask for more.

"Badger State" gives the right hand of fellowship to our cousins of the CABINET, and welcomes them to our *battles*, and to our pleasures, with this sentiment—

MERRY'S MUSEUM AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET—"Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

To which we say, AMEN.

"L. E. P." is welcome to "a word in the Chat." We do not remember having received anything from him before, though it often happens that "questions, puzzles," etc., are sent to us, which we do not print, not because they are not suitable, but because they have been in the MUSEUM before.

"Cousin Frank" will please understand from this why his questions did not appear.

We ask for a more convenient opportunity to answer the question of "Philos."

"Mignonne," alias "Know-Nothing," alias "Mississippi," alias "etc.," is welcome home again: and we will promise a little touch of Algebra, by-and-by, rather than you should "die of NUI."

"Black-Eyes" wants more Algebra; sends love to our new cousins, and to our "extremely officious" Aunt Sue, with a hearty welcome to Uncle Frank and family.

Don't be worried, "Virginia." We are all right glad to see you, and hope this won't be your "last call." But, let us tell you at once, you must laugh, if you come. If you don't find anything to laugh at, you may laugh at Uncle Hiram, or Aunt Sue, or Nip. But laugh you must. Dr. Ray says, "laughing is better than medicine."

Yes, "Charlie," there is room. Draw up your chair. "Eighty" round the table?—why, Charlie, we have more than 20,000, and yet there is room. Aunt Sue's name is — Aunt Sue.

"Emmie"—we give you a *warm* reception. Brother (?) "Nip" shall speak for him(?)self.

"Uncle Sam" proposes a "match" to Aunt Sue. He is rather young, he says, but "takes quite a shine" to Auntie, who, as he thinks, is a young lady with an old name. We shall consider of it.

"James" remembers the poor children who have no comfortable home, and sends his contribution to the "Home of the Friendless." God bless him! May he never want the blessing of a home!

Come in, "Black-Eyed Sarah." Sit down by the "basket." You will find it full of cakes, nuts, and fruit.

"Cabe" comes late, but is welcome. She shall hear from Nip; and we hope she will change her mind about the change.

"Lettie" asks for a *picture* of Uncle Hiram, to be put into the MUSEUM. We will think of it; though it would be so sharp, we doubt if it could be printed without cutting the paper to pieces.

We deeply sympathize with "Cara" on the melancholy transformation of her two pet kittens. Poor things! in the house-cleaning season, when every thing was topsy-turvy, and none of us had rest for the sole of the foot, they got soused in a pail of *whitewash*, mistaking it for milk, no doubt; and, by way of contrast, the contents of the stove-pipe rattled down on her pet dog, making his dogship as black as ebony. Which, now, was in the worst pickle? Johnny thought "ee-ther" was bad enough. "Aye-thir," lithped Fanny.

"Say *e-ther*, not *eye-ther*," cried Johnny. "Oh! fudge!" "Tis *eye-ther*," said Fan; "I've consulted 'the Judge.'"

"Charlie," give us your hand. You are a brave boy, and when we go to the wars, we shall want a regiment just like you.

If "Susie" will sit right down and go to work, when she has a composition to write, instead of "oh! ing" and "oh! dearing," and wasting her strength in wondering what she shall write about, she will get along well enough.

"Mary" will oblige us greatly if she devise

any means to make all our subscribers as punctual and considerate as she is herself. "A word to the wise," etc.

If "Mark" will give good heed to his own remark, and "never leave for to-morrow what it is possible to do to-day," he will find himself among the prosperous and happy men of the age.

"H. N. S." will please take notice that we will send "Merry's Book of Puzzles" by mail, on the receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

L. E. P.—Thanks for your invitation to the sugar party. "Wouldn't we like it, though?"

Minnehaha need not be "afraid." The quarrel is over, and she will find nothing but love and fun in our parlor.

"Cabe," we have several subscribers at your place. Please send us your full name, that we may give you credit for the money sent.

"Gershom" wishes to know how many "Merry Trees" have been set out. (See July, 1856.) He says he has set out four.

"Our Garret" is at hand, and shall have a cosy place by-and-by.

"The Knight Move" is received. If we can get it properly engraved, without too much expense, it shall be duly exhibited.

"O. K. Bush's" puzzle will appear in July. Also, "The Elder and the Maple," by *Uncle Joe*.

THE PRIZE SENTENCE.

The prize, in this case, is awarded to "Malcolm," of Baltimore. His sentence is as follows:

Exactly so, true friend! but ponder well the result, and, this time, when you determine to rise, have some gold in hand.

We have not room to print all the sentences, as we should like to do, in order that all might judge of the fairness of our decision. But we trust that all the competitors will be satisfied. The prize will be subject to "Malcolm's" order, whenever he shall make his selection.

That our young friends of the CABINET may understand the matter, we will explain that the words in italics were given out from which to form a sentence. New words were allowed

to be introduced, but no two new words were to be used together in any part of the sentence. Every word to be spelled correctly, and used grammatically, and the sentence to be complete in itself.

We shall have a new prize to offer in the July number.

The Cabinet Puzzler's Drawer.

THIS enigma, which for so long a time puzzled the brains of every one who tried it, has at length been answered. As some of Uncle Frank's new nephews and nieces are not acquainted with *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, and may not have heard of this enigma, and as they can not fail to be interested in a puzzle which nobody could answer for six months, I will republish it here for their benefit:

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 18, 14, 29, 3, 12, 21, 16, was a celebrated jurist and legal writer.

My 8, 24, 4, 12, 26, 5, 9, is a musical instrument used both in ancient and modern times.

The bee is said to sleep upon the fragrant blossoms of the 11, 28, 5, 2, 24, 19.

My 1, 9, 27, 15, 25, 20, may be either theoretical or practical, adequate or inadequate, distinct or confused, common or uncommon.

My 15, 6, 18, is a river in Europe.

The exquisite flowers and shells of my 22, 2, 21, 14, 28, were permitted to adorn the paintings of Domenichino and Dolci.

My 27, 4, 10, 17, 21, 10, is so fleet a racer, that he is hunted on horseback and taken with the lasso.

My 7, 6, 15, is of the order of Capuchins.

My whole is the name of a hero. H. B. P.

The lady who sent me this enigma, said she expended an unusual degree of labor upon it, and endeavored to make it as tough as possible. The reason she alleges for so doing was, that a gentleman had boasted, in her hearing, that it was impossible to construct an enigma after so difficult a pattern that *he* could not solve it. She determined to make one which would prove a match for him, and this (the prize enigma) was the result of her efforts. She was successful. The boastful gentleman has not been able to frame an answer to this day. The lady wisely concluded that a knot

which proved so hard in this case, might prove equally hard in other cases: so she sent her enigma to me, with the request that I would lay it before my wise nephews and nieces. I published it, as she desired. For months, no answer appeared. At length, Aunt Sue suggested that I should republish it, and stimulate the ingenuity and industry of the little folks, by offering a prize to the one who should solve it. In accordance with this advice, I published the enigma again in the January number of the *CABINET*, and offered a complete set of the *CABINET*, reaching through eleven years, to the boy or girl who should send me an answer.

A great many exhausted their wits over it (as it would seem by the numerous letters sent me from every part of the United States), to no purpose; until, some weeks since, a boy, living in Schenectady, in the Empire State, by means of a large stock of patience and perseverance, unraveled the tangled skein. His name is EDWARD WINSLOW PAIGE. The following is his answer:

ANSWER TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

Henry de *Bracton* was a celebrated English jurist and legal writer of the 13th century. He was made one of the Judges itinerant by Henry III., and, as some say, Lord Chief Justice; but his fame rests chiefly upon his excellent treatise on the laws of England, entitled, "De legibus et consuetudinibus Angliæ."

The *Crotalo* is an instrument of martial music used in modern times, and is the same as the ancient cymbalum, or cymbals. It has but one tone, but is useful in marking time, as its effect may be perceived "through the noise of forty drums."

The bee is said to hum itself to sleep upon the blossoms of the *Nitica*, an Eastern plant, called in Bengal, from that circumstance, *Sephatica*. The name is also applied to the sorrowful Nyctanthes, or "Indian mourner," whose most odoriferous, "sweet-smelling flowers flourish only in the night-time, and in the day look withered, and with a mourning cheer."

My *notion* may be either theoretical or practical, adequate or inadequate, distinct or confused, common or uncommon.

The *Ilz* is a river of Bavaria, and a tributary of the Danube, emptying itself into that river, opposite the mouth of the Inn, at Passau.

The exquisite flowers and shells of *Fiori* were permitted to adorn the paintings of Domenico and Dolci. Mario de Fiori was a native of Perona, in the kingdom of Naples. He lived in the 17th century, and imitated the lighter productions of Nature with great beauty.

The *Touyou*, or American ostrich, is so fleet a racer, that he is hunted on horseback, and taken with the lasso.

The *Sai* of Buffon is the Simia Capucina, or *Capuchin* monkey—a native of S. America—and sometimes, from its crying, wailing voice, called "the weeper."

The name of our hero is Nicolas, Count Zriny, Ban of Croatia. He was a Hungarian noble, and distinguished himself so greatly at the siege of Vienna, when but a boy of twelve years old, that the Emperor Charles V. bestowed upon him a horse and a chain of gold. With only 8,000 men, he defended Sigeth for more than a month against 65,000 Turks, under Soliman the Great, the invincible Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan himself died of mortification and rage during the siege; but his famous grand vizier, Mehmed Sokolowitsch, concealed his death, and continued the attack upon Sigeth. The Turks succeeded in bombarding the "old town," and setting fire to "the new." The flames communicating with the fortress, and its defense being no longer possible, Zriny, with his garrison, amounting to 600 men, at length sallied forth, and fell fighting, sword in hand, at the head of his brave countrymen, every one of whom shared his fate. He had, however, fired the trains leading to the powder chambers of the fortress, and an enormous number of his enemies fell with him. More than 20,000 Turks were killed during this siege.

The name of this modern Leonidas has been immortalized by the celebrated warrior poet, Korner, in the most beautiful of his works, entitled, "Zriny."

EDWARD WINSLOW PAIGE.

Although there has been a great deal of space taken up with this enigma already, I feel quite sure you would be interested to know just how this boy, conquering all the difficulties which discouraged so many other persons, pushed his way right onward to success; and, fortunately, I can enlighten you on this point, as I have a letter from the boy's mother, tracing out his whole course, step by step. Read this letter, my boy, and see what energy, industry, welded to patience and perseverance, can effect:

FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, ESQ. :

MY DEAR SIR—I inclose to you, from my little boy, the answer to the enigma.

Perhaps the manner of his finding it out may not be uninteresting, as it shows what perseverance *can* do, even at twelve years of age. My son is not always ambitious, but he sometimes has fits of it; and no sooner did you hold forth the prize to your young friends, than he announced that he was *determined* to win it. That was half the battle in *his* case. He has been always very fond of reading—and of *useful* reading. History and Biography have been his delight, and particularly Natural History. Very shortly, then, after looking over the enigma, he made up his mind that “*the fleet racer*” must be of the ostrich tribe; and, looking through various works upon birds in the library, he came at last to Brooks’ Ornithology, and soon found the description of the Touyou answering almost verbatim to that contained in the enigma. A shout from the library announced his success. “It is the Touyou; now I have it!” But the whole victory was not yet. Day after day, out of school hours, in moments snatched from his play, his meals, and even from his sleep, he toiled on, and with but little result. At last, he came to the conclusion that the “*celebrated jurist*” was the only key that could unlock the mystery—especially as the Touyou indicated the sixth letter. So he went to a legal gentleman of high standing, near us, and begged him to mention to him all the distinguished jurists he knew whose names were composed of seven letters. Thurlow and some others were tried, but with no apparent success. A day or two after, his friend told him that *that jurist’s* name, he thought, was *Bracton*; because it was one which would be very little apt to be thought of, and had, probably, been selected on that very account. A wise man, was he not! So Bracton was tried, and seemed not out of place, although it did not decidedly reveal anything.

As the Touyou had pointed out one letter of the fourth item in the enigma, that was tried next; and it was made out at last by a most persevering application to the *Dictionary*, and a thorough examination of every word of six letters whose third was a *t*—a trial quite enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The reward came at last in *notion*, which seemed to answer very plainly to the description, and to take its place, not inappropriately, in the enigma. It required now no great skill at guessing to conclude that the hero’s Christian name might be *Nicolas*, his title *Count*, and his family name *something riny*; and presently I saw the whole *Encyclopædia* coming down,

volume after volume, for *A-riny*, *B-riny*, *C-riny*, etc., etc., the “*Encyclopædia Americana*” being preferred as more easy to handle than the others: and at last, at the very *last letter*, we had it!—*Nicolas Zriny*, Ban of Croatia!

Being fairly wearied out with his toils, and sure that he now had the whole in his power, my little boy waited a few days to investigate thoroughly the separate items; and not a few works had to be consulted before he made out even *them*, to his satisfaction. It was a fair fight to the last.

AN EPISTLE TO FLETA FORRESTER, BEING
AN ANSWER TO NO. 4.

You saw, I suppose, that Uncle Frank scolded,
That nieces nor nephews your *Rainbow* had
moulded,

In verse, when *your* share was so prettily done;
He served us just right; I felt guilty, for one.
Then I said to myself, “I’ll do better this time,
For I’ll answer dear Fleta’s *enigma* in rhyme.
That plant is the *aloe*, I’m sure; and—let’s
see!

That river’s the *Arno*, it plainly must be;
Uncle Frank is that friend of good children,
of course;

And—and—but how’s this? Here’s confusion,
and worse.

Just then came Louisa, and looked over my
shoulder,

(In *years*, she’s my junior; in *some things*,
she’s the older!)

“That garden is *Paradise—Eden*,” she said,
Not waiting to see if I wanted her aid
So, one after one, by degrees we made out;
Some, quickly; some, after much twisting
about:

And that friend of the children—we, after
some pause,

Found was not Uncle Frank—and it was *Santa
Claus*.
ROSE RIVERS.

A PROSE ANSWER TO THIS ENIGMA :

“ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.”

Out of these letters, many of my shrewd nephews and nieces have spelled all the words indicated by “*Fleta Forrester*.” They are as follows :

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| 1. ALOE. | 8. NEWTON. |
| 2. SANDALS. | 9. EDEN. |
| 3. NAPLES. | 10. PISA. |
| 4. CAPRI. | 11. ARK. |
| 5. DRUIDS. | 12. ARNO. |
| 6. ETRURIA. | 13. SANTA CLAUS. |
| 7. ICELAND. | |

ANSWERS TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS, NO. 6.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Liberality. | 5. Merchandise. |
| 2. Diploma. | 6. Deferential. |
| 3. Consolidation. | 7. Personage. |
| 4. Satisfaction. | 8. Holidays. |

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM NO. 5.

Adam is supposed to have been the first great sugar planter, because it is known that he raised *Cain*.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE NO. 1.

THE DEW DROP.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

102. A lady, being asked her age, replied—I have nine children, and three years elapsed between their births respectively; the eldest was born when I was 19 years old, and the youngest is now 19. What was her age?
103. What was the sin of the son of Shelomith, and what its punishment? *Geo. B. T.*
104. A certain town in Massachusetts established their Liquor Agency, 1855, and at the settlement, 1856, they found their capital to be \$117 50, which was all left in the hands of the Agent, viz. : Money on hand, \$58 00; Liquors on hand, \$59 50; he has since received for liquors sold, \$298 85; and has paid for liquors bought, \$281 55; he is to have a salary of \$69; and has liquors on hand which he returns to the town, \$81 00. Now the questions are, How stands the account between him and the town, and what profit or loss has the town made by the year's traffic?
105. "A" agrees with "B" for a vest at five dollars, and hands him in payment a ten-dollar bill. "B," suffering from depletion of pocket, goes to "C" and gets in return for the ten two fives, one of which, with the vest, is given to "A," who then slopes, and the remaining five is safely deposited in his breeches pocket. His wife steps in with, "My dear, I want five dollars." Forthwith the remaining five is transferred to her possession, and she, too, is gone, but in her place appears "C." "'B,' these ten dollars you gave me are worthless." "B," now entirely strapped, agrees with "D" that for ten dollars in hand he will give his note for eleven, due in ten days. With the avails of this note he satisfied "C," and the worthless ten is deposited in the till.

"Misfortunes never come singly," and the next day he is notified by his wife that "E," to whom she paid the five dollars he gave her, has returned it as counterfeit. He does not feel satisfied that the bill shown him is the one given her, and "C," of whom it was originally received, of course sustains him in this opinion; but, after some demurring, he compromises with "E" by the payment of two dollars, and also allowing him to retain the counterfeit. We next find him deep in a mental calculation as to his whole loss by the transaction. "Let me see: 'A' took five dollars and the vest, which is five. There are ten dollars worthless money in the till; I owe 'D' ten dollars cash borrowed and one dollar interest, and then the transaction with 'E.'"—So far as heard from, "B" never arrived at a satisfactory result.

CHARADE.

106. The soft sun is beaming,
The white snow is gleaming,
My pure *first* is sparkling, bewitchingly fair;
The sleigh-bells are dancing,
The bright skates are glancing,
And gay shouts are filling the clear frosty air.
- The plow hath been wielded;
My *second* hath yielded
A bounteous crop to the sons of the earth;
And from their redundancy,
Their lavished abundance,
They're now gladdening hearts around many a hearth.
- Its green garment flinging,
Where'er it is clinging,
My *third* is o'erweathing yon giant oak dead;
While one kind nutritious,
My *whole* so delicious,
Is plucked from the mountains and made into bread.
- In what land benighted,
My *first two* united,
Will name it—the land of the reindeer and sledge?
Its people ungainly,
Who can fare but plainly,
Search oft for my *whole* on the wild mountain ledge.
- Fleta Forrester.*
107. Why is Gillot, the steel-pen maker, like a queer character? *Myra.*
108. Why is a horse the most unhappy animal in existence? *Myra.*

109. What is that which ladies look for every day, and are sorry when they find it?
Myra.
110. Why are women philanthropists? *Archie.*
111. For W. H. C. especially.—A man had 100 yds. of ditch to dig, and one hundred dollars (\$100) to pay for the digging. He wishes to hire two men. To one he gives $87\frac{1}{2}$ cts. per yd.; to the other \$1 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per yd. He wishes to pay each one \$50. How many yards must each one dig?
Black-Eyes.
112. When, and from what place, was the cherry first brought to Rome?
113. Find a word which contains three vowels and but one consonant. *Adelbert Older.*
114. Why is a charitable person like a meek one?
Adelbert Older.
115. My *first* is to increase. My *second* is a pronoun. My *third* is a relation. My *whole* was an English writer.
Adelbert Older.
116. When is a horse like a painting?
Adelbert Older.

REBUS.

117. Entire, I am a color. Behead me, and I am a dark fluid. Put on my head, and

take away my last letter, and I am a small, sharp instrument. *A. Older.*

118. Anagram—No; appear not at Elba.
Uncle Sam.

119. What adverb is that which, by adding a letter, will become a coin, by adding another, a part of a verb?
J. N. Hegeman.

120. Cut off my head, and neuter then I am;
Cut off my head and tail, and, true to say,

I am a treasure, given by God to man
To light him through life's dark and dreary way.

What is my head cut off? A type of toil—
An admonition to each lazy drone,
Teaching industry, though in homely garb,
Male, female, neuter, each and every one.

What is my tail cut off? A fragrant herb,
Brought hither from remote and distant shores.

Head, tail, and middle, now combined, I form

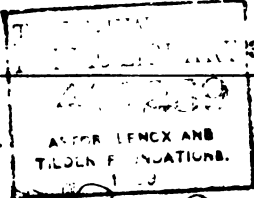
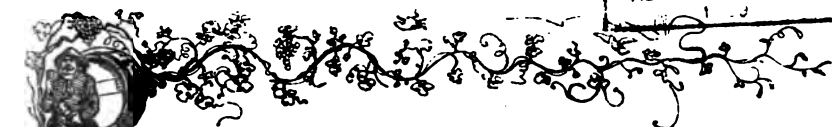
A mite, compared with rich and plentiful stores.
O. L. Bradley.

Hieroglyphical Rebus.





ANCIENT BABYLON.


 ANTON LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION.


BABYLON, with its hanging gardens and the temple of Belus, constituted one of the seven wonders of the world. It was indeed a very wonderful city, and well deserves a minute description. Moses informs us that Nimrod, one of the grandsons of Noah, was a mighty hunter, and that the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, in the land of Shinar. There is no doubt that this city, the first of which we have any record that was built after the flood, was the original of that great city on the Euphrates which afterward acquired such fame as the capital of the Babylonian empire. The same writer also informs us that the people began the building of an immense tower, and that while the workmen were engaged upon it the confusion of tongues took place, in consequence of which the work ceased. Now, as we have no record that this immense pile was pulled down at the time, the presumption is that it remained, more or less entire, as the original builders left it; so that, in all probability, it would have sustained no considerable damage until the period of the building of Babylon. It is generally supposed that this tower occupied the site of Babylon, and that the temple

of Belus, which certainly was not a new structure, but only a modification of an old one, is the identical tower of Babel.

The city was situated in a vast plain. We learn a good many particulars of its grandeur from Herodotus, the celebrated ancient historian. According to him—and he is generally regarded as the best of authority—it was in the form of a perfect square, and was upward of fifty miles in circuit. It was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, lined with brick-work and full of water, and the soil dug out was made into bricks, with which a wall was built eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty feet high. The bricks were baked in furnaces, and hot bitumen was used to cement them together. At every thirty layers of bricks, a layer of reeds was placed. The sides of the ditch were first built in this manner, and then the walls above them. In the walls there were a hundred gates, twenty-five on each side. All these gates were made of solid brass, and of prodigious size and strength.

The Euphrates ran through the city, dividing it into two parts. In the wall lining the river there were smaller gates, also of brass, from which steps conducted down to the stream. Between every two of the great gates there

were three watch-towers, ten feet higher than the walls, with four such towers at each of the four angles of the wall, and three more between each of those angles and the next adjoining gate on either side. There were, however, but two hundred and fifty towers in all, as they were omitted on that side where the morasses rendered such protection unnecessary. The grand square was divided into twenty-five grand streets, which intersected each other, thus parting the city into six hundred and twenty-six squares. Each of the streets went quite across the city, in a straight line, extending from a principal gate on one side to another on the opposite side. The vast squares formed by the intersections of the streets were not built upon, but were laid out in gardens and pleasure-grounds; and the houses that lined the streets stood at some distance from each other, and were of three and four stories in height, adorned with all the splendor of ancient Oriental taste.

At each end of the bridge was a magnificent palace. The old palace was situated on the east side of the river, and the new palace on the west side. The former of these palaces took up four of the squares already spoken of, and the other, nine of these squares. The temple of Belus, which stood next the old palace, occupied another square. The old city lay on the east side of the river; the new city, built by Nebuchadnezzar, on the west side. Both cities were included in the circuit of fifty miles.

To fill this immense city with inhab-

itants, Nebuchadnezzar carried thither a multitude of captives from Judea and other countries which he conquered. But he failed in carrying out his great plan. The city was never supplied with inhabitants according to its capacity. This great monarch died before he had time to carry out his plan; and twenty-five years after his death the royal seat of the empire was removed from Babylon to Sheesan (the Chusan of Scripture), by Cyrus, which put an end to the growing glory of the former city, and it never flourished afterward.

The temple of Belus was constructed by Nebuchadnezzar on the ancient structure supposed to be the tower of Babel. The original tower was square, and was half a mile in circuit. It consisted of eight towers, one built over the other. It was certainly one of the most wonderful works in the world, not excepting the largest of the pyramids. The perpendicular measure of the great pyramid is but four hundred and eighty-one feet, whereas the tower was nearly six hundred feet in breadth. The upper story of the temple, as fitted up by Nebuchadnezzar, was the place where the principal devotions were performed, and was held as exceedingly sacred.

An immense wall was built around the temple by this monarch. It was some two miles and a half in compass. In this wall were several gates, all of solid brass. The brazen sea and other brazen vessels, which were carried to Babylon from the temple of Jerusalem, seem to have been employed in the construction of these gates.

The name of the god to whom this temple was dedicated, was Bel. He is supposed to have been the same with Nimrod, and to have been called Bel from his dominion, and Nimrod from his rebellion; for *Bel* (or Baal, which is the same name) signifies *Lord*, and Nimrod a *rebel*, in the Jewish and Chaldean languages.

This temple stood until the time of Xerxes. But he, on his return from his Grecian expedition, demolished it almost totally, having first plundered it of all its immense riches. He found here several statues of massive gold, one of which is said to have been forty feet high. The entire value of the gold in this temple seems almost incredible—no less than \$600,000,000. All this Xerxes took away when he destroyed the temple.

Alexander, when he became the pos-

essor of Babylon, determined to rebuild the city and the temple, and actually commenced the work; but his death, which took place soon after, put an end to the undertaking. Had he lived and made that city the seat of his empire, as he would have done, the glory of Babylon would no doubt have reached the height that Nebuchadnezzar aimed at. But God, in his wisdom, frustrated this proud scheme.

The ruins of ancient Babylon have very recently been discovered, and many curious things brought to light: images, figures in *bas relief* on the walls, vessels of various kinds, both useful and ornamental, implements of war, etc. Among the rest are certain embossed cylinders, whose use is left to conjecture. They are represented in this cut, and are a fair sample of the prevailing decorations.



On the right are the cylinders, in form; on the left, the same opened and spread out into a plate. It will be seen by a comparison of the two, that the figure on the cylinder is the exact counterpart of one of the figures on the corresponding plate.

The hanging gardens in the city of Babylon, which were the work of Nebuchadnezzar, were among its greatest wonders. They were constructed by the king to gratify his wife Amytis, who, being a native of Media, desired to have some imitation of the hills and forests which abounded in her native country. These gardens occupied a square of upward of four hundred feet on each side, and were carried up in the manner of several large terraces, one above the other, till the height equaled that of the walls of the city. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches, raised on other arches, one above another, and strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness. The earth on these terraces was of sufficient depth to sustain the largest trees. At a distance, the whole structure appeared like an immense pyramid covered with wood. The different terraces and groves contained fountains, parterres, seats, and banqueting rooms, and combined all the splendor and luxury of Eastern magnificence in art, with the simpler pleasures of verdant and beautiful nature.

One would imagine that such a city as Babylon could have been in no

danger of being utterly destroyed and abandoned. But such was the case. The edict from the throne of God went forth against the city and its haughty builder. "It shall come to pass [such is the language of the prophecy] when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the king of Babylon and that nation." At the time appointed, the Medes and Persians, under Cyrus, struck the first great blow to the prosperity of the city. The height and strength of its walls baffled the skill of the invader for many months; but having understood that, at a certain day, then near approaching, a great annual festival was to be held, when it was customary for the Babylonians to spend the night in revelry and festivity, he thought it a fit opportunity for executing a scheme, of which the besieged had not the least apprehension. They had looked upon the river as their greatest protection; and Cyrus had wit enough to see that, by turning the course of the stream, he might make its old bed dry, and that the fall of the city was then certain. So he waited patiently for the day of the feast to come. On the night of the festival, he sent a party of his men to the canal which led to the great lake, made by Nebuchadnezzar to receive the waters of the Euphrates, while he was facing the banks of the river with brick walls. To this party he gave directions, as soon as it was dark, to cut down the great dam which kept the waters of the river in their place, and separated them from the canal. Other parties made

openings in the trenches around the city that had been made during the two years' siege ; and thus, at midnight, the bed of the river being made dry, the army of Cyrus found an easy entrance. The guards were surprised and killed.

While all this was going on without, a remarkable scene was transpiring within the palace. Daniel was deciphering the writing on the wall, which was traced by the Divine finger in the midst of the revelry of the night. Cyrus and his soldiery entered the banqueting hall, and slew the king and his followers.

UNCLE FRANK.

THE ELDER AND THE MAPLE.

A FABLE.

BESIDE a babbling brook that meandered through a lovely meadow, grew a clump of Elders ; and not far from them, on higher ground, stood a young Maple. One morning, in the first year of their growth, I was strolling along the stream, when suddenly I heard sharp words, as of one in anger. It was the Elder reviling the Maple.

"You insignificant shrub!" said the former, addressing the latter ; "here we have grown nearly a year, and see the difference ! I am a straight, tall, comely shoot, and you are a feeble dwarf. A cow could dispose of you at a mouthful." The words had barely passed from the boasting Elder, when a fun-loving boy, wanting a pop-gun, came up, took out his knife, and with a single effort severed the self-conceited scion.

The Maple said not a word, but cast

a pitying glance toward its mutilated rival. One would suppose such humiliation would teach the Elder a profitable lesson, but the instruction was lost. The haughty sprout, though so severely chastised, repressed its rage, but inwardly vowed revenge.

The next Spring another shoot sprang forth, and at the end of the following Autumn the Elder again commenced upon its more fortunate opponent. "You puny thing ! though you had a year's growth the start, I am now the taller. Next year I shall bear beautiful white umbels succeeded by dark, delicious berries, while you will still be a short, useless shrub."

Thus the Elder raved, but the patient little Maple only smiled. It knew a glorious career was yet in store, and was willing to "bide its time."

Years have sped, and the braggart Elder has been pronounced a nuisance, to be uprooted and destroyed as soon as possible. The humble Maple is a trim, towering giant ; birds frequent its leafy branches ; man and beast seek its refreshing shade ; and incisions are made in its side, from which oozes a juice that affords the most luscious of sweets. My young readers, what is the moral ?

UNCLE JOE.

WE are born in hope ; we pass our childhood in hope ; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives ; and in our last moments hope is fluttering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

**LOST.**

Lost! lost! in the deep, dark wood,
Two little babes have gone astray!
For berry and flower they wandered far,
Till, weary and faint, they lost the way.

The younger babe to her sister clung,
And sobbed as if her heart would break;
The elder, though weak and very young,
Was forced a mother's part to take.

"Cheer up, my darling!" God heard her say,
"We have no cause to fear;
For, though we can not find the way,
God knows that we are here."

And God was there,
With guardian care
Those little ones to keep;
He soothed their fears,
He dried their tears,
And hushed the lamb to sleep.

Lost! lost!
A sad, sad word,
As ever was heard!
'Tis the burden of my song.
Lost in the forest!
Lost on the lea!
Lost in the city!
Lost on the sea!—
How many ways lead wrong!

FOUND.

Found! found!
'Tis a joyous sound—
Let it resound [glen;
Through forest, and field, and
Through lane and street,
Let echo repeat,
In accents sweet—
The lost are found again!
Found! for the eye of God
Marked every step they trod!
Found! for a Father's hand,
Their wanderings kindly plan-
ned!
And friendly footsteps guided
To the shelter he provided.

In a quiet nook, on a soft moss bed,
With the tall grass waving overhead,
And unseen angels hovering near—
Dreaming of home and of mother dear—
The sleeping lamb was found.

Her sister a faithful watch had kept, [slept;
With a brave, strong heart, while the baby
And now, at a little distance, stood,
On the top of a grassy mound,
Peering about, through all the wood,
For a path, or a sign, or a sound,
That might to her trembling spirit say,
"Home, darlings! home—this is the way!"
H. H.

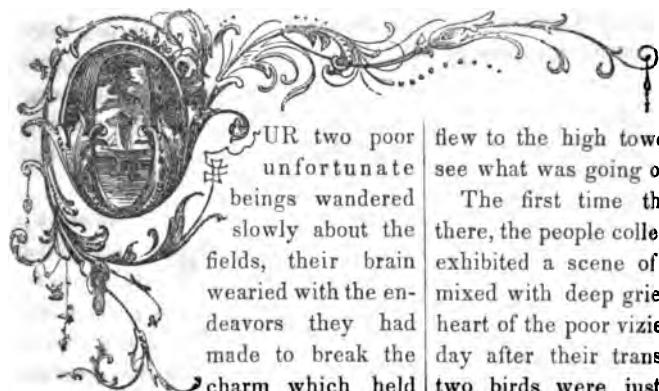


THE COURTSHIP OF THE STORK-CALIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY MRS. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER III.



YOUR two poor unfortunate beings wandered slowly about the fields, their brain wearied with the endeavors they had made to break the charm which held them captives, and in their misery they knew not what to do. For an instant they bethought themselves of returning to the city, and to endeavor to make themselves known. But who would believe that a mean stork was the renowned calif Chasid? And even if it were believed, would the inhabitants of Bagdad allow themselves to be governed by a prince of so strange an appearance?

Thus they wandered many days, barely subsisting upon wild fruits, which they could scarcely swallow on account of their long beaks. As to the lizards and frogs which their new companions were so fond of, they thought them scarcely suitable for a royal diet, and moreover they feared the results of such articles of food in their stomach. The only pleasure left them in their sad situation, was the faculty of flying,

which they with the rest had so dearly bought; so they often

flew to the high towers of Bagdad, to see what was going on in the city.

The first time that they resorted there, the people collected in the streets, exhibited a scene of great disquietude mixed with deep grief. This rent the heart of the poor vizier. But the fourth day after their transformation, as our two birds were just lighting upon a tower in the calif's palace, behold! suddenly they perceived a magnificent procession, which marched through the streets to the joyous flourish of trumpets and drums. Mounted upon a horse splendidly equipped, which Chasid recognized, under its velvet trappings, as his own favorite animal, a man clothed in a scarlet cloak, embroidered with gold, rode triumphantly, surrounded with a body-guard in brilliant costumes, and half of Bagdad bowed before him, crying, "Hail, Mezia! hail to the king of Bagdad!"

At this moment the two storks, who were perched upon the top of the palace, looked at each other, and Chasid spoke:

"Do you not now understand the cause of our transformation, grand vizier? This Mezia is the son of my deadliest enemy, the powerful magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore

an implacable hatred against me. But I have not yet lost all hope. Let us go to the tomb of the Prophet, and perhaps the influence of that sacred place will be able to break the charm."

The two storks then left the tower of the palace, and set out for the coast of Medina.

The poor birds did their best to regulate their flying with each other, but this was not easy, for they had had so little practice.

"My lord," sighed the grand vizier, after a couple of hours, "pardon me, but I can not hold myself up any longer; you fly too high for me. It is already late, and it will be prudent, I think, to seek a resting-place for the night."

Chasid was a kind prince; he heard with a compassionate ear the entreaty of his grand vizier, and immediately he directed his flight to some ruins which they had just discovered at the bottom of the valley.

This place which our two birds

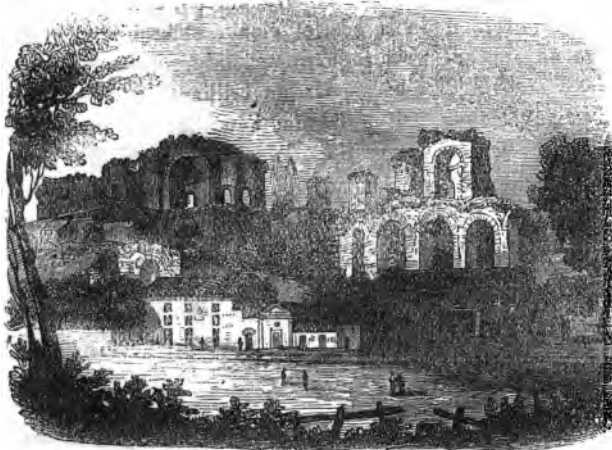
sought, had formerly been occupied as a vast castle. Beautiful and lofty columns, which rose here and there in the midst of the ruins, and many parlors still well preserved, bore witness to the former magnificence of the place. Chasid and his companion were wandering around a labyrinth of immense corridors, seeking some little place for a shelter, when suddenly the stork Manzour stood still as if petrified.

"Master," whispered the vizier, in a faint voice, "if it were not very foolish for a prime minister, and still more for a stork to be afraid of phantoms, I would confess that I am really frightened; something has breathed and groaned near us."

The calif stopped to listen, and heard a light sob, which seemed to come from a human being rather than from an animal. Full of anxiety, he wished to proceed immediately to the place whence these plaintive sounds issued, but the prudent vizier catching him by

the end of his wing entreated him not to rush into new and unknown dangers. But in vain. The calif, who bore a brave heart under the plumage of a stork, tore himself from the beak of his vizier, and, without hesitation, plunged headlong into a dark corridor.

He was not de-



laid by a gate which seemed simply closed, and beyond which came to him still more distinctly the repeated sobs and groans. Chasid continued resolutely to advance, but he had scarcely entered the gate, when surprise chained him to the threshold.



In one of the chambers in the ruin which was lighted by a little grated window, he just perceived, retired in the remotest corner, an enormous owl. Large tears stood in her great yellow eyes, and stifled sobs escaped from her crooked beak. But in spite of the grief which seemed to overwhelm her, she could not refrain from uttering a cry of joy at the sight of the calif and his companion who had re-joined him. She gracefully wiped away, with her spotted wings, the tears which filled her eyes, and to the great astonishment

of the two adventurers, she cried out in good Arabic—

“Welcome, dear birds; you are to me the delightful presage of my speedy deliverance, for it was once predicted that storks should bring great happiness to me.”

As soon as the calif had recovered from the surprise which the sight of this strange apparition had caused, he bowed courteously with his long beak, and raising himself as well as he could upon his slender legs, he replied,

“Madam Owl, after what you have said, I think I am not mistaken in seeing in you a person whose misfortunes seem to have much resemblance to our own. But, alas! the hope which you cherish of obtaining your deliverance through us, seems to me in vain; and

you may shortly know for yourself the extent of our helplessness, if you will deign to listen to our history.”

The owl having politely entreated him to relate it, the calif, who prided himself upon his fine speaking, commenced the relation of his misfortunes, with which we are already acquainted.

—

MORAL COURAGE.—Have the courage to own your altered opinions—have no occasion to be ashamed of the change.

WILD INDIANS.

THERE are some very curious specimens of the Indian race in our country and in Mexico. Some tribes, it is true, have gradually become civilized, or partly so, at least. But there are others who have resisted all the efforts that have been made to civilize them. They seem like some wild animals, incapable of being tamed. The queer-looking personage with the rather unfashionable style of cloak, who figures in one of the engravings, is a Mexican Indian shepherd. The race to which he belongs are almost as



wild as wolves and hawks. They hate refinement and civilization, as a mad dog hates water.

Col. Fremont, in his tour across the Rocky Mountains, and through the *Sierra Nevada*, as we learn from the story of his adventures, came across some Indians who were very low in the scale of humanity. They are called *Diggers*, from a custom which prevails among them of digging roots for food. They also eat toads and lizards. They were as much afraid of the whites as the deer and the buffalo. I should think, from the descriptions of them, that they were very little higher in the scale of intelligence than the higher order of brutes. I have myself seen some Indians in Kansas who were very far from being civilized. The nearest approach some of them make to civilization, is the practice of drinking rum and

getting drunk. Isn't it a pity that the poor Indians learn our vices so readily, and find it so difficult to copy our virtues ?

OUR GARRET.

OH, I love our dim old garret,
Love to hear its echoes call,
From the lonely nooks and corners
Where the shadows darkly fall.

Then 'tis joy to see the sunbeams
Through the dusty windows pour,
Lighting up the tall old rafters,
Falling brightly on the floor.

Many hours I've spent up garret,
Reading tales and legends old,
That I found in chests and boxes
Filled with treasures all untold—

Treasures of old-fashioned clothing,
That were worn long years ago ;
Papers, books, and faded pictures
Of the times of long ago.

Often have I watched the spiders
Spin their webs along the beam,
Little thinking that I also
Spun the thread of life's short dream.

Little thinking that the shadows,
And the sunshine on the floor,
Might be likened to the sorrows
And the joys for me in store.

It is well for us the future
God hath hidden from our view ;
Let us trust Him, let us love Him—
God is wise, and good, and true.

And I like to sit and listen
To the music of the rain,
As it falls upon the shingles,
As it patters on the pane.

Oh, I love our dim old garret,
And the memories long will last
Of the pleasant hours I've spent there
In the years that now are past.

H. ROSE BOND.

THE ORPHAN'S WISH

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

THE earth seems dark and dreary now,
No mother's kiss upon my brow ;
How cheerless seems this life, and lone !
No mother's love to cheer me on.

No father's blessing glads my ear,
Hushed is the voice I loved to hear ;
I miss his hand upon my head—
Alas ! my father, thou art dead.

I do not ask for wealth or fame ;
I do not wish a glorious name ;
I do not ask for jewels fair—
A parent's love is all my prayer.

Mother ! dost thou hear my prayer ?
I miss thy love—I miss thy care—
I prized it not while thou wert here—
I miss thee now, my mother dear.

Alas ! I feel 'tis all in vain,
For thou canst ne'er come back again ;
But yet one ray of hope is given—
God grant that we may meet in heaven.

LEROY, ILL., Sept. 26, 1856.

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

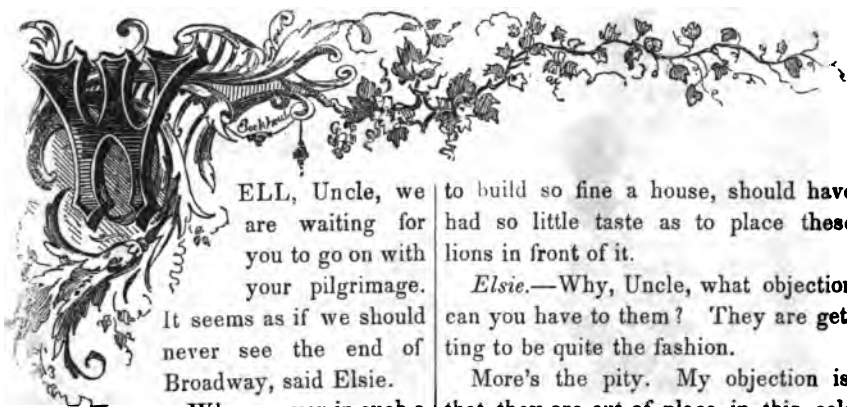
"Why, don't you ever fret?"

"Yes ; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then there's no need to fret at all."

"True ; that's the reason I put it off."

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



ELL, Uncle, we are waiting for you to go on with your pilgrimage. It seems as if we should never see the end of Broadway, said Elsie.

Why, are you in such a hurry to get along?

Elsie.—Oh! no, we are in no hurry, for there is something interesting at every step. Still, we seem to move slowly, and to have a long walk before us."

Well, then, let us be moving. A few doors north of the house last spoken of, I was startled by the appearance of two full-grown lions, crouching on the steps, and guarding the entrance. I had no fear of the animals, for they could neither bite nor roar. They were exceedingly quiet and well behaved. I think I am within bounds, when I say that they have not moved a muscle these fifteen years.

Fanny.—Oh! I understand; they were not living lions, but stone or bronze. But why, then, did they startle you?

Not from any fear that they would harm me, Fanny; but I was surprised that any person who had sense enough

to build so fine a house, should have had so little taste as to place these lions in front of it.

Elsie.—Why, Uncle, what objection can you have to them? They are getting to be quite the fashion.

More's the pity. My objection is, that they are out of place in this cold climate. Lions belong to the torrid zone, and could not live exposed through our winters. If Solomon had lived in New York, he would never have thought of placing lions on the steps to his throne. He would doubtless have substituted bears, or dogs, a deer, or a buffalo.

Well, I was musing of this incongruity, when an unearthly shout rung in my ear, and a wild, haggard-looking boy rushed up to me, screaming in a gibberish I had never heard before, "*Hees-the ExeHell—onytusants—horblax'nlos-serlife.*"

I could not gather the slightest meaning from his vociferation, and there was nothing in his expression or manner to help me to understand him, and discover the cause of his agony. But he held out a paper, not as if he wished me to buy it, but as if he would compel me to take it, whether I would or not.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said I.

He looked at me with a mingled expression of anger, contempt, and pity, and rushed on, shouting, as before,



“Heesthe Exe Hell—onytusants—horblax’nlosserlife.”

Why, Uncle, that was a news-boy, and you ought to have bought a paper.

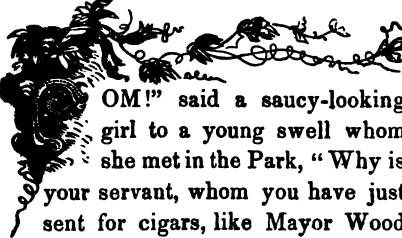
I know it, my dear, and I knew it then. But I hold that the news-boy has no claim on me to understand such barbarous yells, or translate them into English. He can speak as plainly as any one, when he is in the house, or conversing alone with you or me. Why, then, should he make a wild Indian of himself, when he has papers to sell?

I had gone but a few steps, and had lost none of the impression of the news-boy’s shout, when I was attracted by two voices coming, in alternate gusts, down the street, neither of which

seemed to have a motive or a meaning. I soon learned that the performers were street peddlers, each being accompanied by a skeleton of a horse, drawing a skeleton of a cart, and each shouting at the top of his lungs. But what either of them said, I had no power to comprehend. The first seemed to be called *“Hoyesers! Hoyesers! Aiyenaige Hoyesers! Aiyego!”* The other, with equal earnestness and effect, shouted, *“Oyejers! Oyejers! Aiyenaige Oyejers, Aiyego!”* It would have puzzled better ears than mine to discern any difference between them, or to discover what it was they were so earnest to proclaim. It was evident they had something to sell, and equally evident that they did not intend the people should know what it was, unless they came and looked into their carts. Being somewhat curious to ascertain the relation of these strange sounds to the things offered for sale, I stepped into the street, and found that the one had oysters to sell, and the other oranges. Having made this discovery, I stood and listened a while, to see if I could then discover the difference in the cries. It was utterly impossible. If I had wished to buy an orange, I should have been quite as likely to call the oyster-man as the other. But hark! there’s the bell for supper. It speaks much plain-er English than one in fifty of the New York peddlers.

—◆—
HAVE the courage to hear what your enemies say of you. You will learn secrets worth knowing.

SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.



OM!" said a saucy-looking girl to a young swell whom she met in the Park, "Why is your servant, whom you have just sent for cigars, like Mayor Wood in court?"

"Really, Miss —, I don't know," replied Tom. "Be so good as to enlighten me!"

"Because he has gone on a *Tom-fool's errand*, which will end in smoke."

Tom, not knowing what to say, very wisely said nothing, and the girl went on her way.



THE way the law works is very well illustrated by the wind-mill story—it turns, and grinds, and breaks whatever is put into it, and takes the grist to itself.

An upper mill and a lower mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went—that is, to law—
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended;
When fees grew slack, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without bother;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.



WHOLE school of modern politicians may see themselves in this glass: not the picture, but the story.

A distinguished politician, remarkable for the recklessness of his assertions on the stump, is not unfrequently called "The Well Digger." The other day an old man, a Tennessean, was introduced to him directly after one of his speeches, who remarked to him—

"Well, Governor, I think you are the man who is sometimes called 'The Well Digger?'"

"Yes," said the Governor, "I believe they do sometimes call me that; but the truth is, I never dug a well in my life."

"I thought so," said the old countryman. "'They say, 'Truth lies at the bottom of a well,' and from your speech to-day, I should judge you had never been there.'"

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN AND HORACE.

HORACE.—The mountains! Give me the mountains to make men. As soon as a boy is big enough to look higher than his head, let him look up the steep sides of a noble mountain; and when he is big enough to get down, let him climb to its top. There let him look out upon the world below, around, above. Let him breathe its pure air and breast its strong winds. There let him think. Let his heart

swell—how can he help it? Ay, let him shout, and make speeches, and wonder at his own eloquence! Let him be familiar with mountain scenery, and thought, and emotion, twenty years, and can he help being a man? Meadows, not mountains, make mice.

John.—The clouds and the storms may take the mountains. Give me the sea—the great, the wide, the mighty sea—to make men. Let the boy climb the mast instead of the mountain; look out on the emblem of eternity, feel the beating of its awful pulse, bathe his brow in its air, feel his soul stirred with its mysteries, and battle with its tempests twenty years, and he will leave

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—2



the man of the mountain in the shade. The land, not the sea, makes pigmies.

H.—Give me the mountains.

J.—Give me the sea.

H.—Did you ever hear of a mountain miser?

J.—Did you ever know a mean sailor? Yes, I've heard of a mountain miser—old Hard Fist, they called him. He lived on the steep slope of one of the New Hampshire mountains. He had stock in the bank, money at interest, and a good farm on the banks of the Merrimack, but lived up there to avoid the expense of entertaining company, for not a tin-peddler could climb to his miserable shanty. As he couldn't af-

ford soap to shave, he carried a dandy upper lip and a goaty chin. So stingy was he, that he put up some hemlock boughs to keep the sun from thawing out his frosty soul; and he was so mean, that when a poor, sick neighbor wanted a pint of milk, he skimmed off the cream, and then charged two cents for it! Did you ever hear of a sailor so mean as that? No—much as I love the mountains, give me the sea, the bounding sea, where hearts are large and hands are free.

H.—Don't tell me of old Hard Fist. He wasn't a man.

J.—He lived on the mountain.

H.—But the mountain didn't make him.

J.—What did make him?

H.—He was never made at all. He grew like a knotty hemlock. He was nothing but a vulgar fraction. There wasn't enough of him to make a whole number; so he was screwed into a fraction, and, like his mountain farm, set up on one side to show his ugliness.

J.—But the sailors are whole numbers, and whole-souled. One of them went to the bank for a considerable sum he had put there for safe keeping. "None of your bills," said he; "tumble out your hard ones." So they turned out the silver, which he scraped into his tarpaulin, and started down the street with it under his arm. Meeting another sailor out of cash and out of good cheer, he thus addressed him: "What's the matter, shipmate? No shot in the locker? Cheer up! Come, take a dip;" and he put his hand deep and

cheerily into the silver. If he was made by the mountains, it was the mountain waves which gave him a mountain heart. And the sea makes the sailors bold, too. Have you forgotten William Rindge, the sailor who rescued the child from the flames, at the great fire in New York?

"Swift up the burning stairs,
With daring feet, he flew,
While sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from the view."

But presently he appeared, and laid that child in its mother's arms.

"But ere the throng could learn his name,
The noble tar had fled."

Depend upon it—

H.—Depend upon what? I hav'n't said a word yet of our statesmen, and jurists, and scholars, and soldiers from the mountains. Not a word of the illustrious Scotchmen from the Highlands, or of the noble Swiss cradled in the Alps. *Depend upon it*, the mountains bring forth the sons of Anak—the giants in body and mind.

J.—Well, whether the mountains or the sea make the *men*, let wiser heads decide. It is, perhaps, enough for us to know that noble boys make noble men.

J. S.

THE BITER BITTEN.

THE other day, as I was walking in the street, I chanced to see a lad, apparently about twelve years old, wearing a shawl that was much too large for him. Many of the passers-by jeered him on this account, but he said nothing till three young men came

striding past. One of them, thinking to have some sport, exclaimed in a loud tone, "Bub, will you lend us your horse-blanket a little while?"

Those passing by instantly giggled. But they soon changed the subject of merriment when the boy replied, "You accuse me of wearing a horse-blanket, and wish to borrow it; I would lend it to you, but would it not look strange to see a jackass with a horse-blanket on?"

CAROLUS PIPER, C. R.

WHAT I DON'T LIKE.

1. I DON'T like to see two ladies take their seats in a railroad car, turn over the next seat before them so that it faces them, put their hand-boxes and bundles upon it, and then coolly say to a poor fellow who is looking after a seat, "*That seat is engaged, sir.*" The very politeness of the announcement displeases me.

2. I don't like to see a man at a public table, no matter if he is traveling, appropriate all the choicest viands within his reach, as soon as he takes his seat. It seems to me that he might as well leave his umbrella or his life-preserver at home, as his good-breeding.

3. I don't like to have an inveterate tobacco-chewer become so confidential as to place his mouth within a hand's breadth of my face, at the same time that he holds me by the button-hole. Such a man exhibits neither good *scents* nor good *sense*.

4. I don't like to hear a gentleman swear like a pirate. I shouldn't be

any better pleased with his discourse if he put as many oaths in it as his cook puts plums into his pudding. Of course I don't undertake to say that a man can't be a gentleman who is habitually profane; but I put it to him if the term "gentleman swearer" doesn't, somehow or other, seem rather a grotesque commingling of words.

5. I don't like to hear a person say to a lady who has just risen from the piano, that she plays admirably, that her music has thrown him into raptures, and then after she is out of hearing, remark to a friend that such playing is "execrable—a perfect bore." Such inconsistencies border upon insincerity.

6. I don't like, when I make a call, to wait for a lady to dress more than three-quarters of an hour, especially if I am in a room with the mercury away down towards zero. I can "learn to labor and to wait," better than I can learn to shiver and to wait.—*Uncle Frank.*

ANECDOTES

OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

IN the summer of 1848, a party of scientific gentlemen visited Lake Superior, for the purpose of viewing its numerous islands, and adding to their stock of knowledge as to the productions and peculiarities of that vicinity. They found that there was a vast number of islands both in Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Thirty thousand are said to be in the former, and an almost equal number in the latter. Some of

these islands consist of merely a tuft of earth, or a towering, lonely rock ; others are many miles in extent. The narrator of their adventures says : " As we were passing under an overhanging cliff, where nests of the barn-swallow were niched into the rock within reach of the hand, an Indian in his canoe, with his squaw and child, suddenly glided alongside from some cove, and offered fish in exchange for tobacco. He was a huge fellow, with a great head covered with disheveled hair, yet not ill-shapen, and having something of the picturesqueness of a boulder of granite. The woman had on a sort of cloak of white hare-skins, with a hood attached, which was drawn up over her head. Somebody gave the man a cigar, and showed him which end to put into his mouth, and how to light it, which he did, and smoked away very cleverly. Signs were made to him to give the woman a puff, but she unluckily put the lighted end into her mouth, and after that good-naturedly, but firmly, declined to have any thing to do with these new-fangled pipes."

Under date of Aug. 13, he narrates another incident, which I will give in his own words : " On the broad, sandy beach, as we landed, we found the tracks of a fox, just made, for the wind had not filled them up. I set out to explore the island. As I approached a fallen spruce-tree, that lay about thirty yards off, with its top in the water, I saw, coming toward me from on the other side, a fox ! The fellow was of the variety called ' Cross Fox,' lean and

hungry-looking. He trotted leisurely on, as one sees a dog trotting along a pathway, occasionally stopping to sniff at a dead craw-fish. I did not attempt to hide myself, but stood perfectly still. He came carelessly on, and cleared the tree with the lightest and gracefulest of leaps ; but his black paws hardly touched the sand, before he had whisked like lightning from his course, and disappeared in the wood. As the island is not a mile long, and only a few hundred yards across, it was a matter of wonderment how he got there, or what he could find there to live upon. The men said he had most likely come across the ice from the mainland (a distance of about four miles) in the winter, and had not dared to swim back again. We found marks of digging in various parts of the island, and conjectured he had been reduced to a partly vegetable diet."

J. H. H.

—

HARD TO CHOOSE.—I must give you one more fun-let concerning a little "four-year-old" friend of mine. A clergyman, it seems, had been stopping for some time at his father's house, and on going away, called little Eddy to him, and asked what he should give him for a present. Eddy, who had been brought up in the fear of God, and had a great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered hesitatingly, "I—I—I *think* I should like a Testament, but I *know* I should like a *gun* !"



NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY—Have you never been on the New York and Erie Railroad? Then I must tell you something about it. When first built, it extended from Piermont—a place twenty-five miles above New York, on the west bank of the Hudson River—to Dunkirk—a place about forty-five miles southwest of Buffalo, on Lake Erie—the whole length being about 460 miles. It has since been extended to Jersey City, opposite the city of New York, and the company have, by lease or otherwise, got possession of other roads which intersect their own, as, for instance, the road from Binghamton to Syracuse, from Hornellsville to Buffalo, etc. The road is wide guage—which means that the rails are laid six feet apart, while on most other roads they are only four feet six inches apart.

The cars are even wider in propor-

tion, so that, in fact, the seats will accommodate three persons as comfortably as the others will two; and, as it seldom happens that more than two occupy a seat, you can readily imagine how much more comfort is derived from the additional elbow-room. You will readily conceive that, in the great length of this railroad, there must be a great variety of scenery, and you will not be disappointed. Will you take a trip with me on paper?

We leave the city of New York by ferry-boat, and take the cars at Jersey City. Our first ten miles we pass the extensive flats known as the Jersey Meadows, a large extent of salt meadow, through which run the Hackensack and Passaic rivers. Soon after, we strike the Ramapo, on whose banks we proceed about twenty miles. You see how the scene is here constantly diver-

sified, on one side of the way, by a succession of hills and cultivated fields, and on the other by the constant succession of mills, mill sites, and waterfalls of this beautiful, romantic little river. Now we are once more in our own State of New York, in the famous county of Orange, known, our country through, for its excellent butter; and I might tell, in passing, that it is said that much of the fine Orange County butter is now made in Sullivan County; but no matter for that, if it is only just as good. You see that Orange County is very different from the banks of the Ramapo. We have now to cross the regular course of the streams, instead of pursuing their course, and we have a succession of hill and valley; and to avoid the expense of too much excavation and embankment, the road winds far around, increasing the distance, and increasing the beauty and variety of the views.

Do you see that rich hill-side? It is the Shawangunck Mountain. It extends all the way from the Hudson River to the Delaware, a distance, in its course, of forty to fifty miles—presenting, in this southeasterly prospect, through its whole length, a scene of perfect beauty and fertility. You see that it is divided off into lots and farms, by the thousand fences that help to diversify the picture. If you had been with me when I was here in August—to have seen these fields diversified with numberless hues, caused by the inter-spersion of grain, mowing land, pasture, orchard, and wooded plot, with the varying shades of the golden wheat, the yel-

low rye, the pale green oats and barley, as they were ripening for the harvest—you would acknowledge that what I say is true—that if any other spot in the world equals this, surely none can exceed it in beauty and magnificence.

But while we have been looking, we have attained and passed the summit of the mountain, and are descending toward the valley of the Delaware. How different the northwestern aspect of the Shawangunck! It presents one vast scene of unbroken forest, as if the foot of man had never visited it, except occasional lines which make the course of the roads which cross its summit. At the foot, is a valley of great richness and fertility, in whose narrow bosom are the Navesink River, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal; and down this mountain-side we are now rapidly descending. And so we run for miles, almost parallel with the river and canal—and a perfect gem of beauty, as we see it, is Port Jarvis. You thought we were to stop there, and we are already past it, leaving it far behind. That is an optical illusion. We seem to have passed it, and yet we are very rapidly approaching it. We are so much above the quiet valley in which it rests, that the approach is by a large semicircle, so we are on our winding way. But here we are at last, and only, after all, 88 miles from New York.

On the Delaware River, and across it, is Pennsylvania, and on the left, a few rods below, is New Jersey. This is what gives the name to the *Tri-States Journal*, published here. Near here,

on a rock in the river, the lines of the three States are marked, so that the smallest hand that ever holds the MUSEUM could be easily extended into the three States at once.

Were you looking at your watch? We have come the 87 miles from Jersey City in 174 minutes—one mile in two minutes—although we stopped at Paterson, Turner's, Goshen, and Middletown. But we are to wait here fifteen minutes for refreshments; and here we change horses—that is, we go from this place with a new engine, engineer, fireman, conductor, baggage-man, and brakemen, while those who have come with us thus far return with another train to New York, again to return, and so on, back and forth continually. But we must eat quick, or we shall be left.

A BAD MARK.

It is a bad sign for a boy to be seen throwing stones at every dog, or pig, or bird he sees in the street. It shows that such a boy has an unfeeling heart. He don't care how much suffering he may cause a poor innocent bird or animal. What if he breaks a wing or a leg? he only laughs at the agony which he has caused. Boys, never cultivate such a cruel disposition. Never cause anything that has feeling, pain, if you can possibly help it. I am afraid if you begin with tormenting the poor, innocent brutes, you can after a while injure your playmates and associates. Some have already been seen to throw stones at poor boys just for the fun of it, or

rather, to gratify the evil disposition of their hearts. Ah! many men have been hung for murder, or they have been sent to the State Prison, just because they cultivated such bad dispositions when they were boys like you. They commenced becoming cruel to animals first, and then to other boys, and so, little by little, their hearts became hardened till they could even kill a man. Think of this the next time you are tempted to pick up a stone to throw at any innocent thing that has life and feeling.—*Children's Friend.*

DETECTING HYPOCRITES.

MR. MURRAY'S "Hand-book for South Italy" contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher, and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on a mole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out: "Now, all of you who repent hold up your hands!" Every man in the vast multitude stretched out both his hands. "Holy archangel Michael!" exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thy adamantine sword standeth at the right of the judgment-seat of God, hew off every hand which has been raised hypocritically!" In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco of course poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



ANDIDLY, there is one thing that we are afraid of. We have such a great budget of letters every month, we are afraid Uncle Sam will want us for a Postmaster-General, to manage his vast correspondence. We hate politics and politicians (not Polly Dicks nor Polly Titians—they are dear, good girls, both of them), and we should be sorry to be mixed up with them in any way. Besides, we don't know why Uncle Sam should think himself any better than Uncle Frank, or Uncle Robert, or Aunt Sue, to say nothing of Uncle Hiram. We shall not accept the office, if he wants us to ever so much. So he may save himself the trouble, and appoint some hungry Hard Shell, or Soft Shell, some rabid Whig (ear-wig), Loco-foco, Tory, Hindoo, or —any one who has not already such a wide circle of real friends, and such abundance of hard work, as we have. If Uncle Sam will mind his own business (that would be a great reform, wouldn't it?), we will mind ours. By the way, if we could whisper a word in the ear of that Postmaster-General, we could tell him of some queer pranks his P. M.'s play with our correspondence. Whether the mails, or the fee-males are most to be blamed, we can not say; but there is one Miss Carrie (miscarry) who bothers us exceedingly. She filches our money, drops our letters by the way, and cheats us and our young friends out of a great deal of real fun. She ought to be dis-miss-ed (married) at once; and we recommend her to Mr. Well, the Express Agent, to whom Mrs. Carrie Well would be a suitable help-meet. At any rate, that change would help us to meet the reasonable

expectations of our friends. The P. M. Gen'l. will please take notice.

But—here they come in troops. Welcome! Well, come!

MR. MERRY:—Is the *Union* safe? I ask this question with deep solicitude. Will it stand the shock of *sectionalism* in the shape of *Algebra*?—that great question which shook the *MUSEUM* to its center; will it not drop a spark in our new magazine which will blow us to atoms? I fervently hope that all the directors of the M. and C. are of one mind on the subject, and will keep a constant watch, for unless there is perfect *unionimity* among them, there is an end to all *merriment*. Let them *frankly* declare their intentions in regard to this matter, that all the *Youth* may have fair warning, for I think many of them do not wish to get *black eyes* in such a contest, as they surely will.

I lay this suggestion before the "council of four" for them to set upon, hoping that by next month they may hatch it. May their decision be just, for I should be sorry to see the *MUSEUM* looking as deserted as Broadway, without a *cab-in-it*. Once more I sue for an eternal peace. !—!

Bravo! Mr. Daggers-dash. You are dreadfully *pun-gent*, *gentleman punster*! We pass you over to Willie Coleman, who is looking over your shoulder, as if he would say—"Let me demölish him!"

NEW YORK, May 8, 1857.

DEAR CORPS:—("The more appropriate title" is not yet suggested.) How does the new alliance progress? Do peace and harmony exist among the editorial fraternity, and the Siamese-Twin'd families? I suppose it is hardly time as yet to make these inquiries, when the noise and bustle of the meeting of new friends has scarcely died away. I hope the new machinery will soon work with perfect ease.

According to my usual custom, on receiving the last *MUSEUM*, I "began at the end,"

and read, with a smiling countenance, the interesting melange entitled "The Chat," when my equanimity of mind was suddenly upset by a cold-blooded demand from some "inquiring mind," that Mr. Hatchet should "show up" the undersigned! Goodness alive! Was this the return for all my kindness and consideration for others? To be impaled on the merciless edge of the keenest of *hatchets*, and held up to the gaze of some twenty thousand subscribers; a great part of them young ladies, too!—a poor, bashful fellow like me, who runs at the sight of a petticoat and is appalled at the idea of hoops! The thought was too horrible. I should have probably fainted had not a bottle of smelling salts, in the shape of a thought, been held to my mental nose. Perhaps Mr. Hatchet had not complied with the reckless request. This revived me. With trembling eagerness I read on, and the next moment discovered that he—*had!* Yes, there it was, "Willie Coleman is the son of"—— what! A thousand thanks, Mr. Hatchet, for your capital description! I hasten to say that it is perfectly correct, and that none other need ever be asked for. I have one sister, but, unfortunately, no brother, and about twenty thousand cousins, more or less. I sincerely trust that Maggie and everybody else is satisfied, and will not again put me in such distress of mind.

Having recovered my composure, I finished the Chat, and also Uncle Frank's and Aunt Sue's departments, when, all alone by itself on the last page, came Nippinifidget's letter, wherein I discovered another "personality." I am accused of being dull. Well, I admit it. I am dull; I have stared at the "millstone" till my eyes ache, but can't see any farther into it than at first. And therefore, with all due humility, dear Nip, I respectfully suggest that you should drill a small hole through which my benighted comprehension may receive light. Am I asking too much?

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Now, is not that pathetic? How different from the bowie-knife blustering of Daggersdash! You are a peace-loving youth, Willie, and Aunt Sue loves you "all to pieces." So does "Black-Eyes," albeit she looks so fierce.

NEWARK, N. J., April 20, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Violette wishes a "little" algebra. Pray give her a "little." The less the better. I propose the following problem: $x + 2x = 30$; let Miss Violette discover the value of x .

I join !—! in calling for the celebrated

market-women. They would drive an egg-travagant business in our little city.

Black-Eyes is aching for another battle. (Grant her desire.) See what an unprovoked attack she has given poor Miss Terry!

Willie, don't accuse me of "springing mines," if I sign myself

SIR CHARLES CRAB.

P. S. Will the editors favor the subscribers by giving us one long continued story?

CRAB.

It is really *crabbed* in you to tax Violette so severely. She will never survive the effort, and we shall recommend her not to try it.

Will not the story of the "Stork-Calif" answer for the present? Wait, and you will see what is coming.

Uncles Hiram and Frank, Mr. Merry, Aunt Sue,

Allow me to ask just one question of you; In the late happy union, Aunt Sue was the bride,

And three Bridegrooms I know—were there any besides? HARRY DALE.

NEW YORK, June, 1855.

P. S. Should you all go to Utah, how strange 'twould appear!

The Mormons would cry—"You're out of place here."

Don't fear, Harry, we shall not go to Utah. We are very fond of young folks, but we don't like "Young" Governors. Your first question we shall not deign to answer. Just as if all the world, "and the rest of mankind," did not know that one "Aunt Sue" is equal to any three aunts besides.

ERIE, ERIE Co., PA., April 8d, 1857.

DEAR CABINET: I have neglected for a long time to send the money to renew my subscription to your CABINET, though I am glad that you have punctually sent it to me. I had almost concluded to stop it, not because I did not like it; by no means. I think it the best periodical for the youth now published, and for this reason I delayed sending, being unwilling to give it up, having taken it in our family for so long a time.

But you know that there is a period in life when changes are necessary, and you may judge for yourself in my case, when I tell you that I have changed from the state of single blessedness to that of matrimony, yet, still unwilling to give up a book that has pleas-

antly beguiled *so many* of my boyhood hours, and which I hope I may never forget, I send you, inclosed, one dollar for my subscription for the current year. Thanking you kindly, Uncle Frank, for the pleasure you have afforded me in the perusal of your CABINET, and hoping that your sphere of doing good to others may be still more extended,

I am, your affectionate nephew, R. F. K.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—In the April number of the MUSEUM we are informed that the Merry and Frank families have joined. Hurrah for fusion! In fact, what could be better than to join a *Merry* man with a *Frank* one; or more suitable than to annex a CABINET of gems to a MUSEUM of curiosities?

Now, Mr. Merry, I (what was that I was going to say? I had in my head an idea, but, like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, it has "gone from me,")—oh, I have it. Can't you charter the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, for a grand camp-meeting of the readers of the MUSEUM? We should then have all the celebrities in full view. Your young friend, TOM.

The Elysian are not half large enough for our encampment, if we have all our family together, and we never do things by halves. We shall hire one of the Western prairies when we have our pic-nic.

GOSHEN, May 31st.

DEAR EDITORIAL CORPS:—With regard to the union, I can say I am well pleased, and heartily offer my hand in the union of hearts and hands, and I can also say—that while looking over the *great* MUSEUM of things collected by Mr. Merry and Hiram Hatchet—that they certainly look well in the CABINET made by our esteemed friend and uncle, Frank.

Don't you say so, too, boys and girls?

MOLLIE C. J.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY, May, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—

If to my age there added be,
One half, one fourth, and eight times three,
One third my weight the sum would be.

Now, if this be so, how can any lady of a mathematical mind call me poor. Did you ever see a poor Yankee? Well, if you did, I am sure he must have been drawn through a knot-hole, which operation is not likely to be performed upon me. However, there are exceptions to every rule; and I do feel rather slim when forced to write a composition. I

sit down grumbling, "I wouldn't if I could; but if I couldn't, how could I?" However, the professor always repeats, for my consolation, when I read my production, *Dulce est desipere in loco*.

Don't you think, Mr. Merry, that he is very sympathetic? What is the matter with Uncle Sam? Only think! I never got my April MUSEUM till May, so I suppose Problem 75 has been answered long ago; but lest it may have been overlooked, I send the answer.

Love to all the Merrys, etc. W. F. O.

Answer—all right, but omitted out of deference to poor Dagger-dash's weak nerves.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 4th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY, FAMILY, FRIENDS, ETC:—Although being an entire stranger to the family of the Merrys, allow me to express my gratification at the union of the two magazines, and may the motto be adopted which was offered not long since by one of "*the family*:" "MERRY'S MUSEUM and WOODWORTH'S CABINET; Now and Forever; One and Inseparable." O. L. BRADLEY.

You are no stranger, friend Bradley, if you please. Uncle Frank made us acquainted long ago, and we, on our part, feel like old friends with all his family.

CHICAGO, May 9th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I see my cousin Lizzie (Prairie Girl) is getting quite popular in the Chat. I never was so surprised as when I received the April number, to see that the YOUTH'S CABINET and "OUR MUSEUM" were combined in one; I don't know exactly what to think of it, it seems so queer.

What an unfortunate slip it was when I said that Aunt Sue was an old maid! I wonder if she has forgiven me. Good-bye,

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

Aunt Sue is so well *made*, that she don't care whether you call her an old, or a young one.

MAPLE SPRING FARM, May 17, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I should be happy to subscribe myself one of your nieces, if you will allow me the privilege.

I have taken the CABINET two or three years, and of *course* like it very much. I think it is not fitted to amuse, but to *instruct* both *old* and *young*! I did not intend to take it longer, but found it much harder to give

it up than I expected. I can assure you it is a welcome visitor, and I should not know what to do without its monthly visits.

I was very sorry to learn that Mr. D. A. Woodworth has bidden farewell to all your nephews and nieces. I think there will be many lamentations over his departure

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN HETTIE.

P. S. Please give my kind regards to Uncle Hiram and Mr. Merry, and tell them I hope we shall have *merry* hours in cracking our nuts next month.

Heartily welcome, Hettie. We hope you will feel perfectly at home.

MADISON, N. J., May 13, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I dare say you will wonder who this is, writing—so I shall have to tell you. I am a new subscriber (new friend, I hope) to the MUSEUM, and I guess you will consent to let me have a peep at what is going on among the happy family, will you not? I fancy I see them all clustered around the table, with Mr. Merry, Hiram Hatchet, and Uncle Frank, solving puzzles, enigmas, charades, etc., etc. Yours truly,

THERON A. ALLEN.

You are right, Theron. If you always see as correctly, when you peep, you will find your peepers very useful.

COLUMBIA, May, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—It seems that all of the Merry family, except myself, have offered their congratulations upon "the union;" but, "better late than never." You and "Uncle Frank" will please to understand that I have said everything polite and congratulatory that could be said on the occasion. I suppose we shall not have many more numbers of the "MUSEUM," since I presume the "Comet" in its numerous evolutions is about to pay you a visit.

Master Oscar is really *quite* a poet; shouldn't wonder if this age boast a Milton or a Shakespeare!

Now, Mr. Merry, do indulge the curiosity of the "Merrys," and tell us what relation Aunt Sue is to you. I see she won't tell, so *now* is the time for you to establish your name as an indulgent and obliging Uncle.

But who is this that talks of gravity in the affairs of the MUSEUM? Gravity in the MUSEUM! Well, I am inclined to think he or she is some crusty old bachelor or dried-up old maid.

Mr. Hatchet must have his hands full, if he cuts up *all* letters, as he does *some*. I think the mass of the letters must be consigned to the "Basket," while only a few shavings are reserved for use. Shade of Mars! protect this epistle from the dreaded Hatchet! *Wawas-te-nac.*

MAGGIE.

Who could resist such an appeal? Maggie, you have compelled us to come out. But you must not tell anybody. We saw Aunt Sue yesterday. She was without husband or children. Her real name is — well—take away the first letter of the last syllable, and the two syllables flatly contradict each other.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—Can you not clear up the Miss Terry—no, the mystery, I mean—of the day? viz., concerning Aunt Sue, whether her life is one of celibacy, or otherwise. You ask what we think her husband says. Perhaps he says nothing, being nobody. I have cogitated, and ruminated, and meditated, and ate a great many good things over this subject, but always find myself as much in the dark after as before. Please enlighten me a little. I wish "Black-Eyed Sarah" would share her cakes, nuts, and fruit which you gave her, with me, for I like such articles (the fruit, I mean). Black Eyes calls for Algebra. She was so good at it before, can she not try again to puzzle us? I see she has thrown another bone for W. H. C. to pick. But I tire you with my ceaseless chattering. I am almost as expert in it as the girls, when I get at it.

Yours, in the bonds of the MUSEUM AND CABINET,

JOHN WELDON, JR.

Ask Miss Terry, or R. W. R. They are well acquainted with Aunt Sue's history.

May 29, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I was exceedingly pleased to find something in the CABINET about Holland, my own dear native land. Amsterdam is the great city where my mother lived in her early years. It is a very beautiful city, I know. I often hear her speaking about it. I hope you will soon favor us again with something more about Holland. I hope you enjoyed yourself while you were there. My parents could probably have given you a great many letters of recommendation to their relations in Amsterdam. My mother has three sisters and one brother living there.

I am getting along very well with my studies. Oberlin is such a sweet little place!

I have been there now one term, and it seems to me as if it were but a few weeks. Oh, how short does life seem! We will soon pass away and fade like a leaf.

This life is but a breath,
And warns us of our coming death;
Oh, then, let us prepare
In that eternal bliss to share,
That we may feel when our hour's come,
That we are going to our eternal home,
To share a Saviour's love,
And reign with an eternal God above.

Good-bye. Your affectionate niece,
C. D.

Thank you, dear. When we go again to the "old countrie," we will call for those letters. It is a delightful thing to find friends in a strange land.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS, TENN., May 5, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I am much pleased with the new form in which the CABINET appears. "Success to the union" of WOODWORTH'S CABINET and MERRY'S MUSEUM! May the united magazine be the means of instructing many thousands. I am very much pleased with the Puzzler's Drawer. H. A. Danker has won great laurels there. I would like to know O. L. Bradley's age, if I am not too curious. Won't you whisper it to me when nobody is listening? I won't tell anybody. My best respects to Aunt Sue, Uncle Robert, and accept a due portion for yourself.

Your nephew, H. C. BATE.

When the initial of his surname has taken two steps forward in the alphabet, he will be old.

WHIPPANY, May 14th, 1857.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir: I suppose I am taking my seat at the table at a very late hour; but you will get enough of me before I get through with my talk. The principal object of this letter is to ask you if your ancestors did not live in East Hampton, Long Island? and if so, do any of them reside there now? My reason for asking you is, that my great-grandmother was Jerusha Merry, daughter of Samuel Merry, of East Hampton. Now you and I are some relation. Please let me know. One of your nephews,

G. D. BLEYTHING.

Most certainly! Your great-grandmother was her father's own daughter, and he was a Merry, and we are all Merrys, and of course we are all related, and you have related your

story very well, though you were belated when you began it.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 10, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—Why didn't you, or Uncle Hiram, or both of you, come out on the Great R. R. Ex.? We all expected you, and are greatly disappointed. The MUSEUM and CABINET should certainly have been represented, and your nephews and nieces wanted very much to see you.

The June number is beautiful. I do think it grows better and better every month.

Yours affectionately, IDA.

Thank you, dear Ida. Certainly, if I had gone, *Ida* called on you. Urgent duties at home prevented me from going on that Excursion, as I had designed to do. But you will see me soon, and then—but why anticipate? I am bound to see the Great West this year, E. & O. Ex., as book-keepers say—which means "Errors & Omissions excepted." I have heard so much of the *West*, that I am determined to see where it is. Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, the Lake Superior region, or the superior lake region, with its forests, its minerals, and all its other advantages, I *must* survey, that I may know, for myself, what it is that is draining this part of the country of so many thousands of her best families, and so many millions of her money, besides swallowing up nearly all the vast emigration from abroad. To watch the movements here—the ceaseless current of human migration, one would suppose that the whole human family would by-and-by be found on the prairies of the Mississippi, as they were once on the plains of Shinar. The *shine* is on our side of the world now, and so will be the Babel, if all sorts of tongues continue to rush in there. I don't believe they had railroads in Shinar. How the Western map is cut up by them! And how they increase and multiply in all directions! See how the Chicago, St. Paul, and Fond du Lac Road, starting out from Lake City, is pressing its forked way up to Lake Superior, on the north, and to the Falls of St. Anthony, on the N.W.

I must see it all for myself, and then I will tell what I have seen. Till then, if any of

you have interest to know what this same road is doing, and will do, I must refer you to our advertising pages.

PRIZE! PRIZE!

We shall not be surprised if the Prizes we now offer should seem to comprise several interesting and important features, and lead to efforts of high emprise among the competitors. We are well apprised of the ambition and ability of our enterprising young folks, and of the genius which pries into all mysteries deemed worthy of attention. Let all the Paul Prys in the family give heed.

1. For the best conundrum, a set of MERRY'S MUSEUM, 16 vols., bound, with \$10 worth of other books, to be selected by the winner.

2. For the best riddle, or puzzle, a set of the MUSEUM, bound.

They must be furnished under the following rules and conditions:

1. Every competitor must be a subscriber, who has paid up to Jan., 1858.

2. The conundrum, riddle, or puzzle must be one that has not appeared in the MUSEUM, CABINET, or in "Merry's Book of Puzzles."

3. Help may be obtained from friends.

4. All the articles sent in must be left at our disposal.

5. The conundrums, with answers in full attached to each, must be on a paper separate from the letter which accompanies them.

6. They must be mailed by the 1st of October, as we wish, if possible, to announce the award in November

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

"A BRIDAL offering!" Thank you, dear Mollie, it is still fragrant. But is it quite fair for you to "whisper all those good things to yourself?" They used to tell me that it was "very rude to whisper in company," so speak out, and give us the benefit of your wit. Mollie sends her love to all her "old and new cousins."

Henry A. Danker, it seems an age since I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you; do shake hands! I suspect the *inquirers* are not such old friends of our magazine as you are, who "remember when Uncle Frank wanted to find out my local habitation and name." The reason I forbore to send more enigmas, etc., is, that when I acquired the privilege of looking over the correspondence of the magazine, I found such a rich supply in that line, that I felt assured I should not be missed, especially while H. A. D. remained on hand. I think your labyrinth is excellent; but I must not stay all day chatting to you.

Lizzie M. Sheffey: Of course I'll "write to you." I'll do it immediately, and Mr. Merry shall put my letter in print. Did you—your own dear little self—originate the puzzle you sent? I think it is very good indeed.

A. Buckeye, I am inclined to think, is a

gentleman, as he settled his *querying soliloquy* by addressing the "lady." A. B. wishes to know the origin of the names "Buckeyes," "Wolverines," "Hoosiers," etc., so speak up, ladies and gentlemen. A. B. is also "glad that Uncle Frank is no longer a bachelor!" How is that, Uncle Frank? Have you been getting married on the sly? without letting your respected Aunt Sue, or your affectionate nieces and nephews, know any thing about the matter?

Mary Elizabeth Covell writes to me, all the way from the Cherokee nation. Call me "Aunt" again, Mary, I like it. Remember me kindly to Miss S., your "school teacher."

Jean, *wasn't* that prize enigma provokingly difficult? I do think we ought to form a committee of several thousand to make a riddle twice as difficult, and not let H. B. P. have any sugar in her tea until she solves it. Jean sends love to "all her cousins," and "Uncle Frank;" an "ample share" for "Aunt Sue." Poor Uncle Hiram! Isn't he to have any?

Marie, we have been *waiting* for you to join our circle; come in, I like you. Your answers are very nicely arranged.

C. S. Gilmer: Your very friendly letter gives me intense satisfaction. Please kiss my

namesakes for me, and do it heartily. *Shouldn't* I like to accept your kind invitation. You wouldn't, I hope, serve up your first anagram for dinner? "Ninety rat pies"—just think of it!

Mollie E. J.: I had begun to wonder where you were hiding. Although I don't know exactly where in "the land of Goshen" you live, I shall try very hard to find you when I

do travel that way. I am, unfortunately, *not* acquainted with the family you speak of. And I am not a bit "afraid of the comet." Many thanks for the "much love and kisses."

O. K. Bush:

No "tears" have I to shed for her

Of whom thou art bereft;

My tears and sympathy are all

For those she loved—and left.

Answers to Questions, etc., in May No.

86. It would make the owl howl. *H. A. Danker.—C. F. W.—C. G. R.—Oliver.—Mauch Chunk.—O. K. Bush.—Maggie.—H. C. Bate.*

87. Mol-asses (oh! shocking!) *H. A. D.—Oliver.—O. K. Bush.—J. D. S.—L. R.*

88. Flax-lax-ax. *H. A. D.—Oliver.—Mauch Chunk.—O. K. Bush.—Lizzie M. S.*

89. Ephphatha. Mark vii. 34. *H. A. D.—C. F. W.—Oliver.—J. D. S.*

90. In-vest-i-gator (gaiter). *H. A. D.—C. G. R.—Oliver.—O. K. Bush.—Lizzie M. S.*

91. $75 + \frac{8}{4} + \frac{6}{3} + 2 + 19 = 100$. *Oliver.*

$81 + \frac{7}{3} + 5 + 2 + 9 + \frac{4}{6}$. *H. C. Bate..*

92. It is next north of Java. *Susie.—L. R. S.*

93. It comes up to blow. *C. G. R.—Mauch Chunk.—J. D. S.—L. R.*

94. Because it has its pistols (pistols) loaded. *Oliver.—Mauch Chunk.—J. D. S.*

95. Acre-are-ace-care-race-aro. *H. A. D.—H. C. Bate.—L. R.*

96. Cheerfulness. *Maggie.—J. D. S.*

97. Am-i-able. *H. A. D.—J. D. S.—L. R.*

98. A clock, because it runs itself down, and holds its hands before its face. *C. G. R.—Maggie.*

99. It is a *matter-o'-money*. *J. D. S.—Susie.*

100. Canter-bury-bell. *H. A. D.—C. G. R.—Mauch Chunk.—Lizzie M. S.*

101. Pair of dice (Paradise). *C. F. W.—C. G. R.—O. K. Bush.—H. C. Bate.—Lizzie M. S.*

in the form of No. 2, and one in the form of No. 3, and arrange so as to form a crucifix. *O. K. Bush.*

104. My *first* contains my *second*. My *first* and *second* are for the use of my *third*. My *fourth* belongs to my *third*, and goes ahead. My *whole* is an important city in the United States. *S. B. Fisher.*

105. I am composed of 24 letters. My 11, 5, 9, 20, 8, 21 is a large city in Europe.

My 18, 13, 16, 10, 6 is a city in the south of Europe.

My 12, 17, 21, 7, 24, 3, 6, 20 is a cape on the island of Great Britain.

My 14, 17, 10, 9, 1, 2, 19, 4, 22, 6, 17 is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 2, 3, 8, 24, 15 is one of the points of the compass.

My whole is a widely circulated newspaper. *C. G. R.*

106. I am composed of 24 letters.

My 10, 18, 5, 7, 20, 8 is a river of the United States flowing into the Atlantic.

My 19, 12, 6, 5, 8 is a State bordering on the Atlantic.

My 22, 5, 9, 6, 24, 5, 18 is one of the Western States.

My 15, 12, 23, 21, 18, 19, 8, 5, 11, 16 is a river in the western part of the United States.

My 17, 21, 14, 19, 16, 5, 13 is a great explorer.

My 1, 2, 4, 5 is a lake in Switzerland.

My whole is a powerful nation. *C. G. R.*

CHARADE.

107. Flooding all the eastern sky
Strains of richest melody

Loud up burst,

As to greet the rising king,

Up the blue with rapid wing

Climbs my *first*.


Ere hath ceased the gushing strain,

Far across the grassy plain

Horsemen ride.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

102. Why is a hungry boy like a wild horse?
J. D. S.

103.  Cut six pieces
of card, two in the form of No. 1, three

And should flag some foaming steed,
Then my *next* must urge his speed
By his side.

Forth my *whole* its cup of blue
Holds to catch the pearly dew
Tightly grasped.

Trembling lest the passer-by
Spill the treasure heedlessly
Which it clasped.

Fleta Forrester.

108. Entire, I am useful to the student. Deprived of my first letter, I am behind time. Transposed, a bird in the West. Deprived of my first two letters, I am what you all have done. Transposed, what you all do. Again transposed, a beverage. My whole, deprived of the first three letters, is a Latin pronoun in the accusative case. This last reversed is a Latin conjunction. My whole, deprived of the first four letters, is a Latin preposition. My whole transposed is a crime. Again transposed, I am very little. Without my last letter, I am used in building houses; transposed, I am used in cooking; again transposed, I am used by shoemakers.

As an enigma, I am composed of five letters. My 1, 5, 8 is a body of water. My 3, 2, 5 is a liquor. My 5, 3, 1, 4 is a point of the compass. My 1, 5, 3, 4 is a place to rest. My 3, 4 is a preposition. My 1, 5, 3, 2 is a fish. My 1, 3, 2, 5 occurs every day.

H. A. Danker.

109. Why is the State of New York like Asia?

H. C. B.

110. Why is almost every town in the United States like the island of Ceylon?

H. C. B.

111. Which is the funniest State in the Union?

H. C. B.

112. What word in the New Testament containing 12 letters is composed of 2 h's, 2 i's, 2 a's, 2 l's, 2 p's, 1 e, and 1 d, and where is it to be found?

H. C. Bate.

CHARADE.

113. Flowers are blooming on hill and in vale,
The fragrance of violets is mixed with
the gale;

Wild birds are singing in orchard and
grove,

Each little songster declaring his love;
For my *first* is there!

My second appeareth in many a guise;
The glorious planets, the rose's rich dyes,
The graceful gazelle, and the bright ruddy
flame,

And fairy-like snowflake—all justly do
claim

My *second* so fair.

My *whole* must be sought when the
spring's gentle showers
Enamel the earth with a carpet of flowers,
'Neath the mossy tree trunk, in a sheltered
place,

For there it uplifteth its bright little face
In loveliness rare. *Mary C.*

114. A lawyer's tax and a lover's kiss,
The toll for trouble, the seal of bliss,
With a little art you may so unite
As to make the ancient's source of light.
W. See.

115. In the early glow of a summer's day
My *first* was sparkling bright;
In the form of my *second* it trembling lay,
Thus forming my *whole* aright.
Carolus P.

116. What is the exact difference between a
war-whoop and a *hoop-war*? *W. See.*

117. I am a fruit often eaten; leave out my
first and fourth letters, and I am a bad
passion; leave off my first two and my
fourth letters, and I am a portion of time;
leave out my third and fourth, and place
my fifth before my second, and I am a
monster; leave out my second, third, and
fifth, and I am a number; leave off my
first, fourth, and fifth, and place my sixth
and third before my second, and I am a
part of the human body. *Adelbert Older.*

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS. (No. 1.)

118. 1. A poet's curls. 2. Nice faith. 3. A
cannon? Yes. 4. Rose Candy. 5. Cap-
tain's tie. *Adelbert Older.*

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS. (No. 2.)

119. 1. Cane him. 2. Not against. 3. Oh!
cure hearts. 4. Nice rods. 5. A merry
pot. 6. In this seat. 7. Met no army.
8. Clear it, men. *Adelbert Older.*

ENIGMA.

120. I am composed of 41 letters.
My 25, 23, 11 is a boy's nickname.
The 36, 37, 10, 26, 18 of the 22, 4, 89, 30,
16 we see in daily use.

My 12, 1, 21, 11, 15, 35, 32 is the name
of a country.

My 8, 3, 13, 27, 2, 41, 14 was a celebrated
painter.

My 7, 20, 17, 24, 88, 33, 34 is an indis-
pensable appendage to every house.

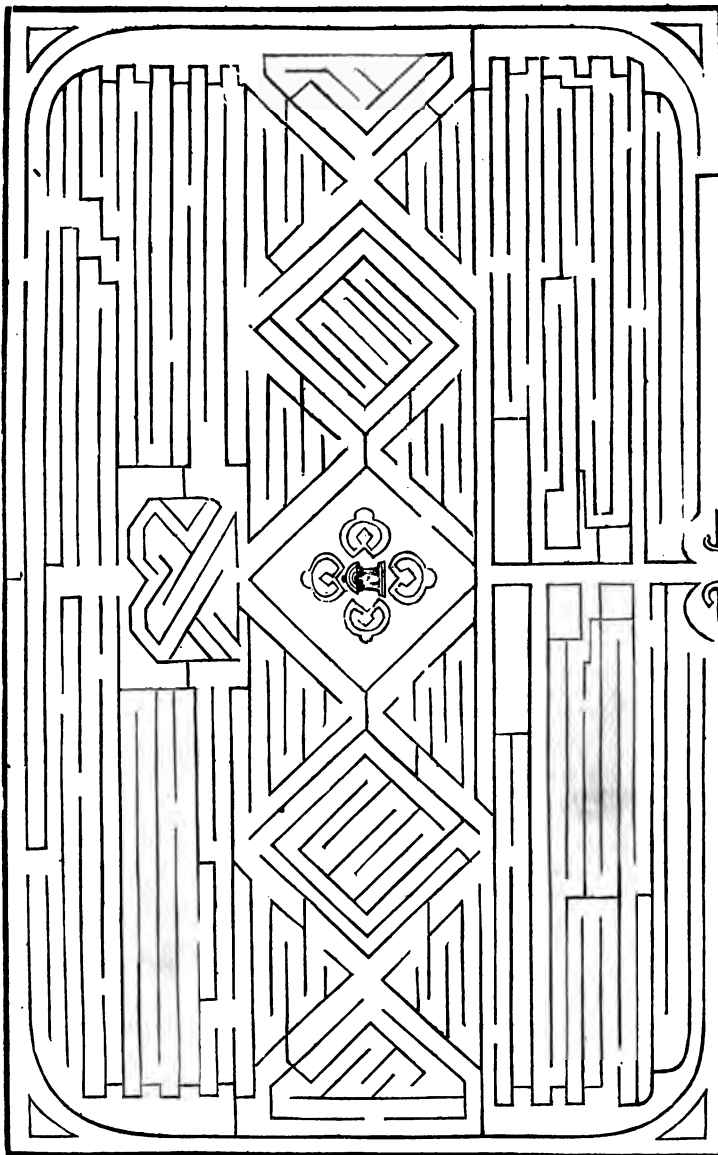
My 5, 6, 23, 40 is a town in Central
America.

My 29, 9, 81, 19, 26 was a celebrated
English actor and dramatic writer.

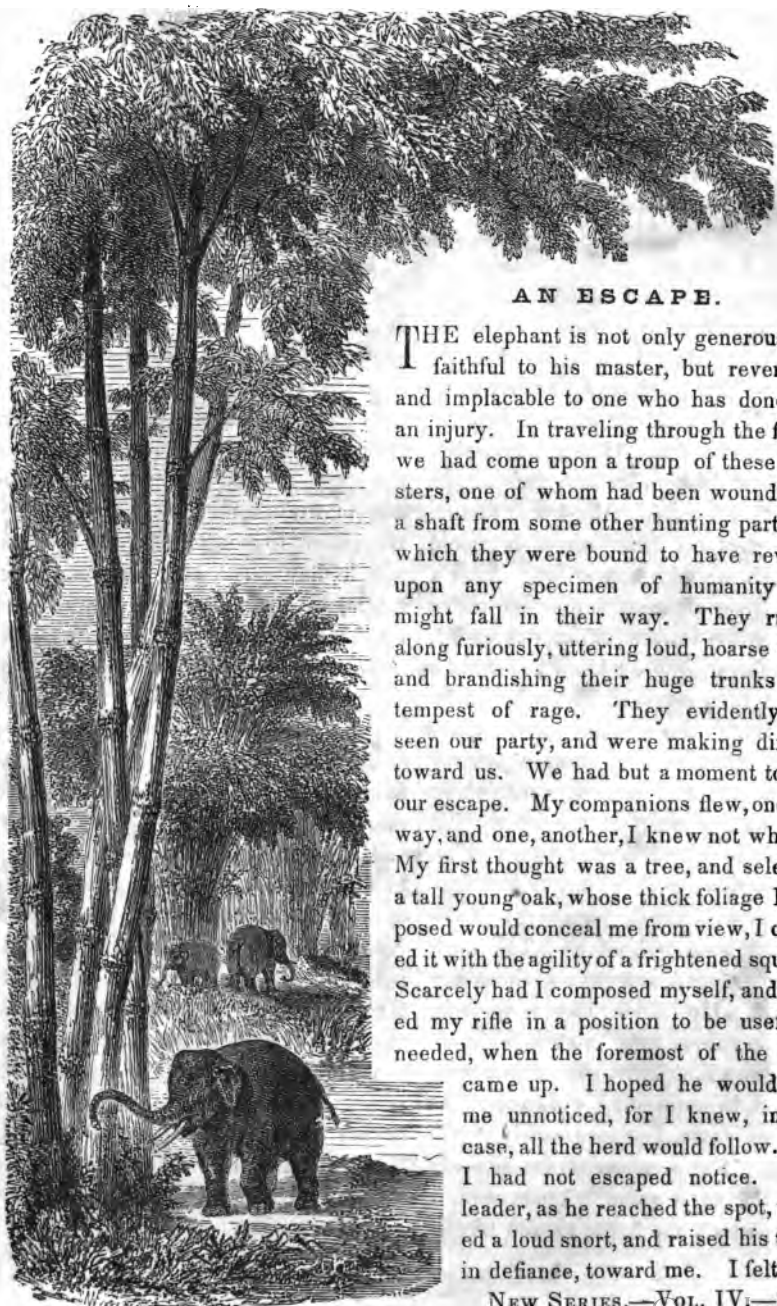
My whole was one of the most noted men
of modern times. *O. L. Bradley.*

LABYRINTH.

BY "PENNSYLVANIA FRIENDS."



The puzzle is to get from the Entrances to the Center Tower, by following the spaces between the lines, without crossing the lines.



AN ESCAPE.

THE elephant is not only generous and faithful to his master, but revengeful and implacable to one who has done him an injury. In traveling through the forest, we had come upon a troop of these monsters, one of whom had been wounded by a shaft from some other hunting party, for which they were bound to have revenge upon any specimen of humanity that might fall in their way. They rushed along furiously, uttering loud, hoarse cries, and brandishing their huge trunks in a tempest of rage. They evidently had seen our party, and were making directly toward us. We had but a moment to plan our escape. My companions flew, one, one way, and one, another, I knew not whither. My first thought was a tree, and selecting a tall young oak, whose thick foliage I supposed would conceal me from view, I climbed it with the agility of a frightened squirrel. Scarcely had I composed myself, and placed my rifle in a position to be useful, if needed, when the foremost of the troop came up. I hoped he would pass me unnoticed, for I knew, in that case, all the herd would follow. But I had not escaped notice. The leader, as he reached the spot, uttered a loud snort, and raised his trunk, in defiance, toward me. I felt quite

easy, for I was beyond his reach. He, too, felt easy, for he had other means to get at me, which I little suspected. Twisting his huge trunk round the tree, he shook and wrenched it, as if he would pull it up by the roots. It swayed and yielded terribly, and I trembled for the result. At each effort of my enemy, I felt my position more and more dangerous, and soon made up my mind, that I must try some mode of escape, or perish. Accordingly I made a bold venture, and leaped down on the monster's neck, alighting just forward of his shoulders. Hereupon he left the tree, and began striking furiously at me, with his trunk. But I was just on that part of his head where he could not reach me with any effect. After a few fruitless attempts to dislodge me in this way, he started off, at full speed, for the forest, where I knew I should be brushed from my seat, by the first tree under which he should pass. Summoning all my energy, I drew out my knife, which had a long, stout, sharp blade, and, aiming at the most vital part of the spinal cord, I thrust it in, and bore down with all my might, urging it in with the bitter energy of despair. It soon took effect. The huge monster stopped, and gave a sharp cry of pain. He shook like a quaking mountain; then, as if struck with paralysis, or a fainting fit, sunk down upon the sand, in unresisting weakness. As he came down, I leaped safely to the ground. For a moment the monster was still as a stone. Then, with a quiver, which shook the ground like an

earthquake, and a violent lashing of the sand with his trunk, he closed his eyes, and expired.

On my way home, I passed several large elephants, quietly enjoying themselves under the shade of the tall bamboos. If they had known how I had served their brother, what then?

The bamboo, by the way, is one of the wonders of the vegetable world. It arrives at perfection in two years, yet grows to the height of forty, fifty, and even eighty feet, and has all the firmness and strength of the hardest timber. It has joints, like a reed, and is hollow; yet it is so strong, that the porters of the country use it for bearers, suspending from it the heaviest burdens, which they carry, after the fashion of litters, on their shoulders. It is used for beams and uprights, in building houses, where, being protected from damp by a kind of natural varnish, it will last a century. It serves, also, for bridges, masts of small boats, and innumerable other purposes. It is the more valuable, as, growing tall, slender, and compact, one acre of land will yield ten times as much as the same space will produce of any other wood. None of the productions of the East puts so many conveniences, in the matter of furniture, houses, boats, bridges, agricultural implements, carts, baskets, ropes, pumps, pipes, fences, paper, medicine, etc., within the reach of the poorer classes, as the bamboo; and to those in other lands who take to fishing as a sport, it has become first a luxury, and now a sort of necessity.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

THE boys were blowing bubbles,
 Bright red and green and blue,
 And every changing color
 That ever mortal knew.
 They floated in the window,
 And glided past my chair,
 But in a moment perished,
 And faded in the air.

The boys, with shouts and laughter,
 Blew till quite out of breath,
 While high in the leafy maple
 The bubbles gleamed till death.
 Too much like earthly pleasure
 Seemed the bubbles, bright and gay;
 They charm a fleeting moment,
 Then vanish, away—away.

Sweet Love's ecstatic potion
 Our spirits long to sip,
 But Death may dash the nectar
 From the unsullied lip.
 And he who quaffs the longest,
 Whose heart divinely glows,
 Finds clouds will gather round him,
 For earthly joys must close.

Some grasp at Wealth's bright beacon,
 And follow where it leads—
 Sometimes to fairest honor—
 Sometimes to foulest deeds;
 And often proves a bubble,
 A floating thing of air—
 Eludes the weary victim,
 And leaves him starving there.

If Love's so frail a treasure,
 And Wealth may fade away;
 If earthly joys are changing,
 And Fame lives but a day;
 Then where are shining jewels
 That will not break at last,
 And leave us, eager viewers,
 All mourning for the past?

High in the holy heavens,
 A Pearl of price untold
 Shines brighter far than rubies,
 More precious than fine gold.
 It can not fade or perish—
 Can never pass away;
 It is a hope in Jesus,
 A trust in God alway! M. A. L.
 FARMINGTON, Ct.

ELSIE'S SUMMER ADVENTURES.

LIZZIE MORTON was a room-mate of Elsie's at boarding-school. She loves our darling cousin dearly, and though she is much the older, likes to have Elsie always with her. She has invited her many times, but this summer she came herself to see us all, and begged Uncle Hiram to spare Elsie for a little while to go home with her. Her sweet voice and winning ways were powerful charms, and she bore our little cousin off in triumph.

The journey was a long one, and Elsie was half asleep, on the evening of the second day, when Lizzie roused her, exclaiming, "Elsie, Elsie! get your bag ready—here we are, just stopping at the last station, and I'm sure I see brother Charles on the platform!"

Just then the cars stopped, and a young man, whom Lizzie called Charles, came in and welcomed her home.

"Is this your friend Elsie?" asked he, kindly shaking the little girl's hand. "I am very glad you were at last successful, and have brought her with you. We'll have fine times together I promise you, Miss Elsie."

All this time, he had been taking up the shawls, baskets, and bags; and now giving his hand to Elsie, he led her out of the car, saying, "Lizzie knows the way, so you are my charge."

When fairly seated in the carriage,



Elsie laid her head wearily back, and while the brother and sister talked, she watched the long rows of lights in the streets, and the brilliantly illuminated shop-windows. Charles caught her in his arms, when the carriage stopped, and carried her up the long pathway to the house, where Mrs. Morton was waiting upon the steps. "Here, mother, is Lizzie's Elsie, tired as she can be," he exclaimed, and putting her gently down, ran back for the bags, etc. Elsie did not know just what to do at this,

unceremonious treatment. She had always seemed older than she was, and her quiet, lady-like manner led people to treat her not quite like a child. It was a long time since any one but Harry, or Uncle Hiram, would have thought of running off with her in his arms. She had not much time for such thoughts, for in a moment Lizzie came running up the steps. "Why, Elsie," she cried, "Charley spirited you off before I had time to think. You'll have to get used to his queer, quick ways, and then you'll love him dearly."

"Will she, indeed?" said Charley, coming behind his sister and stopping her with a kiss. "You had better not stay here to discuss brother Charley, but go in and rest, get some tea, and go to bed. It will require at least a day to canvass my merits."

Elsie was quite as tired as Charley supposed, and fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. When she awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly into her window. She sprang up immediately, and began to dress. In a moment the door opened, and Lizzie looked in. "I thought I heard you moving," she said. "I have just finished dressing myself."

"But it's *very* late, Lizzie, is it not?" said Elsie. "Why did you let me sleep so long?"

"What a rueful face, Elsie!" cried Lizzie, laughing. "I should think you imagined yourself at boarding-school again, trembling for fear of that six-o'clock bell."

"Oh, no, Lizzie," exclaimed Elsie;

"that's impossible in this very pretty room."

"It isn't much like the uncarpeted floors and bare rooms we've been used to, is it?" said Lizzie. "This was sister Fanny's room before she was married, and mine is just opposite, and our sitting-room is between them. Oh, such a comfort as that room is! We shall have such quiet times there!"

"But has not the breakfast bell rung?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, indeed, long ago; but I arranged that with mother last night. We are to have breakfast together, whenever we want it, to-day. I knew we should be too sleepy to be punctual."

Mr. Morton's house overlooked the bay, while far, far away one could see the blue ocean. The busy town streets, with their rows of shops, the wharves, the ships, and even the more quiet avenues, with their stately houses, were all new to Elsie. She could amuse herself for hours, seated in the deep window-seat of Lizzie's sitting-room, watching the boats skimming hither and thither over the bright waters of the bay, or counting the white sails in the distance, as the vessels entered or went out of the harbor.

She was not left much to herself, however. Lizzie had numerous friends, who seemed to think that no picnic, sail, or party of any kind could be had without her; and Elsie was always her companion.

"Girls," said Arthur one evening at tea, "tis proposed to go on an island party to-morrow, to one of the outside

islands—Kanadeck, I believe—will you go?"

"I had heard nothing about it," said Lizzie. "'Tis rather short notice."

"Oh, 'tis the young men's plan. They are coming round to invite every one in form this evening. We have been making all arrangements this afternoon. It was not thought of till this morning."

"Is Charley going?" asked Mrs. Morton. "I am always afraid of these excursions on the water. But if he goes, I shall feel more like trusting Lizzie and Elsie, he knows so well all the danger, and has so much skill in such matters."

"Here he comes," said Arthur, as Charles' light, quick step was heard. "Of course he is going. Who ever heard of his staying away from any such affair?"

Charles was going, of course. He was on the committee of invitation, and could scarcely stay a moment, having quite a large list to invite. He only came home to tell Elsie, that he should insist on her going, and claimed her as his special charge.

"Well, Charley has settled the matter, I see," said Mrs. Morton, as he went out. "I hope the plan is, to be at home early."

"Oh, mother, you are always so afraid of the water! Just think how many excursions we have taken, and never had the least mishap," said Lizzie.

"Yes, but you stay out so late that I am always anxious."

"I wish I could promise you that

this party would be an improvement in that respect, mother," said Arthur; "but the very charm of the thing is, that we are to sail home by moonlight."

"I always hate to go on such parties, and feel that you are in constant anxiety, mother," said Lizzie. "Perhaps we had better give this up."

"No, indeed, Lizzie," said Mrs. Morton. "I see Elsie's face grow grave at the very thought. No doubt you will return as safely as before. It is a constant fear of mine, and you would never go, if you waited for me to feel easy about it."

So it was settled that they should go. Lizzie and Elsie went off to prepare their island attire—for they were to start early in the morning—and Arthur remembered that he still had some arrangements to make, being one of the committee on refreshments.

The sun rose bright and beautiful. Lizzie and Elsie were ready in good season. The boats were to start from a private pier, in the upper part of the town, quite near Mr. Morton's, so that most of the party could easily walk to it.

The pier presented a busy, gay scene as they approached. Several boats were in waiting; some fifty or sixty gentlemen and ladies were gathered in groups on the shore. Such an array of shawls, baskets, hampers, and eatables of all sorts, in every imaginable shape, were never seen before.

It took some time to load the boats, with passengers and freight in due proportion. At length all was done, and

the last boat left the pier, under the guidance of Charles Morton.

It was quite a mixed company. A very few were as young as Elsie; for some whole families, father, mother, and children, were there—so that every one had choice of companions.

The sail was delightful. The bay was smooth as glass, and when they reached the islands that skirted it, and wound in and out between them, the scene was varied and charming. Sometimes the boats were near enough to each other for conversation, and sometimes the foremost ones would disappear behind a jutting point, and be lost entirely to sight. At last the island of their destination appeared in view, and beyond, the broad, unbroken ocean.

A difficulty now arose. The water near the shore was too shallow for the boats to approach, and there was no place where the party could land without running the risk of a wetting.

“There is ‘Diamond Cove’ on the other side of this island,” said Charley Morton, “I propose we try there, perhaps we can get nearer the shore.”

No sooner said than done, and every voice was raised in exclamations of delight, as rounding the weather-beaten cliffs of “White Head” they shot into the “cove.” The water, clear as crystal, revealed every treasure of its glassy depths, and the pebbles on the bottom glittered like diamonds. Two high, rocky headlands guarded the entrance to the bay, while within the green shores sloped gradually downward to a white, sandy beach.

But amid all these beauties, the attention of all the party was fixed on the distant shore. The woods seemed alive with wild, fantastic figures, dancing, running, leaping, screaming, making the old woods ring with their shouts. It was an Indian encampment.

“I declare,” exclaimed Arthur Morton, “the Indians are beforehand with us! How long do you think they have been here, Charley?”

“Not long; for I was here last week,” answered his brother. “They have chosen a beautiful place for their summer home, and



I think we shall have to make them useful."

So saying, he gave a shrill whistle, and with a motion of his hand signified to the Indians that he wished their help in getting on shore.

At the first appearance of the boats the revelry on shore had ceased. The women and children had disappeared in the deeper shade of the woods, while many of the men were watching the approach of the new-comers.

At Charley's signal, two stalwart, fierce looking men hastened to the shore, each with a canoe on his head, which he launched and paddled to the boats. As they drew near, Charles whispered to the company that he knew

one shoulder—the other, with his breast being bare, and ornamented with wampum strings, a huge steel plate, like a buckler, and many little charms. His beaded belt and gaudy moccasins, with the single lock of hair on the top of his head, woven with a few showy feathers into a tuft five or six inches high, distinguished him from the rest of the tribe.

"Ah! Miannotto," said Charles Morton, "we are in trouble; can you land us on shore?"

"Ugh," replied the Indian, "me take squaw safe."

Now as these canoes are light as cork and very easily upset, it requires great skill to manage them, and perfect



the foremost man, as chieftain of a tribe which often made the islands their summer home, and enjoined on all to treat him with respect.

Though half afraid, Elsie could not help watching the chief with the greatest interest. He was a noble Indian. A blanket of various colors hung over

quietness on the part of the passengers. The ladies were about to shrink from trusting themselves in the frail boat alone; but Charles courteously accepted the kind offer of the Indian, and immediately proposed that Lizzie should go first with her brother Arthur.

"No, no," replied Miannotto, "squaw

first;" and motioning Arthur back, signed to Elsie to take her place by Lizzie; then, telling them to lie still, very still in the bottom of the canoe, he pushed off to the shore, and in a moment the two girls were standing alone on the beach. The other canoe soon brought them company; but not one man would the Indians take, until all the ladies were landed. This was Indian gallantry.

Besides the two Indians who thus assisted our party, not one of the tribe, male or female, came down to the shore to meet them.

As many of the party had never seen an encampment before, the first thing was to pay a visit to the wigwams. Charles took Elsie by the hand, and then, offering his arm to Lizzie, led them round the encampment. On a fallen tree near by, sat two women, one a very beautiful girl about sixteen. She said her name was Margaret. A white lady, some years before, had visited the tribe, and given her many presents, and this name. Her Indian name was Netoka. She was busily working a basket of porcupine quills. Elsie lost all fear in the presence of this gentle girl, and seating herself beside her, tried to learn how the work was done, which pleased Netoka so much that she gave Elsie a little box which she had just finished, while Charles engaged to buy the basket for his mother, as soon as it was ready.

At length all the party, who were strolling in separate groups over the island, were reminded, by a long bugle note, that dinner-time had arrived.

Preparations had been made for a sumptuous repast. A large rock, flat and smooth, served for a table, whereon appeared a rich variety of inviting things. In the centre was the indispensable chowder, made of fish just caught from the rocks, and cooked on the spot. There were not half plates enough, to be sure, but their place was well supplied by clam-shells, large leaves, or pieces of slaty rock.

It was a merry scene and a joyous feast. There had been enough of exertion during the day to insure a good appetite to all, and they did ample justice to the off-hand cookery. After dinner, while some were appointed to dispose of the fragments, and pack the baskets, others threw themselves on the grass in little groups, telling stories, singing songs, and forgetting every thing else in the pleasure of the moment.

Suddenly they were startled by a loud peal of thunder. "We shall have a storm," cried one; "can we get home first?"

"No, indeed," said Charles Morton, the sailor of the party; "don't you see it coming?" and he pointed to the black cloud which was hurrying toward them.

"Perhaps it will be only a squall, and if we have bright moonlight after it, we shall not mind," said one.

"But how escape drenching here?" asked another.

"Go back to the Indians; and the ladies, at least, can be sheltered in the wigwams, or under the canoes," was Arthur's proposition.

Instantly every one was on the move.

The Indians received this sudden addition to their household as silently and indifferently as they did every thing else; but they quietly gave shelter to every one, and that was all that was asked.

The storm passed without doing any harm to the party on the island, but it was followed by a dense fog, so common to the coast, and it was evidently impossible to attempt going home while that lasted.

"What shall be done?" asked Charles Morton, when he had assembled the whole company for a consultation. "I am fairly puzzled. This is more than I bargained for—to provide house and home for so many."

"What has become of old Joe Barker's fishing-boat?" asked his brother; "was it on this island?"

"I believe it was," said Charles; "we must explore the whole island, and see what we can find."

"While you are looking up huts, we will go out to the boats and bring back the sails, and such other things as we need; perhaps we can manage to make a hut for ourselves."

Charles soon returned. He had found the hut in pretty good preservation, and was sure that the girls could make it quite comfortable with shawls and cloaks, for our island parties are always prepared for a change of weather. He piloted the party through the woods to the old hut. It was of the rudest kind, but still a most welcome shelter. A large fire was burning in front of the door, by which the new

quarters were soon made dry and cheerful. Those who could not find room in the hut spread a large sail on the ground, and hung another over it for a roof. Shawls, pinned to the sides, served for walls, and the tent was complete. Thus snugly quartered, Lizzie proposed that the ladies should prepare tea. The remains of the dinner were unpacked, put in fine order, and, in the absence of tables and chairs, passed round to the party, all of whom were determined to make the most of their novel and amusing predicament.

There was very little sleeping, of course, that night. The watch-fire burned brightly, and stories, songs, and pleasant talk filled up the swift hours till the dawn.

Meanwhile, all was anxiety in the town. Every one knew that it was impossible to navigate the narrow, crooked passes among the islands in such a fog. Had the party started before the fog appeared? that was the question. Poor Mrs. Morton could not sleep for anxiety, and the moment it was light she was up watching the bay and the distant islands. At length, eager to catch the first glimpse of the returning party, and assure themselves of their safety, she and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. Burton, drove over to the Cape. Here, on the high cliffs, they had a full view of bay and islands. They had not been there long ere the boats appeared, one after the other, skimming swiftly over the waves. Mr. Morton raised his handkerchief on his cane, and waved it toward the boats.

The signal was seen and answered by a loud cheer; and then, clambering down the rocks the watchers drove rapidly homeward.



"There is no harm done, only a little famine in the camp," was Charles Morton's only answer to the many inquiries put to him: "Bring on the breakfast, and please remember hungry men are not very amiable."

No one suffered from the unusual exposure; but whenever an island party is proposed, some one is sure to say, "Yes, yes, if we only could stay all night, and be sure to have as pleasant a time as at Diamond Cove."

Elsie thinks this one of the most remarkable adventures of her summer's visit, and I hope the Merry family will be as much interested in reading it, as we all were when she told it to us.

HANNAH HATCHET.

MY SISTER.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

I REMEMBER well the mound
Where we laid the darling one,
Low in the cold, damp ground,
When her earthly course was done.
How heavenly she looked then,
How beautiful and fair,
As she went back to God again,
Untouched by earthly care.

Two years, two short, bright years,
Did she among us stay,
Then, my eyes grow dim with tears,
For then she passed away.
Gently as dew comes down,
In the bright, starry night,
She went to wear an angel's crown,
And don a robe of light.

What sleeps 'neath yon green sod?
Naught, naught but dust—but clay—
The soul gone home to God
Where it is ever day.
A happier home than this,
Joys that no tongue can tell,
Are hers in that bright world of bliss;
Dear sister, fare-thee-well.

LE ROY, June 27th, 1857.

WITHOUT art a nation is a soulless body; without science, a straying wanderer. Without warmth and light nature can not thrive, nor humanity increase: the light and the warmth of humanity is *art* and *science*.



WELSH AGRICULTURE.

WALES AND THE WELSH.

THERE is a little corner of England—a little, out-of-the-way corner—where the people mix but seldom with the great world, and where they are almost as primitive in their habits as they were centuries ago. I allude to the province of Wales, which is completely hemmed in by mountains, and which embraces some of the finest scenery in the kingdom. The Welsh, however, are by no means an uninteresting people. True, they are “behind the age,” according to our Anglo-American notions. Their system of agriculture does not at all keep pace with the march of civilization among us. They plow, and plant, and cultivate their farms generally much as their ancestors did ages ago. It would amuse you to see the farmers, with their little carts, scarcely

larger than a wheelbarrow, going to market, or bringing their grain and hay from the field to the barn. Still, the character of the Welsh is worth studying for all that. Druidism used to be the religion of the country; and the Druids, you know, had many curious and singular customs. They sacrificed human beings taken as prisoners in war, or condemned to death as criminals. The Druids of Wales were believed to be skilled in magic. They wore long white robes and long beards. Every priest wore suspended from his neck a serpent's egg, inclosed in gold, as a charm against evil. Their principal object of veneration was the mistletoe, when it was found growing on the oak. The great Druidical festival was held on New Year's day, when the mistletoe

plant was cut with the most imposing solemnities. One of the priests ascended the tree and cut the plant with a golden knife, while another stood below to catch the boughs in the folds of his garment. Two milk-white bulls were then sacrificed, and great feasting followed.

The Welsh bards were held in great veneration. They were supposed to be endowed with powers of inspiration.



A WELSH BARD.

They flattered the vanity of the chiefs and their followers by singing the deeds of their ancestry. No public festivity could take place without the presence of one of these bards. The court bard was a domestic official. He held his land free, and was entitled to a horse from the king. He sung at the head of the troops, when they were drawn up in battle.

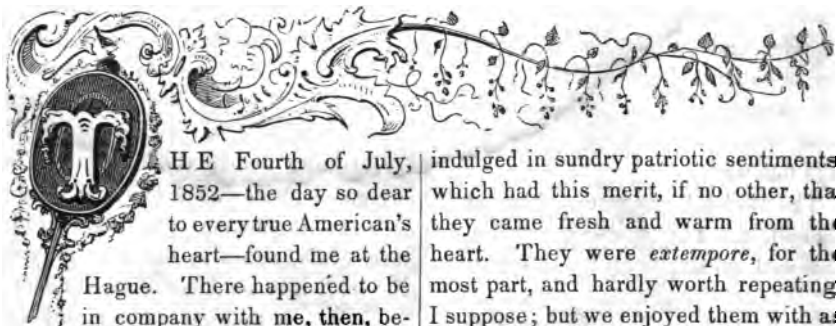
The manners and customs of the Welsh distinguish them at this day from their neighbors, the English. They are extremely national; and though their country is by no means a fertile one, they are strongly attached to their native hills. It is rare to find a Welshman among the immigrants in foreign countries. The belief in witchcraft is still common in Wales. At almost every house in the country you

may see a horse-shoe outside, put there as a charm to keep off the witches in particular, and bad spirits in general. Many old women bear the odium of preventing the cows from giving milk, and making the orchard and corn field unfruitful. A peculiar sort of demon is supposed to exist in this country, called *Knockers*. I wonder if they are at all related to the *Rappers*, now so common in this country. The miners believe that they can hear the knockers under ground, and that their spirits tell where the best

veins in the mining district are. What a foolish superstition!

SCIENCE and sound mind are both gifts; the former of study, the latter of nature. Study is the elevator of mind and feeling, and the interpreter of these is the tongue. The tongue is a small point of a balance, and yet what miracles does it perform!

UNCLE FRANK'S RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.



HE Fourth of July, 1852—the day so dear to every true American's heart—found me at the Hague. There happened to be

in company with me, then, besides my two friends from

Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. Bullions—with whose name every Latin scholar is familiar—his intelligent and agreeable wife, and a young gentleman from Virginia. We were pursuing the business of sight-seeing with all the ardor of genuine Yankees; but we unanimously agreed to let the lions go to the dogs, until we had celebrated, in due form, the day from which we date our national birth. There was something which made the heart thrill with enthusiasm, in the idea of eating an Independence dinner almost within sight of little Delft Haven, the place from which the Mayflower set sail with its true-hearted pilgrims, for a land where they might find “freedom to worship God.” Well, our host of the Hotel *Bellevue* was made to understand how important on this occasion was a good dinner, and he provided one accordingly. It was “every inch” a dinner, I assure you. The veriest grumbler in Christendom would have been puzzled to find fault with it. After the dinner was over, we

indulged in sundry patriotic sentiments, which had this merit, if no other, that they came fresh and warm from the heart. They were *extempore*, for the most part, and hardly worth repeating, I suppose; but we enjoyed them with as keen a relish as we did our dinner. One of them, which I happen to recollect, was in these words: “Our country—the best of all lands on the face of the earth. Its stars are not dimmed by distance. May their lustre never be less.”

This mention of American independence, in connection with Holland, brings to my mind, as it must to yours, the noble part which the Dutch people took, long years ago, when our ancestors in England and Scotland were so shamefully persecuted, on account of their religion, by wicked and intolerant rulers. Long before the period of our revolutionary struggle, multitudes of conscientious men and women, pining for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, looked around them for a safe asylum. They found none on the whole broad continent of Europe, but in Holland. Religious toleration was not known elsewhere, except in our own far-off Western land, then, for the most part, a wilderness. Holland opened her arms

to those of our English ancestors who felt themselves oppressed by the tyranny of the government. The people of Holland had opened their eyes to the great truth, which mankind have ever been so slow to perceive, that in matters of religion, no power on earth has any right to step in between a man and his God. They welcomed to their homes and their hearts many noble spirits from Britain, not a few of whom afterward emigrated to New England, and helped to form those institutions of which the sons and daughters of that section of our Union are so justly proud. All honor to Holland for thus affording an asylum to some of the bravest and best men which ever lived, at a time when they most needed such an asylum.

Having said as much as this in praise of the Dutch, I am moved to say a little more in the same strain, and I do it because I am afraid that, leaning somewhat toward the common habit of writers about Holland, I may unintentionally caricature the Dutch character. I confess myself not to be an idolater of the Dutch; nay, possibly I may take a little, a very little, too much delight in listening to Diedrich Knickerbocker's inimitable witticisms touching them. But for all that, I must not shut my eyes to what there is high and noble, heroic and grand, in their character. No one can read their history, certainly no one can read it after visiting their country, and seeing for himself what they have done, and fail to acknowledge that some of the elements of true great-

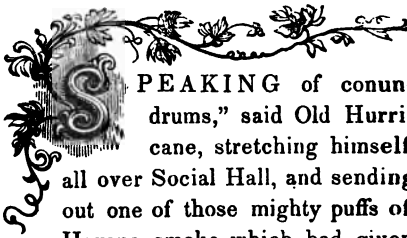
ness have been exhibited on the soil of Holland, more illustriously than elsewhere on the face of the earth. They, like us, struggled, and struggled hard, for their independence, liberty, patriotism. What genuine love of country, what heroism, what self-forgetfulness were shown there, by those stern patriots, when defending their homes against a foreign foe! ay, and what brilliant success, too, followed their efforts! For many years Holland was perhaps the very greatest commercial nation on the globe. She entirely monopolized one very large branch of foreign trade. Then see, too, what she has had to contend with in order to secure the soil from the custody of its great enemy, the sea. You know something of the dykes of Holland, but you can form no just idea of the magnitude of these works without visiting them. It is by means of these dykes, and the multitudes of canals which form a network all over the country, that there is any land at all in Holland fit for a civilized man to live on. The Dutch *made* their country in the strictest sense of the term. Only think how strong these dykes must be made, to prevent the sea from making a breach in them. Some of you have seen the waves of the ocean dash against the rocks, when the wind was blowing a gale. Just so the waves sometimes dash against the dykes in Holland. You may get some little idea of the force of these waves, when you recollect that, at high tide, the water outside the dykes is some twenty or thirty feet higher than the

land on the inside of them. The stones used in building these enormous dykes—for Holland is as destitute of stones as Ireland is said to be of snakes—were nearly all brought from Norway. Take every thing into consideration, the dykes of Holland, with the system of draining the country, are almost unparalleled achievements. Look, for a moment, at the canals, and the engines for raising the water. The cost of the hydraulic works alone has been estimated at fifteen hundred millions of dollars, and the annual expense of keeping them in order, at nearly two millions. And Holland, we must bear in mind, is a small country. It contains only about six millions of acres, and, I believe, only some three millions of inhabitants.

The draining of Haarlem Lake was a great triumph of human skill and industry. This work has only recently been completed. Haarlem Lake was about thirty miles in circumference, and its area was upward of forty-five thousand acres. It was not wanted. The people thought its room would be better than its company. So they set their wits to work to drain it, and make dry land of its bed. It was a great enterprise. The contents of the lake were estimated at one thousand million tons. Great engines were set in motion, worked by steam, for the purpose of pumping the water out of this lake. It took a long time, as you may suppose, to do the work. But it was done. When I visited it, a great part of the site once covered with water was un-

der cultivation. It is now entirely dry, and villages are growing up on its bed.

CONUNDRUMS.

PEAKING of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name, "can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," said Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size," (sighs,) modestly pouponded Mr. John Smoothly.

"When she's *tender to a man of war*," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When she's struck back by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

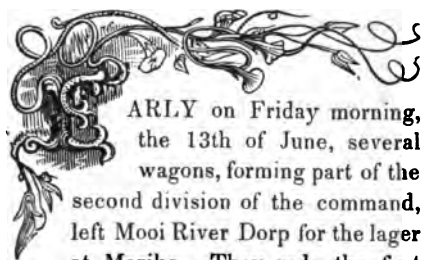
"Not as yet," said Old Hurricane. "Come, hurry along!"

"When she *makes much of a fast sailor*," cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored, Old Hurricane "propelled" again.

"You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down after a smack,' or 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—when she's attached to a *buoy*."

FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY A LION.



EARLY on Friday morning, the 13th of June, several wagons, forming part of the second division of the command, left Mooi River Dorp for the lager at Mariko. They rode the first evening as far as Riet Spruit, a noted place for lions. Mr. Philip Van Coller and his brother wishing to proceed, in-spanned their wagons about midnight, although they were advised by their companions not to ride before morning.

They had not ridden an hour when the oxen were suddenly frightened. Philip Van Coller jumped off his wagon and endeavored to turn them, but not succeeding in doing so, sprang upon the wagon trap, from which he must have been immediately dragged by a large lion with such force as to break one of the trap rims. He was heard to cry out for

help twice, but in the confusion of the moment was not missed, his brother Adolphe being busy at the time on horseback, endeavoring to stop the oxen, which were going at a fearful rate through the field. With much difficulty he succeeded in doing so, and then returned to look for his missing brother, whose body he found about daybreak; and the lion crouching about twelve yards from it. With a feeling of desperation he leveled his gun and fired at the animal. The aim was good, and as the ball passed right through its head, it fell down on the spot. On coming nearer to his brother's body, the poor man was sadly shocked at its mutilated condition, the lion having carried it a long distance, and then devoured the greater portion. The remains were hastily conveyed to town, and upward of eighty persons attended the funeral.

We have since learned that previous to the oxen becoming frightened, the lion first attacked, without any provocation, Adolphe Van Coller and three other men who were riding on horseback some distance in front of the wagon. Having unfortunately no guns with them, they jumped off their horses and stood between them and the lion. The lion, however, appeared more anxious to attack them than the horses, on which they shouted and threw their hats at him, and afterward fired the grass, when he left them and went to the wagon. The surrounding country being all occupied, the lions appear to have concentrated themselves at this spot, where they are extremely bold.



ROVER.

You're a right good fellow, Rover—
Of that no one can doubt ;
But, tell me honestly, Rover,
What have you been about ?

You have brought my cane from the water ;
But—how demure you look !
As if you had run athwart a
Sea-serpent in the brook.

Or, did that sweet water-lily
Make love to your tender heart ?
And did you feel so silly
That you did not like to part ?

Or, was it that screaming goose, there,
Reminded you of dinner,
And you thought, if you were loose, there,
You'd try what stuff was in her ?

Look up, old Rover, and tell me
What did you find in the brook :
For a certain poet once found there,
If we may believe him, a book.

But poets are not to be trusted
By hoary heads or youth ;
They are too much given to dreaming,
And not too much to truth.

Did a snapping turtle vex you ?
Did an eel twist round your tail ?
Did a snag or a trout perplex you ?
Did you think it a shark or a whale ?

Why, Rover ! I am quite astounded ;
It is not at all like you,
At any trifling vexation,
To look so glum and blue.

Ah ! now your tail is wagging,
And your eye is clear and free,
And you look as if you could grapple
With all the sharks in the sea.

Now, give me my cane—I'll try you ;
There, jump and fetch it—jump quick !
Aha ! my gallant fellow !
You are fully up to the trick.

You are wide awake, old Rover,
And all alive with pluck,
And ready for single combat
With snag, shark, whale, or duck.

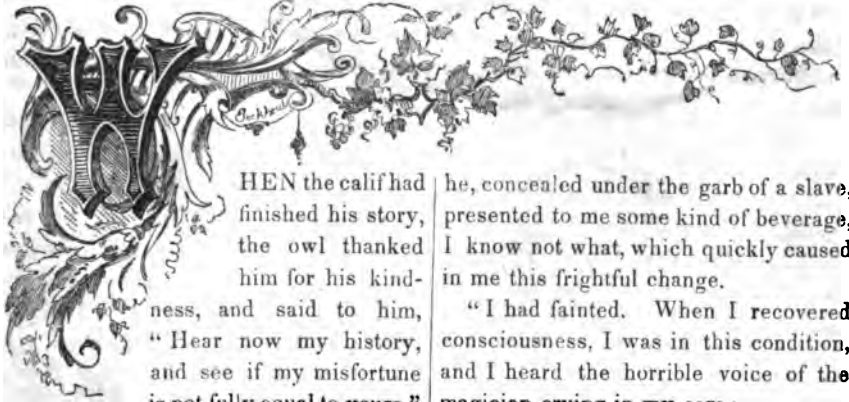
And wo to the vagrant squirrel,
Or the unprotected goose,
That makes too bold a venture
When Rover is a-loose.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE STORK-CALIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY MRS. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER IV.



WHEN the calif had finished his story, the owl thanked him for his kindness, and said to him, "Hear now my history, and see if my misfortune is not fully equal to yours."

"My father is one of the most powerful kings of India, and I, his only and too unfortunate daughter, was formerly called the Princess Lusa. The same magician who transformed you, also plunged me into my misfortune. Relying upon the terror which his infamous science usually inspires, he dared to come one day to my father's court, and to demand me in marriage for his son Mirza. Indignant at such audacity from a vile juggler, my father commanded the wretch to be thrown from the top of the palace. Kaschnur escaped, but he swore to be revenged.

"A little while afterward the wretch, who could change his appearance according to his wish, glided in unperceived among the persons who waited upon me, and one summer's evening, as I was walking in my garden with the intention of taking some refreshments,

he, concealed under the garb of a slave, presented to me some kind of beverage, I know not what, which quickly caused in me this frightful change.

"I had fainted. When I recovered consciousness, I was in this condition, and I heard the horrible voice of the magician crying in my ears :

"You shall remain thus to the end of your life, disfigured, hideous, a terror even to animals themselves, at least until some one is found, who of his own free will, and in spite of your repelling appearance, shall consent to marry you. Thus I am revenged upon you and your haughty father."

"Since that time many months have passed ; and the sad victim of an infamous magician, I have wandered in these solitary ruins, an object of aversion and disgust to everything that lives. Oh ! if I could but enjoy the sight of beautiful nature ! but, alas ! I am blind during the day, and it is only when the silver moon sheds upon the earth her faint light, that my eyes are freed from the thick veil that covers them."

The owl finished speaking, and again wiped her eyes with the end of her

wings, for the relation of her misfortunes caused her tears again to flow.

While the princess was speaking, the calif had fallen into a deep reverie.

"If I am not mistaken," said he, "there is a common link between us unfortunate beings, but how shall we find the key to this enigma?"

"My lord," replied the owl, "I think the same I have already told you, that long ago, a kind of magician predicted that a stork should bring great happiness to me at some future time. Well! I believe I have an idea which might assist us in escaping from this frightful labyrinth."

"Explain yourself," cried the calif, anxiously.

"The magician who has caused our misfortunes comes once a month to these ruins. Not far from here is a spacious parlor, where he and his friends assemble for their nightly revels. I have very often watched them there. It may happen, said I to myself suddenly, that during some of these times, Kaschnur may let fall from him the word you have forgotten."

"Oh, my dear princess!" exclaimed the calif, "tell me quickly, when does he come? Where is the parlor?" The owl hesitated a moment, and then replied,

"Do not be angry, my lord, but before I can assist you in obtaining your deliverance, I must add a condition."

"Speak, speak quickly," cried the impatient calif; "command me, I am all ready."

"I can, as far as I am concerned, be

delivered immediately, but this can not be done," added she, modestly lowering her large yellow eyes, "unless one of you shall offer me your hand."

This proposal rather disconcerted the two storks, and the calif touching the vizier with his wing, drew him aside, and spoke to him.

"Grand vizier, this is a foolish business, but I depend upon your assistance in order to get ourselves out of it."

"Indeed," replied Manzour, "my beloved wife would be vexed enough when I should return home; and besides, I am an old man; but you, my lord, you are young and unmarried, you are just the one for a handsome young princess."

"Ah, that's the difficulty," said the calif, leaning upon his wing. "How do you know that she is young and handsome? We shall buy a pig in a poke, as they say."

They conversed together some time; finally, when the calif perceived that his grand vizier would rather remain forever a stork than to marry the owl, he resolved himself to fulfill the condition she imposed.

Transported with joy at this assurance, the owl confessed to them that they could not have arrived at a more seasonable time, for in truth the magician and his friends would come that very night to their accustomed place of meeting; so, leaving their retreat, she guided the birds toward the spot where their fate would be decided.

After having followed her a few moments through a gloomy corridor, a

brilliant light suddenly shone through a broken wall. The owl then recommended the two birds to keep a strict silence, and they all continued carefully to advance as far as the opening through which the light gleamed, and which was large enough to allow them to observe at a distance all that was transpiring on the other side.

In the center of a vast parlor, somewhat less dilapidated than the rest of the castle, and which was brilliantly illuminated, stood a large round table loaded with meats and wines of all sorts. Eight men, splendidly dressed, sat around this table, reclining upon rich sofas; and the hearts of the two storks beat loudly, when they recognized among them the pretended merchant who had sold them the magic powder.

The feast continued a long time. The night was almost spent, and our two unfortunate friends heard nothing which related to them. They began to despair. Half of the guests were sleeping, and the other half, wearied with eating and drinking, were preparing to do the same, when the neighbor of the pretended merchant touched him on his elbow, saying,

"Well, Kaschnur, tell us of your last exploits, what have you been doing for us?"

The latter, without more entreaties, immediately related a long list of infamous deeds, among which was the history of the calif and his vizier.

"And what was the word that you gave them?" interrupted the magician.

"A paltry Latin word," replied the

latter, laughing at his own exploits, "and moreover one which is not easily remembered: **MUTABOR.**"

—

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR.

"KIND lady, don't you want to buy
A spool or two of cotton?
It's colored, and it's good and strong,
And 't isn't no ways rotten."

Thus said a poor old woman, who
Had all her "stock in trade"
(Consisting of ten colored spools)
In a small basket laid.

"Now," said that lady to herself,
"Of all the things we do with,
There's nothing I dislike so much
As colored thread to sew with!"

And so she slowly shook her head,
And said, "No—none to-day."
The woman gave her one sad look,
Then turned to go away.

"Yet stay," the lady cried, then said,
"I haven't *much* to give;
But if all persons treat her so,
How will the poor thing live?"

So then she called the woman in,
And bade her take a seat,
And bought some spools, and asked her if
She'd have some bread to eat.

The stranger quickly answered "Yes,"
And, with a grateful look,
Of bread and butter, meat and tea,
She eagerly partook.

And soon with lightened heart and step
She passed upon her way,
For Charity about her path
Had shed a cheering ray.

May grace and mercy, truth and love,
Rich blessings, firm and sure,
Be showered on that woman who
"Considereth the poor." AUNT SUE.

SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.

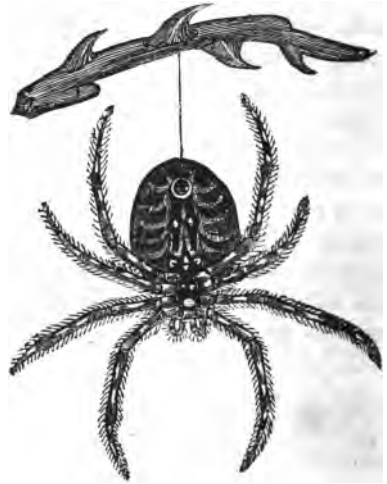


JOB RANNEY was a Job in every thing but study. To him a lesson was a job, while almost every thing else was fun. For cricket, hide-and-seek, skating, robbing orchards, and playing truant, he had a real genius, but none at all for books. Give him a river to ford or swim, an acre or two of potatoes to hoe, or a hen-roost to rob, and he would do it up in a trice, and without grumbling; but put a book in his hand, or a slate, and he would drop the corners of his mouth, and look as glum as if he had lost his last friend.

His mother was going to ride on the beach, and Job might have gone with her, but he had spent all his time in making flourishes and drawing uncouth pictures on his slate, without trying a single figure of his sum. Job was sadly tried—not a crab or a clam was more at home on the beach than he. He scratched his head, as an anxious hen

does the ground, as if figures were worms, and he could get at them with his nails. He never thought of thinking, and so there he sat all the afternoon, wondering why his sum was not done, and sure that, if it ever was done, it would have to do itself.

After some time, his attention was drawn to an enormous spider, who was industriously at work upon his web, and he left his own figures to watch the figuring of the spider. He was spreading his net across one corner of the window, and very ingenious he was at the work. Job thought he must understand figures



better than he did, or he could not make his lines meet so nicely. Then he wondered where he got all his thread. It seemed to reel out from an endless spool, which was out of sight. And then he wondered how he fastened his lines, for he tied no knots. And so he wondered till the hour was past.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

ALL *aboard!* cries the conductor, and now we are off again. Two miles and we have crossed the Delaware, and are now in Pennsylvania. The road lies in Pennsylvania about 30 miles to Narrowsburg, and follows the course of the Delaware to Deposit, 76 miles. The whole distance from Port Jervis to Deposit is a wild, rough country. The valley is very narrow much of the way; the river is hemmed in with lofty hills, springing from the water's edge, and in some cases rising almost perpendicularly. For 20 miles after crossing the river, the railroad is built into the hill-side, supported by solid stone masonry, from 70 to 100 feet above the water, and the high hill rising abruptly on the opposite side of the road. The Delaware and Hudson Canal follows the course of the same river, on the other side, from Port Jervis to Lackawaxen, 25 miles, and is built into the bed of the river for want of room on its bank, and the hill rises high above. The hills on either side of the river are 200 to 300 feet high, and so steep that it is impossible to ascend them except by a very circuitous course, and in all cases so near the river that the villages which have sprung up at the railroad stations, climb the hills for a foothold. But once upon the hills, you find farms of the best of grazing lands, and abounding in springs of water.

We might have seen the places made interesting by frontier struggles with the Indians during the Revolutionary

War—for this was then the frontier—but we have no time now, for we are already at Deposit. And hark! the whistle screams, and conductor calls, "All aboard!" and we take to the hills again.

"Over the hills and far away."

See how we skirt the hill-side! These are the highlands between the Delaware and the Susquehanna, and once more we are in Pennsylvania; and then you see Susquehanna station, but you can't see the high stone bridge with its arches of solid mason-work; and here we are at the station and above the village, above the church-steeple, and so high that we can almost look down the chimneys, and on the other side, a new part of the village as high above us. And look back now; you can see the bridge, 200 feet above the river. But here we are at the end of what is called the Delaware Division, and here we change horses again, 96 miles from Port Jervis in 3 hours and 45 minutes.

Through most of this Delaware Division, deer and other game are abundant, and the kills have abundance of trout and other fish. Perhaps I ought to explain: they have rivers, brooks, and creeks in New England, and rivers and branches in the Southern States; but here they have, besides rivers, only kills, which is the old Dutch for a small stream. The rivers, hills, valleys, towns, etc., have each some peculiar interest to the traveler. But we go so fast, we can see but little of them.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

We hope none of our young friends will be discouraged, because they do not see all they send us in the Chat. We wish to encourage every one to write. But it is impossible to make room for all—and especially for *long* letters, *long* enigmas, or any thing else—that is *long*. Our budget is very large, every month. We cull from it in the best way we can, cutting down unmercifully almost every letter, and taking liberty to alter, wherever we can make room by it; and yet all are welcome, and none should keep back. We have a large number of enigmas, charades, etc., which have been accumulating for months, and which require so much space, that we are obliged to lay them aside for “a more convenient season.”

N. B.!!—*Please take very particular notice!!!*—Gems are never very large. The most valuable things are done up in small parcels. Brevity is the soul of wit. The fewer words you use, the more clearly will your thought shine out.

GENESEO, July 13th, 1857.

DEAR AUNT AND UNCLES:—I had thought that, as the “Chat” was growing so rapidly, it would be no more than fair for some of us, who had been so kindly offered a seat in the “circle,” to make room for other cousins who would like to see their letters in print. But the *more* the letters you receive, the *more* room there seems to be for *more*. I wish to ask W. F. O. if he ever lived in this town. His initials look familiar.

What a noble prize is offered to the *Merrys!* and how the thousand-and-one cousins will puzzle their equal number of craniums, to originate a puzzle that will be the puzzle.

FRIEZE.

You will do your part, of course, Fritz. By shortening your name a little, you can give them all fits.

CHARLESTOWN, June 27, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I thank you for your kind welcome. You shall hear from me often. The 17th here was rather dark, but the procession was very large, notwithstanding. The military formed a grand feature in the display.

Since then, one of our companies has resolved to adopt a new uniform, exactly like the “Washington Greys” of your city. You say you have already had one correspondent, “Bay State,” so, with your permission, I will sign myself “BUNKER HILL.”

“Bunker Hill,” or “Bay State,” it matters not, so that you are true to the good old way of “the fathers.”

CASTALIAN SPRINGS, SUMNER Co., TENN.,
May 5th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—How glad I was when I received my CABINET for April! At first I did not think it was for me, because I saw MERRY'S MUSEUM at the top; but I soon saw that the two magazines had been united. The design is very pretty, and this is the most interesting number I have ever received. How I long to see the May number! You say, “I trust you will none of you allow your interest in the *Puzzler's Drawer* to flag in the least.” Never fear on that score, Uncle Frank. I like all of the CABINET very much, but most of all the Monthly Table-Talk and the *Puzzler's Drawer*. I like to work at the puzzles very much, and I tried very hard on the then “Unsolved Enigma;” but is it now solved, and I can hardly keep from envying the Schenectady boy. Your affectionate nephew,

CHARLEY WATERS.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—We shall have to be careful, or we shall scare our new cousins into the other side of the room by our battles of words. I propose that a truce be made till next January. Of course this letter will go into that dreaded basket, as I presume the other one I wrote before did.

I send a welcome to our new cousins, and am glad to have them join us in our parlor. It must have required a great deal of patience for Edward Winslow Page to get out that enigma. I congratulate Malcolm, of Baltimore, on his success in getting out the prize sentence. But that rule comes before my eyes, and I must stop. Your affectionate friend,

ALICK.

E. W. HILL, June, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I turn from the somewhat dry task of “plowing the classic field,” to enjoy a nice little chat with you. I feel a renewed conviction of the truth of that ancient adage, that “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” Not very applicable

here, though; for I am not Jack, and I hope you won't accuse me of being dull. But just at present I have to study pretty hard, although in three weeks—"Hurrah for vacation!"

But, to change the subject, I wonder if you don't feel any desires countryward at this delightful season. I pity poor Willie Coleman if he is shut up in that dry, dusty, brick city of Hartford. I presume, though, that he is contented enough, for the poor fellow has probably never known any thing better than that same city. Won't you tell him how very much I sympathize with him.

I do love the country; the skies are certainly bluer, the air purer, than anywhere else. With love to Aunt Sue, all the Merrys, Hatches, and Axes, together with our new friends of the CABINET, I sign myself, your devoted niece,
BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

To your "love of the country," amen! As to Willie, he shall speak for himself.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 2, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—You will doubtless be surprised that I have had the temerity to venture into the neighborhood of two of the most *stinging* contributors to the MUSEUM. I allude to Black-Eyes and Alice B. Corner. I have just returned from a trip into the center of the State of Ohio, and am thankful to say that I am still alive. Had I met one of the aforesaid young ladies, the result might have proved otherwise. The idea of hunting up at least Miss B. E. was in my head, but I found another Black-Eyes down in Knox County who pleased me so well, that I concluded not to go to St. Clairsville this time. When I come again I will do so, perhaps, not forgetting Columbus, also.

It might not be amiss to know Miss Eyes' paternal name, as there is a possibility of there being more than one individual answering to the *black* designation. I think, on the whole, I will wait until I get the requisite information before I go to St. C. Yours truly,
WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Temerity? Why, Willie, how could you? You had better remained in "that dry, dusty, brick city," than show yourself so wanting in gallantry. Another "Black-Eyes" in Knox County? Well, you shan't have Mary's name, that's flat. But here she comes. Perhaps you'll get more *knocks* than you like.

HOME, July, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—How d'ye? Ever welcome, the MUSEUM

comes at last. And *what* a Chat! Wonder if Mr. Dash Daggers don't wish he had saved those puns to manufacture prize conundrums with? By the way, Uncle, is *Dash* Daggers a relative of *Star* Daggers? The Chat is nothing but a conglomeration (is that too big a word for me?) of puns, jokes, and popgunnish squibs. Now, there's Willie C——, but I won't say any thing about him. Yet, I'll say one word. You call him a "peace-loving youth." Ask him if he likes sugar or molasses on his pieces best. Sir Charles, *I a'n't*. A visit to Ohio! Good! Won't you go a little way on the National Road, and call? You can go from the Ohio River in an omnibus that connects with the C. O. R.R., 40 miles west. I assure you it will repay you for delay in its beautiful scenery. We are only ten miles from the river. Won't you come?

The prize! Heigho! I never was good at a conundrum, so I can't *hope*. But, to have it to say I *tried*, I send you the first thing I thought of after reading the offer. Where is A. B. C.? If you see her, tell her I heard a description of her a few days since from a mutual acquaintance. If correct, you ought to see her, Uncle. But I must leave. Yours *hugely*,
BLACK-EYES.

Can one person compete for both prizes?
Can one person send *two* conundrums?

Uncle Hiram call? Yes, will he, Willie! If any more of the family "pass by on the other side," let me know it.

You can compete for both prizes, and make as many trials as you please.

QUEEN CITY, June.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am glad to find there is room for one more. I used to put in a word now and then, at the CABINET colloquy, but so many new cousins came in at our last meeting, that I felt much like the Frenchman, when one of his guests remarked, that he had not chairs enough, "Plenty of chairs," said he, "but too much company."

Aunt Sue, did you hear one of the boys speaking impatiently to me? I do not wish to make trouble in our happy family, so I will not tell his name out before the cousins. But I must tell *you* what he said. "Lillie Dale, I do not see what is the use of your studying Latin. I wonder what use it will ever be to a *girl*?" I wish I could send his nogytype, just to show you how he turned up his nose at that word, *GIRL*!

Now I mean to tell the whole family how I came to study Latin.

One day, as I was skipping home from school,

I observed a young lady, very beautifully dressed, in conversation with a gentleman. I wish I could get a glimpse of her face, thought I. I wonder if she is as pretty as her dress! Just then, I heard her companion say, "And how is your papa, miss?" "I thank you, sir," she replied, "he is convalescent." I never heard the word before, and I wondered what kind of a disease he had, and whether he was suffering as much as little brother did with the scarlet fever. The lady had the sweetest voice imaginable, and I lingered along with the hope of seeing her. But when I heard her break out into a merry laugh, and her poor father confined at home with a convalescence, I thought I should not love her if she was as beautiful as her dresses. I felt very indignant at such a heartless being.

Well, what had that to do with my studying Latin? I am going to tell Aunt Sue in a letter, and if she thinks proper, she may bring out the whole subject at our next meeting. So many of our Merry girls are studying Latin, that no one will suspect that the subject was started by your modest little

LILLIE.

MILWAUKEE, June 7th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—For humanity's sake I beg that Aunt Sue will come to the relief of the peaceably disposed members of your numerous family, myself included, by declaring her identity; for I firmly believe that by so doing she, and she only, can save us from a terrible discussion—in other words, a battle, about that all-important fact—who she is. Will not Aunt Sue give this momentous question an immediate answer? I pause for a reply. Compliments to "Young Sucker," with a hearty shake of the hand.

Your peaceably disposed, but
Ever ready to fight, nephew,
BADGER STATE.

NEW YORK CITY, June 30th, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—I suppose the new prizes will now be the theme. The second I do not exactly understand. By a riddle or puzzle to you mean any difficult question which is not a conundrum? Or is the meaning more limited? If the latter, is it a rebus, or an enigma, or what? Another question. Can one person take both the prizes? Tom's idea is a good one. Can we not put it in immediate requisition? I wonder if Willie C. thinks the MUSEUM is printed in Hebrew, that he begins at the end! Will he please to give the names of his twenty thousand cousins, more or less?

Does he not sometimes go to the reading-room of the Mercantile Library? I have seen his signature, and would like to see him.

JOHN WELDON, JR.

With regard to the riddle, or puzzle, we mean to allow the largest scope for invention. Any difficult question, or proposition, which is not a conundrum, will be admitted to competition.

Any person can try for both prizes.

Tom's idea is too good for a hurry.

Willie, you are challenged.

WINFIELD, June 8th, 1857.

MR. MERRY—Dear Sir: I wrote you last spring about my twin chickens. They are just as white as ever, and look so near alike you can not tell them apart. I think they would make a fine addition to Mr. Barnum's happy family. I have a rooster, of the Cochon China breed, perfectly white, with a singularly formed comb. He is very proud of his lady hens. They now have chickens. Mr. Chanticleer seemed so pleased with them, and paid them so much attention, I thought I would let him try his hand at bringing them up. So I shut up mother hen for a few days, and, if you will believe it, father chanticleer makes one of the best of mothers. He scratches for them, clucks to them, broods them, and seems very attentive to all their wants. He is the funniest fellow I ever saw. I think he deserves the premium, for I am sure his like can not be found in Herkimer County.

Yours with esteem,

H. H. WAITE, JR.

LEBANON, WARREN CO., OHIO,
July 6th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am so glad you said that I might come now and join the Merry family. It ought to be a merrier family now, because, "the more the merrier," you know. But please do not introduce me to any but the little ones. I can't see how you get time to attend to such a large family; I suppose we will have to take turns, as we do in recitations at school.

We are reading in Revelations, at family worship; and there are so many sevens, I think there must be something curious about it. Will you please explain in the MUSEUM?

If you please, Mr. Merry—I don't care a fig who Aunt Sue is—only I would just like to jump on her lap and steal a kiss.

Please accept many for that you sent me.

I send my love to all the family. Can't

Aunt Sue come when you do? We should be so glad to see you. AGNES H.

There is something curious about the number 7, as used in the Bible. But there is not room to speak of it here. At some other time, Agnes, you shall hear what we have to say about it.

Thank you, dear Agnes, Aunt Sue shall be invited. You are not the only one who would give her a hearty welcome. Here comes another.

BLAKELY, July 7th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Doubtless you will bid farewell to peace, quietness, and good order, in the Chat, as soon as your visual organs rest upon my euphonic patronymic; but I want some fun, and the MUSEUM is the best place I know of where the real article is to be found; so here I am. "Willie," "Alice," "Black-Eyes," and dear "Aunt Sue," I am rejoiced to see you. What is on the tapis now? Show me the lions. Where is "Bay State," my ancient foe, "R. W. It.," and a host of others? Introduce me to the new constellations that have arisen since I retired from public life; and excuse me if I seem rather antiquated, for verily I am so. Wait, Uncle Robert, there is one person I wish to have a special introduction to, "Sigma." Will you gratify me? I'll be very good and polite.

Yours truly, LAURA.

"Laura" is formally introduced to "Sigma" and all the "new constellations," as she was formerly to the old ones. Happy to see you, ancient Laura. But, none of your ancient pranks; if you do, we set Aunt Sue upon you.

Scio, June 15, 1857.

MR. WOODWORTH—Dear Sir: I like your CABINET AND MUSEUM very much indeed, but have never had any time to get out the puzzles and enigmas, as I work in the mill, and have to keep busy from morning till night. I should like very much to be considered as your nephew. I like the Table Talk very much, and often wish that I could have a seat with the rest of the nephews and nieces, and partake of the good cheer there provided.

WILLIAM W.

KINGSBORO', N. Y., June 9th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—You said in your last number of the MUSEUM that you wanted Cabe to give his name in full, and instead of being called a girl I should like to be a boy,

and to be called so, too. But when am I to hear from Nipp? I am in a great fidget to hear from him; he is one of the best subscribers to the MUSEUM in my eyes. I wish that I were as good as he is. Now, Mr. Merry, don't call me a girl again. After this I shall sign my name
C. W. J.

We wanted your name, in full, only that we might credit the dollar you sent to the right person. It is all right now. But, what will "Nipp" say? She, doubtless, "would like to be a girl, and to be called so, too." But we leave her to stand up for the sex.

ABERDEEN, Miss., July 8th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—We think the CABINET has improved by its union with the MUSEUM, and no doubt it will become more popular when it is better known. We live in a fine town, and our place would please you, I know it would; its name is "Evergreen." Cedars, and pines, and varieties of the box, wild peach, live oak, cape, jessamine, oleander, etc., with many kinds of perpetual roses and choice fruits, make it a very sweet home. I do wish you would come and bring Aunt Sue to see us. O how we would all be pleased!

Your little niece, MARY W. P.

Yes, Mary, we will do all but impossibilities to get there.

ODGENSBURGH, July 10, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY.—We had a great turnout here on the Fourth. The number of visitors was estimated at from twenty to twenty-five thousand, besides our own population. The immortal Terribles, composed of the Young America of this place, were the greatest attraction of the day. They marched through all the principal streets, presenting the most ludicrous appearance imaginable. Toward the close of the afternoon, most of the people assembled around and on top of the St. Lawrence Hotel, to hear an oration by Professor Windengaser, the orator of the Terribles. Heads peered from every window, all anxious to hear the great speech. Yours truly,

Geo. B. H.

GUILFORD, ME., June 28, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—"I have come again," just the right time for roses, don't you think so? I was busily engaged in reading the other night, when something dropped over my shoulder. It happened to be the MUSEUM. Seeing my name there, I thought I would call again. We are having a nice time down here for the

Fourth. I wish you could be here, and all your nieces and nephews, too. Tell pussy I have a little pussy at home, and I don't believe but what it is prettier than she is. I don't know, though I think she is as pretty a one as I ever saw. Your friend, EVA REDROSE.

SCHOOL-ROOM, July 7, 1857.

MESSRS. STEARNS & Co. :—Inclosed is my prize money for having the greatest number of perfect lessons at school. I thought I would put it out at interest by investing it in the CABINET. Very respectfully,

SCHUYLER MCA.

EUFALA, June 8, 1857.

MR. MERRY :—It does not seem natural to see the CABINET united with the MUSEUM; it does not look like old times. But I like it just as well, and hope they may long continue together.

CATHERINE ALLAN.

HARD TIMES, June 12, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—I have never sent (I can not say written) a letter to you before. I hope this will not be cast into the "basket." But the orders are, "Short, and to the point." My point is, that I have just received the MUSEUM, and think I have found the answer to Question 102.

Please introduce me to my cousins, and ask them to acknowledge me one of their number. My love to Aunt Sue. Who is she?

GREY-EYED MARY.

KINGSBORO', June 9, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—I am glad there is to be another prize sentence. I hope it will not be very hard, for some of your subscribers are small, among whom is myself. I am also glad to see another hieroglyphical rebus, for I thought they were to be discontinued. I hope you will excuse me for being so late. "Better late than never." With that maxim in my head, I close my letter. Respectfully yours,

EMMIE.

GOVERNEUR, July 11, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—Summoned by that crabbed question, the Violet, who would generally prefer modestly to listen, must come from her retirement to say a few words among the chatters of your monthly debate. How could that honorable gentleman have the audacity to propose so hard a question to vex a female's brains! (they say ladies have not as much talent as gentlemen, but I was never fully persuaded. What do you think about it?) I feared to solve it would require too

many midnight vigils, and acted accordingly. I hope the gentleman will not be too crabbed to excuse me from the task; perhaps he is in the habit of submitting problems which he finds so difficult, to his lady friends for solution; for his encouragement I will say that I think, if he studies long enough and sufficiently deep, he will finally solve it to his own and your satisfaction. Love to all friends. Your friend,

VIOLETTE.

SMITHFIELD, R. I., July 7, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—By what name does Poppun call Mr. Merry? Is it not by the endearing one of father? I am well pleased with the union. You must not let Black-Eyes get at our new friends of the CABINET, for if they are not tougher than some of the Merry boys, she and A. B. C. will crow them out of the yard. That's all this time.

M. LE SMITH.

We have received letters from a large number of our young friends, which it is impossible to give in full. Some of them come too late for answers, some contain questions, puzzles, etc., which have already appeared in the MUSEUM, some are merely complimentary, and we are too modest to send them to the printer, and some are so mixed up—questions, answers, and remarks, all together—that we can not spare time to arrange them. They are all welcome, and we generally get something from every one. We do not mean to find fault with any, but only to explain why all do not appear in print. To the names which follow, we send thanks for the kind feelings they have expressed, and hope we may hear from them whenever they have any thing to say. They are all introduced to the circle, and must make themselves perfectly at home: C. F. W., Edward, E. Wolford, E. L. Hurlbut, Uncle Sam, I. M. Phipps, O. K. Bush, Theron, C. F. Richardson, Josephine Beauharnois, L. F. E., Oliver, Oscar B., Cora D., Edward M. H., W. F. G., Ella M. K., Lizzie M. S., G. B. T., Blue-Eyed Sid, Cousin N., Albert, Susy Perkins, Hattie Hawkeye, W. C. and F. M. S., Ralph Rambler, Sallie, J. C. M., D. B. O. To the last-named we say, that the "Labyrinth" is just as it came to us, and we have no recollection of a "Corinthian Labyrinth." Fanny S. —thank you.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE TALK.

THE TABLE MOVED TO THE WEST.

MOST of my young friends, I suppose, know of my having left home on another Western tour; and they will not be surprised to learn that my monthly table must be provided for in Michigan and Wisconsin.

I wish you could have seen what a pile of letters were waiting for me, when I reached Detroit! I was detained at home a little longer than I anticipated, and some of these letters must have been in the hands of my friend Mr. Raymond for weeks. It gladdened my heart to read them. They were written, I feel confident, by boys and girls who sincerely love Uncle Frank, and who would welcome him cordially to their homes, if he should visit them. Some of these invitations I must certainly accept, though, I fear, not many of them. A large proportion of them are from nephews and nieces living so far from railroad communication, that, however *I may feel inclined*, it will be difficult for me to make such visits.

Where do you think I am writing now? I don't doubt there will be as many different guesses as there are guessers. I am at Green Bay, on one of the fingers belonging this great arm of Lake Michigan. Some of you, no doubt, think I am almost out of the world; but the people here would laugh heartily at such a notion. I found several nephews and nieces here. One family, whose acquaintance I made accidentally, had taken my magazine for a good many years, and had long considered Uncle Frank as an old friend.

The route by which I reached Green Bay presents a great many attractions. From Chicago to Milwaukee I went by steamer; I always take the water in preference to the land, when I have a choice between the two. Your maps will show you the course I took. From Milwaukee to Fond du Lac I went by railroad. Some of the country through which this road passes is very fine, and some of it is uninteresting in the last degree. Fond du

Lac is situated at the head—water runs north here—of Lake Winnebago. It is a thriving town. The people are all wide awake. I was very much pleased both with the people and the place. I am greatly indebted to Dr. Darling, one of the earliest settlers in this part of the country, for the valuable information I gained respecting the town and its vicinity.

It was not my intention, at first, to proceed any farther northward; but while here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Theodore Conkey, of Appleton, at the other end of the lake; and he persuaded me to go home with him, and to get a taste of the beauty of Lake Winnebago and the river. I went. The trip down the lake is delightful. I think the distance from one end to the other is about thirty miles. There are two fine steamers plying between Fond du Lac and Green Bay, forming a daily line. Their names are the *Aquila* and the *Appleton Belle*. They are not large, but they are extremely well adapted for the comfort of passengers. The latter steamer is the one I became most familiar with. Mr. Colton, the clerk, and one of the principal owners, exerted themselves not a little to make my trip a pleasant one, putting me in possession of ever so many interesting facts about matters and things on and around the lake.

I remained at Mr. Conkey's, in Appleton, two days. That I did not stay longer, was certainly not owing to any want of hospitality on the part of this family; for they made me feel quite at home while I may *kill* the time, as they said. But, for my part, I did not want the time killed. The scenery on the river, continually changing and presenting new attractions, made me even wish, sometimes, that there were half a dozen more locks, so that we could stop longer to admire some pleasant landscape. The river presents a succession of abrupt curves, which gives the tourist, ever and anon, a view only of a small section of

water, appearing like a fairy lake. I wish some good artist—he should be a very good one—would give me sketches of some of the finest views on Fox River. I should delight to have them engraved, and present them to my readers.

These northern rivers and lakes, which used to furnish so much for me to marvel at when I was a green boy at school, trying to get into my head the rudiments of geography from Woodbridge and Willard, astonish me more and more as I become personally acquainted with them. My boy, will you go and get your atlas for a moment? There, now; turn to the map of the United States. Look where the great Mississippi throws herself into the arms of the Gulf of Mexico. Take a pencil and trace your way up this mighty river. Do you see where the Wisconsin, one of its smallest branches, comes in? Move along your pencil up that river. You come to a spot where it makes a sudden curve. Now, do you notice another river running northward, which seems to approach very near the Wisconsin? This is the Fox River—the “Upper Fox,” not the lower one which I have just been talking about. There is quite a town situated at the point where these two rivers approach so near.

The name of the town is Portage. One of these rivers flows southward, you see, into the Gulf; and the other, running northward, falls into the great lakes, and so reaches the Atlantic through the St. Lawrence. Now there is a canal, navigable by steamers, connecting these two rivers. So you may trace your way along upward, through the windings of the Upper Fox, now narrow, now expanding into a lake, until you arrive at Lake Winnebago. Now go up the lake, enter the Lower Fox, make your way on to Green Bay. Go on. Trace your way through the lakes down to the ocean. “Well, what of it all?” Why, this—which is an idea so vast that I don't know but it would require half a dozen men of any other nation but ours to take it in—that you can take a steamer at New Orleans and follow the track you have just been pursuing with your pencil, and proceed the whole distance to the mouth of

the river St. Lawrence! I leave you to calculate how many miles of fresh-water navigation you would have to travel to accomplish this voyage. I am sure I can't tell. With the windings of the rivers through which you must pass, the distance must be far greater than that across the Atlantic Ocean. It is only within a few months that this communication was effected, and it is due to the enterprise of a large company, called the Fox River Improvement Company. They have deepened the channels of these rivers, and constructed the canals necessary to make them navigable.

I have two nephews residing in Providence, R. I. I have long been a friend of their father and mother, and last autumn I made them a visit. One of these brothers—for they are brothers—promised me then that he would write to me. He didn't forget his promise, as some boys find it convenient to do. He wrote to me, and here is his letter. You'll see, when you get to the end of it, that he is a pretty smart boy, and that, as he rises so near sunrise, it will be necessary for you to get up pretty early in the morning to answer his questions:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *April 8th, 1857.*

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Jamie and I have found you two new subscribers. I am not very good at finding out the riddles yet, but my big brother has found out some of them. We have had great times at our house lately. Pa, Ma, and I have each had a birth-day anniversary all in one week. My age is one third of Ma's; Ma's age is twelve thirteenths of Pa's, and if you add to the sum of all our ages one third of Pa's, the amount is just 100. I wonder whether any of your nephews or nieces can tell each of our ages. Your affectionate nephew,
EDDIE.

There are some grumblers—I have met with them occasionally—who find fault with our Puzzler's Department, because, as they say, it is simply *amusing*, and that it furnishes no means of permanent value. Well, suppose we grant all that. Are children never to be entertained and amused, just for the *sake* of the entertainment and amusement? But what is the fact in respect to the real, intrinsic value

of our puzzles in the training of the young mind? Let the following extract from a Pittsburgh letter answer the question:

PITTSBURG, PA., April 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—My father often said to me that I was woefully deficient in perseverance and application; but, thanks to

you, this deficiency has in a great measure been overcome by the pleasure, pride, and excitement occasioned by the "Puzzler's Department" in your magazine; this improvement, together with the information extracted, is one reason why I use the word *invaluable* when I speak of it. Yours truly,

WM. M. MCKNIGHT.

Answers to Questions, etc., in June No.

102. 62 years. *Uncle Sam.*—*O. K. B.*—*C. A. W.*—*L. F. G.*—*Oscar B.*—*Mollie.*—*Josephine.*—*Oliver.*—*A. T.*—*J. W., Jr.*—*George B. T.*—*Agnes.*
103. He blasphemed God, and was stoned. *C. A. W.*—*Oliver.*—*Mauch Chunk.*
104. Town owes agent \$20 20, and have sustained a loss of \$56 70. *O. K. B.* Town owes agent \$350 55. Town's profit \$24 30. *L. F. C.* Town owes agent \$20 20. Town loss \$35 20. *Oliver.* Agent owes town \$1 30. Loss, \$35 20. *Mauch Chunk.*
- The correct solution to this problem is—the agent, on settlement, hands over to the town, in stock, \$81 00; cash, \$1 30; making \$82 30. Loss to the town, \$35 20. All results agreeing with this are correct.
105. \$18, *O. K. B.* \$18, *Oliver.* \$28, *Mauch Chunk.* \$8, and vest, *N. J.*
106. Iceland moss. *O. K. B.*—*Lizzie S.*—*C. A. W.*—*L. F. G.*—*Mollie.*—*Oliver.*—*Mauch Chunk.*—*George B. T.*
107. He makes everybody steal pens, and think they do right (write). *L. R.*
108. He daily comes to the halter. *O. K. B.* A great part of his life he is under the rack. *Lizzie S.*
109. A hole in their stockings. *O. K. B.*—*Oscar B.*—*A. T.* Trouble. *Lizzie S.*
110. Because they love mankind. *O. K. B.*—*C. A. W.*—*L. F. G.*—*Oscar B.*—*Oliver.*
111. 57 1-7 and 42 6-7. *O. K. B.*—*Geo. B. T.* 57 1-5 and 42 4-5. *Lizzie S.* 56 1-4 and 43 3-4. *L. F. G.*—*Mollie.* 55 5-9 and 44 4-9. *C. F. W.*
112. From *Cerasus* in Pontus to Italy, 65 a.c. *Agnes.*
113. Area. *L. R.*—*J. W., Jr.* Lieu, buoy. *O. K. B.*—*A. T.* Aloe. *Geo. B. T.*—*Mollie.*—*C. F. W.* Beau. *Geo. B. T.*—*Oliver.*—*Mauch Chunk.* Idea. *Geo. B. T.*—*C. W.*

- Ohio, or Iowa. *Geo. B. T.*—*Lizzie S.* Airy. *Ague.* *C. F. W.* Oboe. *C. A. W.* Erie. *L. F. G.* Asia. Iota. *George B. T.* 114. He is for giving. *L. R.*—*Susie.* 115. Addison. *O. K. B.*—*C. A. W.*—*L. F. G.*—*Oliver.*—*Mauch Chunk.*—*Emmie.*—*George B. T.* 116. When he is drawing. *L. R.*—*C. W.* When he wants to be touched up. *J. W., Jr.* 117. Pink-ink-pin. *O. K. B.*—*L. R.*—*Lizzie S.*—*L. F. G.*—*Oscar B.*—*Mollie.*—*Mauch Chunk.*—*Josephine.*—*Oliver.*—*C. F. W.*—*J. W., Jr.*—*Emmie.*—*George B. T.* 118. Napoleon Bonaparte. *L. R.* 119. So-sol-sold. *Lizzie S.* 120. Bit, B (bee), I (eye), T (tea). *O. K. B.*—*C. A. W.*—*J. W., Jr.*—*George B. T.*

ANSWER TO HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS IN JUNE NUMBER.

Wave, thou royal purple stream,
Gilded by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes.
My spirit mounts on fancy's wing,
Anointing me a merry king.
While I live I'll love my pipe;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my drinking partner say—
A month he reigned, but that was ripe.
Geo. B. T.—*Young America.*—*Theron.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

By some hocus-pocus, the questions in July were numbered wrong. They should have commenced at 121, and ended with 140. In answering them next month, we shall designate them as July questions.

141. Entire, I am an emblem of royalty. Take off my hat, I am a thief. Then, take off my head, and I am a tumult. *Mauch Chunk.*

142. What were the seven wonders of the world? *Agnes.*
143. Who were the seven wise men of Greece? *Agnes.*
144. My 1, 2, 3, is what a boy may come to. My 3, 2, 1, is a Latin conjunction. My 4, 5, 6, 7, is a fruit that grows in the East. My 5, 6, 7, is the perfect participle of an English verb. My 7, 5, 6, is what men do with my 4, 5, 6, 7. My whole, is a commandment. *Alick.*
145. What Scripture town would make a good boatman? *Geo. B. T.*
146. What is the difference between a young father and a young lover? *Geo. B. T.*
147. *We make a bold venture, and hope the new police will support us.* $X+Y=5$. $X^2+Y^2=275$. Required the value of $X+Y$. Will Miss A. B. C. solve the above, and give the mode of solution? *Dodt.*
148. I am composed of 18 letters. My 15, 17, 11, 7, 4, is a town in Europe. My 5, 2, 9, 5, 18, is an island of South America. My 6, 16, 12, 3, was a philosopher. My 14, 8, 2, 13, 1, 13, is a peak of a celebrated range of mountains. My 10, 18, 2, 13, 12, 8, 12, is a large river. My 10, 18, 2, 10, 8, 15, is a small animal. My whole is a town in Europe. *A. T.*
149. MY FIRST.
Rocks piled on rocks. Its growth began Ere life's first breath was drawn by man. Deep buried in fair Nature's breast, Outstretched it lies, in peaceful rest.
- MY SECOND.
Its seeker parts the ocean wave,
Perchance to meet a watery grave;
Or in Golconda's fertile mines
Its hidden home mayhap he finds.
- MY WHOLE.
Heroes have sought its wily power,
To aid them in a darksome hour;
It willing helps whene'er they will,
Though mother wit must aid them still.
Fleta Forrester.
150. *Equus in stabulo, et non est.*
Who cares for Latin puzzles! Don't be cross!
I'll help you to translate. *Equus* means horse.
And *est* means is. In you will find the same
In Latin as in English. *Stabulo*, a name
- Derived from *stabulum*—you'll find it out,
If Webster's Dictionary is about.
"The horse is in the stable." Yes, I see,
A proper place for any horse to be.
"Well, cousin Lily, what of that,—
proceed!
We like your puzzle very much indeed."
I'm glad you like it. *Et* is *and*, you see,
And *non* is not. Now, the last word must be,
Pray speak not all at once—'tis very silly—
Please stop, and let us hear from cousin Willie.
And he is not. You're wrong! My sorrel filly
Is in the stable. How employed? Come, tell your
Cousin Lily.
151. Whole, I am slow in my motions; behold me, and you may find me in every house. Again deprive me of my head, and I am a word common with school-girls. Take the first two letters from my whole and put M in their place, and I am at once extremely useful to Uncle Frank and his nephews and nieces.
152. I am a word of letters five;
Take two away, and then
You'll find, if you have counted right,
That I am grown to ten.
Buckeye Boy.
153. A deceitful bonnet. *Adelbert Older.*
154. Anagrams.—1. It sounds nice. 2. Bury fears. 3. Little seas. 4. Lean music. 5. Ten lions. 6. And a tiger.
Adelbert Older.
155. When and by whom was London founded? *Bootes.*
156. What resemblance between an interesting book and a judge at a race? *Who?*
157. My first is like my second wise—
My whole is guessed by him who tries.
Buckeye Boy.
158. Why is an apple like a ship? *J. L. H.*
159. My first belongs to a vessel. My second is a series of things. My first and second, a bird. My third, a vegetable. My fourth, a plural noun. My whole, the name of a book. *J. L. H.*
160. Entire I swim the broad, blue sea;
One letter take away,
The rest will strong and healthy be,
As you will surely say.
One letter from this last erased,
And tipplers all step up to taste.
Adelbert Older.



ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN we see the names of great characters, famous persons in the past, we are apt to think they were always great, and that they spent their whole lives in an atmosphere of fame. But it was not often so. Great men are always great workers in some way, and generally great sufferers. They toil to acquire knowledge, and to overcome difficulties. They struggle with poverty, and with the opposition of various kinds of enemies. And when the greatness, which makes them famous, is

achieved, they are often too old, or too much broken in health and constitution, to enjoy it.

Robert Burns, the favorite bard of Scotland, was famous in his life-time. But he was poor, and was obliged to struggle hard for a living. His songs were on every tongue, and his praises on every lip, while he was shivering in "the bitter biting blast" of poverty. The house in which he was born, is seen in the above engraving. It is a mud-walled cottage, as good as many of its neighbors, but none of the best, for a famous great poet to be born in. It is nearly a century since he opened his eyes on those walls, having been born on the 25th January, 1759. A severe storm, sweeping over the land, at the same moment tore away the gable wall of the cottage,



MONUMENT TO BURNS.

so that the poor poet-babe was turned out-doors, on the very day of his birth, in the midst of a storm of wind and sleet, and compelled to find shelter in a neighbor's house. This was in the town of Kyle, on the "banks of the Doon," the music of whose waters ripples so often through his songs. Between this and "Ayr" he spent most of his childhood.

Of himself and his birth-place he wrote thus :

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what'n a day, o' what'n a style,

I doubt it's hardly worth one's while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

The gossip keekit in his look,
Quo she, wha lives will see the proof
This waly boy will be nae coof—
I think we'll call him Robin.

The hardships of his early life were many. But he sung his way through them all. He would pause in the midst of plowing, to sing the sad fate of the daisy, "bonnie gem," which his share had turned up. He would make the sheep he was shearing lie still, while he wrote a poem on her gentleness. He would linger in the midst of sowing, or reaping, to indite a stanza to a bird, or write a verse or two on the white hand, or pretty foot of the girl that bound the sheaves.

Man did but little for Burns, while he lived, except praise him. He had some employment from the Government, as collector of taxes. He enjoyed the friendship, also, of some of the wealthy men of Scotland, whose praises he sung, with a grateful heart. But, if one tenth of the effort had been made in his lifetime, to place him in a position suited to his genius and his wants, that was made to honor his memory when dead, he might have been a happier and perhaps a better man. Costly monuments have been erected to his memory, as seen in the two engravings accompanying this sketch. And annual festivals and banquets are held in England and America, and money

spent freely eating and drinking to the honor of the dead poet, by persons, many of whom, if the poet were living, would deny him a shilling, and leave his poems to neglect.

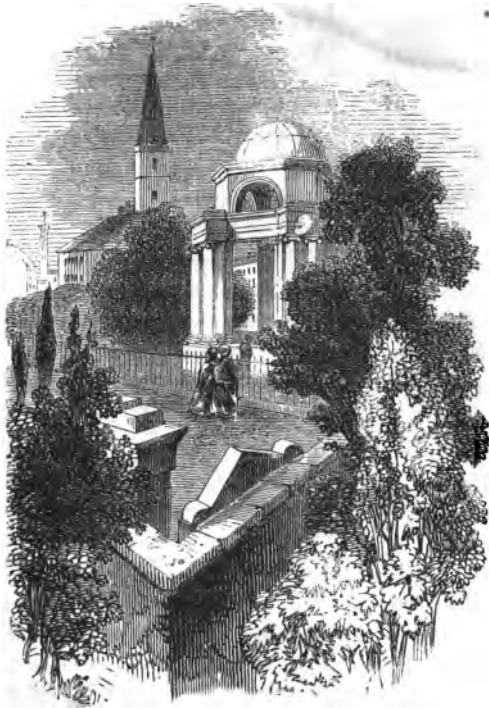
from the pen and heart of the gifted son :

Oh, ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend :
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend,

• The pitying heart that felt for human woe,

The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,

The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.



BURNS' MONUMENT AT DUMFRIES.

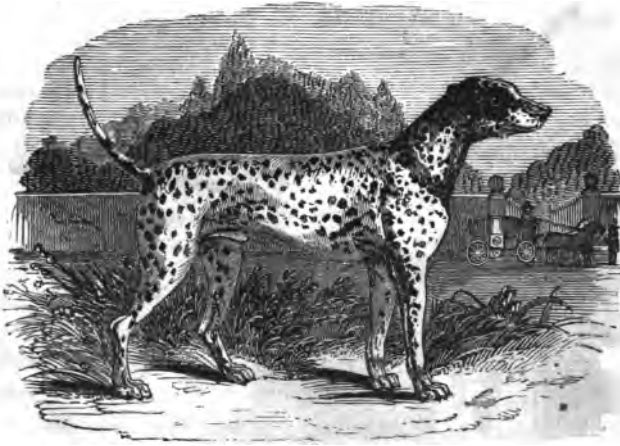
Everybody has heard, or read, or ought to have heard, or read, of Tam O'Shanter, the scene of whose mad freak with the witches was Alloway Kirk, a spot of two-fold interest in the history of the poet. It is now in ruins, roofless and desolate, a fit place for the wild revels of Tam and the witches. In the yard near by, lie the remains of the poet's father, distinguished by this epitaph,

important application of the same principle—the free axis of rotation—the design being to carry delicate astronomical instruments, and the observer with them, as steadily as on land, so that a ship's place can be ascertained by observation with considerably more accuracy than with the small instruments now held in the hand.

THERE is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.

STEADINESS AT SEA.

EVERYBODY knows how the mariner's compass is hung on two crossed axes, so that it stands level, whatever may be the inclination or the plunges of the vessel. A Yankee has recently applied the same principle, to some extent, to berths for passengers, to avoid sea-sickness ; and one or more of our ocean steamers are said to have a number of these berths arranged. The Astronomer-Royal of Scotland is recently announced as having invented a still grander and far more



THE DOG WHOSE FRIEND BIT HIM.

A DOG there was, whose quiet ways
E'en distant dwellers knew;
A dog whom all the world could praise
As peaceful, honest, true.

Outstretched beside the kitchen door,
Where bright the morning shone,
He heard the birds their gladness pour,
And calmly gnawed a bone.

As thus without an anxious sigh,
He took what fortune gave,
A friend who chanced to wander nigh,
Presumed his bone to crave.

When he with stern and steady eye
The bold request denies,
His friend returns a rude reply,
And, gnashing, on him flies.

The wound is slight—a moment's care
Would smoothe his coat so well,
That scarce an eye that settles there
The injured place could tell.

Yet he, when'er his friends he meets,
As well the false as true,

A varnished tale to each repeats,
And spreads his wrongs to view.

But one, at last, to speak his mind
No longer could forbear;
"Sure, friend, 'twas neither just nor kind
Your guiltless flesh to tear.

"Still, not a dog that sees your face,
Would mark the scratch you wear,
Did not yourself reveal its place,
And part the circling hair."

MORAL.

The trifling tales that tattlers tell,
To blot our precious name,
We oft to grave importance swell,
And give a needless fame.

Those trifling tales, could we but learn
With silent scorn to bear,
Would on their author's heads return,
Or fall to harmless air.

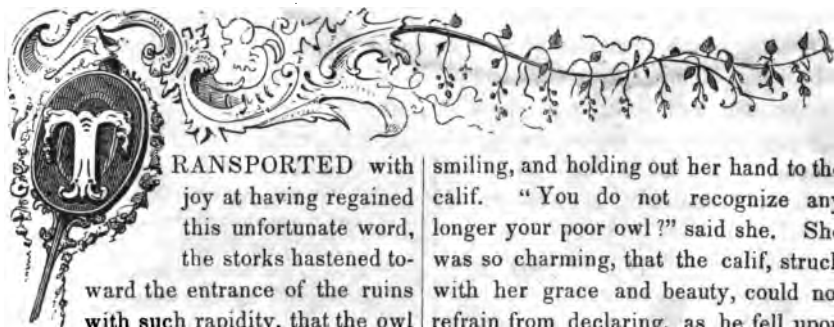
THE OLD MAJOR.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE STORK-CALIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY MRS. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER V.



ARANSPORTED with joy at having regained this unfortunate word, the storks hastened toward the entrance of the ruins with such rapidity, that the owl could scarcely follow them. The calif, however, turning to her as she joined them, said to her in a tender voice, "Thou who hast been indeed our deliverer, generous owl, receive my hand as a token of my lasting gratitude for the service you have done for us."

The calif and the vizier both together turned toward the east. Three times their long necks bowed toward the sun, whose rays were just illuminating the tops of the mountains. At length the magic word *MUTABOR* burst from their beaks, and they were changed into men.

Incapable of speaking, so great was their joy, the master and his servant gazed at each other with astonishment. They fell into each other's arms weeping and laughing at the same time.

But who can describe their surprise when, looking around, they perceived a beautiful young maiden, richly dressed, standing by their side. She advanced,

smiling, and holding out her hand to the calif. "You do not recognize any longer your poor owl?" said she. She was so charming, that the calif, struck with her grace and beauty, could not refrain from declaring, as he fell upon his knees, that he regarded his having been a stork as the greatest happiness of his life, since it was owing to that transformation that he had met with her.

The return of the calif to Bagdad, with his faithful Manzour, was welcomed by the people with unanimous joy. But all the testimonies of affection which surrounded them, only increased the hatred of Chasid and the vizier against the perfidious Mirza. They advanced hastily to the palace, and took the old magician and his son prisoners. By the order of the calif, the old man was conducted to the same place where he had imprisoned the owl, and was there hung from the top of the highest tower. As for the son, who was ignorant of all the evil deeds of his father, the calif gave him his choice to die or to take a pinch of snuff.

"Do you use it?" said the vizier to him with a most laughable air, as he

presented the snuff-box to him, while on the other side a slave held a drawn sabre, ready to strike at the least signal.

Mirza hastily plunged his fingers into the magic box. A large pinch, accompanied with an emphatic МУТАБОР, caused him in the twinkling of an eye to be changed into a fine, large stork, and the poor bird being shut up in a huge cage, was carried to the calif's gardens, where he served a long time for the amusement of the loungers of Bagdad.

Chasid and the princess, his wife, lived many long and happy years together; but the happiest moments of the calif were those when his grand vizier came every day to see him at noon.

Often on his arrival, he would relate their strange adventure, and when the calif was in a jovial humor, he would amuse himself by imitating the grand vizier, and mimicking his gait as a stork. With bent neck and stiff legs, he would march slowly around the room, clapping and fluttering his wings; then he would imitate the wo-begone appearance of the poor vizier, when he was vainly bowing toward the east, endeavoring to cry MU—MU—MU—

This trick was every time a new amusement for the calif's wife and children. But if Chasid clapped and fluttered his wings and bowed and cried MU—MU—MU—too long a time, the grand vizier, piqued at last at the foolish figure which his master presented of him, threatened to reveal to the princess his wife the contention which they

had formerly between them who should marry the poor owl.

The calif then ceased, but could not be prevented from commencing again on the morrow in spite of the good vizier's threats, which however were never followed by any disastrous results.

THE PARTING.

O COME to our trysting-place,
 When the moon shines bright;
 And the stars are beaming forth,
 With a gentle light.
 O come and meet me there,
 Once more, before we part,
 And then no more remember,
 Blanche of the broken heart.

I would see you once again,
 And then no more—
 Will it be as in happier times,
 In days of yore?
 Yet, when you clasp a fairer hand,
 And swear you ne'er will part,
 You'll then remember, with remorse,
 Blanche of the broken heart.

Think when you made to me
 The same false vow.
 I loved; but you forsook—
 I scorn you now.
 Yet I shall sing with trembling voice
 The songs of former days;
 But never will it be again,
 As when we sung those lays.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right side* be!"

ST. REGIS CHURCH BELL.

HERE, at St. Regis, on the majestic St. Lawrence River, the Indians were converted to Catholicism about 150 years ago. After centuries of worship of the Great Spirit, in nature's sacred temples, they were gathered in the name of Christ. They built a church, and the Life, and Love, and Death of the Blessed Redeemer *was* taught, we will hope.

These obedient believers were told of the convenience of a bell, to call them together at the appointed hour, and collected furs which were soon on the shoulders of Parisian belles, while the metal one was shipped for Quebec.

You may remember the ship was captured and brought into a port in Massachusetts—good old State—which *yet* bears the bell, I think. When the Indians heard of the loss of their bell, they gathered themselves together, and with their horrid yells made ten times more noise than the great bell itself could, if it were to be hung for it.

The bell, meantime, being an article of traffic, was bought (*sold*, I think), carried to Deerfield (Mass.), and immediately placed in the tower, and made to unite in the services of *that* church, regardless of its own predilections for the Romish worship.

Then, do you remember what followed? The dreadful massacre! Did not the ancestor of our own Bourbon Williams have to flee with his little ones, and endure the awful winter night of hardships? The Indians gained pos-

session of their bell, however, and *how* could they bear it over all those then trackless miles, from Deerfield to Lake Champlain? There they left it, mid the snows. The summer sun no sooner set free the waters of this lake, than the bell was floated to its destined place, in the shining tower of the church at St. Regis. There it still swings in triumph. There its tones are borne far away on the broad waters. These true legends of our own land give exceeding interest to all its scenes. "There is scarcely a spot," as Uncle Hiram says, "whose history, if given in full, would not startle and amaze us." Do the readers of the CABINET know that there is a large village or town, with its glittering church spire, inhabited and owned by Indians only? They are the remnants of the Iroquois tribe, on the St. Lawrence, and call their town Caughnawaga. Would you like to hear of them? Yours, S. C. S.

KINGSTON, CANADA WEST, July, 1857.

SUMMER.

To the soul that is weary with Life's unrest
A land of bright promise is given;
And the song that on earth was but feeble and
low

Is a glorious anthem in heaven.

The bird that is weary with the young year's
tears

Of another season may sing,
When his song will echo through brighter
groves—

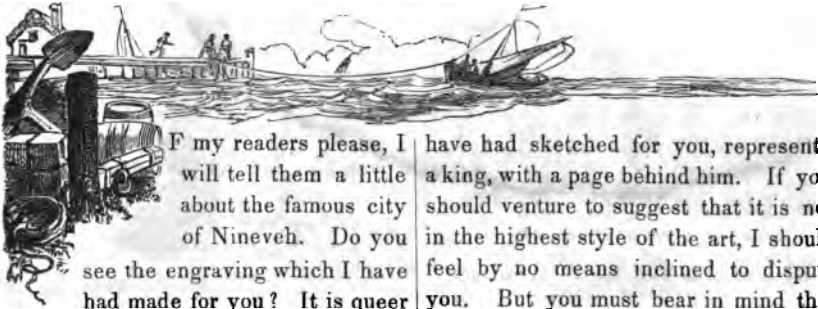
Then is not summer the heaven of spring?

JENNIE.



BAS-RELIEFS FROM THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.



If my readers please, I will tell them a little about the famous city of Nineveh. Do you see the engraving which I have had made for you? It is queer enough, isn't it? Well, that is an accurate picture of a bas-relief found among the ruins of that ancient city.

"And what is a *bas-relief*, Uncle Frank?"

"That's right, my lad, I'm glad you asked me the meaning of the word. I waited a moment, to see if any one of you understood it, and whether, in case you had'n't a clear idea of it, you would be ashamed to confess your ignorance. In sculpture, where figures are formed without showing the whole body, and are only partially raised from the ground on which they are cut, they are said to be *in relief*. When they are very low, and only stand out a very little, then they are in low relief, or *bas-relief*. When they are more prominent, they are in high relief, *alto-relievo*. The picture I have given you is in low relief. That is the character of the great mass of figures found among the ruins of Nineveh. Mr. Layard, an English gentleman, some years ago devoted a great deal of time to these ruins, and he has written a book about them, which I am sure you would like to read. The bas-relief which I

have had sketched for you, represents a king, with a page behind him. If you should venture to suggest that it is not in the highest style of the art, I should feel by no means inclined to dispute you. But you must bear in mind that it is a great many years ago when Nineveh was in its glory. Mankind have had time to learn not a little since the Ninevites were on the stage. Many of the pieces of sculpture which are found, are representations of bulls with wings. The people must have had a great fancy for winged bulls. Battle scenes, too, are common, and so are the exploits of the chase, and the ceremonies of religion. Eels, fish, crabs, and crocodiles are also figures in the reliefs.

There was a palace, called Khorsabad, in Nineveh, from which a great profusion of interesting and curious bas-reliefs were taken. Here are some from the front of the palace. You can amuse yourselves, if you are so disposed, studying out what the different men in this piece of sculpture are doing.

These bas-reliefs are of great value to us. They show us the manners and costumes of the ancient Assyrians; what they knew about agriculture, and the mechanic arts; and how their houses were furnished. One could almost write an accurate sketch of the Ninevites, I fancy, from works their art-

ists have left behind them. Nineveh was, in many respects, the most wonder-



FIGURES ON A PALACE IN NINEVEH.

ful city that ever was built. It is supposed to have been sixty miles in circuit. Its walls are described as having been two hundred feet high, and so thick that three chariots could be driven on them abreast of each other.

THE VANILLA OF COMMERCE.

THE vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days to ferment. They are afterward placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with cocoanut oil, and then packed in dry plantain leaves, so as to confine their powerful aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice-creams, jellies, etc. The plant grows in Central America and other hot countries.

SONG OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME away, elves, come,
While the dew is on the lea;
Roam o'er the mountain,
By the glassy fountain;
Come, come with me.

The lily-bells softly ring;
Then come, fays, come to the court of your
king;

We'll gather sweet flowers
As swift speed the hours.
Oh come, fays, come,
Far away we will roam.

The sun is setting—
The golden sun is setting, love,
On the river it shineth bright;
And the trees are gently swayed, love,
By the zephyr breezes light.

Then come, oh come with me, love;
We'll rove its banks along,
While the wind-harp mingles its murmurs
low
With the night-bird's mournful song.

For you know you promised me there,
love,
That never, never you'd stray;
But would love me dearly, truly,
Forever and for aye.

A WISH.

BRIGHT be thy way through life,
Scattered with flowers;
Sunny and clear thy skies,
Swift speed the hours.

May thy brow with sweet purity
Ever shine fair,
And thy step in its fleetness be
Light as the air.

Take then this earnest wish,
As it is given;
And may our friendship true,
Never be riven.

LAME WILLIE AND HIS WAGON.



OME of you will, perhaps, remember that Uncle Hiram promised a visit to the little lame boy whose squirrel had paid us a visit

some time before. He fulfilled his promise most faithfully, but Cousin Hannah forgot to tell about it, and perhaps would never have remembered it, if one of the numerous family had not gently reminded her, and inquired very earnestly about the boy and his squirrel.

It was a beautiful day, last fall, when our little party set out on their walk to the lame boy's cottage. Our way lay through a fine grove first, and then into a shady lane, where we lingered some time, gathering acorns for bracelets, or picking bright-colored leaves to press. It was a beautiful quiet place, and, as we passed, Mr. Gray, the minister, was enjoying the shade of the tall trees, having thrown the reins on the neck of his horse, while he indulged himself in reading. At length we came in sight of the little house—on a grassy knoll not far from the river's bank—a little boy was just coming out of the open door. He was leaning over, and on his back was another boy clinging round

his neck with little thin arms. The first boy staggered along, as if the weight he bore was heavy for him, till he reached a pleasant, shady spot, close by the river side. Here he dropped his burden, and having seated him comfortably, returned to the house, just as we reached it.

"Is that your brother yonder?" asked Uncle Hiram.

"Yes, sir, that's lame Willie," said the little boy, with a low bow.

"And what is your name?"

"Alfred, sir. Won't you come in, and sit down. You wish to see mother, I suppose. She will be at home soon."

"No, I came to see you and your brother," answered Uncle Hiram, "and we will go down to the river and sit with him."

The little boy was half reclining with his head resting on one hand—as we approached he looked up, and smiled faintly.



"Here are some people come to see you, Willie," said his brother.

"I wanted to ask you about your squirrel," said Uncle Hiram. "It made us a visit one day, and pleased the children very much."

"Yes, he is a nice playmate," said Willie. "Shall I call him?"

"O do call him," cried the children.

So Willie called, "Jocko! Jocko!" but no Jocko came—then he put his hand to his mouth and whistled, and in a moment we saw the squirrel springing from limb to limb of some trees near by, and then running towards us. He stopped for an instant, as if doubting whether to trust himself among so many strangers. Willie called him softly and beckoned to him, and he sprang into his lap.

"Do you trust him out in the woods so?" asked Edith. "I should think he would run away."

"Oh no," answered Willie; "he knows me too well—he would rather come back to me."

"Do you feed him with nice things?" asked Eliza.

"Yes; whenever I get them, he always shares every thing with me. Don't you, Jocko?"

"Would you let me bring him some nuts and apples, and feed him myself?" asked Eliza.

"Oh yes," said the little boy, "and Jocko would be very glad."

"Did you ever go to school, Willie?" asked Uncle.

"No, sir, I can not walk, you know."

"Does your brother go?"

"No, sir; mother needs him to do a great many things."

"Then you can not read?" said Uncle.

"No, sir, I can't do anything," and the poor boy's eyes were full of tears.

"If I could make you a wagon that you could wheel yourself about in, would you like to go to school?"

"Oh yes, sir; Alfred took me all the way to Sunday school and church twice, and it was so pleasant—but it is too far—and hurt him very much."

"Poor Alfred ought to go to school too—where is he now?" asked Uncle, looking around.

"Working in the garden, I think," said Willie; "he always has work to do there."

"And what do you do all these long days?" asked Edith.

"I sit here and play with Jocko, and watch the river and the trees, and sometimes I think I *see* the grass grow, and the leaves come out, and sometimes I get tired and cry, and wish I could walk away, and never see these same things again."

"Did you ever try to make baskets?" asked Lucy. "I saw a little lame boy in the city making baskets."

"No, I never tried, but I could make them I guess," said Willie.

"That is a very good thought," said Uncle Hiram. "I will see if you can have the materials, and be taught how to work with them, and perhaps you can earn so much as to let your brother go to school too."

Willie's pale face brightened as he

said, "Oh thank you, sir, it would be so pleasant to *do* something."

After a little more talk, Uncle and the children went away, promising to

"I am going to town to see if there are suitable wheels to be got or made, and to learn something about the basket trade—so I shall be as busy as the rest, Miss Jessie," answered her father.



The children were so eager to set to work that they could hardly wait for the measurements of their wagon. You may be sure they worked steadily, for when Uncle Hiram came home at night, all was done that could

come soon again and see Willie, and tell him if anything could be done for him.

All the walk home nothing was talked of but poor Willie, and many plans were suggested for his assistance. The squirrel was quite forgotten.

The next day at breakfast, Uncle Hiram told the children that he had thought of a plan for a wagon, and he wanted the help of every one. Harry had agreed to make a wagon box, light and strong too. Jerry, the man, was to paint it. The girls must cushion it nicely, for Willie would need to rest in it, and must not have hard boards to sit on or lean against.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Jessie.

be till the wagon was painted.

Uncle Hiram had not been as successful as he hoped. He could find no suitable wheels, and had to wait for them to be made, together with an arrangement for working them, something like a velocipede.

It was perhaps a week after their first visit to lame Willie, that the same party walked down to the little cottage, but this time Harry was with them and a beautiful little wagon. It was painted green, and stuffed and lined with green, and there was a top of Edith's and Harry's contrivance, which would pull up like the top of a chaise.

Willie was sitting in the same spot by the river's side, where they had first seen him. He had a bundle of willow

by his side, and was slowly plaiting a basket.

"Why, Willie, you are fairly at work!" cried Uncle Hiram; "how does that happen?"

"Master Harry brought me these," said Willie, "and told me what to do with them, and I am learning pretty fast."

"What do you think of this wagon, Willie?" cried Jessie, pulling it forward.

Willie's work dropped from his hands, and he looked with amazement at the pretty carriage.

"This is for you, Willie, if you can move it," said Uncle Hiram; "shall I lift you into it?"

Willie's heart was so full that he could not say a word, but let Uncle Hiram lift him gently and place him in the wagon, and then he burst into tears.

"Why, Willie, are you sorry?" asked Elsie, gently.

"No, no," sobbed the little boy, "but I'm so glad."

"But you must try to move it now," said Jessie. "We want to see you rolling it around, you know."

"I don't believe he can do anything with it on this grassy place. I'll drag it up to the house, and he can try it first where it is smooth," said Harry.

When he reached the house, Willie's tears were all gone, and Alfred and Mrs. Truman came out to see his new present.

He was very weak, and it was some time before he could move it very easily; but Harry and Uncle both as-

sured him that his arms would grow stronger every day, and he would soon find it easy work.

The next time we went to visit Willie, he came rolling along toward us, down the little garden walk and up the lane, with his face covered with smiles.

"Oh, look here, Mr. Hatchet," he cried, as soon as he was near enough to be heard, "I can go anywhere now. Oh, I am so thankful to you."

"Have you done anything with your baskets?" asked Edith.

"Yes, I made one that Master Harry came down here and bought this very morning. I didn't want to *sell* it to him, for it was my first, and not very good; and he taught me and got me the willows too, but he said he wanted it to go fishing with."

"So you have really earned some money of your own, Willie?" said Uncle. "Doesn't it feel good to know it is your own by your work?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Hatchet," said Willie, "but what shall I do with it?"

"I think you will need it to make yourself fit to go to school, won't you?" said Uncle. "You must not be any extra expense to your mother, you know."

"No, indeed, father," said Lucy, "he need not use it for clothes; there are plenty of Harry's things that might be made over for him."

"But who is to do the sewing, my dear?" asked her father. "Mrs. Truman is too busy."

"Couldn't we do it?" asked Edith

"I know we could, with mother's help. Never mind, Willie, about your clothes, you need not spend your money in that way."

"What about going to school, now?" asked Uncle. "Are you strong enough to go there and back?"

"Oh yes, sir, I think so," said Willie, pushing a little distance in front, and then rolling back again.

"Very well, then; Harry or I will come next Monday and take you to school."

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF PEWS.

THE annexed interesting history of Pews was compiled by the Editor of the *Eclectic Museum*:

In Anglo-Saxon Land, in some northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running round the whole interior, except the eastern end. In 1039 they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman Conquest.

In 1187, a decree was published in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat in church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first seized. As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriate, the entrance being guarded by cross-bars and the initial engraved on them. Imme-

diately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed; as we learn from a complaint of the poor Commons, addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to a decree that a Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quire," or some "pew." In 1608 galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged so as to afford comfort, by being cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned. With the reign of Charles I. the reason for heightening the seats disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

OUR MUSEUM.

Oh! twine 'round "Merry's Museum"
A flowery garland green;
Shout for the well-filled "Cabinet,"
And "Parley's Magazine!"
For never in our world before
Was such a *trio* seen.

May they go forth throughout the world,
And shed a genial ray,
And may their precepts guide our feet
When we are apt to stray,
And turn the sorrows of the night
Into the joys of day!

Then shout! shout for the "Cabinet,"
The "Museum's" praises sing,
And let our tokens of good-will
Through all the wide world ring,
And let us round the *trio* twine
The flowers of the spring.

BUCKEYE BOY.



SQUIBS, BY POPGUN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON LA FAYETTE BRAG was a brave boy, of the tribe of Puff. He was never afraid of any thing, which could not hurt him. He could beard a lion in his den, or face a scare-crow in a corn-field, provided the lion was dead, and the scare-crow a man of straw. He was very fond of telling what he would have done, if he had been Cæsar, or Napoleon, or General Jackson, and how burglars and robbers would fare, if they should venture to attack him, or break into his house. Yet, strangely enough, he did not like to be left alone in the dark, and always wanted his doors double locked and bolted. When about twelve years old, he persuaded his cousin to go out shooting with him, promising to show him how a *man* would behave

himself. He had not gone far, before he tripped and fell, dropping his gun as he fell. The trigger was caught by a small twig, and the gun went off. As there was only a small charge of powder in it, it scorched his sleeve badly, and smoked his eyes. He screamed, "I am killed! I am killed!" and could not be persuaded to move from the spot, till his father came and carried him home. It was soon found that he was only wounded in his sleeve, and that the fire had not touched his arm, nor singed his hair. His cousin laughed at him well, and so did his father and mother; and even his parrot, who was a greater talker and mimic, took up the provoking strain, repeating, as often as the foolish boy came near, "Oh! I am killed! I am killed!"

GLOVES.

In 790, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbots and monks of Littel, for making gloves and girdles of the skins of deer they killed, and covers for their books. Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, first introduced from Italy to England embroidered gloves and perfumes. He presented Queen Elizabeth with a pair of the former, who was so pleased with them, that she wore them while her portrait was drawn. George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, received a glove from Queen Elizabeth. The Queen had dropped it, when he, taking it up to return it to her, she presented it to him as a mark of esteem. The Earl having adorned it with jewels, wore it in front of his hat on days of tournament.

HIGHLAND NAMES.

THE following table gives the meaning of the names of the principal Highland clans in Scotland :

M'Intosh, the son of the First.
 M'Donald, the son of Brown Eyes.
 M'Dugall, the son of Black Eyes.
 M'Onnechy or Duncan, the son of Brown Head.
 M'Gregor, the son of a Greek Man.
 M'Cuithbert, the son of the Arch Druid.
 M'Kay, the son of the Prophet.
 M'Taggart, the son of the Priest.
 M'Leod, the son of the Wounder
 M'Lean, the son of the Lion.
 M'Kenzie, the son of the Friendly One.
 M'Intyre, the son of the Carpenter.
 Campbell, Crooked Mouth.
 Cameron, Crooked Nose.
 Stewart, High Stay or Support.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—6



BO-PEEP ON TRIAL.

WHAT think you of little Bo-Peep?
 How was it he lost his sheep?

How was it he couldn't find 'em?
 "I think," says Harvey Brisbane,
 "He knew they were down in the lane,
 And was just too lazy to mind 'em."

"I think," says critical Sue,
 "If Bo-Peep their whereabouts knew,
 He should have been punished for lying."
 "And I think," says Ernestine Hovers,
 "If he didn't look after the rovers,
 He should have been whipped for not try-
 ing."

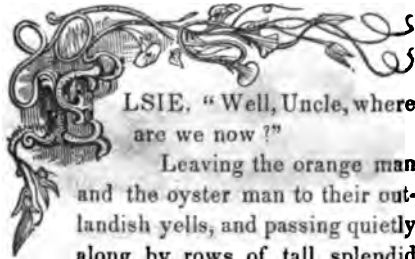
"Oh! no, you are hard on the child,"
 Says considerate Angela Wilde,
 "He might, you know, have been sleeping."
 "So much the worse," says Jake;
 "A watchman should be wide awake,
 And a Bo-Peep should always be peeping."

"Now, hush," says Antoinette Mowett,
 "Our little Bo-Peep was a poet,
 And lost sight of them while he was mus-
 ing."

"No wonder," says Caroline Platt,
 "That simpletons such as that,
 Their sheep with their senses are losing."

"I think," said Louise—"but hold on—
 I really believe Uncle John
 Is driving them up from the meadows;
 And I think, while little Bo-Peep
 Was under the haystack, asleep,
 They too were asleep in its shadow."

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



LSIE. "Well, Uncle, where are we now?"

Leaving the orange man and the oyster man to their outlandish yells, and passing quietly along, by rows of tall, splendid houses, and taller stores, I found myself face to face with *Trinity Church*. Years before, I had stood in front of it, when it was a much smaller and less pretending structure, and when its next neighbor, on the south, was a very plain Quaker-looking brick barn, called *Grace Church*. The grace must have been all in the interior, for the exterior was utterly wanting in that quality. It was now replaced by a tall, long, massive temple of Mammon, an immense warehouse for all sorts of fashionable wearables. The houses in the same row had also undergone many changes. Some had come down altogether, to make way for stores, and others had been deserted by their old tenants, and occupied as stores, or offices, with but little change in their outward appearance. The wealthy old citizens, who formerly occupied them, and who regarded this part of the city as the "Court End," the very choice of all its localities, had been driven away to some remote improvement by the relentless march of business. But here I stood before *Trinity*, and *Trinity* stood before *Wall Street*. What a strange conjunction! thought I. The

Church. and the World! God and Mammon!

Frank. Why, Uncle, what do you mean? I do not understand you.

Excuse me, dear. I forgot that I was talking to children, who have not seen *New York*, and know little of *Wall Street*, or of *Mammon*. I will explain myself, and then pass on.

Trinity Church is one of the oldest of the church corporations of *New York*. It received its charter and its land from the *British Crown*, long before the *Revolution*. Its property was then known as the "*King's Farm*." It has been made very rich from the sale of lands then given it, and consequently has great influence in the diocese of *New York*.

Wall Street is the great center of the money operations of *New York*. Most of the banks are there. The *Custom-house* and the *Mint* are there. And there, too, are scores of bankers, brokers, lawyers, and all sorts of operators in stocks, notes, and money. Strange things are done there sometimes—that is to say, things which plain common-sense people do not readily comprehend as altogether fair and straight-forward. It is thought that there are some rogues in *Wall Street*. It is suspected that there are gamblers there, and that some of them are in the daily habit of gambling on other people's money, and putting their hands deep into other people's pockets. I do not say that this is so, but such is the reputation of the street, and to see the old *Trinity Church* rearing its lofty crest at its

head, and looking calmly down upon all its doings, seemed much like an attempt to serve God and Mammon at the same time. It may be better, however, to regard it as a watch-tower set for the rebuke of the wicked, a sort of granite conscience to check the spirit of worldliness that prevails there. Be that as it may, Wall Street is headed, and cut off, by Trinity Church.

Frank. How cut off, Uncle ?"

Well, now, you are getting critical. I will explain again. Wall Street is, as I have said, a very important street. It commences at the East River. It would be a very great convenience to this part of the city to have it run through to the North River, there being no direct communication from one side to the other, for some distance above or below.

The Trinity Church grounds are in the way, and the church itself stands directly in front, as a tall sentinel, to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.

This is one of the finest churches in the city, or country. It is built of a light colored brown stone, obtained in New Jersey. The steeple is 289 feet high, and is a conspicuous object, in approaching the city, from any direction, by water. The architecture is Gothic, and unlike many other expensive edifices professing to be Gothic, the style is faithfully and elaborately carried out. It may be set down as one of the great ornaments of the city. The sum expended on it, \$300,000, would have been sufficient to erect 30 respectable churches in the country, to accommodate 30,000 people.

HAPPINESS.

MAN is only happy in a state of innocence. Happiness is not always found in the lofty palace, but in the lowly cottage. He may fancy himself happy, when in the full extent of power, governing empires, or controlling fashion ; these things invariably bring with them care and disquietude, and it is only in an humble or moderately elevated station of life that man can find and enjoy that peace of mind which is above all price.

How beautiful a sight is the happy and innocent child ! loving every one, therefore beloved by all ; free from guilt and care, until contaminated by the grosser things of this world ; thinking but of the present, it wins all hearts by its unconsciousness of evil.

Innocence prints its seal always upon the countenance of those who possess it. Some few there may be whose features have become as hard as their hearts, who can conceal the appearance of guilt by not allowing the stronger emotions of their hearts to have the mastery ; but there is a conscious superiority, a nobleness, a sincerity apparent when conscience approves, that naught can equal.

Nothing is so charming as simplicity. The very unconsciousness of attracting attention serves to heighten the effect, and we discern in every movement some new beauty to call forth our admiration. It is for this reason that children are so universally beloved ; and unfeeling indeed must be the heart that is insensible to their charms. We usually see those who are not fond of them, shun-

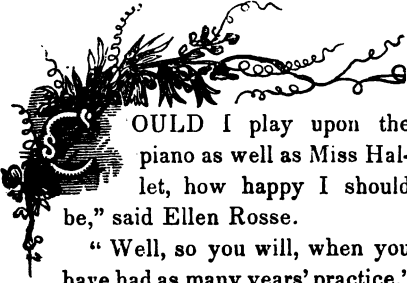
ned by them, as if by an instinctive sense of their heartlessness.

How much happier would mankind be if they could preserve their innocence! In the first stages of society, our first parents perverted innocence, and therefore no one can live without sinning. The Bible says, that there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

But this should not discourage us; we should strive constantly and earnestly to overcome our evil inclinations, cherish all that is good, and aim to equal that only model of perfection, our Saviour.

MAY FULLERTON.

I WISH AND I WILL.



"COULD I play upon the piano as well as Miss Hallet, how happy I should be," said Ellen Rosse.

"Well, so you will, when you have had as many years' practice," was the reply.

"Oh, I mean now, without waiting so long."

I wonder if wishing will make her a good player. If wishes were efforts, most men would be great.

"I wish I knew as much as you do, Miss Emilie," said the same young lady.

"So you may, if you will study and improve your time."

"I wish I knew as much now."

"Knowledge does not come into your head of its own accord, Miss El-

len; you have to put it there by efforts of your own."

"I wish I knew my lessons."

"Sit down and study them, and you will soon have your wish."

"I do not feel in the humor of studying; I'd very much like to know it without."

"I wish, must be a great help to you, you say it so often. If I could discover the magic, I would use it myself; but it must be invisible to all but yourself, for I can not see that you accomplish a great deal by it after all."

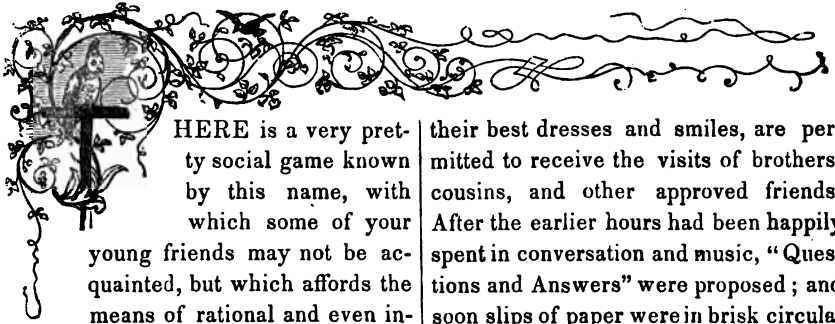
"Now you are laughing at me. It don't do me any good, I suppose; but it is easy to say it, and I do really wish what I say."

"No doubt you do, if you could get it without any trouble. 'I wish' is a lazy friend of yours; he isn't any profit to you; suppose you turn him off, and take instead 'I will.' My word for it, you will find he helps you more than the other. He is the very soul of industry, and he accomplishes more in an hour than 'I wish' does in a lifetime. Say, "I will learn my lessons, and there will be no occasion for 'I wish I knew them.' You will cut the acquaintance of your old friend, when you have tried the new one, I am sure."

Ellen laughed and said: "Well, I don't wish to dissolve old friendships, but I will try your advice—that is, if I can remember—but 'I wish,' is easier to say than 'I will' is to do."

Her resolution is good; let us follow it. *I will* is the brave word that conquers all difficulties.

"QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS."



HERE is a very pretty social game known by this name, with which some of your young friends may not be acquainted, but which affords the means of rational and even intellectual amusement for a pleasant circle, and is most innocent, yet exciting.

Each person in the company writes a question at the top of a slip of paper, and also a single word on a smaller piece. These are put in separate boxes, or other vessels, and properly shuffled, when each person draws out both a question and a word; and is expected to answer the question, and appropriately and somewhat emphatically to introduce the word. This is sometimes not a little difficult, and gives opportunity for the exercise of wit and ingenuity—especially if the answer be given in verse.

As soon as the answers are all prepared, which must be within a brief period of a few moments, or so, a reader is selected to give them to the company. It is important that a good selection be made.

We had the pleasure of spending a pleasant evening lately in the parlor of one of the choice female boarding-schools of our city. It was Friday—their "parlor evening," when, studies being laid aside, the pupils, arrayed in

their best dresses and smiles, are permitted to receive the visits of brothers, cousins, and other approved friends. After the earlier hours had been happily spent in conversation and music, "Questions and Answers" were proposed; and soon slips of paper were in brisk circulation, receiving the impress of some pleasant thought, and words of uncounted syllables and most incongruous relations. Then what a buzzing! "Who could have thought of *such* a question?" "How *can* I even answer mine?" "What a most unbecoming word!" Ere long, however, some bright idea sends its flashes of intelligence and joy over the face—the tongue, for a moment, is still, and the hand is busy with the pencil, and soon the reader takes her place. Young hearts beat quickly, as their answers are given—shouts of merry laughter enliven the scene, greeting some more striking success—and then the game is ended to universal satisfaction.

When all was over, we ventured to lay our hands on a specimen, which we present to our readers.

The question was, "Why is Friday evening the most agreeable in the week?" The word was "papers."

The reply *flowed* thus—

On Friday eve the social tapers
Cast merry gleams on faces fair,
While round the ring the fairy papers
Are scattered on the perfumed air;

And puzzling questions busy fly
 From lip to lip, from eye to eye;
 While 'mid the pleasant joke and fun
 The eve auspiciously begun,
 Reaches its climax in its close—
 As blooms the bud to full-blown rose.

There, now, if those young eyes
 should chance to beam upon this page,
 may it be in forgiveness for our theft
 and exposure!

May those young buds, so full of promise and hope, have a sweet, full, and fragrant blooming. May there be no evil worm infolded in any, to bring blighting and decay! And should the spoiler Death prematurely pluck any from that blooming parterre, may He who is Himself the Rose of Sharon, defeat the spoiler, and wear those blossoms on His breast!

A SPORTING FISH.

A DEAD SHOT.

AN interesting account is given, in the eleventh number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief.

The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the center of which projected a pole upward of two feet in height; at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe.

When all had become quiet, after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation,

came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle around the pond.

One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and, after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim, as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed.

After this, another fish came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects were devoured.

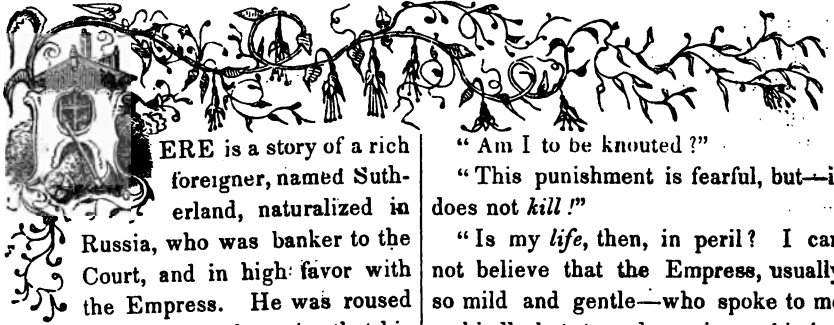
The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam around the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again.

In one instance, he remarked one of the fish returned three times to the attack, before it secured its prey; but in general, they seemed to be very expert shots bringing down the game at the very first discharge.

The Jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of from five to six feet of them, and then with surprising dexterity ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.

HAVE the courage to tell the truth; you will find it much easier in the end than falsehood.

A BANKER IN TROUBLE.



ERE is a story of a rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, who was banker to the Court, and in high favor with the Empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards, and that Reliew, the Minister of Police, desired to speak with him. This personage entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me; and I am ignorant as to how you can so far have excited the resentment of her majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; "but what are your orders?"

"I have not the courage to tell you."

"Have I lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled—confidence may return—position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country? or, good heavens!" cried the banker trembling, "does the Empress think of banishing me to Siberia?"

"Alas! you might some day return."

"Am I to be knouted?"

"This punishment is fearful, but—it does not *kill*!"

"Is my *life*, then, in peril? I can not believe that the Empress, usually so mild and gentle—who spoke to me so kindly but two days since—'tis impossible!—for Heaven's sake let me know the worst; any thing is better than this intolerable suspense."

"Well, then," said Reliew, in a melancholy tone, "my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you *stuffed*."

"*Stuffed!*" cried the poor banker, horrified.

"Yes, stuffed with straw."

Sutherland looked fixedly at the Minister of Police an instant, and exclaimed:

"Sir, either you have lost your reason, or the Empress is not in her right senses; surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring, at least, to point out its unreasonableness, its barbarity."

"Alas, my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have dared to attempt; I manifested my grief, my consternation, I even hazarded an humble remonstrance; but her imperial majesty, in an irritated tone,

bade me leave her presence, and see her commands obeyed *at once*; adding these words, which are still ringing in my ears: 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur, of any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'

It would be impossible to describe the horror, the despair of the unhappy banker; after waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliew informed him that he would be allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his worldly affairs. Sutherland wept, and prayed, and entreated the minister to take a petition from him to the Empress. Overcome by his supplications the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive, but afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of Earl Bruce, the English Ambassador, and explained the affair to him. The ambassador, very naturally, supposed the Minister of Police had become insane, but bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. On hearing this strange recital, Catherine exclaimed—

"Merciful Heaven! what a dreadful mistake! Reliew must have lost his wits—run quickly, my lord; I beg and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately."

The Earl left the room to do as her majesty requested, and on his return found Catherine laughing immoderately.

"I see now," said she, "the cause of this inconceivably absurd blunder. I had for some years a little dog, to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the English gentleman who presented him to me; this dog has just died, and I gave Reliew orders to have him stuffed; as he hesitated, I became angry, supposing that, from a foolish excess of pride, he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."

EFFECTS OF GUNPOWDER.

SOME of the effects of ignited gunpowder are wonderful. When gunpowder is heaped up in the open air and inflamed, there is no report, and but little effect produced. A small quantity open, and ignited in a room, forces the air outward, so as to blow out the windows; but the same quantity confined within a bomb, within the same room, and ignited, tears in pieces and sets on fire the whole house. Count Rumford loaded a mortar with a 1-20th of an ounce of powder, and placed upon it a 24-pound cannon; he then closed up every opening as completely as possible, and fired the charge, which burst the mortar with a tremendous explosion, and lifted up its enormous weight. In another experiment, Count Rumford confined 28 grains of powder in a cylindrical space, which it just filled, and upon being fired, it tore asunder a piece of iron which would have resisted a strain of 400,000 pounds.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SHALL we have any company to-day?

Nobody is at home but Hiram. All the world, and "the rest of mankind," are traveling, rusticated, watering, shooting, fishing, wasting life in a feverish effort to keep cool. Here, now, is Uncle Robert, sauntering in more asleep than awake. He has been sleeping on the Sound—of course he has been *sound asleep*. He "prefers the Fall River route, because, having a longer water passage, he can sleep till morning, and get into Boston in good season, without a long and dusty ride in the cars," as if sleeping were the great business of life, and as if dust were not one of the perquisites of the traveler. He expatiates, also, upon the "large and commodious boats of this line, the polite and attentive officers, and the good fare," as if he had gone out for the mere luxury of traveling, and knew how to appreciate it. He thinks the *Metropolis* would be just the craft for the Merry family to take an excursion in, one of these days. He speaks warmly of "the beautiful night, the large and fashionable company, and especially of the bright and beautiful children, most of whom, he was sure, from their musical laugh, merry voices, and good-humored love of chat and play, were of the Merry family." One of them, in particular, he took into his special favor, as the brightest of the jewels and the merriest of the Merrys. "He was a fine little fellow of five years, whose prattle attracted the notice of all in the saloon. And when he left us at Newport, not a few of us felt that a note of very pleasant music was silenced for a time. Willie (that was his name) was lame, and something of a sufferer, though a very patient one. His happy face and merry laugh will long be remembered." He then speaks enthusiastically of his pleasant trip from Fall River to Providence, in the Bradford Durfee, as another bright streak in his summer journeyings, which is photographed on his memory, never to be erased. But here comes Amelia.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 4, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—Have you seen "The Monthly Puzzler," by Cousin Luke? It is a beautiful thing, only one small sheet, published in Brooklyn, for 25 cents a year. It is full of fun and good things, and seems just as if it was Lilliputian cousin to the MUSEUM AND CABINET. I wish you would find out who Cousin Luke is, and introduce him to "The Chat." Please do, Uncle, and oblige your affectionate niece,
AMELIA.

Yes, Amelia, we have seen the "little joker" you speak of, and have the same sort of cousinly feeling toward it. We will do our best to make Cousin Luke *come out* of his disguise, and *come in* to our circle. He is too witty, too genial, too heartily good-humored and merry, to work all by himself, like a crusty old bachelor. Cousin Luke, look out, we are after you; and we sincerely hope you won't prove so tough a riddle to our young folks as Aunt Sue has done. Give us your hand, and here is ours, open as the day.

ORANGE, N. J., August, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—My other letter, I guess, was thrown into the basket, for I didn't see anything of it in the Chat. I suppose it was too long, and therefore I will try to make this shorter. Either you or the printer made a mistake in my name—not E. L. H., but J. L. H., if you please. Can an enigma compete for the second prize? If not, I must give it up. Yours truly,
J. L. H.

Enigmas may be admitted to compete; but they are so simple and so numerous that they will not stand as good a chance as other kinds of puzzles. Suppose you try again, but *take particular notice of this*—do not try so hard as to scare all your best thoughts away. This is one of the greatest difficulties of young writers. The best thoughts are very near, if not on, the surface.

THERE you are again, Mr. Merry! Ever misrepresenting and twisting my letters. It was so with my first letter, it is so with the last. In the July number you dub me Daggers-daah. I defy you to prove any such *cut-throat* designation. My signature is a dash

and two exclamation points. Will you *Nota Bene*? By the above name, you confound me with another writer who signs himself two daggers and a star. So Black-Eyes asks if we are relatives. *Star-daggers* is right, but *Dash-daggers* is *not*. Will you make the correction before the term is fastened on me?
!—!

Well, Mr. Exclamation-dash, you are more belligerent than three daggers and a bowie-knife. You need not defy us. We will have "not a bean" without it, and you may dash on and exclaim to your heart's content.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, Aug. 6th, 1857.

ENVY me, all ye Merrys! Scarcely had the month of August peeped in upon us, when there came, to bless me with stores of wisdom, fun, and romance, *two MUSEUMS*! There; wan't I lucky? Well, how do you all do, anyhow? I have felt a kind of drawing toward the center of our beautiful State, lately, and wondered what it could be that disturbed the usual *equanimity* of my orbit. The MUSEUM solves the problem, clears up the mystery, and informs all disturbed planets in our system, that a comet, in the shape of W. H. Coleman, Esq., has appeared in our midst. Willie, Willie! how could you? Come so near, and never call!

Good evening, Laura. Where have you been so long? Why, it does one good to get hold of your hand once more. Please don't stay away so long again. Do you know what has become of Alice? She never even asked leave to go. Tell M. Le Smith that *female* fowls don't crow.

So Dodt has been bold enough to throw a bone into the circle. Beware, Cousin Dodt, I, your humble servant, once did that, and behold her fate! I have not had time to try a solution, yet; don't think it's very hard, though.

I don't know much about Latin, but ain't Cousin Lily's sentence so?

Love to all the family. Yours, etc.,

BLACK-EYES.

Just so; but we must not "let on" till next month, so that all may have a fair chance at it.

WYANDOTTE, Aug. 6th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I shall be very much obliged if you will please introduce me to the Merry family. I know that you are many miles away from home, yet I judge that you are almost omnipresent, for you may be in New York and any other part of the Union at the same time.

Uncle Frank, do you not think that they are making a great fuss about Aunt Sue? Poor thing, how patiently she bears all! For my part, if I were she, I would convict them all of slander, and send them to State Prison. Your affectionate nephew,
A. J. W.

What a merry time they would have in that prison, if all the Merry family who have wondered and talked about Aunt Sue should be sent there together! Poor, dear Auntie, don't think of it.

CHESTER, MASS., Aug. 3, 1857.

MR. HATCHET:—I've a great deal to say, and your rule gives me no room to say it in, but here are the "gems."

Minnie, your sympathy is superfluous. I am in Hartford but one month out of the twelve. When you were writing I was somewhere between Cleveland and Quebec. If you speak of Hartford again, in that manner, I will set Black-Eyes on you. I won't have my native city run down.

Both Black-Eyes.—I'd give you a *piece* of my mind if I only knew *how* you would like it.

John Weldon.—I don't know about the *He*, but there is a considerable of a *brew* in the MUSEUM, every month. For the cousins, consult the books at the MUSEUM office. You must content yourself with the *signature*. I am not acquainted with *him*. Who is he?

How are you, Laura? Glad to see you.

G. B. H.—I dropped down in your town, 4th of July morning, and saw the Invincibles.

Oh, that Mrs. L.'s aunt of an N. B.! I don't like it. I don't like to make mincemeat of my ideas. I want to spread myself. But lest I receive a *hatcheting*, I hasten to say, yours truly,
WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

MR. MERRY:—In the August MUSEUM, Black-Eyes inquires if!—! is a relative of mine. It is not best to introduce another "relation" question in the Chat until the "Aunt Sue" is settled. I would, therefore, briefly respond, "find out."

Welcome back, *ancient* Laura. Where have you been this while? Have you heard from Petrarch, lately?
††

We admire your coolness, though your martial name would better suit the temper of your supposed relative.

LE ROY, ILL., Aug. 8th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As Uncle Frank is gone "out West," I write to you this month,

although the chances of my ever seeing my letter again are very few, since, if it escapes that ugly "Miss Carry," there are the basket and that hatchet ready to receive it.

I shall send no answers this month, as what I have lately sent have probably been consigned to the basket.

"Badger State," notwithstanding his "peaceably disposed" nature, is trying to get up a "row" about Aunt Sue. That he may not succeed, is the wish of your nephew,

ADELBERT OLDER.

P. S.—Please tell Badger State that "young suckers" are dangerous. He need not be afraid of me, though, for I was born in Wisconsin, and am, therefore, his fellow Badger.

A. O.

"Badger State" will please take notice. A. O. will also please observe that, in so large a correspondence as ours, there is danger, not only from Miss "Carry," but from "Miss Lay." In fact, the *misses* bother us in all sorts of ways.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 1st, 1857.

DEAR EDITORIAL CORPS:—One word more about the labyrinth, and I have done. Please ask "Pennsylvania Cousins" if they claim it as their work?

Two of our boys were disputing the other day about sun-fish. One said a sun-fish was a perch. The other said it wasn't. "I say a sunny *does* belong to the genus perch." "Well, so does a hen-roost!" was the answer. There are a good many *mores* in Fritz's letter, ar'n't there? I shouldn't wonder if his name were Fritz More. I wish to make friends with Black-Eyes and "Nip," right off; so I propose to send them—I hope they won't be shocked—a kiss, and a hearty shake o' the fist. Don't you think some of the cousins must have very contradictory ideas of Willie C—? One supposes he has never been out of Hartford, and another that he goes to the Mercantile Library. But the ghost of Uncle Hiram stalks before "mine een," and as I suppose he loves *shorts* as well as a horse, I must "shut up shop and go in the country till next September." Yours truly,

D. B. O.

"Pennsylvania Friends" will please reply. But we supposed, as you admitted that the labyrinth was not exactly like yours, by saying it was not printed correctly, you would feel that there might be another made somewhat like yours, and yet not be the same.

SANTIAM, OREGON TER., July 2d, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—Permit me to introduce myself as one of your affectionate nieces. Although Oregon is remote from any of the other States and Territories, it is as nice and pleasant a country as any one could wish. I suppose you have never (I think I can safely say I *know* you have never) crossed the plains? Well, it is a long and tedious journey from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; but there are some grand scenes on the road. I would tell you about some of them if I thought you would like to hear of them; but I think I can see you gravely perusing this letter, and saying, "Tut! good for nothing." I don't mean to say that this is the fate of all your letters; yet I feel that it will be the fate of mine. Give my love to all the good folks that prepare such a rare treat each month for us. Affectionately,

LUCY.

Let us hear about those grand scenes, Lucy dear. You know how "distance lends enchantment to the view," and you are far enough off to be superlatively enchanting. We never expect to cross the Rocky Mountains, but doubt not we shall have a large family of nephews and nieces there soon.

MADISON, N. J., Aug. 17, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Another month flies, and with it the MUSEUM. By-the-by, let me ask, which is the best Museum—Barnum's or Merry's? I guess I know which way the Merry heads will turn; however, let me see the majority.

Please let me ask an introduction to E. Wolford. I think, if I am not much mistaken, I once knew him in S— school, Conn.

I have a friend in this place who takes your magazine, but I believe is afraid to write to you; he is afraid to have his name in print. I expect I shall get a good pounding when he sees this, but what do I care! His name is—

But haven't I observed your rules well? Your true friend,

THEON A.

We are sorry that any of our family should be afraid to be seen in good company. But that name shall not *see day* without the consent of its owner.

ROCKY POINT, August, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—In this lovely spot, with the sun pouring his mellow beams through the giant elms that spread their leafy boughs over my father's mansion, with the rose-bud and

honeysuckle twining their delicate branches around the window, I sit and write these lines, the first which have found their way to the MUSEUM from this rocky shore, where the waves their tribute pay, and the sea-nymph reigns. Yours truly, WALTER GREY.

Quite poetical, Walter. We shall expect to hear from you in rhyme, ere long.

LOWELL, VT., Aug. 17th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Why, how strange it is—how *provokingly strange* it is—that you haven't heard me rapping for so long at the "Merry" parlor-door, trying to gain admittance to the *Merry* circle. Was it because you thought I was an old maid (I am not more than "turned of forty"), or because "Miss Black-Eyes" and "Willie" were making such a "rum-pus" over nothing, *as usual*, that though the rap was ever so boisterous, it could not be heard above the *din* and *confusion*. Oh! I've just thought, you feared the consequences if another pair of *black eyes* were added to the ones already with you; but if it will suit you and the company any better, I'll try to hide the *enormous deformity* by a pair of *green goggles*. Tell Willie H. Coleman that I feel for him in his distress, and hope he will be able to withstand all "Black-Eyes" shocks, till I am considered one of the "Merry" tribe, and then if he can't fight his battles alone, he may be assured of my sympathy and assistance. My love to Alice B. C. and Aunt Sue, besides all the other thousand-and-one cousins. That *awful under-the-table-basket-full* of love to you also, dear Uncle. *Now* mayn't I come in.

GENIE WITH THE GREEN GOGGLES.

Come in? Certainly—you are in already, and with our consent you shall never go out.

MONROE, N. Y., Aug., 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have taken the MUSEUM three years, and have listened to the *chattering* of the cousins, but never before dared to write to you. Please accept my congratulations on the union of the MUSEUM and CABINET (even if they are the last). If poor Willie H. Coleman "runs at the sight of a petticoat," what a race he must have every time he ventures into the street! Please give my love and best respects to Aunt Sue and Uncles Hiram and Frank. Of course you are to appropriate your share to yourself. I wonder if Uncle Hiram will think my letter needs shaving, or if he will throw it into "that basket" at once. Your merry niece,

JESSIE HILL.

Uncle Hiram thinks it would be *up-hill* work to chop your letter, Jessie, and as the weather is very warm, he will not attempt it.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, Aug. 11.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I wish to subscribe myself one of your nieces, if you have no objection. I have taken the CABINET for a number of years, and have always liked it very much; but now I like it as well again as I did before, now the MUSEUM and the CABINET are united. As I came home from my class this morning, the first thing that I saw on my table was the CABINET. My parents sent it to me from home. I have not much time to find out the riddles, puzzles, etc., as I have to attend to my studies.

My respects to Uncle Hiram, Uncle Frank, Aunt Sue, and the cousins, etc. C. D.

AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 4th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hope you will introduce me, with due respect, to all of my cousins. The first number of the MUSEUM that I received I was very much surprised to see that there had been a union between two great periodicals. I like the MUSEUM a great deal. This is my third letter, and I am afraid that they have all fallen in that yawning abyss of a basket. Ever since I first saw the name of Aunt Sue, I have been wondering who she was. I wish she would come right out and give her name.

Give my love and a hearty kiss to Black-Eyes, and respects to all my cousins. Yours truly, etc., T. M. H.

EUDORA, ARK., Aug. 11, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been a subscriber six years, but not a correspondent, as I did not put confidence in myself. I wrote Uncle Frank some months back; and, as I had not received a number for some time, I thought dear Uncle Frank had given me up as a bad boy. My feelings were very much hurt. But, O joy to tell, I was surprised the other day by a package of my dear little friends which had been detained in the Grand Lake office. I will never forsake the fraternity of Frank and Merry-hearted Uncles, and laughing, light-hearted cousins. When I get too old to take it, I have five brothers and three sisters, who will take it in turn. I hope soon to hear from you, and remain your dutiful boy,

OSCAR L. MATHIS.

Most happy to hear from you, Oscar, and hope Uncle Sam's mails will be more regular in future.

An unknown nephew of mine discourses pleasantly about his home in the country. But where on "this boundless continent" this country home of his is situated he does not inform me.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I have never written you a letter yet, though I have been one of your nephews for a pretty long time. We live in the country in summer time, and have two cows and two horses—one named Billy—and one pony, and we have a nice little farm, too, and a man who I call Jemmy, but father calls him James. I have a nice little boat to sail on the pond—for we have a big pond and a river, and sometimes my brother takes me out on the river in a big boat. I wish I could see you, and have a good talk with you. I must now bid you good-bye. Give my love to Aunt Sue. I remain, as ever, your affectionate nephew,
R. H. M., Silver Lake.

You wish you could see me, do you? Well, sir, I don't believe you will see me very soon, while you remain so snugly hidden. Uncle Frank doesn't profess to be very expert at the game of "hide-and-seek."

Julia comes next in order. I wish she would crowd aside a little more of her modesty, and tell us all about those "water-spouts."

ASHTABULA, O., April 13th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I have thought a good many times I would like to write to you, begging to be one of your nieces, but then have feared to, lest I should be deficient somewhere. But I have been looking at your kind

face which came to us in the magazine. I think it says, "Don't be afraid, child; there is no harm in trying." One time in particular—it was last summer—I got my pen and paper all ready to tell you about some wonderful "water-spouts," which were rising from the lake (for my father lives on the very bank of Lake Erie), but I could not describe so grand a scene, and could only wish you were here to wonder with us. Your niece,
JULIA.

Adelbert Older is in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." He wants to know which uncle it is—Uncle Frank or Uncle Sam—that is to blame for the magazine being so tardy on its way to him. He is going to scold the offending party most mercilessly. Well, my friend, I think Uncle Sam would bear the scolding with more fortitude than I should. Hadn't you better try him first?

Will you make room, my children, for a boy between seventy and eighty years of age? He wants to come into our circle, it seems. Those in favor of admitting him—mind, he promises to be a right merry companion—will rise. All up, eh? 'Tis a vote. Now hear what he says:

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 6th, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—I inclose one dollar for the current year, in payment for the magazine. Every number is received and read by all the household, I believe. At any rate I read with pleasure every number; for I am old enough to be a second boy (near 74). Yours very respectfully,
JOSIAH CARY.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Do you like to have your nephews write to you as well as your nieces? As I have no sisters to write for me, and wishing to ask you a few questions, I thought I would venture to write myself. In the first place, I want to thank you, or Uncle Frank, or both, for your likeness, which was sent to us last winter. Oh, how we wish it was the same size as the CABINET, so that we could have it bound with them; next, are you the same Aunt Sue that the merry cousins used to have, before they were cousins to the CABINET children? One more question, Aunt Sue, if you please—Did you get those kisses we sent you last winter, through Uncle Frank? My love to you and Uncle Frank, and all the cousins
WARREN S. READ.

I am very much afraid, Warren, that Uncle Frank kept those kisses; I'm very sure he never gave me one of them. I am "the same Aunt Sue," and I do like to receive letters from my nephews as well as from my nieces.

CHESNUT GROVE, June 16, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I've been wanting to write to you for some time, but have been afraid that I might appear to wish to take the place of some of your older correspondents. Now, I don't care much about knowing who "Nip" is; she is a funny fidget, anyhow, and I like to read her letters. But I do wonder

who you are; and as you are not Uncle Frank's wife or sister, I guess maybe you are his daughter.

Yet it matters but little who you may be, Your name in the MUSEUM I do love to see. Please accept the kind love of ——— Mary, Aunt Sue,

Which she most sincerely now offers to you.

I accept it with pleasure, Mary, and now let me introduce you to your Cousin Lu, who seems to be well posted up on the subject of your wonder.

ELLSWORTH, ME., July 12, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I hope this won't get into your "basket," as its predecessor did.

If Maggie, "Nip," and others, will come into the "down-east" corner of your great parlor, they will find a cousin who *can* reveal your *real name*.

Perhaps you will wonder how I found it out, and therefore I will tell you. Don't you remember the first time I was introduced into your "parlor," you took me on your knee, and told me your name "in confidence," at the same time giving me your portrait. But I will never betray that confidence until I have permission.

With love to all, I am your affectionate niece, Lu.

Of course I took you on my knee. I *always* take dear little children on my knee when I can get a chance; when may I do it again?

HARDWICK, VT., July 7, 1857.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE:—I hardly know whether I do right or not in taking the liberty of addressing you. And I am very much afraid that this letter will be thrown into the dark drawer or basket, or something worse than that, which all editors and editresses have. But taking courage from the cordial reception of my other cousins, I don't know but I may receive one too. I wrote to Uncle Frank last October, and should have written to you and him a good many times, had it not been that mamma was away, and grandma did not think it best I should write till she came home. She spent the winter in New York. I wrote to her to go and see you and Uncle Frank, but she said she did not think it would be best, for editors and editresses have so much to do, they are not glad to see many people. Once she got as far as the *Times* office, but stayed there so late she did not have time to go farther.

Dear Aunt Sue, will you please accept me

as one of your nieces, and come to see me when you visit Vermont? Give my love to all the cousins and uncles, and accept a large portion for yourself. Yours affectionately,

DAPHNE.

Daphne, tell your mother that either I am not an editress, or she is quite mistaken about their not being glad to see kind friends; just let her come and try, that's all; and be sure she brings grandma and you with her.

DRESDEN, July 30, 1857.

TO GOOD AUNT SUE:—

Please, Aunt Sue,
May I come in—
Say how d'y'e do
To every one?

I'm 'way up here,
In Southern Maine,
Where half the year
Doth winter reign.

Our pleasant June,
And warm July,
Pass all too soon,
E'en now gone by.

Still many a pleasure
Is yet in store;
If I had leisure
I'd tell you more.

Lest you say fie,
My dear Aunt Sue,
I'll say good-bye,
From MARY LOU.

FRANKSTOWN, July 3, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I received the CABINET AND MUSEUM last night, and am now trying to write a note to you. I wrote a letter to you some time ago, but I don't think you received it, or if you did get it the answers were wrong, or it came too late, for I did not see my name to one. Well, no matter, maybe the answers to these few are right. In the next number do tell us something about the Fourth, of some pic-nic, or something else that is nice. I hope you will spend a pleasant Fourth, also my uncles, cousins, nephews, and nieces. But I must quit writing, or I'm afraid my letter will be put into that "orful" big basket. Yours truly,

WILLIE M. FINLEY.

Willie, our pic-nic on the "Fourth" was a very funny affair; we let all the servants go

out, and then made a frolic of getting dinner, and setting the table. Our guests all helped, and it was amusing to see the out-of-the-way-places they searched for spoons, table-cloth, salt-cellar, etc.; and then, such a looking table! everything awry; such antagonistic knives and spoons! But I can assure you we had some fun over it.

Mollie, you have taken a great deal of pains

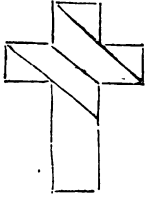
with your enigma, and it is wonderfully correct; but I'm a little afraid Uncle Hiram will use his remorseless hatchet upon it, on account of its length. Molly sends her love to "Fleta" and all the cousins.

And now make room
For Mary Lou,
She wants to say
A word or two.

Answers to Questions, etc., in July No.

102. He wants a bit in his mouth. *Susie.*
He feels the need of a bit. *L. S. R.*
He would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth. *Bootes.*

103.



Jessie Hill.

104. Can't find any such place. *Many.*
105. The London Illustrated News. *C. F. W.*
—*Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Jonas.*—*Lone Star.*—*L. M. S.*
106. The United States of America. *C. F. W.*
—*Cousin N.*—*Bootes.*—*Geo. E. H.*
—*Lone Star.*—*L. M. S.*—*Jessie Hill.*
107. Lark-spur. *Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Willie F.*—*Jonas.*—*Lone Star.*—*Jessie H.*—*L. M. S.*
108. Slate-late-teal-ate-eat-tea-to-et-e-steal-least-slat-salt-last. *C. F. W.*—*W. H. G.*—*Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Willie F.*—*Jonas.*—*Geo. E. H.*—*L. M. S.*—*Jessie H.*

As an enigma: Sea-ale-east-seat-at-seal-sale. *C. F. W.*

109. Because it contains Canton. *Oliver.*
110. Because it contains candy. *Oliver.*—*Jonas.*
111. Mary land (Merry land.) *C. F. W.*—*Jonas.*—*Jessie H.*
112. Philadelphia. Rev. i. 4. *C. F. W.*—*Cousin N.*—*Bootes.*
113. Spring-Beauty. *Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Jonas.*
114. Phoe-bus (fee-bus). *L. R.*—*Cousin N.*—*Jonas.*
115. Dew-drop. *Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Willie F.*—*Lone Star.*—*Geo. E. H.*—*L. M. S.*

116. With the war-whoop men scare women. In the hoop-war women scare men. *O. P. O.*
117. Orange-rage-age-ogre-one-ear. *C. F. W.*—*Oliver.*—*Cousin N.*—*Willie F.*—*Bootes.*—*Jessie H.*—*Jonas.*—*Geo. E. H.*
118 and 119. No answers to these. The original letter containing the answers is mislaid. Will A. O. please supply them.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

N. B.—Please to observe that "Dodt's" problem, 147, in the August number, should read required the value of X and Y, not X + Y.

ENIGMATICAL STORY.

161. We 12, 9, 22, 5, in a 22, 5, 18, 25, 12, 1, 18, 7, 5, house, 1, 14, 4, we 1, 18, 5, a 22, 5, 18, 25, 12, 1, 18, 7, 5, family 20, 15, 15, 8, 15, 14, 19, 9, 19, 20, 9, 14, 7, of 15, 21, 18, dear 21, 14, 8, 12, 5, 6, 18, 1, 14, 11, and 15, 21, 18, darling 1, 21, 14, 20, 19, 21, 5, and a 8, 15, 19, 20, of 9, 14, 14, 21, 13, 5, 18, 1, 2, 12, 5, 3, 15, 21, 19, 9, 14, 19. 15, 8! 23, 8, 1, 20, fine 20, 9, 13, 5, 19, we do 8, 1, 22, 5! During 12, 1, 19, 20, 23, 9, 14, 20, 5, 18, we 23, 15, 21, 12, 4, all 19, 9, 20, around our 12, 1, 18, 7, 5, 20, 1, 2, 12, 5, cracking 10, 15, 11, 5, 19, and 14, 21, 20, 19, and 20, 5, 12, 12, 9, 14, 7, 19, 20, 15, 18, 9, 5, 19, 18, 9, 4, 4, 12, 5, 19, and laughing 19, 15, 12, 15, 21, 4, as to 6, 18, 9, 7, 8, 20, 5, 14, 5, 22, 5, 18, 25, 15, 14, 5, but our 15, 23, 14, 8, 1, 16, 18, 25, selves. Well, 19, 16, 18, 9, 14, 7, came 23, 9, 20, 8, 1, 12, 12, her 2, 21, 4, 19, and 2, 12, 15, 19, 19, 15, 13, 19, and we 23, 5, 18, 5, just the 19, 1, 13, 5, 8, 1, 16, 16, 25, 8, 18, 5, 1, 20, 21, 18, 5, 19, still. But 15, 14, 5, 6, 9, 14, 5, sun 19, 8, 9, 14, 25, 4, 1, 25, in 1, 16, 18, 9, 12 there 23, 1, 19, a 7, 18, 5, 1, 20, 19, 8, 15, 21, 20. 23, 8, 15, do 25, 15, 21, 20, 8, 9, 14, 11, has 8, 15, 13, 5?

Well, 9, 12, 12, just 20, 5, 12, 12, you.
It 9, 19, 21, 14, 3, 12, 5, 13, 5, 18, 13, 25,
and 21, 14, 3, 12, 5, 8, 9, 18, 1, 13, and
another 12, 15, 20, of 16, 18, 5, 20, 20,
25, cousins. And now 4, 5, 1, 18, 16, 1,
18, 5, 14, 20, 19, and 6, 18, 9, 5, 14, 4,
19, we can 10, 21, 19, 20, tell you 20, 8,
1, 20, we 1, 18, 5, 9, 14, 4, 5, 5, 4, THE
8, 1, 16, 16, 25, 13, 5, 18, 18, 25 family.

Good-bye, yours ever,

Mollie C. Jacobs.

GOSHEN, IND.

162. When are wild birds like my convent window? *Nun.*

ENIGMA.

163. I am composed of six letters. Behold me, and I am often decorated with pendant icicles. Cut off my tail, and I signify "permission." Deprive me of my 3 and 4, and I am a sediment from the juice of a luscious fruit. Cut off my last three, and I am washed by the ocean's waves. Deprive me of my 3, 4, and 6, and I am as variable as the winds. Deprive me of my 1, 3, and 6, and I am the individual who first used my *whole* in the fabrication of clothing. *O. K. Bush.*

164. CHARADE.

FIRST.

How sweet this life appears,
When through the lapse of years,
Thy love doth still abide!
Or when sorrow casts her dart
On some true living heart,
Will thou art by his side.

SECOND.

While the dashing waves roll high,
And darker grows the sky,
An object meets my view.
See, how she plows the main!
Through stormy winds and rain,
Her course she still pursues.

WHOLE.

O'er life's rough, rugged sea,
Our hearts would often be
Borne down by care and pain;
But some one, kind and true,
Will love and succor you,
And bid you smile again. *Lucy.*

165. What part of a grape-vine is useful in blasting rocks? *George A.*

166. How do you know that your landlord's mother has ten sisters? *George A.*

167. I send a riddle which has puzzled many brains, but for which no answer has yet been found.

"Sir Hillary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth 'twas an awful day!

And tho' in those rough times of sport,
The gallants of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hillary uttered there
Two syllables, by way of prayer

The *first*, to all the fair and brave,
Who see the morrow's sun.
The *next*, with its cold and quiet cloud
To all who in their dewy shroud
Rest, when the day is done.

My *whole* to those whose bright blue eyes
Weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Minnie Fish.

168. Which of the royal castles of England was fit only for the dogs? *Andrew R.*

169. Take a Yankee poet's name,

A punster and a wit,

One who has won undying fame;

One letter take from it.

When that is done, then you will see

A cutting instrument 'twill be.

Adelbert Older.

170. Entire, I am an Eastern country. Take away my first letter, and I am a title of divinity. Take away my first and second, and I am a verb. *Adelbert Older.*

171. Howling o'er the wintry plain,
Tossing high the angry main,
Roaming ever wild and free
As the foamy waves of sea,
Goes my *first*, now here, now there,
Unseen through the upper air.

Bonnie maidens are my *next*,
Famed in many dialects,
While the good old Scottish tongue
Oftenest their praise have sung.
Smallest ships that plow the sea
Have my *whole* their aid to be.

Fleta Forrester.

172. AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 7, 2, is a point.

My 2, 6, 4, 7, you generally use in writing letters.

My 3, 2, 6, is a popular poem.

My 4, 2, 1, means trouble.

My 5, 1, 7, 2, is a measure.

My 6, 7, 4, is a point of time.

My 7, 3, 1, 2, is a quarter of my 4, 5, 7, 6, and forty times my 7, 1, 2.

My *whole* was an ancient barbarian chieftain. *Uncle Joe.*

173. Why is London very near destruction? *Theron A.*

174. Why is a pair of pants too large every way, like two cities in France? *Theron A.*



GRATIAS THE CATERPILLAR.

GRATIAS had several queer adventures. Once a large green frog, with a cold nose and goggle eyes, snapped at him as he was looking over the edge of the fish-pond; but there was some slimy moss on the stone where Freckle stood; and just as his mouth was about to close on Gratias, his long hind legs slipped and sprawled; he went back into the water with a splash, and our brown friend traveled off so fast, he never saw the garden wall before him till he bumped his head against it. Then, once, he had gone to sleep in the very middle of a red rose—the last one on the bush, for it was now autumn—and the rose being picked

by a very little white hand, that belonged to Miss Saccharissa, Gratias began to quirl for joy; he thought she would be good to him if he was not pretty, for her blue eyes were so very soft and shallow, just like the pond on a summer day; but when Saccharissa saw the innocent worm, she gave a loud shriek and threw rose and all on to the gravel path so hard, that Gratias had scarcely time to make a ball of himself and roll away, to hide his bruised head and his hurt feelings behind the garden roller for two days. But a diet of chickweed and rain water cured both those ailments, and soon he crept out again over the big roller,

which just at that hour the gardener was accustomed to use, and poor Gratias began to feel it move under him before he was half across it, and expected nothing less than to be directly crushed to a jelly; but the gardener found his roller was out of order, a loose screw threatened to let the handle go every moment; and while he replaced that, Gratias had time to save himself, and dropping to the ground, toddled away, half a mind to be discouraged and say he would not try to live any more, he was so lonely and so ugly, and so full of fear; however, a little honey-bee just then began to sing on a late bean-flower, and her song was so gay and so good, that the worm found himself trying to sing too.

“Buzz, buzz, buzz away!

Making honey
When it's sunny,
Sleeping all the rainy day.

“Buzz, buzz, busy bee,

All the posies
Are not roses,

But they all are sweet to me.

Buzz, buzz away!”

“Whew!” said Mr. Powsy, who turned the corner just then; “a nice little song, Mrs. Sweeting! do you think winter won't come?”

“I shall go to sleep then, sir, and there's honey in the hive,” answered the little woman.

But Gratias shivered. “Is it almost winter, Mr. Powsy?”

“Yes, creeper crawler; almost time for the white frosts. I've been hard at work, to-day, picking out a place for my hole; soon I shall have to dig it.”

“And where are all the creatures I know going this year?” said Gratias, in a dismal tone.

“Oh! I go to sleep. Buzz and Mrs Sweetser stay and nod in their combs, Mrs. Pelopidan went South yesterday, and Mrs. Roberts has taken a house for the winter in the great barn; when it is very cold she may go to Maryland, I can't say. As for Whiz, Fiz's brother, nobody seems to know exactly what he will do. I think he will die off. Freckle, the frog, is a low creature; he lives in the mud, and comes out in the Spring with such a host of little polli-wogs! It is so absurd to have children with tails, and no legs! I don't see how he can be so proud of the little wretches!”

“I wonder what I shall do?” said Gratias; but Mr. Powsy had hopped off after a blue-bottle fly, so he got no answer. Then he went up the nearest tree and lay in the sunshine, till he felt so lazy and dreamy that he thought he would spin a little; and he drew out a nice fine thread, longer than ever he could before, till he thought how nice it would be to spin himself a house for the winter, and resolved to begin immediately; so first he spun a stout cord from the tree bough, and then a filmy veil large enough for the outside of his house, and then another and another layer, till he had but just room to coil himself up and go to sleep, rocked by the winds that began to blow cold and loud in the tree-tops. But as he was getting very sleepy indeed, he happened to think that he was so fast shut

up in his house that he could not possibly get anything to eat or drink, and what should he do? For a few minutes he was somewhat troubled, and would have liked to unspin his new covering; but then he remembered that he had all his life been taken care of, when he could not help himself, and he would not be afraid now; so he curled down again, safe because he was helpless, and went sound asleep.

Now came the dim shape once more that Mrs. Pelopidan had seen, and took its stand by the grey house of the sleeping worm, to defend it from harm till Spring should come. Gentian, the blue jay, that lived hard by, peered curiously at the swinging shell, but dared not touch it, for he saw the awful shadow that stretched upward to the pure stars, and kept guard over earth.

Flisk, the squirrel, chattered at a yard's distance, about this queer nut to his wife Flisky, but came no nearer; and even the snow and rain beat to one side, rather than freeze or wet the quiet home of the hidden caterpillar.

At last Spring came; the grass began to shoot up in the level meadows; all the birds came back with songs of pure love and joy; the little wood-flowers opened their soft eyes, and kissed the south wind back again till it was as sweet as their own hearts; the tender rain wept for gladness, till all the

buds on the dim trees opened into leaves under its gentle caress; and far and wide the grey woods melted into pale



THE CHRYSALIS.

green masses; the hill-sides grew opal-colored with maple blossoms and bursting buds; the orchards blushed like rosy clouds on the distant mountain slopes, and all the world was so happy, that a little stir of its new life came to Gratias where he slept, and the dim shape vanished in the east. Warmer and warmer shone the sun on the grey house, and the worm felt its glow through every little bone; he stretched himself well, and the bands that seemed to hold him tightly, parted gently; he saw a tiny gleam of day and crept toward it, every motion growing easier and making the spot of light wider, till at length he stood on the outside of his winter

dwelling in the noon-day sun, dazzled and happy, but feeling as if he could not crawl.

"Whew!" said a well-known voice; and looking down he saw Mr. Powsy under the tree; "are you paid now for your patience, friend? Do you like your wings as well as Fiz did his?"

"Wings! have I got wings?" said Gratius.

"To be sure you have; sail across the pond and see yourself!"

He spread the silken sails that now he felt on either side; lifted his dainty feet from the bough, and aided by a little puff of wind, away he glided with the most beautiful motion over flowerbeds and paths to the great ponds, and poising above the blue surface, he looked down and saw himself—his ugly body was gone; his wings were gold-colored, all spotted with black and blue; his breast, mixed rings of black and gold; his eyes as bright as dew, and two slender, graceful, curling horns on either side his head. He had not been so trustful and patient in vain; he was no more a worm, but a gay and beautiful butterfly, and he soared back to Mr. Powsy, almost too happy to fly straight.

"Ho! ho!" said the toad. "Now you're fine and must eat honey; I can't eat you now, if I wanted to. You must have a new name, friend; Gratius did very well for the worm, but the butterfly shall be called Gloria!"

And that was his name always.

A. W. H.

A PANTHER STORY.

Soon after finishing our house out here, in California, we were awakened one night by the doleful squealing of one of our hogs that was in a pen twenty feet from the house. We thought it was either a bear or a panther carrying him off, although it was so dark that we could not see. However, next morning we saw by the tracks that it was a panther. The second night after this we were again awakened by a strange noise—a sort of mixture of barking, hissing, yelping, and spitting, which, together with occasional thumps against the door, made quite a racket. On looking out we saw Tiger (our dog) engaged in a desperate battle with a large panther, sometimes rolling over and over, and altogether so mixed up that it was difficult telling them apart. Tiger, on seeing the door open, struggled to get in, the panther still having hold of him. Father thought that the house was not a fit place for a panther, so he shut the door, and by drumming on it frightened the fellow away. Poor Tiger slept no more that night, but kept up an incessant barking until morning. Next morning we saw a great many scratches on Tiger, and a good deal of hair on the ground, which had been scratched off in the fight.

The panther, or California lion, resembles the African lioness in shape. He stands three feet high, and sometimes measures eleven feet from the point of his nose to the end of his tail.

I. B. B.

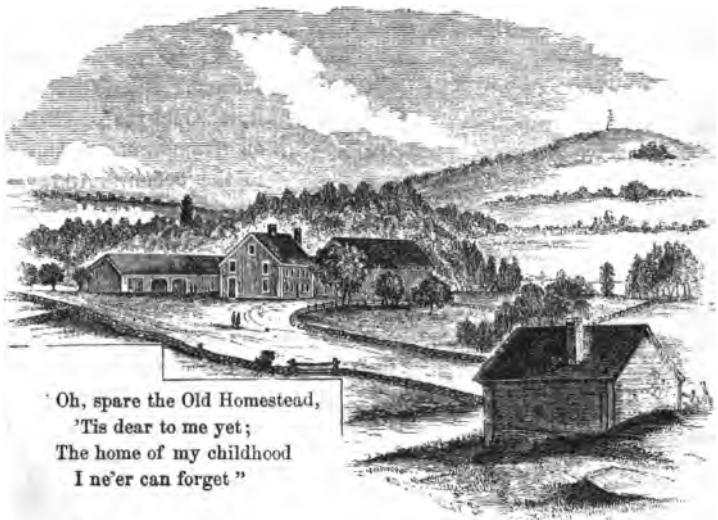
THE OLD HOMESTEAD



ALL me not romantic, though I speak of the many pleasant recollections which cluster around the Old Homestead, and come thronging up from the days of childhood often as we revisit it in the after years. The dear Old Homestead—where we first saw the light and first learned to know the looks and tones of love—where kind parents watched over us with yearning affection, and where a whole troop of fond brothers and sisters used to mingle together in the sweet fellowship of domestic bliss; where we remembered

and kept our birth-days. How the heart turns back to this hallowed spot, from all its various wanderings! How it lingers about the old associations, after years of absence, as if the cherished objects of the past would come back to its embrace and live again! It is only after absence, separation, and loss that we fully know how precious to the soul were its first loves, and how important the influences and surroundings of its early days.

But how changed is everything about the dear old place now! I love it still, but am pained, as well as glad, to revisit it. The garden we thought so



Oh, spare the Old Homestead,
'Tis dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood
I ne'er can forget "

much of is grown over with weeds. The paths we so often trod are overgrown with grass. The house itself is changed. The dear old kitchen, the heart of the mansion, has been made smaller, to give room for a cosy little sitting-room at one end. It may be cosy and convenient to the new-comers, but it is not the spacious old kitchen, where all the work of the house could be done and all the family sit round the ample fire of hickory logs, and where there was always room enough for "blindman's buff," "hide and seek," "puss in the corner," and other kindred philosophies of those blessed days at home, to say nothing of huskings, molasses candy scrapes, etc., etc.

The old south room is not much

changed. How many scenes come back upon memory as I open the door—the prayer-meetings, the social gatherings of family friends, the thanksgiving parties, the birth-day festivals, and the eager gathering of the whole group to listen to the last letter from the loved and absent in China, to hear of the strange people there, their idolatries, their customs, and their curious works. Here, in the engraving, you see them listening to an explanation of a Chinese ancestral tablet, which had just arrived, among other curiosities, from that distant land.

Yet some things remain as of old. The spacious barn is there, and the long shed, protecting the north side of the yard. The old hill in the distance,

with its straggling fringe of half-blasted trees, and its solemn look toward heaven. But, more than all, the bright sparkling brook, that babbled along the edge of the garden, and sauntered down into the valley, as if it were in no hurry to get through; though, after leaving it, it would rush on to the river, as if ambitious to find its way to the ocean. And yet, after all, the brook was changed too. It sang the same old tune, but it seemed to be set to different words. The air was familiar, but my heart could not *chime in* as of old. What was the matter?

This brook had something more than sparkles and bab-



blings to commend it. It was perfectly alive with trout, and I used to know just where to find, and just how to take, them. Often, after the day's work was done, or when it rained too hard to "work in the garden," I would



take my pole and try my hand for a morning meal. I became familiar with every hole and nook where "most the trout did congregate," and almost with every shining little fellow among them, and could generally tell when one was large enough to be promoted from the brook to the table. Many a time have I put back into the stream some venturesome little fellow who had come unbidden to my hook, thus giving him opportunity to grow worthy of the dignity of being eaten.

Well do I remember how my venerated father valued his brook, talking of it as his "meat-tub in the meadow," and how he was always successful in bringing something out of it, when others could catch nothing.

But this is all past. To-day I took a line and went down to see if they would remember the old friend who had never forgotten them. It rained, but I took my old stand on the bridge and

threw my line. A moment of watching—then—"flap" there he comes, as fine and plump a fellow as ever gladdened the eye of old Izaak. They knew me—they did. In half an hour I was on my way up with a goodly string of them, all eager to be broiled for my breakfast.

The old school-house in the distance caught my eyes. What scenes came flitting along as memory carried me back to the good old days when, within those narrow walls, the "young idea" first learned "to shoot," sometimes overshooting the mark, and sometimes "going off in a squib," or "flashing in the pan!" Those "spelling-schools!" Ah! what a spell of ambitious rivalry was on us, as we strove to see who could remain longest "standing up!" Why, I could spell five times as well then as I can now.

After the last one was "*spelled down*" came the declamations. I well remember my first trial, when called out to "*say my piece.*" How I trembled! How fully I realized the good sense of

" You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage!"

I wonder if I can repeat that first piece now! No sooner said than done. Down went fishing-rod and fish, and up I mounted on an old familiar stump, made "my bow to the whole world and the rest of mankind," and addressed myself to Niagara thus:

I wonder how long you've been a roarin'
At this tremendous rate!
I wonder if all you've been pourin'
Could be ciphered on a slate!

I wonder how such a thunderin' sounded
 When all New York was woods!
 'Spose likely some Indians have been drowned,
 When rains had raised your floods!
 I wonder if wild stags and buffaloes
 Haven't stood where now I stand!
 Well 'spose (being scared at first)
 they'd studd'd their toes,
 I wonder where they'd land!
 I wonder if that rainbow has been
 shinin'
 Since sunrise at creation—
 And this waterfall been underminin'
 With constant spatteration!
 That Moses never mentioned ye, I've
 wondered,
 While other things describin'!
 My conscience! how ye must have
 foamed and thundered,
 When the deluge was subsidin'!
 "My thoughts are strange," magnificent, and
 deep,
 "When I look down to thee,"
 O! what a glorious place for washing sheep
 Niagara will be!
 And oh! what a tremendous water-power
 Is wasted o'er its edge—
 One man might furnish all the world with flour
 With a single privilege!
 I wonder how many times the lakes have all
 Been emptied over here!
 Why Clinton didn't fill the Great Canal
 Up here, I think is queer.
 The thoughts are "very strange" which crowd
 my brain,
 "While I look up to thee."
 Such thoughts I never expect to have again
 To all eternity!

As my old pine-wood audience did
 not see fit to clap or stamp, I stamped
 down from my stump, clapped up my
 fish, and started homeward. Every-
 thing seemed more familiar than ever.

Even the squirrels knew me as I
 walked along, and skipped about the old
 trees as if they knew that, with the fish-

ing-rod in one hand and an ample sup-
 ply of trout in the other, I should not be
 likely to ask them to smell my powder.



I went out to the hay-field. It was
 the same old work, but the fun was all
 worked out of it. The boys were not
 there—nor—the girls. But the hay
 went in, and so did I, as soon as I de-
 cently could. The old adage says,
 "Make hay while the sun shines." I
 say, make hay at home, and this is not
 home now.

THE SQUIRREL.

The pretty Grey Squirrel lives up in the tree,
 A gay little creature as ever can be;
 But, though gay, he is prudent, and works,
 like the ant,
 To provide in the summer, for cold winter's
 wants.
 He seeks out a hole in an old tree's core,
 Where he makes a warm nest, and lays up his
 store;
 And when winter comes, and the trees are all
 bare,
 And the white snow is falling, and keen is the
 air,
 He heeds not the cold, as he sits by himself
 In his warm little nest, with his nuts on the
 shelf.
 O wise little squirrel! no wonder that he
 In the green summer woods is as gay as can be.

THEFT OF MY CARPET-BAG.

MY old schoolmaster, who was a most enthusiastic believer in the efficiency of the rod, used to flog his disciples more severely for stealing, than for any other vice. "Tis not," he would say, "that the crime is really so much worse; but it is so *contemptibly mean*." I don't know that he was altogether right in making such a distinction; but I believe I feel something of the stern old master's abhorrence of thieving. And now this brings me straight to my story.

A carpet-bag is a very small affair. It takes but a small amount of money to purchase it. And as it lies in some dark corner of the garret, in a state of collapse, it might very easily be confounded with the rubbish by which it is surrounded. But when that carpet-bag is filled, ready for a long journey, it begins to assume not a little *consequence*; and after it has actually taken its place in a railroad-car, it becomes a vastly important aid to one's convenience. It is, in fact, a never-failing magazine of comfort. It is an institution. An American traveler, especially if he be a little particular in his notions, as I suppose Uncle Frank



is, can no more get along smoothly and pleasantly without his carpet-bag, than he could without his declaration of independence, his stars and stripes, his spread eagle, and his *E pluribus unum*. Well, now, reader, fancy to yourself an errant editor, right in the full career of his travels, suddenly bereft of his carpet-bag! Such was my case a month or two since. I had my carpet bag stolen—ay, stolen. Think of that. I was dining quietly at the Island House in Toledo, when some rogue ran off with

it. I asked one of the servants, before I sat down to my dinner, if the bag would be safe at the dining-room door. He said, "Certainly, perfectly safe," so I gave myself no further trouble about it, until I left the room, when, lo! it was gone. "I thought you said it was perfectly safe," I remarked, rather sharply, to the Irish gentleman, in whose assurances I placed so much confidence. "And sure," said he, "yer honor, I meant if nobody else should be after taking it." That was the only crumb of comfort the Hibernian had for me. The train was about to start westward. In this train was my trunk. What should I do? I had but a moment in which to make up my mind, and in this moment I determined to stay where I was. I did stay until the train left the next day; but not a word did I hear, in the interval, touching my stolen bag, and not a word have I heard since. It is gone, past all hope of recovery. And what a treasure went with it! I can't think the thief will ever take as much pleasure in the use of those articles, as I have done, and should continue to do, if he had left me in possession of them. That portfolio—what delight I used to take in opening it, drawing from one of its well-filled pockets a sheet of paper, and then conversing an hour with my nephews and nieces. I wish the fellow had left me that portfolio. There was a sort of charm about it. My new one don't please me half as well; by the way, if you notice anything dull and prosy in my future jottings down, you may as well charge it right over to the account of

that Toledo thief. When you come across a sleepy paragraph, just think how racy it might have been, if it were woven in the loom of the dear old portfolio!

But I didn't tell this story for the purpose of giving utterance to vain regrets or foolish grumblings. I have long since got over fretting about it. You'll smile, perhaps, when you hear what object I had in view. It was by the hope that, by hook or by crook, this article might get into the hands of the thief, and that I might say a word to him which would do him some good. True, there is rather a faint possibility of such a thing, as I should be sorry to believe that any of my constant readers are thieves. But there *is* a possibility nevertheless, and, in view of it, I address this closing paragraph.

To the man who stole my carpet-bag:— Do you really think, my shrewd fellow, that this sort of thing pays? I mean in this life, setting aside, for the moment, the other one. Didn't a feeling of meanness and self-loathing come over you, while you were running away with that bag, and while you were skulking with it in that sly hole? Then, suppose you have a conscience left—and I am not willing to class you with those graduates in iniquity who are utterly lost to all good impressions—doesn't a sense of your criminal conduct sometimes give you a good deal of pain? *What have you done with that little Bible?* Let me cherish the hope that you have preserved it carefully, and that you sometimes turn over those pages which to me were so pre-

cious. This volume has in it messages of love and mercy, as well as of rebuke and alarm, to all mankind. It has messages for you. Read them. Ponder them. Profit by them. They are such as these: "The way of transgressors is hard!" "Let him that stole, steal no more." "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "For God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have eternal life." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And so I leave you. May God deal with you more kindly than you deal with your fellow-men—more kindly than you deal with yourself.

UNCLE FRANK.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

WHAT is the origin of the word "foolscap," as applied to paper? *Folio capo*—first-size sheet; Italian. What of "apple-pie order," as meaning complete? *Cap-à-pie*, from head to foot; French. What of "beef-eaters," as applied to waiters at table? *Buffitiers*—side-board men; French. What of "dandelion," a well-known green for salad? *Dent de lion*, tooth of lion—the shape of the article; French. What of "country dance," in English? The French *contre danse*, from the position of the partners. What of "scamp?" One who "*ex campo exit*;" or "flies from the field." What of the word "luncheon?"

The daily meal of the Spaniards at eleven o'clock, called "*l'once*," and pronounced *l'onchey*. Many, in our time, call it their "eleven o'clock." What of the word "*tandem*," as applied to a team of horses? The Latin word *tandem*, meaning simply *at length*; a practical pun. What of "brown study," as meaning deep reflection? Evidently *brow study*, from the German, *braun*, meaning *brow*. What of the term "Yankee?" The manner in which the Indians endeavoured to pronounce the word *English*, which they called, *Yenghees*. What of "bumble-bee?" Very curious *Double dore* (double gilt); from his bright yellow spot, the bee is called in the West of England, the "dumbledoor." Hence the corruption is easy. What of "forced meat," as applied to the balls put in soups, or the stuffing of poultry? The French word *farce*, stuffed. It should rather be "farced meat." What of the word "lark," as meaning a frolic? The Anglo-Saxon word "lark," meaning play. So the sky-lark is the bird that frolics, or plays, or rejoices, or "larks," in the air or sky.

SORROW.

SORROW that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel
them.

Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned
out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor sought that dignifies humanity.

THE MONKEY.



THE animals that inhabit the earth are, for the most part, quadrupeds, or four-footed. Monkeys are *quadrumana*—four-handed. But, while four feet contribute to swiftness, and four hands to agility, that combination of the two, as in man, which gives two hands and two feet, with separate and distinct functions, is not only far the most convenient, but confers far greater power, variety, and versatility of action. To no animal, except man, is the upright position natural. The monkey assumes it occasionally, for convenience, or in obedience to the training of a human master.

There are three distinct families of monkeys, differing from each other in

some respects widely, but having the same general characteristics.

The *SIMIADÆ* include all the animals of the Old World, known as apes, monkeys, and baboons. The ape has no tail, the monkey a long one, and the baboon a short one.

The *Chimpanzé* is a species of ape, approaching more nearly to man than any other animal. Even in a natural state he sometimes walks erect, supporting himself with a cane. Some of them have been tamed and trained to various kinds of useful labor, such as bringing water from the well, washing dishes, and even waiting upon table. It is a native of Central Africa.

The Ourang-Outang belongs also to the ape family. His countenance resembles the human face more than that of any other. His dwelling is principally in trees, and he moves with difficulty on the ground. He is of a quiet, grave, and even melancholy disposition. He has great strength, and when excited to rage is often very savage. He belongs chiefly to the peninsulas and islands of Eastern Asia.

The Ourang-Outang, which, in the Malay language, means "*wild man*," is incapable of walking upright. He is not very large, being about two feet seven inches high. The hair on his back is five or six inches long.



The *Baboon* has usually a very short tail, or none at all. It is distinguished from the ape and the monkey by the protuberance of the muzzle, which gives it a ferocious aspect. It has a loud and discordant voice, and is less companionable and docile than the other species. It is revengeful, and retains for a long time a remembrance of an injury done it.

The *Monkey*, properly so called, is also of the ape species—a bright, smart, mischievous, cunning fellow, making lots of fun for children, in all our towns and cities, but often very cruelly treated by their masters.

We should not take as much pleasure in witnessing the curious antics of monkeys, if we knew how hardly, and under what severe treatment, they learned their lessons.

In England, a fight was instigated between a monkey and bulldog, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes. The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness this inhuman sport. The owner of the monkey taking from his pocket a thick, round rule, about a foot long, threw it into the hand of the monkey, saying, "Now look sharp—mind that dog." "Then here goes for your monkey," cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tiger-like fierceness at him. The monkey, with astonishing agility, sprang

at least a yard high, and falling on the dog, laid fast hold to the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule upon the head of the dog, which he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquently. In a short time the dog was carried off in nearly a lifeless state, with his skull fractured. The monkey was of the middle size.

Charles Walton's monkey, nicknamed *Phiz*,
So frightened Charley's sister,
That, ugly as the creature is,
She'd rather he'd have kissed her

Mary, one sunny afternoon,
While playing in the basement,
Heard a hand-organ grind its tune,
And leaned far out the casement.



ject as well. Hence the great use of the tail in climbing.

The *Lemuridae*, found in Madagascar, and in some parts of Africa and India, resemble the American species in many respects, but have longer and sharper noses. They have large and handsome tails, which are turned up over their bodies, like that of the squirrel, when in motion, and not trailed after them. They generally pass the day in sleep, rolled up in the form of a ball. At night they rouse them-

Phiz, seeing chance for mischief there,
With action most ungallant,
Came down upon her golden hair,
And made her lose her balance.

She fell—but, happily for her—
Upon a bed of lilies;
And oh!—so scared she felt at first,
And then—she felt so silly.

She cried—she laughed—while naughty Phiz,
With most unseemly antics,
Seemed to be quite in ecstasies
To see his friend so frantic.

The *Cebidae*, found in America, have a long tail, which is a very important member. It is very flexible and strong, and is capable of being twisted round branches of trees, and holding on so firmly as to sustain the entire weight of the body. The American monkey has no thumbs, as other species have, and consequently can not grasp an ob-

ject, and go about in quest of their food, which consists principally of fruits.

The average size of the Lemu species is that of a large cat, and they have all the agility of a cat, with vastly greater strength.

MY LINA.

Now summer is coming,
I miss thee, Lina, more;
And when bees come humming,
I miss thee sister sore.

Oh, sister! I pray thee come to me,
My Lina—sister dear!
I can not longer wait for thee,
I am so very drear.

Sister, I found a pretty nest
Close by the chestnut tree;
But thou art gone to thy silent rest,
Or I would show it thee.

LAME WILLIE AND HIS WAGON.



AGERLY running to their mother, as soon as they reached home, the children unfolded their plan about Willie's wardrobe.

Aunt Martha was always ready to assist in any benevolent scheme. She agreed to look up at once the necessary articles, and prepare them for the children to make—at the same time suggesting that it would require much patience and perseverance.

"Oh, we will persevere—don't be afraid of us, mother," said Lucy. "I am only thinking that most of the hard work will come on you, because we don't understand about doing such things."

"Very likely," said Aunt Martha, smiling; "but if I do your work, I shall expect you to do mine."

"That's right," said Edith, laughing; "when we come to a hard place, we'll change work with you, dear mother."

"When is our sewing circle to begin?" asked Lucy.

"Right away now," said Edith—springing up and looking for her work-box.

"Not so fast, not so fast, Edith," cried her mother. "I must prepare everything

for you. You may help me to select what is needed this afternoon, but you can not begin sewing until to-morrow after study hours."

Edith's bright smile vanished; "There it is," she exclaimed; "we began study a great deal too soon this fall. I can't finish one half the things I want to do—and we can never get Willie ready for school, if we only sew in the afternoon."

"Oh, yes, we can," said Lucy; "we must ask Cousin Hannah to sew with us."

Cousin Hannah gladly promised her help, and the room was soon in disorder with the clothes that Edith gathered there for inspection.

The next day, as soon as dinner was over, the children hurried to their mother's room. She gave each one a piece of work, and then asked if they would not sit with her and sew.

"We will, some rainy day, mother," said Jessie; "but to-day is so beautiful and warm, we have the prettiest place you ever saw out in the arbor, and Cousin Hannah will tell us stories there."

And off ran the troop of girls singing and laughing to the arbor. It was indeed a pleasant place, shaded by green vines—with a view of the lawn and the river in the distance. They were no sooner at work than Jessie asked for the story that Cousin Hannah had promised.

"What can I tell you?" she said; "have not all my stories been told over and over again?"

"Why, no; you can tell any little thing that you remember, and we shall like to hear it," said Elsie.

"Don't you know any thing about squirrels?" asked Edith.

"Yes, I remember a very mischievous squirrel I was once acquainted with. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Oh, do," exclaimed one and all.

"Very well, then; be industrious, and I will tell you about Jerry."

"Jerry! was that his name?" asked Elsie, "just like our man, Jerry?"

"Yes, that was his name, and his master was this same Jerry who lives with Uncle Hiram now. He was a little boy then, and his father was a farmer, and in the summer time his mother often took a few boarders from the city. I went up there often to board, and that was the way I became acquainted with the squirrel, Jerry.

"There was a pretty little kitten in the house, of whom Jerry was so fond, whenever he had any thing nice to eat, he was always ready to share it with Kitty. He would play with her by the hour, running after her, rolling balls of yarn at her, or let her even ride on his back. Yet, with all his love for the kitten, he had a perfect hatred for the old cat. He would never leave her in peace a moment. One day, puss was lying asleep on the rug, when Jerry came into the room. He slyly approached, and bit her tail so that she sprang up with sudden pain. But, before she could turn round, Jerry was safe on the mantle-shelf. No sooner had she quieted herself to another nap,

than again he gave a terrible pull at her tail—and so he teased her, till getting enraged, she sprang at him with fury. Jerry was too high for her, and as she turned slightly away, he sprang from his height upon her back, and seizing both her ears, held her fast. She attempted to run, but Jerry kept his seat. He was completely her master. When he thought her quiet enough to be safe, he gave her a ringing box on the ears, and sprang away again out of her reach."

"Oh, Cousin Hannah!" cried Jessie, "are squirrels always so naughty?"

"No, not always. But they are generally full of some kind of mischief. I wanted my shawl one day, but could not find it. I hunted everywhere for it, and at last concluded it had been stolen. Yet there was no one in that quiet farmhouse to steal. The disappearance was a mystery. Months afterward, in cleaning the house, two fire-buckets, that always hung high up in the front hall, were taken down, and there was my missing shawl! Jerry had made himself a bed of it, and no doubt enjoyed it vastly. But the worst joke of all that he played upon me, was at night. I had a large bedroom down stairs, with an old-fashioned high-post bed, curtained all around. The curtains were neatly festooned up, so that they did not shut me in. I never could breathe inside of close curtains. My sister Jane slept with me. One night I was startled by her suddenly waking me. She whispered softly—

"Hannah, Hannah, there is some-

body in the room, pulling our curtains !

“ I took her hand, held it quietly, and listened. There certainly was a noise, like rustling the curtains. It was very dark, and yet gradually I could distinguish every thing in the room. The moon was just rising, and would soon shine in at the window. I was sure that then I could see what was the trouble. Presently one curtain fell gently down. Jane held my hands more tightly, and I did not dare to move. Down came another, and another. Some one was certainly determined that we should not see what was going on in the room. I thought of all the terrible stories I ever heard, and grew as much frightened as Jane herself. The last curtain fell, and we were shut in completely. I felt as if I should suffocate. By this time the moon shone brightly in, and we heard a step upon the floor.

“ ‘Peep out, Hannah ; just pull the curtain a very little and peep,’ whispered Jane.

“ Softly and slowly I lifted the curtain a little, and looked out. The whole room lay in moonlight ; but I saw no one. Hardly daring to breathe, I looked again and again, till, at last, I spied, perched upon a chair, and busily picking at my dress—Jerry. He it was who had so carefully dropped our bed-curtains ; but whether to frighten us, or hide himself, I never could tell. I sprang out of bed and chased him from the room ; and then Jane and I had a good hour of laughing at our fright, before we fell asleep again. The next

morning Jane exclaimed, “ Where are my stockings ? I can not find them, and here is only one shoe ! I’m sure you must know where they are, Hannah !”

“ ‘No I don’t,’ I said—‘for one of mine is gone, and my waist, and apron too—where can they be ?’

“ ‘Why, I know,’ cried Jane ; ‘ Jerry was here, of course he carried them off.’

“ Almost before she spoke, I had remembered Jerry’s visit, and climbing, by help of a chair, to the top of the bed, found all the missing articles.”

While Cousin Hannah had been talking, busy little fingers had sewed steadily—so that each one was quite surprised to see how much had been accomplished by that one afternoon’s work.

TRUTH.

I.

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair, and pleasant eye,
A boy who always spoke the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

II.

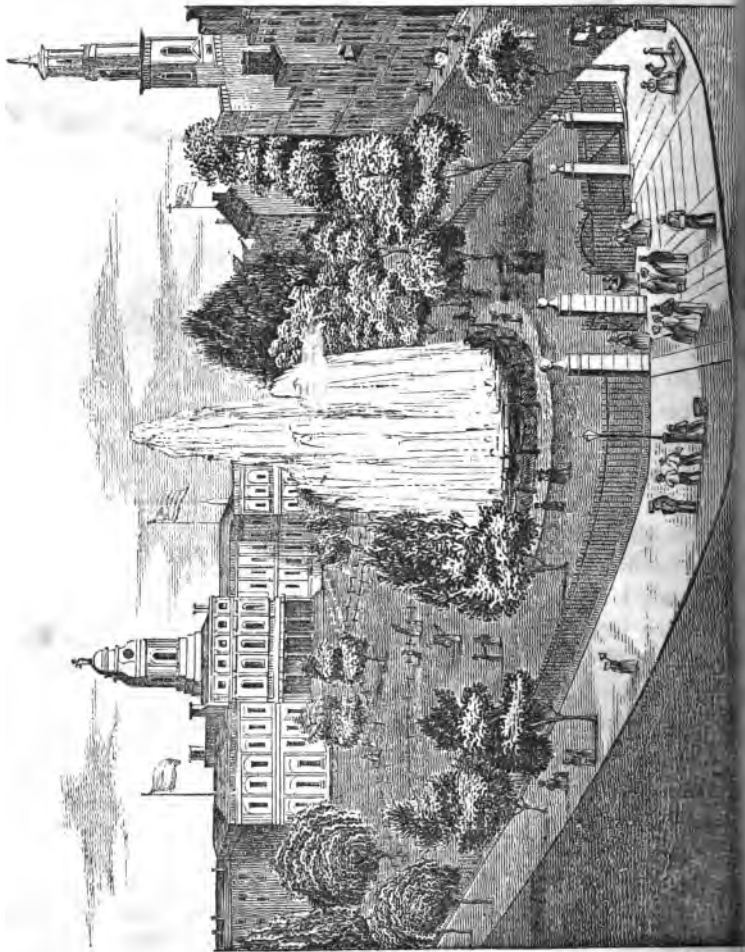
And when he trotted off to school,
The children all around would cry,
“ There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie !”

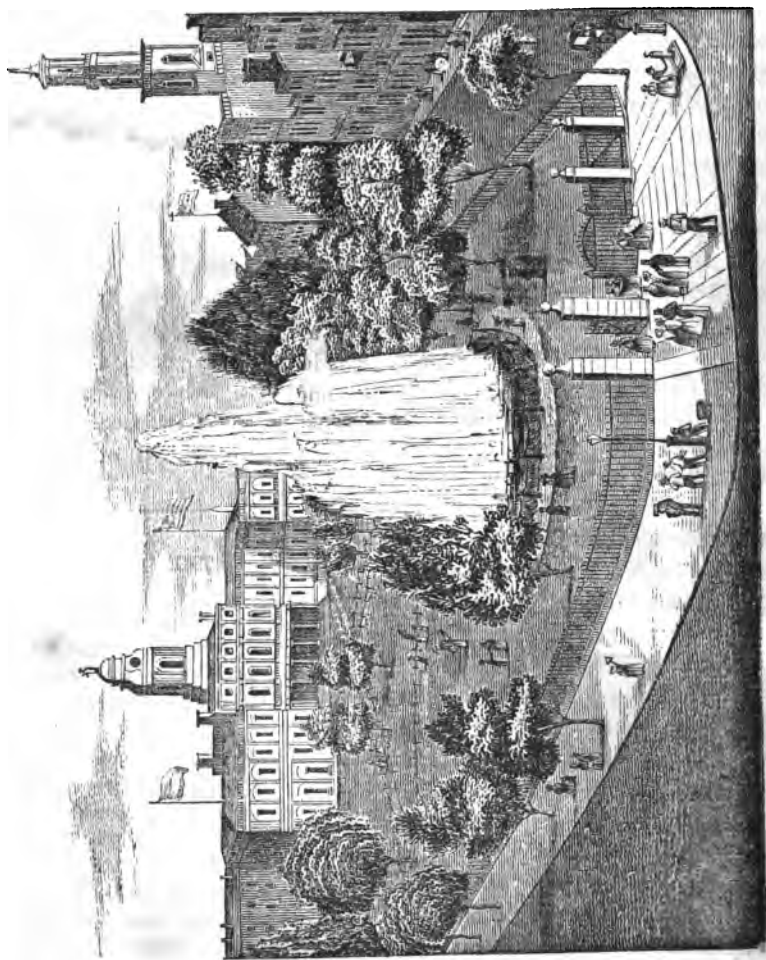
III.

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always spoke the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
’Twas said, “ There goes the honest youth !”

IV.

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this
“ Because he never tells a lie !”





CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

PASSING from under the shadow of "Trinity," not caring to pause over the rusty old tombstones and begrimed monuments, that looked dismally through the iron inclosure, I found myself pushed and hurried along at a rapid pace by a wave of eager men and boys, all of whom seemed bent on some great object ahead, which they were in a desperate hurry to secure at the earliest possible moment. In vain did I endeavor to keep on at my wonted pace, noticing, as I went, the objects of interest around. There was a necessity that I, too, should hurry along with the rushing crowd. I had no power to resist it. So, on I tramped, as if the city were on fire, and I had scarcely time to effect my escape. I began to be excited to see what it was we were after. I crossed several streets, and was about to make a perilous passage across another, when I found myself suddenly brought to a stand by another wave rushing in the opposite direction. One advantage I gained by this. My onward course was arrested, and I was not only able, but obliged to stop and look about. Stepping a little one side, I took an observation, as a sailor would say, and found myself facing St. Paul's. This is a large chapel, connected with the Trinity Church, and situated between Fulton and Vesey streets. I stood close under the great iron gate, drew a long breath, and looked about for something to occupy my eyes while I was resting. The church

had nothing attractive to draw me that way. The rattle of carriages and carts, and the rush of men in all directions, made it difficult to hear. But ever and anon, in the pauses of the din, there was a soft, cooling murmur, as of falling water, which was quite refreshing. Stepping forward to the edge of the sidewalk, a fortunate lull in the stream of carriages, that seemed to be ever pouring along the street, enabled me to catch a glimpse of the Park, the Fountain, and the City Hall. The fountain was in full play, and sent up its crystal columns some sixty or seventy feet, falling in graceful spray to the basin below, stirring the air and making a ceaseless gentle murmur, that contrasted pleasantly with the discordant din of the streets. I was about stepping over to get a nearer view of the beautiful fountain, when my attention was drawn another way by strains of martial music. They proceeded from the balcony of Barnum's Museum, a place so famous in the history of New York, and so attractive to all young persons, that I resolved at once to visit it, expecting, of course, to find some of my own friends there, inasmuch as the Merrys all have a natural drawing toward a museum. At the entrance I was met by Mr. Barnum himself, who recognized me as an old acquaintance (some of the Hatchet family reside in Bridgeport), and gave me a cordial welcome, then and at all times, to the place.



The Museum is a large building, six stories high, occupying the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, and contains a great variety of very remarkable curiosities, with some pictures, statues, and other works of art. On the first floor, directly in the rear of the entrance, is the illuminated gallery, a long, dark hall—

Jessie. Why, Uncle, how can an illuminated gallery be dark?

Not quite so fast, my dear. The Hall is dark, about fifteen feet wide, and running back some fifty or sixty feet. On each side is a row of circular openings, about six inches in diameter, with lenses or magnifying glasses inserted. Behind these, at suitable distances, are hung many rich and beautiful engravings, which are so magnified by the lenses which you have to look through, in order to see them, that they appear to the eye in full life-size. This

gallery, containing the pictures, is illuminated, and all the scenes represented are brought out in clear light. One of them represents the funeral procession of Napoleon, in Paris; a magnificent display of military pomp and Parisian enthusiasm. Another represents the front of St. Peter's and the Vatican at Rome. Another a scene in Venice. This room is called, in the simple language of the Museum, the *Cosmo Panopticon-Studio*. Tell me, if you can, what that means.

Elsie. I am sure I don't know, Uncle, do you?

Well, it will not answer to say I don't know. To me, it has two meanings. One is that which was intended by the inventor, a studio or gallery, where you may see all the world at once.

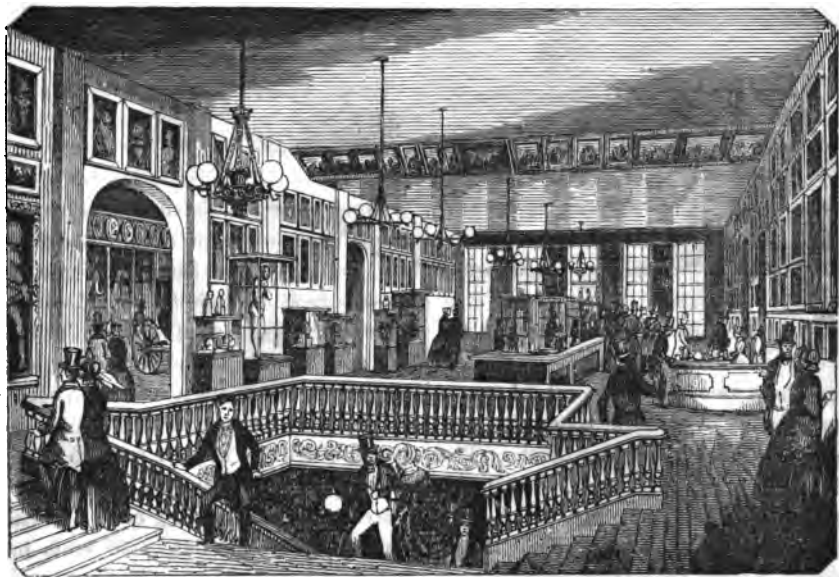
Jessie. What is the other?

Oh! no matter about the other.

Jessie. Do tell us what it is! I am sure we shall understand it better than this.

Well, it means that the proprietor knows how much most people love to be humbugged by hard names, and things they can't understand. If he had called it the "*Illuminated Picture Gallery*," as I have done, few, comparatively, would care to go and see it.

Ascending to the second floor, we find ourselves at once in the Museum, surrounded with curiosities of all sorts, and from all quarters of the globe, in such a variety, it is difficult to know where to begin. Above, near the ceiling, is a long range of portraits of distinguished characters, which would form



a study for the readers of history. They embrace some of the most prominent characters of Europe and America during the last two centuries. This collection was once known as "Peale's Portrait Gallery;" and many of the best portraits, which adorn our literary and political magazines, and other similar works, were copied from these pictures.

In the cases around the sides of the rooms on this floor, are many natural curiosities of great interest, such as few of us can ever expect to see in any other condition than as they are prepared for us in the Museum, or perhaps in a Menagerie. Lions, tigers, leopards, catamounts, monkeys, apes, ourang-outangs, anacondas, and many others, the full description of which I shall have to reserve for our next meeting.

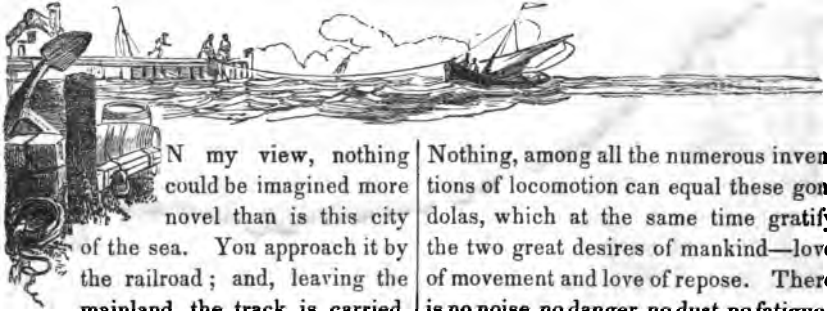
I should like to take Mr. Merry's entire family with me, and spend a day, or perhaps two, in examining the many curiosities of nature and art which are here brought together.

Elsie—Oh! Uncle, do invite us all. How nice it would be!

What, twenty thousand at a time? That would be nice indeed. Mr. Barnum would be obliged to hire the Crystal Palace for the occasion.

For the present, the greater part of the family will have to content themselves with seeing through my eyes; and as I took no small pains to examine every part of the Museum, I shall have not a little to say about it. It may seem like a halt in my pilgrimage, but will be found to be something like an oasis in the desert, for, to a social heart, there is no desert like a crowded street.

VENICE.



IN my view, nothing could be imagined more novel than is this city of the sea. You approach it by the railroad; and, leaving the mainland, the track is carried, for about two miles, over the Lagoon, an expanse of shallow water that separates Venice from the land. The distance from the mainland is much more than I had imagined it. As you ride rapidly over this magnificent bridge, Venice appears to lie almost out at sea; and there is the strangest sense of insecurity in leaving *terra firma* for this apparently unstable city. You reach the railroad depôt, and leaving the cars, you find yourself surrounded by the hacks of Venice—the fairy-like gondolas, in which you and your luggage are stowed away; and you go gliding through the canals to your hotel, which you are quite astonished at finding very much like other hotels; for anything substantial or matter of fact in Venice appears almost incongruous. It is such a fairy-like place, that one expects it to disappear suddenly, like a dissolving view, or a scene in the theatre. You hear scarcely a sound, for there are no horses, no donkeys, no carts, no carriages—and the gondolas move without the slightest noise, as they go shooting about with a rapidity and ease which is wonderful.

Nothing, among all the numerous inventions of locomotion can equal these gondolas, which at the same time gratify the two great desires of mankind—love of movement and love of repose. There is no noise, no danger, no dust, no fatigue; but you are rowed about with such ease, that the gondola appears to move of its own free-will. They are from 25 to 35 feet long, and very narrow; in fact, more like canoes than anything else. In the centre is a sort of cabin, with seats to accommodate from two to four persons, the awning of which can be removed, or retained at your pleasure. They are usually rowed by two men, each with one oar, who stand, instead of sitting as in ordinary row-boats. The way in which they wind about, around sharp corners, and through the narrow canals, is perfectly astonishing. They draw so little water, that, as the Yankee captain said of his steamer, “they might go in a heavy dew.” The whole gondola, cabin, cushions, and awnings are black. A piece of steel is fitted to the prow, which sparkles in the sun like a diamond relieved by black velvet. Gliding so swiftly through the “silent highways” as they do, though they may be bound on the most commonplace of errands, taking a traveler to his banker, or a lady to make a morning-call, yet one can not help associating ideas of

love and intrigue with their mysterious appearance. It is like a mask in a black domino, which continually baffles your curiosity. As I said before, the absence of all noises is the most remarkable and striking thing here. Not an animal of any kind have we seen since we came. Indeed, there is no room for them, for, as you may imagine, there is very little land to spare for anything but houses. There are, to be sure, a few streets, but these are so narrow, that you can touch the houses on either side. The piazza in front of St. Mark's church is the only place of any extent, and that, anywhere else but in Venice, would be thought very small. Here it is the lounging place of the Venetians, where all the shops and cafés are. In this spot you might imagine you were in Paris, or any other city, but for the absence of all sorts of vehicles. It is so curious, to leave the hotel from steps which lead into the water instead of the street, and, getting into a gondola instead of a carriage, go sailing around, sight seeing—here stopping at some church, and there at some palace, all of them rising out of the sea. The Grand Canal, upon which are all the handsome buildings, is about as wide as Broadway, and lined, on both sides, with palaces of the most elegant Venetian architecture. Nothing could be more picturesque than gliding through this canal, the gondoliers pointing out places to you on either side, in the most careless way, which Byron has made immortal by his pen. He, you remember, lived here a number of years. We pass his palace every day.

We are fortunate in being here while there is a full moon, as Venice by moonlight is enchanting. "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs," is no longer to me an imagination, but a memory; though, like most things, the reality is not as romantic as the idea. It is a covered bridge, connecting the Doge's Palace and the prison, over which criminals were led to execution. Hence its name. We saw the dungeons where they were imprisoned, which, after all, are not as horrible as one expects, so that you feel very much as if you had been cheated out of something you had a right to look for. We saw the chamber of the Council of Ten, that mysterious tribunal which condemned so many innocent victims; the "Lion's Mouth," in which were deposited the anonymous accusations, which consigned the accused, on a mere suspicion to years of misery. One feels in Venice that if its marble walls could speak, they might reveal a frightful experience. It is almost impossible to believe that this city, of which everything seems decaying, and whose glory is almost departed, once ruled the world. But its day is over; and the Venetians now are mere shadows of what they were; tamely submitting to the tyranny of Austria, in a manner which shows that all their energy, and independence is crushed out of them. Now, Venice seems to be a sort of sham, a fairy-like pageant, with no destiny, no purpose; and its marble palaces deserted, by their rightful occupants, are either rapidly falling into decay, or converted into

barracks for the Austrian soldiers, or devoted to some other equally ignoble service. Venice seems a city that was particularly calculated for the upper classes; and one can not help feeling that the poor must be crowded into places at once wretched and uncomfortable. The side canals are most of them narrow, the water in them stagnant and slimy, the height of the houses preventing a free circulation of air, or the admission of sunlight, without which Venice is gloomy, so that a residence in them must be far from desirable. Of course, *everybody* can not live on the *Grand Canal*.

Venice like all beauties who have passed their prime, shows best by night. To glide about the canals by the light of a full moon, which enhances the beauty, while it conceals the defects, of every object, giving everything a dream-like and unsubstantial appearance which, with the floating of the gondola, and the ripple of the water as it is dashed from the glistening prow, contribute to weave a spell around the senses and thoughts, to which the most matter-of-fact person could scarcely be insensible. One's delightful reveries are only interrupted by some wandering band of musicians, who go gliding through the canals, singing with no contemptible skill, but whose strains are rendered still sweeter by the effect of the time and place. You hear and read of the "*dolce far niente*" of Naples; but to me, Venice is much more powerful in this peculiar influence; for there is nothing here to remind you of anything of earth. It is a sort of

cloud-land, a beautiful dream. Even the *beggars*, those most unpoetical of all creations, come floating up to you in gondolas, and one is tempted to forget the action, for the sake of the graceful manner of it. We say farewell to Italy on Monday, and I almost wish it had been from any other part of it than Venice. It certainly is the most charming place I ever imagined; and it seems to me, if I could see but one city in Europe, I should choose Venice. There is a fascination about this place which no other has had for me, and for Venice's sake I regret leaving Italy.

GEORGIE.

AN OLD SCRAP.

As I was looking over a pile of old papers recently, I met with the following little piece in a newspaper printed about seventeen years ago. I thought it so curious, friends, that you would like to see it. The old paper from which I cut it, took it from another old paper. I can not tell you, therefore, where it came from in the first place, nor how many generations of readers it has served to amuse.

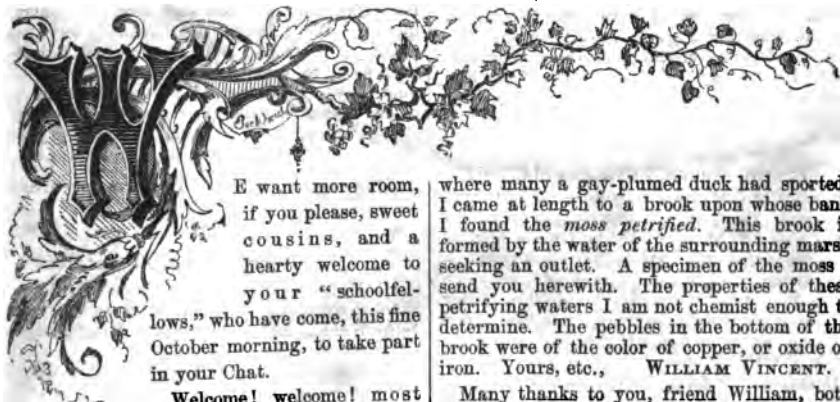
THE OLD MAJOR.

WRITING RIGHT, OR RIGHT WRITING.

WRITE, we know, is written right
 When we see it written *write*;
 But when we see it written *right*,
 We know it is not written *wright*;
 For *write*, to have it written right,
 Must not be written *right* or *wright*,
 Nor yet should it be written *rite*,
 But *write*; for so 'tis written *right*.

Old paper.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



WE want more room, if you please, sweet cousins, and a hearty welcome to your "schoolfellows," who have come, this fine October morning, to take part in your Chat.

Welcome! welcome! most heartily welcome, one and all. If our rustic arbor is not in all respects as highly finished and well appointed as your school-room, be so good as to make yourselves at home. Uncle Merry bids you "laugh and be fat." Uncle Frank says, with a frankness belonging to his nature, as well as to his name, "Right glad to see you—we will do our best to make you happy." Uncle Hiram, dropping his hatchet, gives you both hands, and "his heart, too." Now, if we don't have good times every month, whose fault will it be? We will not stop to answer that question, for the good times we are resolved to have, "whether or no." Let each one contribute his share.

MILTON, 1857.

I had occasion, not long since, to go to "the Big Marah," a large extent of lowland on the margin of Lake Koohkonong, to hunt for a pair of oxen that had strayed from our inclosure. This marsh is broken in some places by thickets of timber, otherwise affording good pasturage and abundance of wild hay. After searching in vain on the lake-like surface of the big meadow, my travels led me to the east, and up the lake, where the ground is broken by long and narrow ridges or promontories, called bluffs, which render the scenery more varied and picturesque. Having hunted the recesses and grassy nooks, made melodious by song of bird and tinkle of bell, and slaked my thirst in springs and brooklets,

where many a gay-plumed duck had sported, I came at length to a brook upon whose bank I found the *moss petrified*. This brook is formed by the water of the surrounding marsh seeking an outlet. A specimen of the moss I send you herewith. The properties of these petrifying waters I am not chemist enough to determine. The pebbles in the bottom of the brook were of the color of copper, or oxide of iron. Yours, etc., WILLIAM VINCENT.

Many thanks to you, friend William, both for the moss, which is a valuable curiosity, and for your letter describing its locality. It has been mislaid for some time, and has just come to light. At some future time we may hope to have a full explanation of this natural wonder. Think of it—moss, with its slender little stalks and delicate fibres, all produced in stone! Our juvenile philosophers may put on their study caps, and tell us what they can about it. Pass it round the table, for every one to see.

FRANKSTOWN, August.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have written to you before, but, as I suppose, my letters came too late. I have been sick, and I am quite nervous yet. Tell A. Older, F. Forrester, and Buckeye Boy that they will have to give some harder puzzles yet. Give my best respects to the Merry family. Yours respectfully,

WILLIE FINLEY.

We are very sorry to learn that you have been sick, Willie, and hope that by this time you are *finely*.

KINGSBORO, August 11, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I hope that Nip will excuse me for calling her a boy. Where is she? I have not seen any thing of hers for three months. I should think it was time she should appear again. Yours truly,

C. W. J.

ROCKFORD, ILL., August 8, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK :—I have never had the courage to write to you before. I am very much interested in the "Table-Talk," and love to get out the puzzles. I like all that the CABINET contains. I have taken it the most of the time for a good many years, and was surprised to see on the cover the new names; but I like union. Give my love to Aunt Sue, and all the uncles and cousins. Your affectionate niece,
BLUE-EYED MARY.

SPRING GROVE, FLA., Aug. 14, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—Here we come! Who are we? Don't know. Where are we? Sitting around Merry's Table. What doing? Some reading the MUSEUM, some talking, others laughing, some quarreling. "Fritz," "Bunker Hill," "Charley Waters," "Alick," "Blue-Eyed Minnie," "Black-Eyes," "Lillie," "Badger State," "Agnes H.," "Laura," "Mary W. P.," "Eva Redrose," "Grey-Eyed Mary," "Catherine," "Allan," "Emmie," "Violette," and a host of others. Please introduce me to all of them. Give my love to Aunt Sue. Good-bye.
J. LEROY CARRUTH.

MILLTOWN, August 25, 1857.

DEAR UNCLES ROBERT AND FRANK :—Better late than never, and so, in the eleventh hour, I send my puzzle. Please give me a formal introduction to the Merrys, and assign me a place in the Chat. Give my love to the *Eyes*, Blue and Black, or *Black and Blue*—to the States, Badger and Bay, to the Coalman (Coleman), and to all the Merry family. Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL C. DARLING.

Walk in, my darling—take a seat—make yourself easy. These are your cousins all—they know you well, and need no introduction.

BELOIT, Aug. 11, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK :—Please introduce me to the nieces and nephews. We live quite near Beloit College, and the College grounds are very pleasant. Will you please come and see us while you are visiting in the West. Please give my love to Aunt Sue, and the nieces and nephews, saving a good share for yourself.
MATTIE M. COSWELL.

DEAR UNCLE :—Please call the house to order, and let me have the floor a few minutes. May it please the audience, I have just made a wonderful discovery, which gives to the mythic Lady of the Bureau a local habitation

and a name. In reply to Maggie's pathetic appeal in the June number, Mr. Merry says : "Her name is—well—take away the first letter of the last syllable, and the two syllables flatly contradict each other." Removing the *r* from Goodrich, we have an undoubted contradiction. Don't laugh, dear Auntie, lest you should be in as bad a fix as the Stork Caliph, and have to remain an enchanted lady all your days, which would be very irksome to one so fond of transmigration as the renowned Peter Parley. "Time is up; please take your seat."
FRANK, OF JAMESVILLE.

Guess again, Frank. You are not within six miles of the mark.

HAMPDEN HILLS, August, 1857

Come Mary and Laura, Charlie and Willie, Black-Eyes and Blue-Eyes, Alick and Lillie; John Weldon and Nip, Bunker Hill, Badger State—

Come one, and come all—a request I would make Of each "Merry cousin." Will you give me a seat

In your nice little parlor, so cosy and neat? My dear Uncle Frank, Cousin Hannah, Aunt Sue,

With all due respect, I refer it to you— And will patiently wait, while this missile shall fly,

To give all my best wishes—for the present, good-bye.

Your would-be-Cousin, DOT.

Were we dotted all over with dots, Cousin Dot, You could not a heartier welcome have got; And Black-Eyes, and Blue-Eyes, and Green-Eyes, and Grey,

And Alick and Lillie, and Badger and Bay, And all the gay cousins, from A down to Zed, Are eager to pat little Dot on the head.

A dot is a period—and so, little friend, When our sentence is finished—your seat's at the end.

Our hopes and our rules you will not disappoint,

For, if true to your name, you will "stick to the point."

July, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY :—Are you not afraid of a civil war on account of that algebraic problem? I should think you would do well to bind all parties over to keep the peace before

you begin. I join in Badger State's entreaty for Aunt Sue to proclaim her genealogy.
Yours truly,
COUSIN N.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 31, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have long sought an opportunity to write to you, and, although I have several times taken pen in hand, have never until now succeeded. I wish you would admit me to the "magic circle," and introduce me to all the lions (especially Willie Coleman). My August number has not arrived, but my cousin, Minnie Fish, lent me her number, and I have been able to answer some of the questions. Uncle Hiram, I should be *very* happy to see you at my home.
GIPSEY.

What say you, cousins all, shall we let the "gipsies" in?

Certainly, by all means. They will be the merriest of the merry.

This being the unanimous vote of the family, Uncle Hiram will call, and have you formally introduced. With lots of love to cousin Minnie, we pass you over to the "Lions." Willie, attend!

BROOKLYN, July 30, 1857

DEAR MUSEO-CABINET:—Is this a "free fight?" If so, count me in. Though comparatively unknown to fame, I'm not entirely unknown to "Uncle Frank" and the readers of the whilome Cab-I-net." Perhaps the former may remember a dissertation, critical and otherwise, upon his portrait, which about two, or maybe three, years ago graced the New Year issue of the CABINET, greatly to the delectation of all beholders. But aside from puffs and preambles, what is all the *fuss* about? Has anybody struck somebody? Show her (him) to me, and I'll pull her (his) hair, or box her (his) ears, whichever is preferred. What's the meaning of this, Mr. !—!? Puns?! Oh-h-h-h!! And "Willie H. Coleman talking about personalities? Now don't? If you sign your name (de plume?) in that way, what else can you expect? "R. F. K." is the only sensible one among you: from half a man he's become a whole one. *There's* an example worth following. I see somebody has been adopting my *real* initials—unknowingly, doubtless. Now don't hurt yourselves to find *that* out: 'twon't do. How you do "poke and peep" to worm out who Aunt Sue is! Why, I know her perfectly well; and, after such a hint as Uncle Merry gave to "Maggie" in "July," it will be wonderful if you don't "smoke" it among you.

Couldn't you possibly, dear Uncle, afford us longer installments of "The Stork-Caliph's Courtship," or Uncle Hiram's "Pilgrimage?" Fleta, your charade is quite pretty, and *very* easy. "Larkspur," or I'm "beat." "H. A. Danker," here goes, first trial. Entire—"slate," "behind time"—late. I a'n't acquainted with your "Western birds" *teals*? but I *have* "ate." I *eat*—drink *tea*. Habeo *te—et e* "your whole" transposed I make slate. But a truce to your metamorphoses! It just occurs to me that I'm much behind time with my letter—or have all your subscribers, Uncle Merry, fared equally badly with me in receiving the July number on the 30th of the month? Please "*whip up*," "Mary C!?" any thing after "C" "O. L. B.'s" enigma *looks* hard. But "nous verrons," when *somebody* gives the answer. But, and but again, it's getting late rapidly, and I must draw this—eh—communication to a close. "All things must have an end," so why should not I? I don't know. So good-bye "for now." Spare me, Hatchet, do!

ORIGINAL BESS.

P. S.—I see "Crab," Esq., precedes me in my request to give us longer stories; so Uncles, Aunts, and Co., please hear and grant.

BESS.

COPENHAGEN, Sept., 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have been a subscriber three years. I am eleven years old, have never written many letters, except to father when he was away from home. I was highly pleased with the CABINET, and am with the MUSEUM, and very much want that prize, but dare not hope where there are so many competitors. I was about giving up writing, but father says: "Try—you can never do any thing without trying." So I got my elder brother to help me, and resolved to try. But I am a farmer's boy, and know how to milk cows and hoe potatoes much better than to write. I send conundrums and questions. If they are not worth any thing, you know where to put them. Please introduce me to your brother editors, for I dare not call them uncles, till we are better acquainted. I must not write any more for fear of that Hatchet. But I want those books very much. Yours affectionately. From your bashful nephew,
MARINUS.

Don't be bashful, Marinus. Your uncles, one and all, are happy to see you. Uncle Hatchet hopes to be better acquainted. He has had much to do with the sea, and thinks from your name you must be a sailor, or a sailor's son, though you say you are a farmer's boy

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

MARQUETTE, LAKE SUPERIOR,
Aug. 10, 1857.

I HAVE been quite a rambler since the commencement of summer. In the August number, you recollect, my editorial table was at Green Bay. Since then, by a circuitous route—the only one now practicable—of nearly a thousand miles, I have made my way to the southern shore of Lake Superior, and now my table is at Marquette. I don't know where it will be next month—at Ontonagon, perhaps, another town on the lake shore, farther westward. But stop a moment, little folks. Before I go any farther, I want you to get your Atlases, and ferret out the infant town of Marquette. I hope your map of this region is a late one, otherwise you will look in vain for such a name. It is a young town, born only a few years since. It owes its importance principally to a vast mountain range of solid iron, situated some twenty miles from the lake shore. The iron mountain is worth a great deal to this part of the country. This and the copper range, of which, I suppose, you have heard, are getting to be quite famous. These two minerals, while they will contribute greatly to the settlement and prosperity of this region, can not fail to enrich the whole country.

The iron ore looks very like a rock. If you take up a piece of it, however, you find it much heavier than stone, and perceive traces in it of iron. You would be astonished if you were to see these immense masses of iron. Large hills, more than a hundred feet high, and half a mile in diameter, are *formed of solid iron*, with scarcely any mixture of stone. You would be surprised, too, I suppose, if you should visit the iron mountain, to see the way in which they work the mines. They are not obliged to go down into deep pits at all. The ore which is mined all lies above the surface of the ground, and the mass is broken into pieces by blasting, just as they blast rocks.

Copper mining is a very different thing, though. This mineral is all below the sur-

face, and it is necessary, in mining it, to sink shafts to a great depth. I have visited several of the copper mines, and explored them pretty thoroughly. You would laugh were you to see Uncle Frank equipped for a decent into a copper mine. They clad me in a complete mining suit. Over my other dress, after my coat was removed, I put on a red flannel shirt and a pair of duck "overalls." On my head I wore a hat something like a fireman's, so hard as not to be injured by overhanging rocks. The last thing they gave me, before entering the mine, was a lighted candle. This very necessary article completed the equipment. We now approach the mouth of the shaft. The guide goes first. Next follows Uncle Frank, of course. I always like to be foremost, or as nearly so as I can be, in such enterprises. I step upon the ladder. *Whew!* what a blast of cold, damp air comes up! "It must be rather cold down there, I should think." "Why, yes, a little *coolish*." The mercury stood outside the mine at 86 degrees, and I ventured to ask, just for curiosity's sake, you know, what the temperature was where we were going. "Well," said my droll, good-humored, slightly mischievous Cornish guide, "a little over 40, perhaps?" I thought he was joking with me then, but I found out afterward that he stated the honest truth. We had not descended more than a hundred feet, before we encountered huge masses of ice, which, we were assured—and I don't doubt the statement—would remain there all summer.

The vein of copper does not run into the earth perpendicularly, nor is it horizontal. It runs down at an angle of some 45 degrees. You can't all of you quite understand this; but as I have no time now to explain, I must ask such as have not studied about "angles" and "triangles" to ask some of their wiser friends to make the matter plain to them. The shaft follows the course of the vein. After going down fifty or sixty feet, we come to what is called a *level*. Here the miners are at work. How strange they look here, in this

underground workshop! There is no *day* in the mine. It is perpetual *night*. The workmen all have candles on the front part of their hats. Would you like to know how these candles are confined there? Guess. No, you are all wrong. By means of soft clay. These men, as they are drilling holes for blasting, driving the chisel through solid masses of copper, or loading the *kibble* (as they call the vessel which conveys the ore to the surface by means of a windlass), present a singularly grotesque appearance, I assure you. The lights are continually "bobbing around, around, around." And the entire cavern, moreover, where these men are at work, has, to say the least, a most unearthly appearance. The aggregate light furnished by all the candles is only just enough to enable you to see how dark it is. The miners like it, though. They are a merry set of fellows for the most part. I found them always ready with their jokes.

But hark! What noise is that? It shakes the whole mountain, and almost deafens us. Ah! I perceive what it is. I know by that sudden wave of air which struck me then, and made me brace myself, to keep from tumbling over. It was the discharge of a blast of powder. The copper, existing in masses of greater or less size, is imbedded in trap rock, and a great deal of blasting has to be done to set these masses free. "But isn't this blasting dangerous business?" Not very, unless the miners grow careless; and they are careless sometimes. While I was at the Minnesota mine, a terrible accident took place—a blast failed. There was some defect in charging it, I suppose. Well, what do you think those men did in these circumstances? Just this: they went to work with an iron rod, picking out the charge. What folly! What madness! While they were thus occupied a spark was struck with their instrument—it communicated to the powder—the explosion took place—one man was instantly killed, and another was so severely injured that he only lived a few hours.

In getting out a great mass of copper, it is necessary, now and then, to use what is called

a *sand blast*. This is quite a formidable affair, and when it is discharged the miners all leave the mine; an earthquake in miniature follows; the air rushes so violently from the mouth of the shaft as to carry every thing before it. A sand blast is resorted to when the other form of blasting is useless; that is, when nothing more can be effected by drilling to disengage a mass of copper. Then some five or six hundred pounds of powder are placed in the crevices around and under the mass, confined with sand and pieces of rock, and then discharged.

The copper which is found in these mines is almost as pure, frequently, as it is after it goes through the smelting process. Solid masses of this metal, of enormous size, are sometimes taken out. I saw one—the largest, I suppose, that the world ever saw or heard of—at the Minnesota mine, which weighed, when first set free from the rock, more than a million of pounds. Some dozen men have been at work four months cutting it up in pieces convenient for handling; and the entire work will occupy six or eight months more.

But I must not talk too long about copper. If I do, who knows but my shrewd brother Hiram, who is hand-in-glove with the printer, new-a-days, while I am a thousand miles away, will give directions to chisel off some portions of this species of "cabinet" furniture? Uncle Hiram goes for brevity, *vide* his brief though pungent sermon in the August number.—"Brevity is the soul of wit," I think, he remarks. Very true, Hiram; but isn't there such a thing as whittling off too much, or whittling in the wrong place, so that while the brevity may stay in, the wit stays out? Hark'ee, sir! if you suffer our excellent fellow-laborers, the printers, to lose a leaf or two of this letter, as they must have done with the one in the August number, so that the *hiatus* makes me talk absolute and unmitigated nonsense, I'll have you indicted for man(uscript)slaughter, if there's any justice in that too-much-governed city of yours. "For further particulars," see page 61. "They make me feel quite at home"—well, then what?—"while I

may kill the time, as they said." Elegant! Rather smoky, though. Then, "the scenery on the river." What river? Where are we going now? What are we about? "Brevity is the soul of wit." Ay, that it is; but, for all that, wit isn't brevity *solely*. Tell the printers that, brother Hiram—tell them that from me. And when you say so, don't put on that broad, fun-provoking smile of yours. Look stern and ferocious. Let them know you are in earnest. Scare them, if you can.

[That "river" is in the MS. The leaf between "may" and "kill" was dropped, not chopped, out.—PRINTER'S D.]

Answers to Questions, etc., in Aug. No.

The following answer to charade 106 should have appeared in August, but was mislaid:

The bleak winds are raging,
In fierce strife engaging,

The face of fair Nature looks desolate and drear,
The forest trees moaning,
Beneath the ice groaning,
Proclaim the sad tidings that winter is here.

The proud sun is shining,
With golden-edged lining,

His warm rays and beaming smiles gladden
the land.

The gay birds are singing,
And loud shouts are ringing

Beneath the old oak that the green moss has
spanned.

Among Iceland's mountains,
Amid her hot fountains,

A green plant is clasping the barren rock's side;
The Iclander takes it,
Into warm bread he makes it,

He calls it the *Iceland moss*, glowing with pride.
Yours respectfully, O. L. BRADLEY.

141. Crown-crow-row. D. B. O.—L. M. S.—
Oliver.—Bootes.—H. A. Danker.—E. R. W.

142. 1. Pyramids of Egypt. 2. Hanging gardens of Babylon. 3. Temple of Diana at Ephesus. 4. Statue of the Olympian Jupiter. 5. The mausoleum of Mausolus (from which name the word is derived), a king of Caria. 6. Colossus of Rhodes. 7. Pharos of Alexandria. Bootes.—H. A. Danker.—Oliver.—C. F. W.—Blue-Eyed Mary.—A. J. W.—D. B. O.—Tennessean.

143. 1. Periander of Corinth. Pittacus of Mitylene. 3. Thales. 4. Solon. 5. Bias. 6. Chilo. 7. Cleobulus. D. B. O.—

Tennessean.—Minnie Fish, who names Pythagoras, of Samos, in place of Chilo.—C. H.—A. J. W.—S. Hart.—C. F. W.—H. A. Danker.

144. Mandate. Tennessean.—Minnie Fish. C. H.—Mauch Chunk.—C. F. W.—D. E. Scott.—A. J. W.—C. A. W.—L. M. S.—Oliver.—H. A. Danker.—Brunette. Charlie D., Jr.—E. R. W.

145. Aroer—a rower. Mauch Chunk.—Susie.

146. A loving sire and a sighing lover. Mauch Chunk.—Susie.

147. Let $x=s+z$, $y=s-z$, then, involving, $x^4+s^4+5s^4z+10s^4z^2+10s^4z^3+5s^4z^4+z^4y^4-s^4-5s^4z+10s^4z^2+10s^4z^3+5s^4z^4-z^4$. Adding these equations, and remembering the conditions of the question, $x+y=2s=5$, $s=2.5$, also $x^4+y^4=2s^4+20s^4z^2+10s^4z^4=275$. Substituting for s its value, and reducing, $z^4+12.5z^2=3.1875$, from which, by completing the square and extracting the roots, we find $z=.5$, which value, substituted with that of s in the first two equations, gives $x=3$, $y=2$. Uncle Joe.

148. Troitzkoi-Monastère. H. A. Danker.

149. Strata-gem. Tennessean.—Minnie Fish.—L. M. S.

150. The horse is in the stable, and does not eat. Tennessean.—L. R. S.—E. R. W. Your horse is in the stable, and he does not eat,

This gives the meaning, *et non est*, complete;

Here *est* takes *edo*, not *sum*, for its root, This is my answer, Lillie—does it suit?

Anon.

Edo-es-est (if you like best),

Will mean, the horse does not eat;

Though *est* from *sum* does oftener come,
And would make the meaning complete.

—Puer.

151. Snail-nail-sail-mail. Minnie Fish.—C. H.—Mauch Chunk.—H. A. Danker.—A. J. W.—C. O. W.—Willie.—S. Hart.—Brunette.—L. M. S.—Georgia.—Oscar B.—Mattie M. C.—Oliver.—C. F. W.—Bootes.—D. E. Scott.—W. H. Montrose.—Charlie D., Jr.—Rienzi.

152. Of-ten. D. B. O.—Minnie Fish.—C. H.—Mauch Chunk.—Willie.—H. A. Danker.—S. Hart.—Georgia.—Oscar B.—C. F. W.—W. H. Montrose.—Blue-Eyed Mary.—Oliver.—H. H. H.—Rienzi.

153. False-hood. Minnie Fish.—Oscar B.—Susie.—Union.

154. 1. Discontinues. 2. February, 3. Sateilites. 4. Masculine. 5. Insolent. 6. Tragedian. H. A. Danker.—L. R. S.

155. By Brutus, grandson of Æneas, 1,000 years before Christ. *Mauch Chunk.*
A. D., 49, by the Romans. *S. Hart.*
By the Trinobantes, a people of Britain, between the ages of Julius Cæsar and Nero. *H. A. Danker.*
156. One "speeds the time," the other times the speed. *Susie.*
157. Like-wise. Put a comma after "like," thus:
My first is like, my second, wise.
Susie.—L. M. S.—Union.
158. Because it has a stem. *Mauch Chunk.*
—*L. M. S.—Brunette.*
159. Spar-row-grass-papers. *Minnie Fish.—*
H. A. Danker.
160. Whale-hale-ale. *Minnie Fish.—C. H.*
—*Mauch Chunk.—H. A. Danker.—*
Blue-Eyed Mary.—C. F. W.—Bootes.
D. E. Scott.—Brunette.—A. J. W.—
Willie.—S. Hart.—Oscar B.—W. H.
Montrose.—Charlie D., Jr.—E. R. W.
—*H. H. H.—Rienzi.*
- Those who got into the Labyrinth are—*Oscar B., M. J. Harter, Oscar C., C. P., E. R. W.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

175. What three English words contain six consonants, and but one vowel each?
Adelbert Older.
176. My first is a vessel. My second, a girl's name. My whole, a province.
Adelbert Older.
177. What insect stinging you, makes you spell *boy*?
Andrew.
178. What is the mathematical value of an ox?
Andrew.
179. Why is a person who twice refuses your request not avaricious.
Andrew.
180. Why should a bee-hive never shut its eyes?
Andrew.
181. When was Adam like a bashful poet?
McF.
182. Why is a young bride like one rejected?
McF.
183. I am composed of ten letters.
My 8, 6, 3, 5, is a loud noise.
My 1, 10, 7, is a nickname.
My 8, 2, 4, is an insect.
My 1, 9, 3, is to do wrong.
My whole is a country in the Eastern Continent.
Charley Waters.
184. When is charity like a top?
Carrie.
185. Why is your brother like your corn-box?
Carrie.
186. Where is happiness always to be found?
Carrie.

187.

CHARADE.

- Chasing waves lightly the sea-foam is wreathing,
Spray-gems are cresting the stern, rocky shores.
O'er my first gently the sea-winds are breathing,
While music is dripping from swift-plying oars.
Sweet spring hath lavished her heart-gladdening treasures,
Summer hath flown with her bright, blooming flowers,
And with them departed sad sorrows, gay pleasures—
All gone to the past, with their soft, laughing hours.
And soon will chill Winter his requiems be singing,
And low winds be sighing o'er earth's beauties dead,
And hollow woods leafless their bare arms upfinging,
Shall tell of my second and bright glories fled.
Tinkling and chiming my whole from the mountain,
Echoes sweet music through leaf-hidden dells,
While coy lilies, pelted with drops from the fountain,
Shake soft, rippling laughter from out their pure bells.
Fleta Forrester
188. My whole is an animal, clumsy, 'tis true,
Which the Merrys all like to keep out of view;
Divide me in halves, which you'll easily do,
The half of *four letters* you'll find to be *two*.
Translate my *first half* into Latin, Aunt Sue,
My *last half* will then be presented to you,
And both, prepositions—now, have you the cue?
Lilly Dale.
- QUEEN CITY, OHIO.
189. Entire, I am an adjective.
Add one tenth of my first plus my second to eight times my third minus one, and the sum will be my fourth.
Subtract one fifth of my fourth from one eighth of my first, and the remainder will be equal to one half of my third.
Multiply my first by my second, and the product will be equal to twice my fourth.
Divide my first by twenty times my third, and the quotient will be my second.
Charley C. Waters.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE POOR BOY AND MERCHANT PRINCE, or *Elements of Success*. Drawn from the Life and Character of the late Amos Lawrence. A Book for Youth. By William M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The title of this book will commend it at once to all judicious parents who feel the importance of setting before their children good examples, and stimulating them to do well, by always doing right. The design of the book is, to show how any boy can attain success in any pursuit of life. It takes the ground, and maintains it, that success, in the case of every highly successful man, has arisen from certain principles adopted in youth, and carried out in after life; and that the same elements of success are within the reach of every boy. The life and character of Amos Lawrence are made the groundwork of illustration in establishing this point, while incidents from the lives of other distinguished men, in different stations in society, are freely made use of, to enlarge the scope and add to the force of the argument.

This work will be found of great service to parents, in the beginning of that great work of domestic duty, the home education of their children. It will make them feel more than ever the value of their first inculcations. It will greatly benefit the young, who learn from it to appreciate the difference between a character which commands success, and a position which success confers.

To young men engaged in business, either for themselves or for others, it abounds in the most useful practical lessons, to which they can not give too earnest heed.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS, ETC. New York: Fowler & Wells.

This will be found a very useful companion to any boy or young man who wishes to prepare himself early for the active business of life. And, as to that matter, there are few men already in business to whom it would not

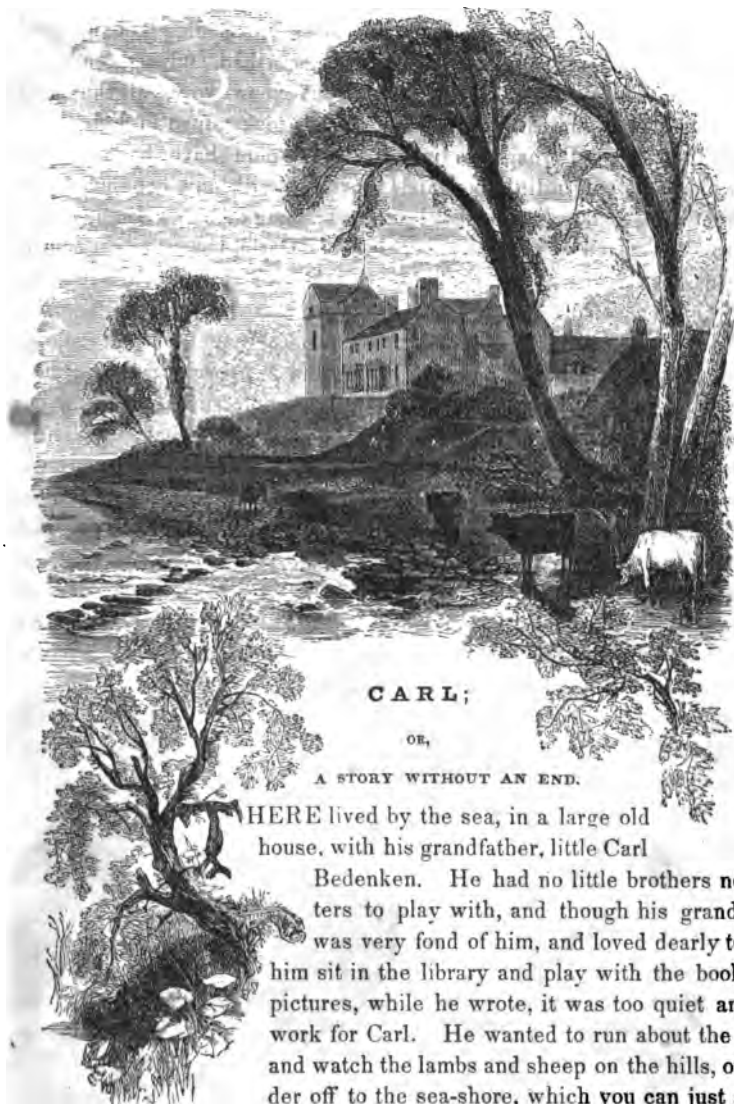
furnish many most valuable hints and suggestions. It is full of sound practical lessons on all the great points embraced in a business life. It discusses the *principles of business*, the *choice of a pursuit*, *buying and selling*, *general management*, *causes of success and failure*, *business maxims*, *business forms*, and other matters of equal importance and interest to men of business, or to those who intend to become such. As all the Merry boys mean to be useful members of society, we think they would do well to study this book, and keep it by them.

HOW TO BEHAVE, ETC. This is another work in the same series, relating to *Personal Habits*, *Good Manners*, behavior at home and abroad, conversation, letters, amusements, traveling, and many kindred topics, of great importance to the young.

HOW TO TALK AND HOW TO WRITE belong to the same series, and are admirable guides to improvement. The four may be had separately, or bound together in one handsome volume, a compendium of useful practical advice.

ANNA LEE; or, Who are our Best Friends? Boston: Mass. Sab. Sch. Soc.

A sweet story for young folks, showing the danger and evil consequences of trusting to false friends, and following the advice and example of unprincipled flatterers. We wish all the Merry family could read it, and learn to shun the heartless *Claras*, who never fail to lead the too confiding *Annas* into mischief, sorrow, and disgrace. Never choose for associates those whom your parents do not approve, or who show, in word or deed, any disrespect to your parents, or their own. However they may please and flatter *you*, they will prove your worst enemies. This lesson is happily illustrated and enforced in this little work. The author has shown both talent and judgment in working up her materials.



CARL;

OR,

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

HERE lived by the sea, in a large old house, with his grandfather, little Carl Bedenken. He had no little brothers nor sisters to play with, and though his grandfather was very fond of him, and loved dearly to have him sit in the library and play with the books and pictures, while he wrote, it was too quiet and dull work for Carl. He wanted to run about the fields, and watch the lambs and sheep on the hills, or wander off to the sea-shore, which you can just see

on the left of this picture. Here Carl had a pleasant nook in the rocks, where he would sit for hours, and see the waves roll in and cover all the sands, and then rush off far away to sea again. In all his rambles, Carl had one faithful companion. His good dog Carlo never left him, and many were the perils from which the noble

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—9

animal had rescued him. The neighbors used to say that Carl Bedenken was a very queer child, full of odd ways, but Carlo would keep him straight, and many thought Carlo the wiser of the two. Perhaps he was then, for Carl was only a little boy, and had a great deal to learn. Indeed, he might grow wiser and wiser every day as long as he lived, while dog Carlo knew all he ever would know. One of Carl's favorite resting-places was under these tall trees in front of the house. Here he would lie for hours, talking to Carlo, or looking straight up into the trees, dreaming of things Carlo could not understand.

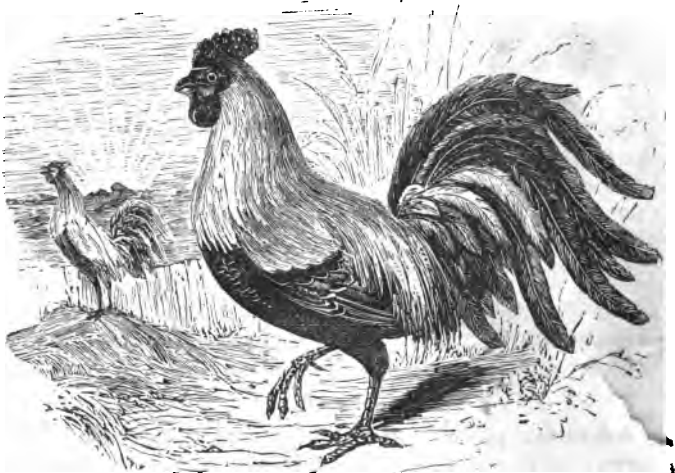
One day, Carl was lying thus lazily dreaming, when he heard the hens in the barn-yard cackling loudly. Up he sprang, saying, "Carlo, Carlo, come with me, and see what those hens are making such a fuss about." Carlo was always ready, when his master called, and off they started for the barn-yard. At first, Carlo appeared to think that Carl wanted a frolic. So he sprang toward a great rooster, that was stretching himself to the

utmost, ready to give a loud triumphant

crow, and made him fly, screaming, into the air. Seeing their great champion vanquished, and frightened by Carlo's loud "bow-wow," all the hens and chickens took refuge in flight.

Carl would have been thoroughly provoked with any one but Carlo, for thus spoiling his fun. But he only said, "Carlo, Carlo, I want to get acquainted with Mr. Chanticleer and his family, and you must not frighten them."

Carlo knew that he had made a mistake, and felt very sorry. So he went into a corner, and laid down, looking very foolish and ashamed. The hens and chickens soon gained courage, and came out of their hiding-places, to pick up the corn which Carl threw down for them. By-and-by, one very pretty speckled hen came hopping out of the chicken-house, cackling at the top of her lungs, and immediately Chanticleer



set up a noisy "cock-a-doodle-doo."

"Mr. Chanticleer," said Carl, "what are you crowing for now?"

"Because Mrs. Specklewing yonder has just laid an egg."

"And what do you care if she has?" asked Carl.

"What do I care? Why, if she lays one every day, by-and-by she will have a nest full, and then she will set on them, and hatch them."

"Are any hens setting now?" asked Carl.

"Oh! yes, several," answered Chanticleer, with a loud crow.

"I will go and see them," said Carl, and off he went to the chicken-house.

Here he found four hens patiently brooding over their eggs. At first they looked rather startled, to see such an intruder upon their privacy. But Carl was gentle and quiet, and they soon saw that they could trust him. By-and-by he spoke softly to one of them, and said:

"How long have you been setting on your eggs, Mrs. Whitetop?"

"Only a few days," said the hen.

"And how soon will the chickens be hatched?" asked Carl.

"Not for a long, long while," said the patient little hen.

"It takes three whole weeks for them to get ready to come out of their shells."

"Oh! won't you be very tired?" asked Carl. "Couldn't you peck the shell, and make them come out sooner?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Whitetop. "I must wait till they call to me to help them, and then I will peck open the shell."

"Who told you all about your eggs, and how to hatch them?" asked Carl.

"Nobody told me; I always knew it."

"Oh! you are just like Carlo, then; he always knows everything without being taught. But good-bye now. I will come and see you every day."

And Carl went softly out of the chicken-house, and whistled to Carlo, who, glad to be allowed to run once more, followed him to the pleasant shade of the great trees.



Every day Carl visited Mrs. Whitetop, and soon learned all about her.

"Why do you turn your eggs over every day, Mrs. Whitetop?" he asked one day.

"They won't hatch if I don't," was the reply.

"Don't you know any more about it?" inquired Carl, impatiently.

"No; why should I? That is enough for me."

"I must ask grandpa about that, then," said Carl to himself.

At last, one day, Carl found Mrs. Whitetop in a great flurry, cackling softly to herself, and every now and then putting down her bill into the nest.

"What is the matter now?" inquired Carl, anxiously.

"I hear my chickens peeping. Listen."

Carl put his ear close to the nest, and heard a little sound that evidently came from the shell. He watched Mrs. Whitetop very closely, while she gently pecked at the little house where her young bird was shut up. By-and-by, he saw the little creature moving. Very patiently he watched, without interfering. One by one the eggs were all broken, and ten beautiful chickens, of different colors, were crowded together in the nest, Mrs. Whitetop carefully throwing out the useless shells.

The chickens were all covered with tiny feathers, and seemed all ready to run about and take care of themselves. They were rather awkward in using their feet at first, and were soon chilled without the warm covering they had seen accustomed to. So Mrs. White-

top covered them all over with her wings, and kept them warm, while she fed them with just the food which she knew was best for them. HANNAH.

EIGHTEEN THINGS in which young people render themselves very impolite :

1. Loud laughter.
 2. Reading while others are talking.
 3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
 4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
 5. Whispering in company.
 6. Gazing at strangers.
 7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
 8. A want of reverence for superiors.
 9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
 10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
 11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
 12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
 13. Joking others in company.
 14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
 15. To commence talking before others are through.
 16. Answering a question when put to others.
 17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And
 18. Not listening to what one is saying in company, unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker.
- A well-bred person will not make an observation, while another of the company is addressing himself to it.

**THE HARVEST.**

TRUSTING in the patient earth,
For the coming need,
Went the hopeful sower forth,
Bearing precious seed.

Precious seed, and full of hope,
Scattered far and wide,
O'er the plain—along the slope—
And by the river side.

Softened by the vernal rain,
Quickened by the sun,
Every little planted grain
Peep'd forth, one by one.

Nourished by the rain and dew,
And the genial light,
Blade by blade it upward grew,
Growing day and night.

Waving in the summer gales,
Bowling to the blast,
O'er the teeming intervals,
Ripening to the last.

Duly to the harvest white,
Goldenly it glows,
As with grateful heart, and light,
Forth the reaper goes.

Brightly as the sickle swings,
Flashing in the sun,
Merrily the reaper sings
While the moments run.

Onward as the strong man goes,
Fall the golden heads,
Till the grain, in beauteous rows,
All the field o'erspreads.

Gather, gather, now with care,
Binding up your sheaves,
Save what holy thrift and prayer
For the gleaner leaves.

Now, upon the groaning wain
Pile your treasures high,
Thankful for the gentle rain,
And the genial sky.

Grateful for the bounteous earth,
Trusting all to come,
Now with songs of cheerful mirth,
Bring the harvest home.

GEOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY.

MADE up of sea and solid ground,
The world is, like an orange, round,
As sun and moon appear;
Round earth, each month, the moon doth run,
While earth and moon go round the sun
Together every year,
And, by their revolutions, bring
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.

Each day, the earth around its pole,
Just like a spinning top, doth roll;
Each part thus turning to the light,
It makes the change of day and night.



THE SPARROW AND THE FOUNDLING.

DID it ever come to your knowledge, little reader, that the sparrow, the chipping-bird as he is sometimes called, is a kind-hearted fellow, and that he has been known to perform some very praiseworthy, not to say heroic acts. Well, such is the character of at least one of the members of the family, as I think you will admit when I tell you a story which I heard from a clergyman the other day. This gentleman was at dinner in a friend's house, when he noticed a sparrow fly into the room through the open door, and help himself to the crumbs which he found under the table. It appeared, too, that the confiding little fellow came and went several times, as if he was carrying food to his young. The circumstance was mentioned to the lady of the house, who said that this was a common occurrence. At every meal, regularly, this sparrow was

in the habit of visiting the dining-room, and, after helping himself to a little food of carrying off some choice morsels. But the most astonishing, as well as the most affecting part of the story remains to be told. The lady pointed my friend to the threshold of the outer door, when lo! our little benevolent



MOUENING DOVE.

gleaner was feeding a young mourning

dove. This bird, it appeared, was an orphan; a cruel boy had killed both her parents, and this poor foundling had no one to take care of her. In this condition, she was discovered by the sparrow, who immediately adopted her as his own child, and for weeks afterward provided food for her, and taught her how to take care of herself. What a lesson in kindness is here taught us; and how that cruel boy must have blushed with shame, if he ever heard of the care of that sparrow over his poor protégé!

UNCLE FRANK.

TO CARRIE.

SPRING, Spring, my sister dear,
Is ready waiting here;
The grass is growing green,
And flowers bright are seen.

O sister, sister sweet,
I miss thy little feet;
And when I play at ball,
I miss thy merry call.

When I play I lonely feel,
And when to say my prayers I kneel,
Dear Caddy, with our baby boy,
I miss thy laugh of joy.

When down I lay my tired head
Upon our little trundle bed,
I miss thee, darling sister dear,
With thy sweet face to mine so near.

One night I dreamed of thee, my dear,
That thou, with thy sweet face, wert here,
All closely nestling at my feet—
I was so glad to meet thee, sweet.

I seem to see thy angel face,
And thy sweet form of gentle grace;
Thou seem'st to have a shining wing,
Thou praisest Jesus Christ, thy King.

It is always in my prayer
That I then may meet thee there,
In thy home beyond the sky,
Whenever I am called to die.

COME BACK!

When I lay down my tired head
To rest upon my little bed,
I think that Spring is waiting here
To call thee back, my sister dear.

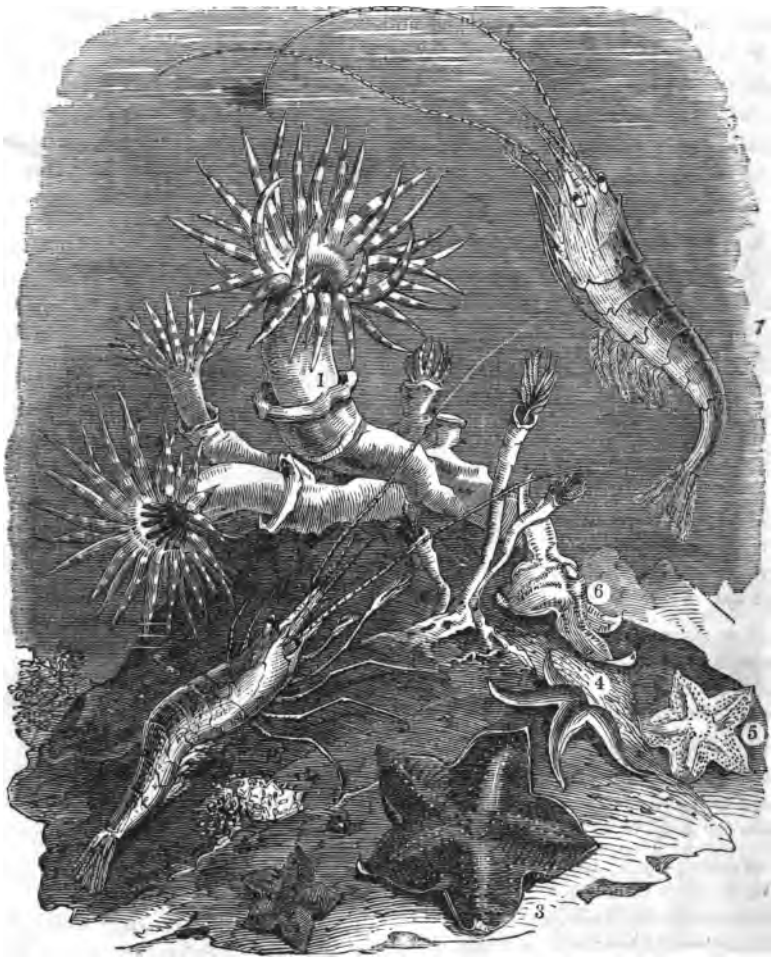
A SUDDEN SHOWER.

It rains! it rains! See how it pours!
Through the trees the wild wind roars;
See the people—how they run!

Over shoes in mud and water!
Sure 'tis anything but fun.

How they wish the way was shorter,
Or, that they had taken care
For such weather to prepare.
Some are riding. One wise fellow
Finds the good of his umbrella.
He's a thoughtful, prudent bach.
Whom no sudden squall can catch—
Or perhaps he may be—rather
An indulgent, watchful father—
Going out to meet his daughter,
Fearful that the shower had caught her.
One poor girl, with fine, new bonnet,
And a flaunting feather on it—
How she feels, with sad distress,
The ruin of her hat and dress—
How her ample crinoline
Swells to take the water in!
Then her flounces, how they drag,
Like an overloaded bag—
Laces, ruffles, ribbons—all,
How ungracefully they fall!
Everything so flat and flabby,
That it makes Miss Ann feel shabby,
And confess she had been wiser
If she'd let mamma advise her.

THE patient mule, which travels night
and day, will, in the end, go farther than
the Arabian courser.



1. *Edwardsia vestita*.
(Serpula, or worm-fish.)

5. *Asterina gibbosa*.
(Gibbous starlet.)

2, 8. *Gontaster equestres*.
(Knotty cushion-star.)

6. *Palmipes membranaceus*.
(Bird's-foot sea-star.)

4. *Cribrella oculata*.
(Eyed Cribella.)

7. *Palaeomon serratus*.
(Sand shrimp.)

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

Charlie. Dear Uncle, we are all waiting anxiously to hear more about the Museum. I do wish we could see it ourselves, and have you with us, to explain everything.

It will be time enough to talk about that after Christmas, when I shall go to New York again. Then I will see what I can do.

Hurrah! Capital! That's good! Bravo! and a whole dictionary full of exclamations, occupying just two minutes by the watch, and what the printers would call a *stick-full* of print.

There, that will do for a demonstration. Now let us go quietly on. At this rate, we shall never see the end of Broadway.

One of the greatest novelties of the American Museum (for that is the name of this great collection of curiosities), and, perhaps, the greatest attraction it has ever presented to the public, is

THE AQUARIUM.

Jessie. Why, there is another hard name. Pray what does it mean?

It means an artificial pond, for raising aquatic plants or animals.

Frank. Why! a pond in the Museum! I should not think there would be room enough for that.

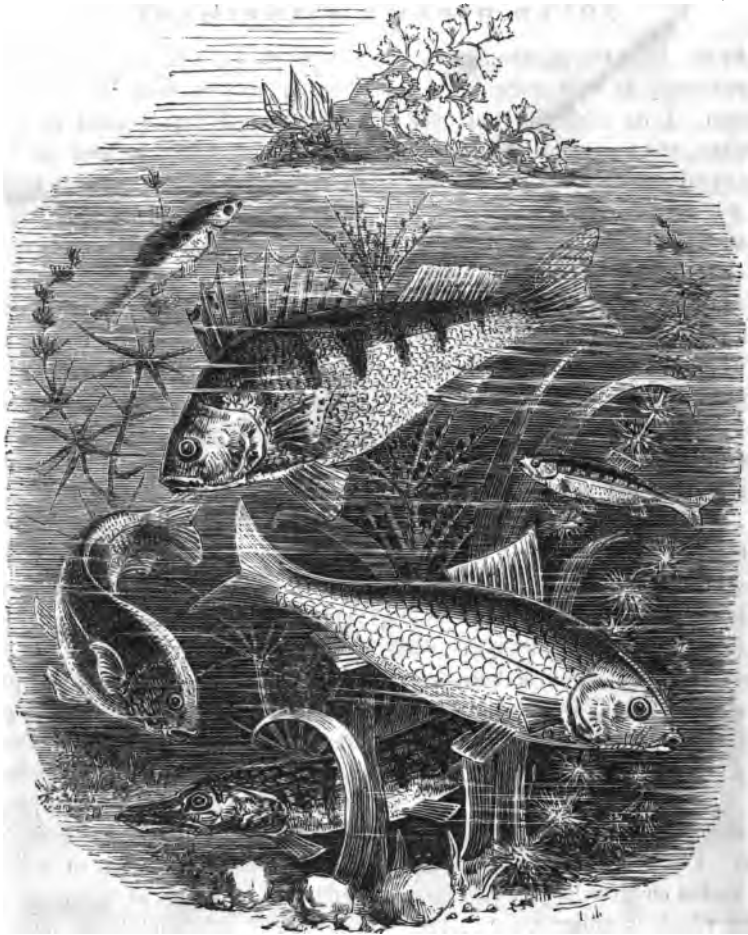
Why not, Frank? a pond is not necessarily very large. This fish-globe may be called a pond.

Ha! ha! ha! Uncle. That is just like you, always making fun of everything.

Not at all, Franky, I am quite in earnest. Go to your dictionary, and you will find that a pond is a small body of still water, without an outlet. Will not your globe answer to that definition? At all events, the *aquaria* of the Museum are small glass vessels, of various forms and sizes, containing water (from ten to one hundred gallons each) for the use of various kinds of fishes and plants. It is a sort of fish-globe on a comprehensive scale, so arranged, however, that in most cases it is not necessary to change the water at all.

Elsie. Why, Uncle? I should think the fishes would all die. I could not keep mine, without changing the water very often.

That is true, my dear. But these aquaria are furnished with living plants, as well as living animals. These plants are growing, and they supply to the water all that is necessary to the life and health of the animals that properly belong there. This gives to the aquarium all the advantages of a natural pond. It is a sort of ocean or river-garden. You may fill it with salt-water, and sea-shells, and plants, or with fresh-water, and the appropriate productions of pond, lake, and river. You may supply it with coral, rock, sea-weed, moss, and all the endless variety of water-life, so that the fishes, after getting over the fright of being caught, will feel as much at home as ever, making love, and rearing their young



Minnows.

The Perch.

The Tench.

The Roach.

The Pike.

families, without the fear of being devoured by larger fish, as in the great sea.

Frank. Pray how do our gold-fishes live at all in those glass globes? They have no plants or mosses there, and we never give them any food.

I will tell you. There are more or

less impurities in all the water we use; I mean vegetable and even animal matter, too minute for us to observe, but not too minute for their delicate organs. This supports them while it lasts, but when they have consumed this, and the oxygen of the water is exhausted, they die. To prevent this, the water must

be often changed, or supplied with such substances as will furnish, in their growth, both vegetable nourishment and oxygen for breathing.

An *aquarium* may be of any size or form, from a little globe on the table to a tank, as large as this house. In the Museum, to which I am now to introduce you, there are some twenty or more of them. They are mostly square or rectangular, the sides being formed of heavy plate-glass. The bottom is covered with sand and pebbles, to the depth of several inches, out of which flags and other aquatic plants are growing. Large stones, of various forms, are so arranged, as to give them all the appearance of rocks in the sea, forming, as they lean one over another, caves and grottoes, or whatever fanciful apartments you may choose to imagine for the convenience of the finny race.

In one place, you see scores of *sun-fish*, or *pond-perch*, enjoying themselves as if they had a whole lake for their range, moving gracefully about near the surface, as if it were a peculiar pleasure to show their silvery sides to the light, through a wall of French plate-glass. In another, the *yellow-perch*, the pike, the cat-fish, and some other varieties, live together in harmony, gliding about among the weeds and caves, as if each one was monarch of the whole. This quiet does not arise from any particular amiableness in the species, for, while I stood by, the attendant dropped a small fish, of another family, into the reservoir, who had not yet found his way to the bottom, before one of the larger sort took

him in at a mouthful, and swallowed him whole.

Elsie. Oh! Uncle, was it not cruel for the man to put him in there? I should not like to see such a thing as that.

Well, dear Elsie, it is so the world over. Man is not the only destroyer. Dr. Franklin, you know, once thought it wrong to eat any kind of animal food. But when he found, as a fish was opened in his presence, that he had been feeding on another fish, he concluded that that was according to nature, and so gave up both his theory and his practice.

Passing on to another of these beautiful ocean palaces, I found *shiners*, *carp*, *roaches*, *muddlers*, *suckers*, and *eels*, the last, according to their usual habits, nearly hidden in the gravelly bottom.

The next contained *gold-fish* and *craw-fish*. They would not seem to belong to the same family, but they live peaceably together.

In the next vase—

Elsie. Why, Uncle! were any of them so small as to be called a vase?

There is no particular size for a vase. It may be large as well as small. I called it a vase for variety. In the next, there was a little nation of *water-newts* (efts), very much resembling lizards, sprawling about in all directions, and seeming much as if they might be young crocodiles or alligators. These, with the frog and toad, are among the most amusing inmates of a fresh-water aquarium; but a merciful regard should be had for the last two, and when they



DESIGN FOR PLANTING A CIRCULAR AQUARIUM.

cease to possess gills, they should be liberated, or they will die. This is not the case with the eel, though for amphibia generally the aquarium should be so furnished, that a part of the mimic rock-work rises above the water. The eel retains its tail, and with it the power of volition in water, which enables it to

rise to the surface and breathe, having accomplished which, it descends at once to the bottom, as if struck by a blow, but speedily recovers, and, till breathing-time returns, remains actively employed in the water, when the same performance again takes place. The frog, during the last weeks of his residence

in confinement, is the "Mr. Merryman" of the collection.

The *cunner* and the *porgee* occupied the next place, looking much prettier and more graceful, floating about in their crystal palace, than where we ordinarily see them, in the frying-pan or the platter.

After these came a family of *sea-bass*, who also exhibited a beautiful contrast with such as we often see in the fish-market.

In one reservoir, there were fine specimens of *zoophytes*.

Charlie. Dear Uncle, what can that mean?

Zoophyte is a word made up of *zo-ou*, an animal, and *phaton*, a plant. It is the lowest species of animal life, and the highest of vegetable; or rather, it seems to be a combination of the two. It appears to be only a plant, but the plant seems to have life. It is sensitive, and retires from the touch. We do not know much about this kind of marine life. Sponges and corals are *zoophytes*.

Passing on from these, you will find in one place the *conger-eel* and the *horse-shoe*, of both of which I once had a great horror, lest I should meet them when I went into bathe. In another, the *star-fish* and the *crab* keep house together, the *star-fish* delighting to attach itself to the sides of its house, as to the rocks under the sea, and the *crab*, having no shell of its own, but occupying what deserted habitation it can find.

This is a very curious feature in

the habits of the *crab*. As it grows too large for the shell it has taken, it crawls out and finds another. And oftentimes there will be a severe contest between two of them for the occupancy of some cast-off shell. Sometimes they kill each other in these conflicts, and sometimes they die from exposure, not being able to find a shell large enough to hold them.

One of these crystal palaces was wholly devoted to *tortoises*, only one of which showed any desire to amuse us by his motions. He swam about most vigorously, but not very gracefully. All the rest seemed to be lazily sunning themselves on the top of a large rock.

One of the most curious, but not the most beautiful, of all these vases, was one which contained a large number of *shrimps*—a little, delicate, almost transparent fellow, looking very like a lobster, or rather like the ghost of a lobster in miniature. It has long, slender feelers, claws with a single-hooked fang, and three pairs of legs. Its eyes, instead of being in its head, seem to be on the ends of two little protuberances, set out on each side of the head, like horns. Their motion in swimming is very peculiar and funny, and you wonder, as you see them, how they can have any muscles at all, or any power to move, as they do.

I could not help thinking how little we know of the wonderful variety of the works of nature. But, my story has been a very long one, and I must break off short.



1, 2. The Common Sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus trachurus* and *Loturina*) and their Nests.
 3. The Caddis Worm. 4. The Marsh Snail. 5. The Water Scorpion.

Frank. Oh! please go on. We are not at all weary. We should like to hear more of these wonders.

No more now, if you please. It is quite time to stop.

Elsie. One question, dear Uncle. Some of the fishes you have named live in the sea, where the water is

salt. How do *they* live in these glass-houses?

True, *Elsie*. I thought I had told you, that some of these vessels are filled with salt-water, and some with fresh. They are all carefully prepared with a view to the habits and wants of their occupants.

HARRY HATCHET'S DOG.

"HARRY HATCHET'S DOG," in the April number of the MUSEUM AND CABINET, reminded me of a dear playfellow of my childhood; and as I promised Uncle Frank that I would write something for the CABINET, I can not find another so pleasant a subject to me as a description of "old brindle Bose." Bose was a very large dog—as high as a table, and a very wise one, too; I do not think "Clem's Ranger" could be compared with him for sagacity.

I was the youngest of the family, and Bose seemed to regard me as his especial care; wherever I strayed, there strayed Bose, and he seemed to understand me perfectly, bringing me bits of boards, chips, or sticks, as I told him.

Bose seemed to regard with the tenderest pity a sister five years older than myself, who was a cripple.

I had three brothers, whose duty it was to bring in the cows morning and night; and every morning my mother would tell Bose to call the one whose turn it was, mentioning his name, and Bose would take his shoes in his mouth up stairs to the boy, never making a mistake, and never leaving him till he had risen. Sometimes it was found necessary to send dinner to the men in the fields, by Bose, who never betrayed the trust reposed in him; and we could send him to call home any member of the family, which he would do by pulling at his clothes. Bose would also bring in wood for the fire, and was faithful in everything.

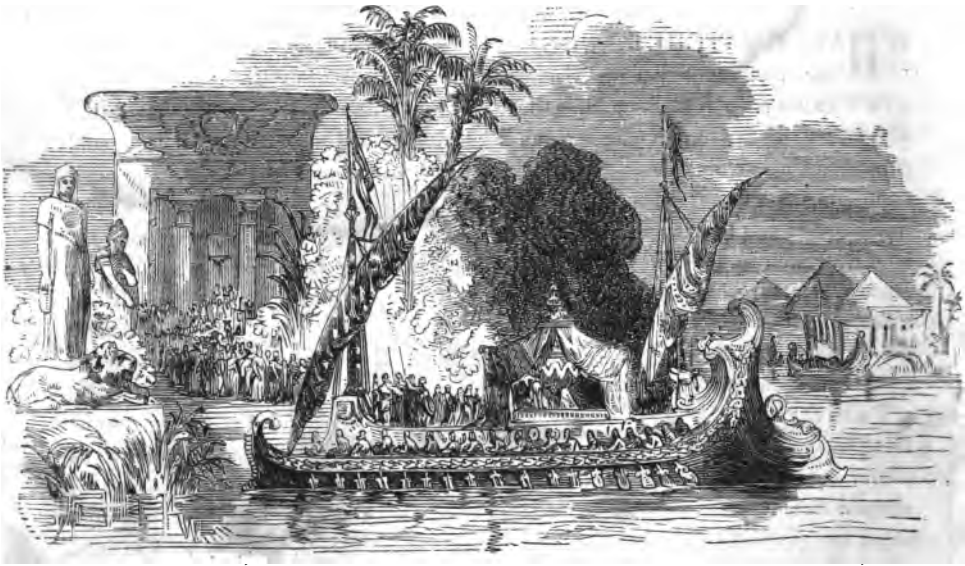
But a neighbor, about emigrating to Ohio, wished to buy Bose "to kill bears," he said; and to our great grief father sold him, and said, "Bose, I have sold you to Mr. A.—now you must go with him." The poor dog looked beseechingly at us, whined piteously, but went without being carried or led.

It was several weeks before Mr. A. started on his journey, and (this is why I think Bose knew more than Clem's dog) every Sabbath morning, very early, Bose came to our door and begged to be admitted. It was a happy day for us children, those of us who remained at home, but a sad time when night came, and mother would say, "Bose, you must go home now." He would whine at us, but go immediately. Dear old dog! how our little eyes wept, and how our hearts pitied thee! Bose went to Ohio with his new master, and we afterward heard that he did actually kill one bear, alone in the woods. Ohio was a new country then.

There is one question I can not answer—how did Bose know, before light, that the Sabbath-day had arrived, and that he was released from all service, and at liberty to spend it just as he pleased?

Whether Bose claimed the Sabbath-day as his own time in Ohio, I know not; he never visited us again. If the young readers of the CABINET like this story, which is perfectly true, they may get some more of the same sort from

AUNT MATTIE.



CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA was the eldest daughter of Ptolemy Auletes (the flute-player), who reigned in Egypt about fifty years before Christ. It was at this time that Cæsar extended his conquests all over the East, and subdued Greece, Syria, and Egypt to the Roman sway.

Cleopatra shared the throne with her brothers, according to the then custom of Egypt. But, by the power of Cæsar, who was captivated by her charms, she was made supreme, and her brothers slain.

After the battle of Philippi, Mark Antony summoned the beautiful queen to appear before him at Tarsus, in Cilicia, on the pretense that she had furnished supplies to Cassius, who was in the interest of Pompey. Such was the power of Rome, and the terror of

its name, that the proud queen at once obeyed the summons. She prepared for the interview in the most magnificent style. With offerings and presents of all kinds, and of regal value, she set forth with her royal fleet, descended the Nile, crossed the Levant, and entered the Cnidus, as if entirely conscious that her personal charms were superior to all the power of Roman conquerors, and that she was safe even in the heart of an enemy's country.

The beautiful queen did not over-rate her power. Antony was vanquished at sight. He yielded himself wholly to her will. He followed her to Alexandria, and sported away the whole season in the revelries of her voluptuous court.

The fairy-like magnificence of Cleo-

patra and her royal cortège, as she presented herself to Antony, is thus portrayed by Shakspeare :

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.

“For her own person,
It beggared all description: She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
Overpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool.

“At the helm

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swells with the touches of those flower-soft
hands

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharves. The city cast
The people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone.”

This interview, so gorgeously described, and so remarkable for its influence on the after fates of Egypt and of Antony, took place at Tarsus, the birth-place of the Apostle Paul; and it is not improbable that Paul's father was an eye-witness and partaker of the pageant.

In the civil war which followed, between Antony and Octavius, Cleopatra attached herself to the cause of Antony, and sent sixty galleys to aid him at Actium. Her courage not being equal to her love, she shrunk from the con-

flict, and fled ere the battle began. Antony, either enslaved by his passion for her or despairing of success without her aid, followed her, ignobly sacrificing his cause, the honors he had won, and his high ambition, to a sentiment of which, as a Roman, a husband, a man, he should have been ashamed.

Antony was soon after defeated, and fell upon his own sword; and Cleopatra, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy, and be held a prisoner in her own palace, or perhaps carried in triumph to Rome, to be exposed to the public gaze a captive, put an end to her own life. To effect it, she caused vipers to be brought to her in a basket of figs, and, placing them in her bosom, received their bite and soon fell asleep, never more to wake.

O SISTER! sweet sister! come down to me,
I want thy sweet face once more to see;
I would crown thy young head with roses all
round,
And dance with thee, sister, on the pretty
green ground.

O sister! dear sister! how happy we'd play,
And, Carrie, we'd gather bright flowerets all
day;
And, sister, what a bright, merry day we would
pass
While singing and dancing on the pretty green
grass! BLUE-EYED MINNA.

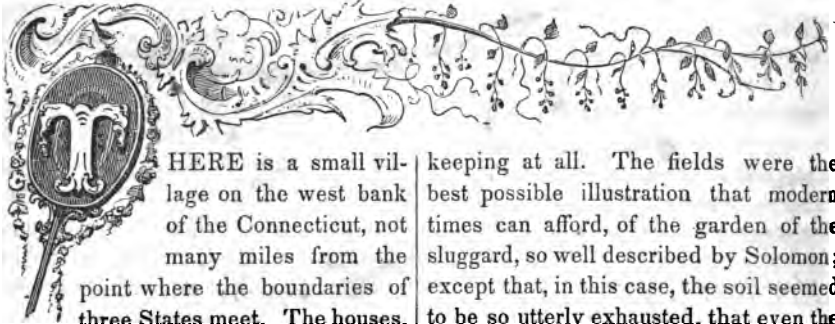
“I SEE you have never got over the whooping cough,” said a gentleman to a lady the other day. “Ah! how is that?” was the surprised rejoinder. “O! you have got rid of the cough, but are still troubled with the hoop.”

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER I.



HERE is a small village on the west bank of the Connecticut, not many miles from the point where the boundaries of three States meet. The houses, at the time when our tale commences, were few and scattered; and there was nothing in the aspect of the greater part of them that would either attract the attention or invite the stay of the passing traveler. They were low, dark, without ornament, either of architecture or horticulture, and almost without any of the ordinary signs of comfort, which so commonly accompany the cottage of a New England farmer. The fences, which here and there appeared in broken patches, straggling, or rather staggering from field to field, or from house to house, indicated both the care and thrift of a former generation which placed them there, in due order and stability, and the degeneracy of the present, which had left them to decay and the winds. Every thing about the village was in keeping with the fences, and, as a matter of course, the animals and the children (I name them in the order of apparent intelligence and cultivation) were in no

keeping at all. The fields were the best possible illustration that modern times can afford, of the garden of the sluggard, so well described by Solomon; except that, in this case, the soil seemed to be so utterly exhausted, that even the brier refused to grow there, and the thistle scorned to be seen in the stunted growth to which alone it could attain. The white-headed children, and the equally white-bodied pigs, among whom they played and rolled in the dirt, as their fit companions and equals, gave to the passer-by the only signs of life the village afforded, save when, occasionally, a broken-down, withered figure of a woman issued from the door of her hut, to draw water from the common well, or gather up a few chips, or, more probably, abstract another rail from the useless fence, to keep alive the scanty embers that were smoking on her cheerless hearth.

It was about noon of a sultry day in August, when a traveler on horseback rode slowly through the village, on his way to the mansion of a friend, about five miles above, on the banks of the river, but within the precincts of the same town, of which the village was a

part. He was tall, well-formed, and handsome. His dress was that of a sportsman; and a beautiful pointer that panted lazily after him, with his feverish tongue hanging as if it would drop from his mouth, confirmed the suspicion suggested by his dress. The horse and the rider were evidently equally languid and fatigued; and at every cottage as they passed, there seemed to be on the countenance of each an expression of despairing disappointment, that no one offered any temptation for even a temporary halt to man or beast. From the outward appearance, a sojourn in any of them would have been anything but repose or refreshment to the traveler; while the shadeless aspect of the yards and fields would but leave the horse exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun.

Fatigue and thirst, however, are urgent solicitors, and, in their extremes, not over fastidious. They would not be denied; and our traveler, after turning in disgust from seven, made a desperate resolve that at all events the next house should furnish what it could for his relief. As he approached it, his courage began to fail, for, if possible, it looked more cheerless than any he had passed. But his mind once made up he seldom allowed himself to hesitate; and with a firm hand he turned the head of his over-wearied beast toward the door of the miserable tenement in which old Zeb Smiley, familiarly known in the neighborhood as Giant Zeb, had been, for three-score and seven years, content to vegetate, and to see a numerous prog-

eny of stripling giants of the same name awake to the same kind of equivocal life, and creep through the same semi-vegetable existence. Wallowing in the dirt before the door was the last of the many representatives of Giant Zeb, to whom the name of Hopeful Mike, selected for its peculiar inappropriateness, had now become as familiar as his own thoughts. Noticing the first inclination of the traveler to turn aside at his father's door, he scrambled up from the dirt, shook his rags, somewhat as a shaggy water-dog would do on emerging from the water; and, with a regard for decency which appeared singular in such a place and such a person, adjusted the more important of them, so as to make them as available as possible. Finding that the traveler was actually intent upon alighting, Mike made bold to seize the bridle, and to ask, in a very respectful manner, if he might hold the horse.

"There is little fear," replied the stranger, "that he will attempt to move, for he is so overcome by the heat, that he is scarcely able to put one foot before the other. If you will bring me a pail of water I will thank you."

Pleased with anything that afforded even a momentary relief from the stagnant monotony of mere being, Mike rushed into the hovel, and immediately re-appeared with an odd-looking and exceedingly antiquated apology for a bucket, accommodated, in the absence of its original iron handle, with a rope which had seen much service. He was followed, on the instant, by as poor and

shriveled a piece of mortality as ever claimed the name of woman, screaming after him in a tone quite above the practical gamut, between the labored wheeze of the asthma and the screech of extreme terror. "You lazy, good-for-nothing little varmint, what are you doing with my water? Bring it back, this moment, or I'll skin ye alive." Surprised at a sight, so unusual, as a gentleman halting at her door, Mrs. Smiley no sooner put her ungainly visage out of the humble portal than she withdrew it again, to consider what could be the possible design of so unexpected a visit. Unwilling to intrude upon the rights or disregard the wishes of even the most humble individual, the courteous stranger approached the door, and apologized for the disturbance he had occasioned, by explaining the circumstance of his long and weary ride in the heat of the day, his extreme fatigue, and the absolute necessity of obtaining some refreshment for his horse before he could proceed, and adding that he had asked of her boy the favor of a bucket of water for his horse.

True politeness never fails to win its way to the heart, even of a savage. And he who would soothe and subdue a woman, has only to use a gentle, courteous, conciliating address, and his purpose is accomplished. In a mild and gratified tone, Mrs. Smiley assured the stranger he was entirely welcome to anything her miserable hut could afford, which was little enough, to be sure, for such a gentleman. She wished it was better, but—

"I beg you will make no apologies," interrupted the stranger. "It is I who should apologize for disturbing your house, and not you for your lack of means to entertain me. It is not for myself that I need attention so much as for my beast, and, if you will allow me, I will see what I can do for his refreshment."

While this brief conversation was going on, Mike had begun to busy himself with the horse, and he showed so much skill and aptness in hostlery, that the traveler when he turned that way was fain to leave to him the task he had intended to perform with his own hands. Heated and reeking as the noble animal then was, it was as much as his life was worth, to set before him so large a bucket of water. But Mike evidently understood his business, though it would be difficult to conjecture where he had ever had an opportunity to handle a horse before, or to learn how he should be treated. The operation occupied some ten or fifteen minutes, during which the weary traveler sat upon a rude bench, near the door of the hovel, watching the movements of the boy, and wondering in himself how he could have acquired so much knowledge of hostlery.

"You have been well taught, my boy," said he, "in the care of horses. There are few experienced grooms who could have done it better, and certainly none who would have been more faithful. Where did you learn this art?"

"I never larnt nothing," replied the boy, still continuing to rub down the breast and legs of the beast with un-

abated zeal, and occasionally dashing a cool handful into his nostrils. "I never larnt nothing, only I heard Jim, the stage-driver, when he stopped one day at Uncle Nat's shop to have a shoe fastened, scolding at Sam for giving his horses water to drink, when it would do them more good to put it on their legs, with a leetle washing of their tongues and noses, besides being a t'arnal sight safer than drinking, when they were all in a lather."

There was nothing remarkable in this long speech of Mike's except its length; and it is doubtful if he had ever before put so many words together into one sentence. But there was a heartiness of tone and accent about it that attracted the notice of the stranger; and when, a few minutes after, as he was in the act of remounting his saddle, he slipped a piece of money into the hand of the astonished and delighted boy, with many thanks for the service he had rendered, he added a word of courteous encouragement, and a prediction that he would one day be master of a horse of his own.

The suggestion touched the deepest chord that had ever vibrated in the heart of Hopeful Mike. Stagnant and uneventful as his brief life had been, he had not been without an occasional aspiration after something higher. He had dreamed of being something and doing something for himself. He had even soared so high in his dreams, as to imagine it possible that he might, at some future day, attain to the dignity

of a stage-driver! This was his climax of human greatness. He had never seen a character of so much importance, one whose periodical arrival was so anxiously waited for, and so heartily welcomed, or one whose authority in all matters was so absolute, as that of Jim Crawford, the good-natured driver of the Connecticut-River stage.

MY MOTHER'S DEAD.

I'm very, very lonely,
 Alas! I can not play;
 I am so sad, I sit and weep
 Throughout the livelong day.
 I miss dear mother's welcome,
 Her light hand on my head,
 Her look of love, her tender word—
 Alas! my mother's dead.

I have no heart to play alone,
 To-day I thought I'd try,
 And got my little hoop to roll,
 But ah! it made me cry;
 For who will smile to see me come,
 Now mother dear has gone;
 And look so kindly in my face,
 And kiss her little son!

I'll get my blessed Bible,
 And sit me down and read;
 My mother said that precious book
 Would prove a friend indeed.
 I seem to see dear mother now,
 To hear her voice of love;
 She may be looking down on me,
 From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
 She can not come to me;
 Our Father, teach a little one
 How he may come to Thee;
 For I am very lonely now;
 Our Father, may I come,
 And join my mother in the skies;
 And heaven shall be our home.



THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

“ALONE upon the beach I stray,
The curling waves around me play,
I sing my merry roundelay,”

Thus spake a little child.

“Sweet child,” said I, “why free from care.
Why stray you fearless everywhere,
Nor have a thought of how you'll fare
When storms are howling wild?”

“Once on a time, I dreamed a dream,
And, stranger, then it seemed to seem
As though an angel's kindly beam
Shone, dazzling, round my head.
That beauteous form, it said to me,
'I shall thy guardian angel be;
Therefore be fearless, wild, and free,
Nor make thy cares like lead.

“When future cares before thee rise,
Think not of them, but be thou wise;
Seize every moment as it flies,
And do thy duty then.
Thus shalt thou do that which is right,
Which having done with heart contrite,
When Death removes, thou'lt live in light,
Far, far from human ken.’

“Thus spake the angel unto me,
And this is why I'm merry, free,
Gladsome, blithe, and full of glee—
I do my duty now.”

“Yes, child, thou'rt right, thou doest well,
Thy seniors thou dost much excel;
I'll go and thy sweet lesson tell
To every one I know.”

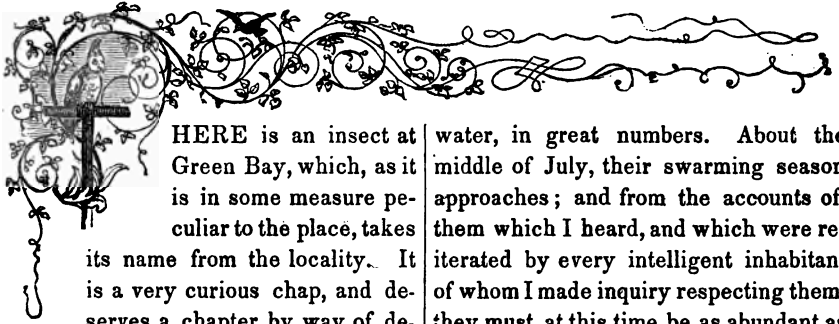
RALPH RAMBLER.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

FATHER! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band,
And throughout the darkling night
Bless us with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Thus, my Father, day by day,
Keep me through life's thorny way.

MANY complain of neglect who never
tried to attain regard.

THE GREEN BAY FLY.



HERE is an insect at Green Bay, which, as it is in some measure peculiar to the place, takes its name from the locality. It is a very curious chap, and deserves a chapter by way of description. I first met it, going down the Fox River, at Appleton, one of the pleasantest little towns in Wisconsin. I don't know its scientific name. Though I inquired of at least half a dozen naturalists of some note in this part of the country, I could find no other name to the insect than the Green Bay Fly. It appears the latter part of June, and is most abundant about the middle of July. Its body is from half an inch to an inch and a half in length, and it is furnished with antennæ in front and two needle-like appendages at the other end. Its wings are very delicate, and beautifully marked. The color of the insect varies in different specimens, being apparently altered by age. A full-grown fly is nearly black, while the younger members of the family wear a dress of a lighter color. They are *ephemeral* in their nature, and their joys and sorrows are crowded into a very brief space of time.

Like the mosquito, they are born in one element, and pass their short existence in another. In the month of July, they may be seen emerging from the

water, in great numbers. About the middle of July, their swarming season approaches; and from the accounts of them which I heard, and which were reiterated by every intelligent inhabitant of whom I made inquiry respecting them, they must, at this time, be as abundant as the locusts were in Egypt, in Pharaoh's day. I am indebted to Messrs. Green and Colton, officers on the steamers running between Fond du Lac and Green Bay, and to Mr. McWilliams, formerly, though not now, a resident on the Bay, as well as to several other credible gentlemen familiar with these insects, for the astonishing stories which follow. You'll shake your head at some of them, I suspect. So did I, at first, but I was obliged to believe them. They were repeated to me, substantially in the same strain, by at least half a dozen persons who had every opportunity for accurate observation, and whose reputation, truth, and veracity no one acquainted with them would think of challenging.

These insects, in their swarming season, completely cover the roofs and outside walls of many of the buildings at Green Bay. They pile themselves together not unfrequently to the depth of more than a foot. It appears that, at such times, they are sluggish, and manifest but little disposition to move. The

windows of the dwellings where they alight are entirely darkened by them. Not unfrequently they "shuffle off their mortal coil" while in this swarming state. In such cases they become very offensive, from the odor of their decaying bodies. Mr. Green, before alluded to, informed me that his father had removed from his premises eight wheelbarrow loads of these insects at one time.

They often alight on trees in such multitudes as to bend down the branches with their weight.

Several summers ago, when there was a garrison of soldiers stationed at Green Bay, there came on very suddenly a violent thunder-storm accompanied with heavy wind. During the storm, millions of these flies were driven into the Bay. Afterwards, the wind having subsided, the insects were washed upon the beach, forming a wind-row of more than two miles in length. The odor of this great mass of insects was intolerable; and the commandant of the garrison detailed half of his entire force to remove them and bury them. Many cart loads were thus taken away from the beach.

These flies are perfectly harmless while living. It is only at their death that they do any mischief. The fish in Green Bay, of which there are proverbially a great abundance, are very fond of these insects, and during the season of swarming have constant opportunities of gratifying their appetites.

But I must not tell any more stories of the Green Bay Fly; I am half afraid that I have told more now than my

readers can comfortably digest. By the way, will not some of my nephews or nieces, residing in this section of Wisconsin, tell us something more about this remarkable insect? UNCLE FRANK.

RIDING IN A CIRCLE.

THE Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman who, having lost his way, made a complete circle. When the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am in some track." When the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said, "Now, surely, I am in a beaten way;" and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain he must be in some frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but all the while he was riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it may be with great men.

PRIDE.

How proud we are—how pleased to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep, or silk-worm wore
That very clothing, long before!

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer garb than I:
Let me dressed fine as I will,
These worms and flowers are prettier still.

Then I will set my heart to find
Such things as beautify the mind—
Obedience, wisdom, truth, and love,
Are things which God and man approve

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

IN consequence of a great crowd of business, and of delay in receiving a considerable number of offerings for the PRIZE, the decision will be deferred till the issue of the December number. This will afford an opportunity for a few more competitors to come in.

N. B.—A word about *directing letters*, and *sending money*. Our letters sometimes lie a long time in the Post-Office, and sometimes do not reach us at all, because they are misdirected. Some direct to the MUSEUM only—some to “*Mr. Stearns*”—some to “*Mr. Merry*.” Now, you have no excuse for making such mistakes. If you will stop one moment to think, you can not go wrong. *On the cover of every MUSEUM you will find the names of the Publishers in full.* All letters for the MUSEUM, whether on business or for the *Chat*, should be directed to—J. N. STEARNS & Co., 116 Nassau Street, New York.

In sending money, some very carelessly put a gold dollar, or other coin, loosely into the letter, so that there is danger of its dropping out at the open corners of the lappet, or wearing a hole for itself at some other place. Some of our young friends are very careful in this respect. We received, not long since, a gold piece from “*Susie*,” very nicely inclosed between two pieces of paper pasted together. This paper bag, or purse, was as large as the letter, so that it did not slip about in the envelope.

In sending postage stamps, be careful not to fold them, so that two gummed sides will come together. Put them in carefully, with paper between them. It sometimes uses up an hour, or more, of our time, to get the stamps we receive in such a condition that we can use them.

One thing more. New York money is worth more in New York than any other kind of money; while in Illinois, Kentucky, and other distant States, it is not worth so much as the money of those States. In sending bank bills, therefore, you will benefit yourselves,

and us too, if you will send us the bills of banks in or near New York. If you send us the bills of your own State, you send that for which you can, and we can not, get gold in exchange. If you send us New York money, you send that for which we can, and you can not, get gold in exchange. So, you see, it pays both ways. We do not wish to put you to any inconvenience to get New York bills, but when you can do it conveniently, it will be better for both of us. It is still better to send gold, if you can do it up as nicely as *Susie* did.

FRANKLIN, CONN.

DEAR UNCLE:—I love to read letters better than to write. I sometimes wonder what I should do if you did not send me the MUSEUM. We have nice times here, and all of us are happy. We study, play, and sing ever so much. Your affectionate niece, FLORA P. S.

Thank you, Flora, for this, your first letter. We are glad you love to read so well, and hope, now you have written one letter, we shall hear from you often.

FRANKLIN, CONN., Oct. 3d, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My teacher told me to write a letter to Uncle Merry, for a composition, to-day. I am happy to do it, for it no longer seems a task, but a pleasure. I have long wished to be a member of the Merry Family. I have occasionally had a bound volume of the MUSEUM. Aunt and black-eyed Flora visited us last spring; since then I have had the pleasure of reading it every month. I was very much pleased to find three of my favorite books united in one. Aunt Flora is staying here, with black-eyed Flora and Charlie, and little blue-eyed Georgie—my favorite. Flora has a great many pretty papers and magazines from her dear uncle, whom she loves very much. Yesterday, about three o'clock, Georgie and Charlie were out playing. Little blue-eyes saw something high up in the air, and said, “Oh! what is that?” Charlie said, “Oh, it is a balloon!” We all ran out when we heard it, and, sure enough, there was a balloon. Its ascension commenced at Norwich, nine miles from here. We enjoyed it very much—such a scampering of little feet all over the yard. Pierpont climbed a large,

tall tree in the yard, and tried to speak to the man in his moving house. But he was not satisfied with this elevation, so off he ran to find a still higher tree. I wish I knew what the men in the balloon would do if the balloon should come down on the ocean.

Your affectionate niece,
BLUE-EYED JOSIE.

They often come down on the water, and they manage to make the balloon hold them up till a boat comes to their help.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—Before writing another word, let me correct an error in my last letter. The first line of the closing sentence *should* read: "Oh, that Mr. F.'s Aunt of an N. B.!" As printed, there is very little sense in it. (Probably some one will say the same of it when corrected. But he has lost the opportunity.)

Is it not considered rather dangerous, Black-Eyes, for comets and planets to come together? Or do you believe the former to be merely thin vapor or—*gas*? However, I would have called with great pleasure, but I couldn't come it.

I wish to bring an indictment for slander against that Green Goggled Genie, in behalf of Black-Eyes and myself. The cause will be found in the second clause of the second sentence of her letter. For myself I will only say, in reference to her offer of sympathy and assistance, that it is rejected with disdain. I don't wish to be like the beast in the menagerie, which is first punched with a stick, and then offered a cookey. I leave Black-Eyes to bring on the heavy artillery.

Why, Jessie Hill, I am astonished! Do you suppose that New York ladies wear their petticoats *outside*? *Crinoline*, my dear.

Gipsev wishes to be introduced to me as an especial lion. (Referring to me, not her.) What shall I do? How does said beast generally conduct himself on such occasions? I don't know "How to Behave." Shall I "roar you gently as a sucking dove," or wag—Pshaw! I'll do neither. I give you my paw.

What do you mean, O. B.? I haven't any plume, not even a feather in my cap.

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

SALEM, Sept. 4th, 1857.

FRIENDLY EDITORS:—May I take a front seat, in close proximity to "Black-Eyes" and Willie H. C.? I feel bashful, of course, coming before you all for the first time.

You have said, "Brevity is the soul of wit;" allow me to alter it aright—*Wit is the soul of brevity*; hence, I have no wit—no need of

being brief. I think this reasoning conclusive, and here we will let it rest. Now I can say more.

There has been some talk about Aunt Sue; perhaps I can give a pen-and-ink sketch of her. Let me try.

[No, it is useless—you can not even attempt it.—H. H.]

Well, then, Hiram, I challenge *you* to make a pun from my name. WALTER.

"Hiram" declines. He is a law-abiding citizen; and the laws of New York forbid, under severe penalties, the giving or receiving a challenge. Consequently, he would not dare to *alter* your name, by the dropping the *W*, much less would he like to run his neck into, it by substituting *H*; though the name itself (*W*—alter, or alter *W*) seems to suggest the propriety of doing so.

NORWICH, VT., Sept. 8, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Having been for a long time a silent reader of your pleasant Magazine, I for the first time take the liberty to address you, not without a fear of the "basket under the table." I am very glad the CABINET has joined you. I have found out answers to a few questions, which I send you. Please excuse this letter, as I am a small boy. Love to all the Uncles and Cousins.
H. B. OLDS.

An "old" boy, hey? Your cousin Adelbert is "older."

COLUMBIA, Sept. 7th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Please don't begin to talk of warm weather. I never was so tired of hearing the same subject discussed in my life! If you meet a friend, all he has to say is, "It's very warm," or "How warm it is!" and sometimes it seems "the stretch of politeness" even to get that out. Now, Mr. Merry, don't you agree with me? And won't you keep it out of the "Corner"? If people can't do any better, let them follow the example of Fuseli. He, once heartily disgusted with the "small talk" of those around him, exclaimed: "We had pork and beans for dinner!" "Why, my dear Fuseli, what a strange remark!" said one of the gentlemen. "I consider it as sensible as any that has been made for the last half-hour," was the reply.

I think "Black-Eyes" ought indeed to be envied. It would serve her right for tantalizing the other members of "the Chat" with-

her good fortune. Why, it is very hard to "keep hold of" *one* MUSEUM! Everybody wants it, and everybody at the same time.

Tell Lu I am very much obliged to her, but I couldn't think of letting her tell me Aunt Sue's name: 'twouldn't be fair to betray confidence in that manner. I mean, though, to find my way to the "down-east corner," for I wish to see Lu very much. How much is "very much and as well again?" I don't know what to think of "T. M. H." wanting Aunt Sue to tell her name. That would be fine! Spoil all our fun of guessing. MAGGIE.

BOSTON, Sept. 14th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—How is it that I am left so long in the shade? As autumn is here, and all persons are coming forth from their woody retreats, I hope you will not forget me, but introduce my humble note in your most excellent MUSEUM. I love so much to be included as a member of your "happy family." Tell Uncle Joe that I welcome him with much love.

Your affectionate nephew, C. F. W.

LE ROY, Sept. 14th, 1857.

TO THE MERRY FAMILY:—The cousins all I gladly greet, Who in our parlor monthly meet, Doff hats and bonnets, and we'll see How very "merry" we can be. Here's Uncle Woodworth—Hatchet—Merry, I'm very glad to see them—very. Black-Eyes is here, and Willie too; Here's Jessie Hill and Mary Lou, And Genie with the goggles green— Three new acquaintances, I ween, Who in our parlor ne'er were seen. But who is this that's here amid The gems of Aunt Sue's Bureau hid? 'Tis one who says that she can tell The name Aunt Sue has hid so well. Aunt Sue's real name, what can it be? That portrait, too, I'd like to see; Here's D. B. O. and Walter Grey, And Lucy, too, and Theron A.; But ah, those rules! the hatchet's keen, The basket's deep enough, I ween, To hold all nonsense I can write, So I will stop at once—Good-night

ADELBERT OLDER.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1857.

DEAR UNCLAS:—Although I have wished very much, for a long time past, to visit you, I have never dared to do so. It always frightens me to have so many bright eyes turned

toward me as I enter the room. I always imagine their owners are "criticising my appearance," and planning some mischief to show off my awkwardness and foolishness. So, if you will please open the door softly, and allow me to hide myself in a corner until I can recover from my bashfulness and excitement, you will oblige me very much. There is another reason why I dread to pass through an introduction. In my bewilderment I reply, "if you please," to expressions of pleasure on making my acquaintance; and say "good-morning" when I should say "good-evening," and answer "yes, sir" to a lady, or make some other mistake just as ridiculous. Besides, I can not remember who is John, and who is James, and can not distinguish Mary from Susan. It is so much pleasanter to take my seat quietly, and become acquainted with the company from observation.

I hope, therefore, you will take compassion "on my bashfulness," and allow me to visit you without having to make myself "conspicuous and ridiculous." I do not see how your other nephews and nieces can possibly manage to work out the sums and enigmas spread on your table before them from month to month. It almost distracts me to look at them. I can not see any sense and reason in "A's" and "X's," and "Z's," and "+s," and "S's," and "√'s," but perhaps I may learn, if you will permit me to come often enough, and will explain them to me. As soon as a thing is explained so that I can understand it perfectly, I never forget it. But I must bid you good-bye. Please remember your nephew, JERRY MIAH.

Alice, please take Jerry over in your corner and protect him. With your aid, we'll make something of him yet.

TENNESSEE, Aug.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Allow me to trouble you once more. "Sigma," it seems, says I have guessed wrong about her "peppered" friend, which, instead of abating, increases my curiosity. Who it could have been I can't imagine. Do use your influence with her in my behalf. Ask Laura, if you please, to assist me in my endeavor, as she, too, is from the "Sunny South," and has been "introduced" to her.

Tell Lillie that the opposer to girls learning Latin can't be a boy—he can't belong to the same species with me. Down this way the girls study Latin, Greek, and French, and expect, when they get a teacher, to study Hebrew and German, and more, they beat us boys at it, too!

But as "Brevity is the soul of wit," and as I am witty (!), I suppose I must be brief. Your Southern friend,
TENNESSEAN.

We did not know that you Tennesseans would bear beating, or own beat, in any case. It is quite a promising symptom, don't you think so, Sigma?

H. B. P., the lady who made the Prize Enigma, will oblige Uncle Frank much—he ventures to say his nephews and nieces as well—if she will propound some more questions in the enigmatical line. But, please Mrs. H. B. P., don't make them *quite* so hard. Be merciful, madame, be merciful.

Now, little folks, shall I give you a letter from Iowa? There seems to be no objection; so I conclude you all say *yes*.

MT. VERNON, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK: (I hope you will let me call you so)—I begun to take your magazine when I was seven years old, and have now taken it five years. I am always glad to get it, and would not like to do without it; but since we came to Iowa, I don't get it quite so soon enough to suit me—seldom till the last of the month. That was really a funny-looking picture you gave us of Santa Claus, in the January number. I didn't know before that he used tobacco. I don't like him any better for that, but I would rather he would use it than I. I hope he will leave his pipe and tobacco at home when he comes to our house. Next time I write, perhaps I will tell you something about Mt. Vernon.
S. E. BOLES.

It is always pleasant to get a parcel from "Fleta Forrester." The last one of hers which I opened contained, with sundry knick-knacks in the shape of charades and enigmas, a spicy letter to Uncle Frank. Suppose I read it; she says she don't want it made public, but she can't possibly be in earnest—do you think she can?

NEW HAVEN, CT.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—After considerable hesitation I have concluded to send you some more waste paper to kindle your fire with. If it should not prove acceptable, just give me a hint, and I will learn to keep such articles at home. As it is, I had a "clearing-up time" in my portfolio the other day, and numberless

"efforts of a similar character" were consigned to the glowing bosom of the library grate. May their ashes rest in peace!

As to your question whether I am sensitive or not in certain particulars, S——, I won't finish that, however. I only want you to bear in mind when you condescend to polish up any of my unworthy productions—no, that won't do either. Well, then, you may do *any thing* you please with my "efforts;" I would think you did it solely out of mercy if you were to alter *every other word*. There is one point on which I am "sensitive," however, which is, that both you and Aunt Sue called me "Miss." I am still a *girl*, and not a young lady. I don't think that I deserve the appellation. I don't believe my recently entered "teens" will admit of it. I've not yet passed the bounds of fifteen—no, not by a great deal. But how foolish in me to tell you this! If it were not so late, this letter should be revised, and the half of it struck out. But, if you ever reach this point, I wish you to know that this letter is not intended for publication, and I don't want it printed. I have been so frightened at Aunt Sue's comments that I am half afraid to send this. She may call me "*Fleetest*" if she chooses. I know very well that I can outrun any one for miles around, especially if danger is at hand. Your affectionate niece,
FLETA FORRESTER.

Here is a boy who has come all the way from the Creek Nation. I hope you will all give him a cordial welcome.

TALLAHASSEE MISSION.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I have never seen you, but would like to very much. I live at the Mission, among the Creek Indians. We are bounded on the west by what is called the Grand Prairie, extending to the Rocky Mountains. On the north of us, about two and a half miles, is a large pond, which we call a lake, but you would call it a pond. It is about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in width. It is a pleasant place to visit, because it borders on the prairie, and is a nice place for fishing. There is a beautiful grove on one side. In summer it abounds with two kinds of pond lilies, and in winter with wild fowl. On the south of us, about two and a half miles, runs the Arkansas. Most of the time it is very low, so that it can be easily forded. But nearly every spring it rises very high, so that steamboats can come up; on the other side of it, about a mile, is the Creek Agency. This is not a very large place; but there is a blacksmith's shop, a tailor's house, and several stores, besides several dwelling-

houses. On the east of us, about ten miles, is Fort Gibson. Between here and there are two rivers; their names are Verdigris and Grand. I noticed that premiums are offered for new subscribers. I have received twelve. Their names are on another paper. From your off-nephew,
ROBERT M. LONGHUDGE.

MOLINE, Aug. 14, 1857.

UNCLE FRANK:—Make room for one more, if you please. Though a new subscriber, I claim my seat at the Chat. I think Black-Eyes, W. H. Coleman!! and, in fact, all of your contributors, do honor to the name of Merrys. Now, Uncle, if you come to this part of the West, give us a call. We live only three miles from the Great Mississippi Railroad Bridge, which crosses the river at Rock Island City. You will find this a right smart country. Yours truly,
ENOCH B.

Yes, and smart boys, too. We shall come, Enoch, you may be sure of it, if we can find time between the Chats, and money to pay the way.

N. Y., Sept. 8.

MR. MERRY:—How d'ye do? How are all your family? I thought I'd call a minute, and say a few words. Poor Mr. Exclamation-Dash! If he isn't a relative of Star-Daggers, his disposition is very similar. I think I would rather quarrel with Black-Eyes than with him. What's become of Nip? Why is his (or her) welcome countenance never more seen around the table, boxing the ears of one,

pulling another's hair, and whispering confidentially to another. By-the-by, Mr. Merry, it will soon be time to desert the table, and get around the fire, won't it? It seems that there is A. J. W. and a J. W., Jr., writing to you. The former is not my father, is he? Oh! the Hatchet!
JOHN WELDON, JR.

When the Chat gets cold, John, we'll give it up. A cheerful fire is a fine accompaniment to a cheerful chat, though.

CHILL, N. Y., July 18, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I am anxious to tell you how happy I am this morning, having just succeeded in finding my way through the Labyrinth, and all alone, too.

It will be five years in September since my mother died, and, my father being an invalid, two brothers, a little sister, and myself were left to the care of strangers. But it is almost two years ago since they laid sister Ella to rest on Mount Hope, too.

My home has lately been in the country, among the free birds and wild flowers, the wide fields, with the broad, blue sky above all. And I have my pets, too—chickens, kittens, and lambs—but they all die. Yours affectionately,
ANNA ELSIE D.

Yes, Anna, "they all die"—parents, friends, pets—but—there is a Friend who will never die, a hope that will not disappoint us, a treasure that will not fail us. And they shall all be yours, if you will have them

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

WELL, my little friends, where do you suppose Uncle Frank is wandering now? In what part of the world, think you, this chat is written? I will assist the operation of your guessing machinery a little. I have left the Lake Superior region, and am now at least fifteen hundred miles distant from it. Ah! you can't guess. The truth is, boys and girls, I am at home. I am driving my pen at the rate of about ten knots an hour, more or less, in my own cherished study, overlooking the Hudson. This country home of mine always seems beautiful to me, though never so intensely beautiful, as when I return to it after a long absence. Did you ever notice how peculiarly merry the robins are, when they

first reach the orchard where they were reared in the early spring? As they hop from tree to tree, from bough to bough, the burden of their melody seems to be, "Ah! here they all are, the dear old trees, just as we left them when the leaves were falling last autumn." Well, I believe I am a good deal like a bird of passage, in some respects. At all events, "Woodside" never seems to come quite so near my *beau ideal* of Paradise, as when its trees and flowers smile their warm greeting upon me, on my return from a long journey. I reached home the 24th day of September. Many of the birds of summer had warbled their farewells; but some were still lingering, and united their voices with those of my brother's family,

in bidding me welcome. It is a pleasant thing to travel, if it were only for the pleasure we feel in returning to a pleasant home.

I left Marquette, the place where I spent most of my time during the summer, on the 15th of September. The steamer which brought me to Detroit was the *Illinois*, a favorite boat with me. For the first day, while we were on Lake Superior, we had a rather rough passage. The boat was brimful of passengers, and many of them were very sick. After passing through the Sault St. Marie Canal, however, we had the pleasantest trip imaginable. Lake Huron treated us kindly this time. He was very good-natured, and only gave us a gentle tossing.

How closely are pleasure and pain mingled in this world! The delight I felt in seeing my dear friends in Detroit was not a little imbittered by the news which had just arrived, of the loss of the steamship *Central America*, with nearly all her passengers. Then, too, from almost every part of the country came the tidings of commercial distress, such as we have not known for many years. When I reached New York, I found stout hearts failing. An atmosphere of gloom seemed to have settled down over that gay metropolis. Large business firms were crumbling. A perfect panic had taken the place of the ordinary calmness of the commercial world. Scarcely any one deemed his own affairs safe. Nobody could conjecture what would happen next. These are sad times indeed. They would be sadder still, though, if we could not look through all these clouds, and see in the dim distance a treasure laid up in heaven, worth infinitely more than all the riches of this world. He is the happy man who can say from his heart, let whatever may befall him, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

I came home just in season to witness the ceremony of annexing another territory of boys and girls to our MUSEUM AND CABINET. I am right glad the *Schoolfellow* folks are com-

ing to join our forces. I wonder what province will be added to the "two great Powers" next. Let me see. How many magazines have we absorbed now? I must reflect a moment to ascertain. 1. There was the children's old favorite, *Parley's Magazine*, started and conducted by the original Peter himself. 2. This monthly was united with MERRY'S MUSEUM. 3. *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, of about the same age as the MUSEUM, was welded with it and its ally. But, 4. THE CABINET had already annexed the *Mentor*, a Philadelphia magazine for young people; and now, 5, we have taken in the *Schoolfellow*. Who comes next?

LITTLE GEORGIE'S PRESENT.

Among my Lake Superior acquaintances, who contributed not a little to my enjoyment, was a little girl—not so *very* little, though—from Cleveland, in the State of Ohio. She was at Marquette, with her father, mother, brother, and aunt, spending the summer. Her name was Georgiana Gordon, but her parents, and, indeed, almost everybody who knew her intimately, called her Georgie. One day, near the close of the summer, and not long before I left for home, she presented me with a beautiful book-mark, with the word LOVE wrought upon it. I sent Georgie some lines in acknowledgment of her gift, which I will read to you:

TO GEORGIE,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOOK-MARK.

Thank you, little Georgie,
As I surely ought,
For your charming present,
Beautifully wrought
In that sacred volume,
Which I fondly prize,
'Mid its heavenly pages,
This memento lies.
Fitting little emblem,
For that holy place,
It will oft remind me
Of a Saviour's grace,
Of that kind assurance
Sent us from above,
Full of hope and comfort,
That our God is Love.

Answers to Questions, etc., in Sept. No.

Answers to 118 and 119, called for in the September number :

118. 1. Speculators. 2. Chieftain. 3. Anonymous. 4. Secondary. 5. Anticipates.
119. 1. Machine. 2. Antagonist. 3. Treacherous. 4. Consider. 5. Temporary. 6. Antithesis. 7. Momentary. 8. Mercantile.

These answers were furnished by *A. O.*, the author of the anagrams. But, in the mean time, "Uncle Joe" had sent answers to all but 5 of 118 and 3, 6, and 8 of 119.

161. We live in a very large house, etc., etc. (made up of all the letters of the alphabet). *F. R.—J. L. H.—C. F. W.*
—*Marie.*—*Georgian.*—*Bootes.*—*A. Older.*—*C. S.*
162. When they are migrating (my grating).
Susie.—*L. R.*—*J. S. T.*
163. Leaves. *O. L. L.*—*Bootes.*—*A. Older.*
—*H. B. O.*—*J. L. H.*—*J. N. C.*
—*L. R.*
164. Friend-ship. *O. L. L.*—*Bootes.*—*A. Older.*—*Marie.*—*J. N. C.*—*Susie.*
I see upon yon bounding sea
A gallant ship, with pennon fair;
Oh, heart, why beat so joyfully?
"Because a friend is there."
And soon upon the rocky shore
In Friend-ship we shall meet once more.
Buckeye Boy.
165. Tendrils (ten drills). *O. L. L.*—*A. Older.*—*C. F. W.*—*A. W. C.*—*J. S. T.*
—*L. R.*
166. He has ten-ants. *A. Older.*—*Marie.*—*H. B. O.*—*J. N. C.*—*L. R.*
167. Rest-rain. *H. B. O.* (Is this right?)
168. Kenil (kennel) worth. *Susie.*—*J. S. T.*
169. Saxe-axe. *O. L. L.*—*H. B. O.*—*J. L. H.*—*J. N. C.*—*L. R.*
170. Siam. *O. L. L.*—*Bootes.*—*J. S. T.*—*R. W.*
171. Wind-lass. *O. L. L.*—*Bootes.*—*A. Older.*—*Marie.*—*C. F. W.*—*H. B. O.*—*J. N. C.*—*Susie.*
172. Odoacer. *Bootes.*—*A. Older.*—*A. N. C.*
—*L. R.*
173. Within an L of being undone (ondon).
C. D.—*A. Older.*—*Susie.*—*L. R.*
174. Because they are too long (Toulon) and too loose (Toulouse). *O. L. L.*—*Bootes.*
—*A. Older.*—*H. B. O.*—*J. L. H.*—*J. N. C.*
A. N. C.

Uncle George thus answers the whole batch (almost) :

162. Just whisper in the ear of Cousin Nun,
That I do not desire to share the fun,
An inmate of her grated cell to be;
The freedom of { migrating } birds
give me. { my grating }
163. And now for O. K. Bush and his enigma:
Its head is L—its tail the Greeks call
Sigma;
The leaves of every BUSH, as I should
say,
Reveal the whole. There, is it not O. K. ?
164. While sailing o'er life's rough and rugged sea,
The thought most sweetly comforting to me
Is this: There is a Friend whose potent arm
Will guide my ship to port, secure from harm.
165. Next comes Geo. A. with his conundrums,
two;
To solve the first I think { ten drills }
will do. { tendrils }
166. And to the second I would make reply,
Because he has { ten aunts. } Geo. A.,
{ tenants. }
167. Full long enough the next has taxed my brain,
And I must give it up—'tis all in vain.
So now, dear { minnow, } I must say,
good-bye, { Minnie, }
168. Proud Kenilworth in history finds a place,
But you devote it to the canine race.
169. A poet punster and a wit is Saxe;
But when beheaded, he appears an axe.
170. Siam, the land of Chang and Eng, no doubt,
Adelbert's other riddle will make out.
(By the way, why can you never guess Adelbert's age?
Because, whatever you may guess, he's Older.)
171. Has cousin Fleta-Forrester in mind,
Coquettish lasses, fickle as the wind ?
172. Well, Uncle Joe, I give it up at once;
'Tis either very hard, or I'm a dunce.
173. 'Tis very clear destruction's near to London;
A single letter's loss would make it
{ undone. }
{ ondon. }

174. Pants every way too large are sure
 { too long }
 { Toulon }
 And { too loose. } So now I end my
 { Toulouse. } lengthy song.

The following, with answers for the October number, arrived too late for insertion: *Horatio—Georgian—L. S., of Balto.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

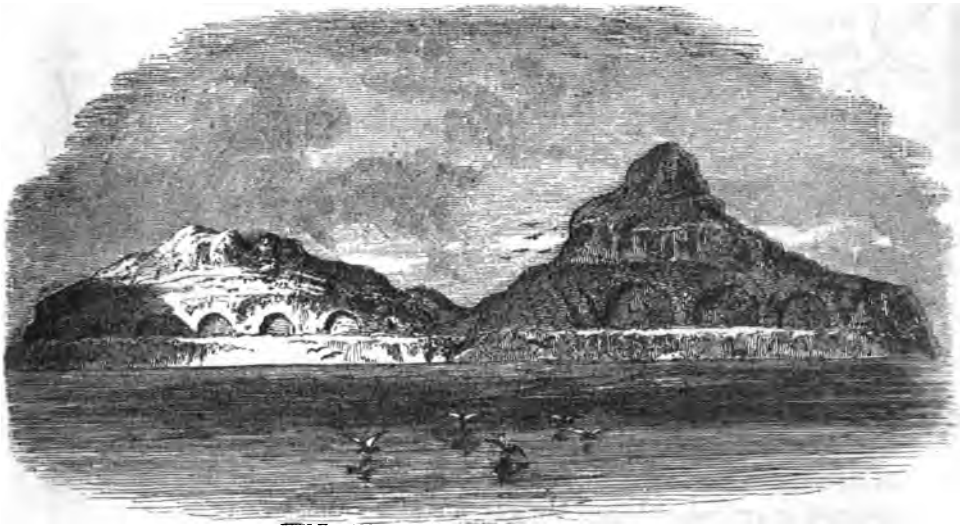
190. Why is a ship sailing along the coast like a church bell? *H. H. Hays.*
191. In my whole, you will see seven letters combined,
 To form a great woman, lofty in mind,
 And heroic in deeds. Omit three, and you can
 With the other four make an illustrious man,
 Such as Pagan mythologists often, we see,
 Have ranked with the gods. And now the first three
 Of my letters, a feminine pronoun will make;
 Again, if but two of my letters you take,
 A masculine pronoun comes forth to your view.
 Please present this charade to your cousins, Aunt Sue. *Alter Ego.*
192. The figures 91 being given, add two figures, and make the whole less than ten.
193. I am a garment, with four letters. If I lose my second, I am an animal. If I lose my third, I am a house. If you take my second and place it after my last, I am a philosopher. *Oscar B.*
194. My whole is a fruit;
 Behead me, and then
 I belong to beasts,
 To birds, and to men. *Buckeye Boy.*
195. What letter makes an enemy a friend? *Doubter.*
196. Define 654 ity. *Doubter.*
197. CHARADE.
 Oft my first, by my first,
 To my first is sent, I trow;
 Yes, my first, by my first,
 For my first, with my first,
 From my first to my first
 Is often seen to go.
 My first, to all of his my second,
 My second still should be;
 In him and them together reckoned,
 My whole you'll plainly see. *Aliquis.*

198. From what word of five letters can the nine parts of speech be made?
Uncle George.

199. Without my first, my second would be a savage. Without my second, my first would be useless. Without my third, commerce between nations would cease. Without my whole, you would never hear from your nephews and nieces.
N. A. C.

[This appeared in the February number of THE CABINET, and has never been answered.]

200. One of twelve sisters, passing by,
 Four letters make my name;
 Cover my first—you see you lie;
 Cover my next, and then am I
 Convicted of the same;
 Cover my third, and, without shame,
 I simply ask the reason why? *Clove.*
201. My first is equivalent to my whole. My second is a habitation, in which those are my whole who have fled from the light of day. *Aliquis.*
202. My first makes a request. My second limits it. My whole is a surly refusal. *Aliquis.*
203. What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? *Uncle Joe.*
204. In Brooklyn there dwelleth a prophet far-famed,
 Whose generation (they say) before Adam was named.
 He is mentioned in Scripture; St. Mark and St. Luke
 Tell us how a disciple he once did rebuke;
 He knows not his parents; he ne'er goes to bed;
 He wanders barefooted—a crown on his head.
 His coat is not woolen, hair, linen, nor silk,
 He never drinks spirits, but sometimes takes milk.
 Whenever he prophesies, prithee take warning,
 And learn what for you in the future is dawning.
 And who is this prophet? Dear reader, tell quick;
 Say what is his name, and what he predicts. *N.*
205. Though I am always in the sea,
 Within the earth I can not be;
 Nor do I ever live on land,
 Though always seen amid the sand.
Buckeye Boy.



THE COAST OF MEKRAN—ROCKS SITUATED BETWEEN CAPE GUADEL AND CAPE JASK.

MEKRAN.

THE geography of many parts of Asia is but little understood. Indeed, too many of us are quite ignorant of large portions of our own country. Not having much to do with those distant regions, we are too apt to content ourselves with simply knowing their names and their general position on the map, without a word of inquiry about the face of the country, its mountains, rivers, lakes, harbors, its natural productions, or the character and habits of the people.

The Province of *Mecran*, or, as it is more commonly written, *Mekran*, is one of those remote countries, of which little is probably known to the majority of our readers. It is in the southeast part of the empire of Persia, and stretch-

es along the Indian Ocean, from Cape Jask, near the entrance of the Persian Gulf, to the western borders of Hindostan. It was known to the Ancient Greeks as *Gedrosia*, and its inhabitants or those of them who inhabited the coast, were called "Ichthyophagi," or fish-eaters—as if it were anything strange for people on the sea-shore to eat fish.

The map which is here given, is copied from a very ancient one, which was designed to show the course which Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander's fleet, took, about the year 326 B.C., in returning from the conquest of India.

Alexander, with his army, attempted to return through *Gedrosia*. In the country of the *Oritæ*, who were a semi-



ANCIENT MAP OF THE COAST OF PERSIA.

barbarous people, the army suffered so much from hunger, thirst, and fatigue that about 100,000 of them perished. In Gedrosia, those who survived found plenty of everything, and the army was soon replenished and equipped. Everything seemed to yield to the iron will of the conqueror. But he had now arrived at the summit of his glory, and was soon to fall. In Caramania, the land of the vine, as the name signifies,

he began to lose his strength, by losing his command over himself. He gave himself up to indulgence, and his troops followed his example. His march was a constant carousal.

In the midst of his revels, however, his heart was often filled with intense anxiety for his fleet, which he supposed to be lost. But Nearchus was a skillful navigator, as well as an able general. He sailed from the Indus, across the



THE EVOTS, OR THE LITTLE AND GREAT TRUMBO, BETWEEN KISMIS AND PYLORA, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PERSIAN GULF.

Erythræum Sea, now called the Indian Ocean; passed into the Persian Gulf (Sinus Persicus), and arrived at Harmusia, or Ormus. He there learned that Alexander was only five days' journey from him, and immediately started with four attendants to meet him. Overjoyed to see his faithful general, and be assured of the safety of his fleet, the monarch ordered him to re-embark and proceed up the Euphrates to Babylon, where he would soon rejoin him.



INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF KISMIS, IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

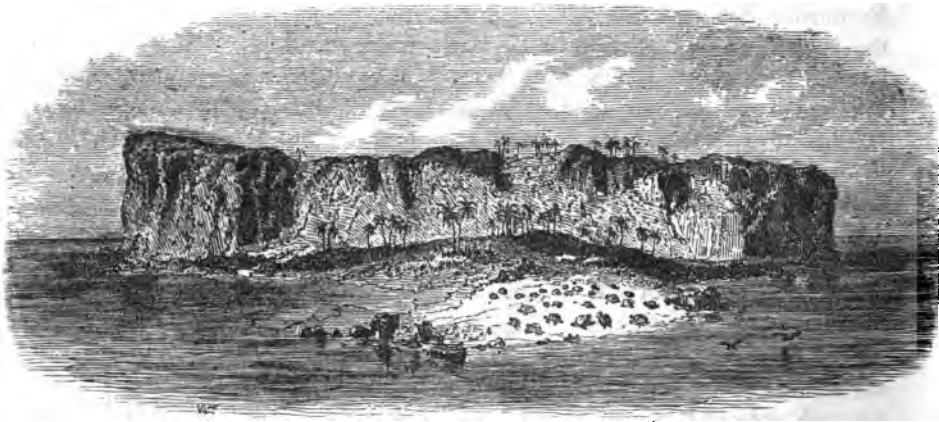
In making this voyage, Nearchus skirted the entire coast of Mekran, and doubtless made acquaintance with the "Fish-eaters," for in those days they rarely ventured out of sight of land, and made very frequent harbors.

In this map you see several of the ancient and modern names together. This will assist you in finding, on other maps, the locality of the places named in ancient history. Caramania, vine land, is now called *Kerman*. Persis, or Persia proper, is *Farsistan*, and Susiana, *Chusistan*, supposed to be derived from Cush, one of the descendants of Ham, and to have retained the same general name from the earliest ages. Cush was the father of Nimrod, who is represented as the founder of the Assyrian empire.

Mekran, as described at the present time, is divided into two parts by a range of mountains running east and west.

The northern part is known as Beloochistan, the country of the Beloochees. Perhaps we might rather say that little is known of it, except its name. It is said to be fertile and populous, and to abound in dates and other Eastern fruits.

In the southeast corner of the province, bordering on India, is the district of *Lussa*. It is almost circular in form, and nearly surrounded by mountains, or rather by one stupendous chain which, like a monster serpent, encircles and incloses it. This inclosed valley, occupying, perhaps, the place marked "*Arabite*," on the map, is flat and sandy, but remarkably fertile in every kind of grain. Two small rivers, rising in the mountains near Bayla, the capital, traverse the valley and find their way into the sea at Somneance.



COAST OF GEDROSIA—ISLAND OF KARNINA (ASTHOLA).

In the north part of the province there is a district called *Gurmsyl*, very remarkable both for the face of the country and for its great fertility. It is a long, narrow valley, like the bed of a dry river, with very high banks, which depends for all its fertility upon the overflow of the Heermund, discharging its surplus waters into this valley.

In Western Mekran the mountains run nearly parallel with the shore, at the distance of eight or ten miles. At capes Jask and Choubar, however, they approach very near the coast, and present some very singularly bold promontories.

The rivers of Mekran present a singular appearance in the summer months, being almost entirely dry. One of them, called the *Neamkhor*, or Salt River, is almost as salt as the sea. The *Bunpoor*, running westerly, traverses the fertile plains of *Lushar*, and after a course of about 200 miles, loses itself in the sand, about forty miles west of the city of Bunpoor.

There are mines of lead and iron in some sections of the country, which, if the people had any commercial enterprise, might be very valuable. Gold and silver have also been found in the mountains, as well as copper, tin, antimony, sulphur, and other sources of wealth and comfort.

The inhabitants are of many different tribes, having independent chiefs. The Beloochees are the most numerous. They speak the language of Persia, corrupted with that of the Scinde, which is the most westerly of the province of Hindostan.

**WHEN ONE WON'T QUARREL,
TWO CAN'T.**

WHEN boys are rude,
Or, in quarrelsome mood,
Throw stones, or strike, or fight—
To be gentle and kind
Is the way, you'll find,
To set matters quickly right.



WINTER.

Who does not love the winter,
 When all on earth below,
 The houses, streams, the trees and rocks,
 Are covered o'er with snow—
 When all is fair which once was bare,
 And all is bright and gay,
 When down the hillside rush the sleds
 Nor stop till far away?
 And then the noise of all the boys,
 When snow-balls fly around—
 The snow-king in the meadow-field,
 With icy jewels crowned—
 And sparkling as the purest gold,
 The sceptre in his hand,
 While icy courtiers, grim and still,
 Await his high command.

And then when evening closes in
 Around the household hearth,
 We love to sit while jokes pass round,
 And all is joy and mirth.
 And then recount, with ready tongues,
 The mishaps of the day,
 Of plunges in the deep snow-drifts
 When at our joyous play.
 And though the Spring may boast its flowers,
 And all its green-clad trees;
 Though Summer with its healthy showers,
 Brings many a cooling breeze;
 And though in Autumn with the crops
 Of grain and fruit we're blest,
 Yet still I can not help but say,
 I love the Winter best.

S. W.

LAKE SUPERIOR IN WINTER.

THE greater part of the summer of 1857 I spent on the shores of Lake Superior. Though I visited that part of the country for my health, rather than in the prosecution of business or for pleasure, yet I can hardly recollect when I ever enjoyed a summer excursion more than this. I made a good many pleasant acquaintances wherever I went. In Marquette, especially, I formed some friendships which the harsh friction of Time can not easily erase. That place I considered my home for the summer. Though, first or last, I visited all the prominent points on the lake, I spent a great share of my time in Marquette. At first I resided at the hotel, but a kind friend, who knew Uncle Frank's likes and dislikes pretty well, invited me to become an inmate of her family, and I accepted her invitation. After that, as I need hardly tell you, I felt more at home than before. The family was an exceedingly pleasant one, and they made me very happy. I suppose I was indebted mainly to one of my little nieces for the interest which the entire members of the family took in me; and indeed I suspect (though this suspicion belongs in a parenthesis) that most of the kind things that are done for me, as well as most of the kind words that are said to me, and of me, can be generally traced to some such source as this. Little Ella was one of my subscribers, and had written me, besides, a letter or two. Now I suspect that she interced-

ed with her mother to install Uncle Frank as a member of the family. Be that as it may, however, I was permitted to enjoy this privilege, and among the pleasant associations of Lake Superior, those which occupy the front rank are connected with the family of Mr. Harlow.

My occupations, while in the Lake Superior country, were various. Sometimes I rambled by the side of a pretty stream, endeavoring, generally with remarkable success, to persuade the trout to taste of my dainty flies. I explored copper mines, groping my way under ground, after the fashion of a ground-mole, untold miles, receiving for my reward the vision of marvelous masses of metal. I visited the iron mountain several times, and made myself familiar with the deposit of the best iron ore on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Then I hunted for beavers' dams through dense forests and marshes; rode on horseback, glided over the surface of the lake in a sail-boat, picked huckleberries, embarked on pic-nic expeditions and, in fact, performed all manner of feats appropriate to an enthusiastic Rambler in a state of rustication.

But how I am running on with my summer experiences! I took up my pen to tell you something about Lake Superior as it appears under the reign of winter, and if I don't look out, I shall exhaust your patience before I reach that topic. The people who live in those cold regions tell large stories re-

specting the snow and the ice which they have to encounter. Winter sets in pretty early there; and when it comes, it locks up that immense lake as fast as a miser ever locked his strong-box.



Then the residents of that upper country are almost completely shut out from the rest of the world, and so they remain till, late in the spring, the boats commence running again. If you will look at the map, you will see that it is a long distance from Marquette, or Ontonagon, to any point accessible by a railroad. Fond du Lac, on Lake Winnebago, is the most northerly place yet reached by the locomotive. There is a term between the close of the naviga-

tion of the lake and the fall of sufficient snow for sleighing, when scarcely any one attempts to make this journey. But when the ground is covered to the depth of several feet with snow, some-

times people go through in their sleighs. How do you think the inhabitants of Lake Superior receive their mails in midwinter? Once a week a dog train runs through from different points on the lake to Green Bay, and back again over the same route. The conductor finds his way through the woods by the marks on the trees. A gentleman of my acquaintance told me he made the journey in this manner once. The dogs were under perfect control, and seemed to consider their task in the light of amusement. Philosophical dogs I think they must have been. When night came, my friend said he dug a kind of cellar in the snow, made a floor of hemlock branches, built a huge fire, wrapped himself up in a buffalo robe, and slept as

soundly as he ever slept in his life. Sometimes he was waked by the barking of wolves, but knowing that they were miserable cowards, and were afraid of a fire, he easily fell asleep again. It took him some six days to reach Lake Winnebago.

I have no doubt that those of you who reside in the sunny South, think that the cold of Lake Superior must be almost intolerable. But such is not the fact. The mercury sinks very low, it

is true, but the atmosphere is dry, and one can bear intense cold with less inconvenience than he experiences in the latitude of New York, during the month of March. All the Lake Superior people with whom I conversed about the winter season, assured me that they were as happy there as they used to be in their more southern homes. One gentleman, a physician, said that during one entire winter spent in Marquette, he never put on an overcoat but once, though he spent a great part of his time in the open air.

UNCLE FRANK.

AUNT ANNA'S DIAMONDS.

“O H, Aunt Anna, your diamond pin is like an ever-changing picture to me,” said Laura. “I never tire of looking at it. See upon the walls what colors—tiny rainbows—fairy-land rainbows—moving, but perfect; and so many!

“And when I look upon the stone itself, I am somehow delighted in my whole being. I feel a kind of ecstasy. That brilliance seems to be so deep—I look in, and in, and in. That is one thing I covet—a real, perfect diamond.”

“It is an interesting object, Laura. I agree with you, and am glad you can appreciate so well. I feel, too, some of the same enthusiasm about the precious gem.

“I often think of its formation in the caves of darkness. Nature is wonderful in her workings, and this, to me, is

one of the most perfect. It is more than brilliant to me. Not only my sense of seeing is charmed, but my mind regards it as glorious.

“There seems something supernatural about the diamond to me. I feel as if it came from another world, and as if purer beings must have been employed about its perfecting—

“I have often imagined the gathering of its elements, even unseemly elements; but by slow, tireless, unceasing efforts it is completed, and taken forth a glorious thing—giving out light in darkness.

“Do you know, Laura, that its lustre can not be tarnished; that neither alkali nor acid acts upon it. Only its like can affect itself (how I like that!); it can be cut only by another diamond, and polished only by the finer diamond powder. The ancients believed it an amulet against all spirits of evil, and that it possessed the power of healing disease.

“Always is it suggestive to me of some great moral virtue; perfecting in that unseemly thing the human heart, which can be made, I fully believe, a very Koh-i-noor—mountain of light.”

L. E.

THE father of Linnæus had a little flower garden, in which he cultivated all the choice flowers which his means or taste could select. This little garden undoubtedly created the taste in his child which afterward made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

CARL;

OR, A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

CHAPTER II.



WHEN Carl had satisfied himself as to Mrs. Whit-top's new family, he whistled to Carlo and walked out of the barn-yard, promising himself a quiet hour underneath his favorite elm trees. Carlo, however, had quite another plan in his head. He was tired of lying still in the corner of the yard, while Carl was busy in the chicken-house. So, seeing a squirrel, he sprang barking after it. Up it ran into a tall tree; and up sprang Carlo, with one bound, into the first crotch; but he could go no farther, and was very willing to give up the chase and come down, when Carl called him. Still Carl kept on his way toward the trees, and still Carlo was determined not to go. He frolicked and barked, sprang hither and thither, but to no purpose; Carl would not notice him—at last, with one sudden spring on Carl's shoulder, he sent him rolling on the soft green grass.

"Now Carlo, Carlo, you great, rude dog, what did you do that for?" cried the little boy. "I will catch you, sir,

and make you sit still a whole hour." And up he scrambled, and away he ran after the dog.

This was just what Carlo wanted—and such a chase as he led his young master through the fields and meadows, then out into the highway—up hills and down—over stone fences and brooks—he took his way straight for the village, till suddenly rushing in at an open gateway, he found himself in the school-house playground, and in the midst of a party of boys and girls. "Ah," thought Carlo, "now I've played enough, I will lie down and see the boys and girls play." In a moment Carl came running in, and looked around for his dog.

"Carl Bedenken, is that you?" cried some of the children; "have you come to play with us at last?"

"Oh, no!" answered Carl, "I have only come after my naughty dog, Carlo, who has made me chase him all the way here."

"He is tired, Carl," said one of the little girls; "let him lie still, and come take a swing. You can swing high enough to touch the boughs of the trees, if you are not afraid."



THE SWING.

"Thank you, I would rather not swing," said Carl; for he was beginning to feel tired himself, after his long run, so he laid down too, beside Carlo, and watched the little girls swinging. He was just ready to fall asleep, when the master came out and called the children in to their studies.

"Who is that little boy lying in the corner?" he asked.

"That is Carl Bedenken, who lives with his grandfather in the great house on the hill, by the sea," said one of the boys.

"How did he come here?" asked Master Ritter.

"He came chasing his dog; and I

think they were both so tired, they have gone to sleep," was the answer.

"Carl must not sleep on the grass; if he is tired and heated he will take cold," said the master.

"He is well used to it," cried one of the boys; "he does nothing but play with Carlo, and lie under the trees asleep."

"Never mind, I shall bring him in," replied Master Ritter. But when he approached Carl to lift him up, Carlo started to his feet and growled savagely. So Master Ritter stood back a little and called aloud, "Carl, Carl."

Carl woke and asked who called.

I want you to come into the school-house and lie down—'tis not safe, warm as you are, to sleep here," said Master Ritter.

Carl looked for a moment as if he did not quite understand. Then he got up and followed the schoolmaster.

The boys and girls all looked amazed to see him come in, lie down on a bench, and go almost immediately asleep, while Carlo stretched himself on the floor near him.

When Carl awoke, at first he could not tell where he was; he heard a busy hum of voices, but it sounded very indistinct and distant. Presently his eye caught sight of the master sitting at his desk, and then he saw that some schol-

ars were just going up there to recite. Then he noticed all the scholars one by one—some were studying—some were writing—others were playing, or eating apples, or talking. Carl lay very quietly watching everything, and thinking his own thoughts about what he saw. He soon made up his mind who were the good boys, and who the bad ones—who were pleasant, and who cross.

After lying still for some time, Carl made a slight movement; instantly Carlo sprang up wagging his tail, as much as to say, "Now you are awake, and I shall be very glad to run home with you."

Carl understood it so, and jumped off the bench, all ready to go home.

"We should be very glad to see you here again, Carl," said Master Ritter; "but next time do not run till you are so tired."

"No, indeed, I shall not," exclaimed Carl. "It was Carlo who made me—and I am very much obliged to you for letting me sleep here."

"Would you not like to come to school, and learn to read and write as other boys do?" asked Master Ritter.

"No, I think not," said Carl; "I never like to stay in the house, and, besides, grandfather teaches me a little, just a very little every day, and all the rest of the time I can play with Carlo."

Master Ritter smiled and said, "Good-bye," and Carl walked off with his dog.

It was late when he reached

home that day; and as he came up the long hill, he heard Katrine, the old nurse, calling him, so he knew it was time for supper. He hurried to the house, and when he had washed himself, and put on the clean slippers that Katrine brought for him, he went into his grandfather's study, and seated himself in the old-fashioned sofa to wait for tea.

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and the room was lighted by the flickering blaze, but far off in the corners were deep, dark shadows. Carl was sitting in the shadow. His grandfather was leaning back in his arm-chair, and before him was a table covered with books and papers. Near him, leaning



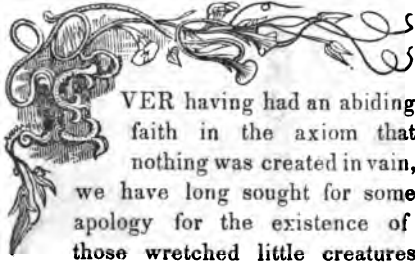
THE PRESENT.

against a window, was one of the scholars, whom Carl had seen at the school-house, and to whom his grandfather had just presented a book. After a few words of kindly advice, the young man left, carrying his treasure with him, and full of thanks for the kindness of his aged friend.

Carl always loved this quiet twilight, and the wild figures that the dancing fire-light made upon the wall. Soon Katrine came in with lighted candles that drove away the shadows; and Carl and his grandfather seated themselves at the little round tea-table before the fire.

—◆—
GOOD FOR SOMETHING,

AFTER ALL.



NEVER having had an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle-dogs, and at last we have found out their uses. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations recently lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions, among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?" "Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan Street had him tied to a pole, and was washing windows with him."

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it—
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
In bruised human hearts to pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till God became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it—
If talent shone
In Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it—
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.



AN HONEST BOY.

"THAT is right, my boy," said a merchant smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "always be honest—it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the boy timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best of policy? Why, it is a time-honored old saying—don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly toward the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad had resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called into the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop," said the merchant; "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who have boys to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never did I know him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant continued), he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws on the goods, and I can not teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—is common—common prudence—a-hem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than have been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't.

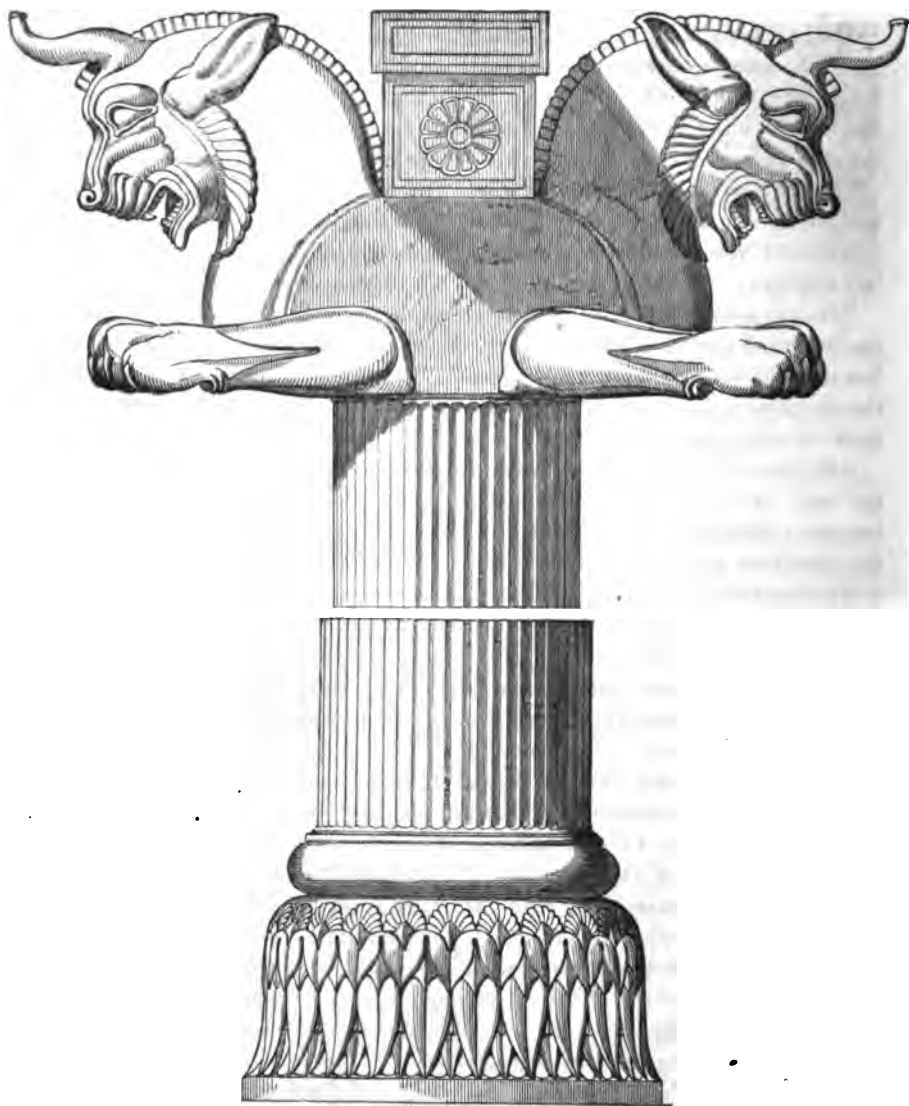
"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him: and if I have found really one honest boy, thank God."

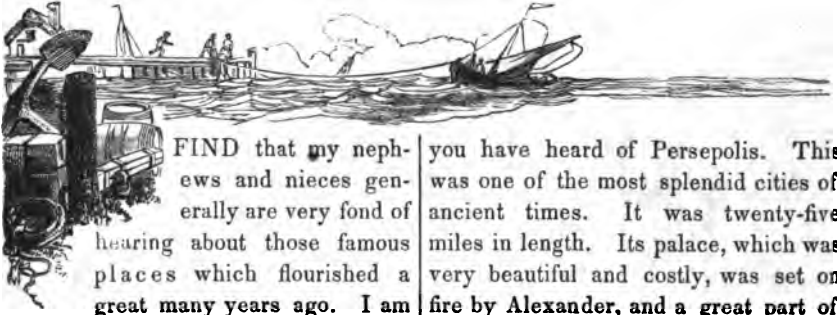
This little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious room; and he who sat shivering in a cold corner listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

"Them that honor Me, I will honor."



BASE AND CAPITAL OF A COLUMN AT PERSEPOLIS.

PERSIAN ANTIQUITIES.



FIND that my neph-ews and nieces generally are very fond of hearing about those famous places which flourished a great many years ago. I am glad they are pleased with such things. For my part, I am never tired either of hearing stories respecting ancient ruins, or of talking about them. When I was in Naples, I spent more than half of my time in the celebrated Bourbon Museum, among the antiquities of ancient Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Etruria, and Rome. What a study of the character of a people one enjoys, in examining their articles of husbandry, their cooking utensils, their architecture, and their works of art! You can learn more, I venture to say, of the real Roman character, from the curious things found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, than you can from history. The ancient Persians must have been an intelligent and enlightened people, judging from the remains of their handiwork which have come down to us. Alexander conquered Persia, if I recollect right, more than three hundred years before the Christian era; and the most interesting Persian antiquities which are preserved, were the work of men who lived before this conquest, more than three thousand years ago. No doubt

you have heard of Persepolis. This was one of the most splendid cities of ancient times. It was twenty-five miles in length. Its palace, which was very beautiful and costly, was set on fire by Alexander, and a great part of it was destroyed. The site of this ancient city is at the base of a rugged mountain, overlooking a wide plain. They are inclosed on all sides by dark cliffs, and watered by a river that once supplied a thousand aqueducts. But the water-courses are now choked up, the plain is a vast morass, the great city is no more. The ruins of the palace are many of them sufficiently entire to give us an accurate idea of the ancient Persian architecture. They are generally constructed of grey marble. You see something of the style of their building in the engraving. It was not so severe and plain as the Egyptain, and not so highly finished and tasteful as the Grecian. In the picture, we have a representation of a capital and base of a column which once adorned the palace.



Sown in darkness, or sown in light,
 Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
 Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
 In the broad world-field or the shadowy path,
 Sure will the harvest be.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER II.



OW little did either of the parties imagine what would be the result of this new acquaintance! A few days after the incident just related, Mike

was indulging himself in his day-dream of ambition, as he lay, stretched at full length on the bank of the river in the shade of a noble elm. His thoughts could hardly be said to have any definite shape or end, but straggled on in a kind of disjointed reverie, occasionally interrupted by a low whistling soliloquy, to which he was much addicted. Suddenly, his quick ear was arrested by the distant tramping of a horse. Starting quickly up, he was surprised to see a noble animal, which he recognized at once as the same that now occupied most of his thoughts, in the act of leaping a broad ditch that intersected the field some sixty or eighty rods from the place where he was. He was fully caparisoned, but without a rider. The leap was one that by common consent would have been called impossible; but it was accomplished with apparent ease. Tossing his head wildly, the beautiful creature, the very embodiment of untamable beauty and power,

flew, with the speed of the wind, toward a deep and broken ravine that separated the open field from a thick and tangled wood beyond.

To follow at the top of his speed was only a natural impulse with Mike. He did not ask himself what was to be gained by it. The object of his pursuit was soon out of sight, but not out of hearing. Guided by his ear, Mike kept on the chase till he got another glimpse of the flying animal just dashing over the brow of a precipice some twenty feet high, from which he conceived it impossible that he could ever be brought back alive. In an instant more, however, he was seen darting across the interval below, toward the river, into which he flung himself with a plunge, that seemed as if he had intended to span its entire breadth at a leap.

Powerfully and beautifully he dashed aside the waters, and was soon on the opposite shore. The bank was high, steep, and sandy. The spot where he landed was only a little narrow shelf of rock, two or three rods in length, the bank on either end being as precipitous as that on the side. There was therefore no escape except through the water. Thus suddenly cut off in his flight, he paused a moment unresolved, and then plunged in again and made his way rapidly toward the other shore.

Mike had watched all his motions

with intense interest, and well knowing that his blood would be cooled and his mettle reduced, as well as his strength much exhausted by this effort, prepared to receive him in the best way he could. Concealing himself in the thick bushes that overhung the bank, at the point where, from the direction taken, he supposed the horse would come out, he waited for that moment of suspended power, when the effort to swim gives way to the struggle for a footing on shore; and then suddenly and boldly seizing the rein, made an easy prisoner of the nearly exhausted fugitive.

Securing his charge to a tree, he began to think that it was time to look for

side of the gully, he gave a loud "halloo!" Hearing no response, he followed the track a few rods, till it was lost in a small thicket. Repeating his cry, at the entrance of the wood, with a clear, long, earnest breath, he thought he heard a very indistinct reply, as of some one at a great distance. Raising his voice to its highest pitch, he reiterated the call. A low, faint moan, as of one in extreme pain and weakness, now fell on his ear. Making his way quickly in the direction from which it came, he soon found the body of his late friend, the young traveler, lying in a most painful position, across the trunk of a fallen tree, and covered with blood from a wound in the head.



his master. He accordingly hastened toward the place where the horse had been first seen. Reaching the other

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—12

Exerting all the strength he could command, which was very great for one of his years, Mike raised the body from

the tree, and laid it gently on the ground, placing a large tuft of moss for a pillow. He then ran to a little brook, which discharged itself into the river, a few yards below, and rolling up two of the broadest leaves he could find into a conical form, for a cup, filled them both with water, which he dashed into the face of the wounded man. This he repeated two or three times, and then, with a sponge of moss, wiped away the blood from the temples and hair. The sufferer was so far revived by these attentions as to open his eyes, though still unconscious. Encouraged by this sign of returning life, Mike renewed his efforts. At length the lips parted, as it were, by instinct, and the cooling draught found its way to the parched tongue and throat. This was repeated several times, with the happiest effect. The poor man opened his eyes again, and looked about him. For some time he was bewildered, and it was many minutes before he could recall to his memory the countenance of his kind attendant, or account to himself for his own singular situation. At length, after another full draught from the cooling brook, he was so far recovered as to be able to speak. With the warmest thanks, and assurance of a more substantial remembrance, to his deliverer, from whom he had learned the story of the flight, and recapture of his horse, he recounted the circumstances which brought him into his present sad condition.

He had set out in the morning, on a fox-hunt, in company with his friend, Charles Wilkins, and some of his neighbors. The party had separated at a

considerable distance from each other, when suddenly the signal was given on the opposite side of the valley, and all set off at full speed in that direction. He was following rapidly, when another fox started from a little thicket, and flew across his track. Instantly changing his course, he gave chase, determined to have this sport all to himself. He was gaining fast upon his game, when, in leaping over the fallen tree, where Mike had found him, his head must have come in violent contact with the projecting point of a broken limb, which he did not see in season to avoid it. Stunned by the blow, and thrown backward, he fell athwart the trunk, with no power to move; and in that position he must have lain a full half hour, or more, when Mike discovered him. A half hour longer, and probably life would have been extinct.

As soon as he felt able to be left alone for a few minutes, Mike was dispatched for assistance. A litter was brought, the sufferer was carefully placed upon it, and, followed by his horse, which Mike had the proud satisfaction of being permitted to lead, conveyed back to the house of his friend, Charles Wilkins.

From that day a new era dawned upon the hopes of Hopeful Mike. Engene Ralston—for that was the name of his patron, whose life he had so singularly been instrumental in saving—immediately claimed him as his own, and, with the ready consent of his parents, installed him as groom to his favorite charger. His rags were exchanged for a neat suit of iron-grey cassimere, a glazed

cap with a broad gilt band, and other equipments to correspond. The story of his kind attentions, and ready ingenuity in relieving the distressed sportsman, as well as his success in waylaying and capturing his horse, was in everybody's mouth. His name was honorably mentioned in the newspapers, in connection with the accident that had befallen Mr. Ralston. And it was now manifest to all, that, if there was anything in Mike to build upon, his fortune was made.

[To be continued.]

—◆—
**“A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING,
 AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.”**

THIS is a good maxim. But how is everything to find its place? Here are directions for some few. When we find more, we will give them.

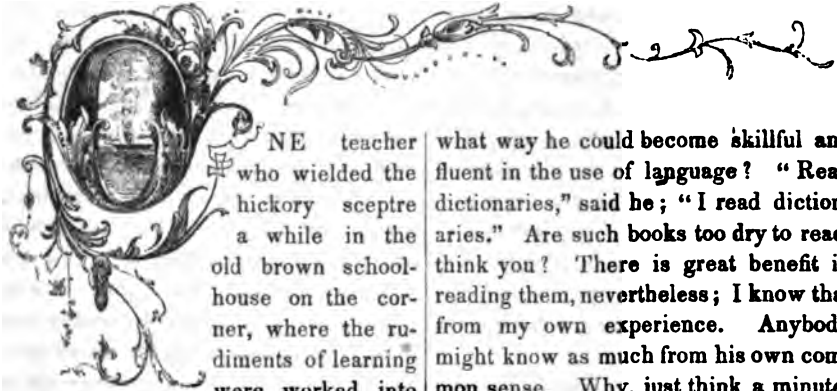
“The brewers should to Malts go,
 The boobies all to Scilly;
 The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
 The furriers to Chili;
 The little snarling, caroling babes
 That break our nightly rest,
 Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
 To Lapland or to Brest;
 From Spit-head cooks should go to Greece;
 And while the miser waits
 His passage to the Guinea coast,
 Spendthrifts are in the Straits;
 Spinsters should to the Needles go,
 Wine-bibbers to Burgundy,
 Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
 Wags at the Bay of Fundy—
 Bachelors flee to the United States—
 Maids to the Isle of Man;
 Let gardeners go to Botany Bay,
 And shoe-blacks to Japan.
 Thus emigrants and misplaced men
 Will then no longer vex us,
 And all who aint provided for
 Had better go to Texas.”

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

IT is simply, when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles, in themselves, light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result: you send one person—only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events, for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? and is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that one needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and requires to be taken but once in a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it; it is most excellent for digestion.

—◆—
THE TWO BLESSINGS.—He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping; therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience.

SPELLING THE DICTIONARY.



THE teacher who wielded the hickory sceptre a while in the old brown school-house on the corner, where the rudiments of learning were worked into my head, had a daily exercise in spelling somewhat out of the common course. Each member of our class selected from the dictionary any word he pleased, taking care to learn both how to spell it and how to define it. At the close of the ordinary spelling-lesson, the scholar who stood at the head of the class spelled the word he had selected, and then the next below gave the definition of it, if he could. If he could not, the word was passed down farther, till it came to some one able to tell its meaning. Whoever did this took his place in the class above as many as had failed. Then the second from the head spelled his word, and the definition of it was called for along down the line in a similar manner. And so on till all had given out their selections.

That was not a bad plan, was it? Many a worse thing may be done in school than learning the dictionary. Have you never heard how Daniel Webster answered one who inquired in

what way he could become skillful and fluent in the use of language? "Read dictionaries," said he; "I read dictionaries." Are such books too dry to read, think you? There is great benefit in reading them, nevertheless; I know that from my own experience. Anybody might know as much from his own common sense. Why, just think a minute. A good English Dictionary, for instance, contains all the words in our language, together with an exhibition of their meaning and use. What readier way, then, can one take, to form an acquaintance with our language, and to gain a full command of it, than to study the dictionary, and transfer its treasures to the mind?

This, though, is not what I set out to say, exactly. I had in mind a little incident connected with our spelling and defining, that amused us prodigiously one day. A certain scholar, remarkable for nothing in particular, except for a quantity of sense a little less than common, when his turn came to deliver the word he had selected, roared out with considerable vigor, "*b-u-t, but.*" Instantly we all put on a broad grin, and turned our eyes to the teacher to see what turn affairs would take. We had to wait but a short time for that. Mr. Brownjohn soon began, as usual, to call for the definition of the word. I sus-

pect he did so just for form's sake. If he really thought we could give the meaning of such a word as *but*, he must have had a pretty high opinion of our abilities, or, at least, of our acquaintance with the niceties of language. Had we thought of it, we might, indeed, have referred to Noah Webster's famous old spelling-book, where, next to "*butt*, a barrel," stood "*but*, except." In fact, however, none of us thought of it; nor would that account of the matter have thrown much light into our minds, had some one chanced to have refreshed our memories with it.

Down went the word along the class, one frankly owning that he could tell nothing about it, and another shaking his head in sign of ignorance; till at length a fellow who stood away toward the foot, began to show symptoms of having caught the idea. His eye twinkled, a smile of satisfaction beamed in his face, and he stood with one foot advanced, ready for a movement along up the line. His whole look and manner thus declared to us, about as plainly as his tongue could, "Ah! now I have it." He seemed impatient to deliver himself, and the instant his turn came he sounded out boldly—" *but end of a log*;" and before the word was fairly out of his mouth, he made a spring for a considerably higher place in the class. Mr. Brownjohn gave him a check, however, and told him that his definition of the word would hardly do. If we had not then a hearty laugh all round, then we never had one in that old brown school-house.

"Did not that fellow pass among his companions for a genius?" I rather think not. I never heard anything of the kind. If I remember right, we considered him remarkable for nothing but this: he had a way, both in speaking and in reading, of putting what we called a *hook* on to the end of a word; as, for example, "All men think all men mortal but themselves—eh." It may be, though, that he had genius, and that it began to bud on that very day when that little incident happened. At any rate, I know that he grew to something afterward. Only three or four of those who attended our school at that time ever got a liberal education; and he was one of them.

After leaving college, he worked himself up in the world to—I can't tell you where. The last time I heard of him, which was several years ago, he was laboring as a teacher in a high-school. You see there is no telling beforehand what a boy will make. Sometimes dull scholars, and those who are despised and laughed at, yet wake up and outstrip their fellows, and come to shine as lights in the world.

THE OLD MAJOR.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

As, step by step, the hill we mount,
As, one by one, we learn to count,
So, word by word, we learn to spell,
And, line by line, to reading well.

H. H.

Slow and sure is a safe maxim both
for young and old.

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

OF all the labor-saving inventions of our age, we are inclined to regard the sewing-machine as the most important and interesting. Not that it will effect so great a visible change, or produce so much money capital, as the cotton-gin, the steam-engine, or the telegraph. But we think it will bear as favorably, and as powerfully, on the health and morals of society, as either of them. It comes to the relief of the very portion of our great family which most needs it, and will most effectually profit by it. It comes into the bosom of the family, and divides and lightens the most absorbing and wearing of the cares of the mother and the daughter. It is, in the highest and most perfect sense of the word, a household economy. It is an inexpensive, tireless, accommodating servant, that neither eats, drinks, wears, nor steals, nor ever demands an increase of wages. It is a family physician, prescribing air, exercise, and cheerful amusements to those who have been wasting their strength and spirits in sedentary devotion to the needle—stitch, stitch, stitch, all day, and too often all night.

The sewing-machine is not altogether a new conception. Its incipient idea had birth in China, some two centuries ago, in a machine for working certain kinds of embroidery. This idea was caught up in France, about fifty years ago, and embodied in a machine for labeling fine broadcloths. The idea of using it for ordinary sewing, and its

adaptation to practical use, is purely American. Many ingenious heads and hands have been employed upon it. More than two hundred patents have already been issued, of which perhaps half a dozen will stand the test of use.

The needle used in these machines is peculiar, having the eye near the point. Most of them have also a shuttle, by which a second thread is looped or linked into the first, thus forming the stitch. Wheeler & Wilson's machine has a rotary hook, in place of a shuttle, making thereby a stitch by many thought more reliable. The single-thread machines make a chain-stitch, which is more liable to ravel than the others.

One good machine will do the work of ten persons. What an immense relief to the mother of a large family, to do up the work of ten weeks in one! How much time would it not allow for wholesome exercise, and for attention to the other duties of the household! How many daughters, wasting away in consumption over the never-ending, monotonous tasks of the needle, might be saved and restored to health, by the relief which this untiring co-laborer would afford!

In purchasing a machine, several things are to be considered, besides the first cost. One of these is the quantity of thread required for a given amount of sewing. In this respect there is a great difference in different machines. The character of the stitch, also, is a very important item.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

MR. HATCHET:—How are "times" in the MUSEUM? This is the important question. In these *crashing* days every one desires to know the state of his own and his neighbor's pocket, and it is with trembling anxiety that I ask how you "stand it." Any danger of the firm of MUSEUM, CABINET & Co. suspending? Can you meet your (correspondents') notes? Does Uncle Merry look *sad*, and has Uncle Hiram a *long face*? Has that wild animal, the *Panic*, broken into your office? Do relieve my anxiety as soon as possible.

What a terrible monster is the MUSEUM, devouring its kindred, big and little, without mercy. First, down went the *Playmate*; next it swallowed a *Cabinet*, which had already made way with a *Mentor* (what animal is that?), and now it has eaten up a *Schoolfellow*! I hope its digestive powers are good.

The story of Mike Smiley promises a rich feast. I think I see traces of a *hatchet* about it. † †.

The "times" in our sanctum, friend † †, depend on the disposition of our young friends all over the country. If they are prompt to do their part, we find no difficulty in doing ours. If they "suspend" their remittances, we are hard up. Please ask them to take the hint. Merry never looks sad, and Hatchet never grows dull. We stand on our own feet, and, with the aid of 20,000 nephews and nieces, all doing a good business somewhere, we think we shall get along another half century at least.

Pray where does Mike show "traces of the hatchet?" Is he scalped, or amputated?

October 12th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am rather dubious as to the safety or propriety of venturing again into the Chat, as I am not sure that I shall not be considered as an interloper, not having received the September number. If any welcomes have been extended to an old friend of the MUSEUM, I still remain in ignorance of them.

Really, Mr. Merry, we can apply the superlative degree of comparison to the MUSEUM now. Voila! *Positive* "Schoolfellow," *comparative* "Cabinet," *superlative* "Museum"—*Good + Better + Best = perfection* in the way of magazines, does it not? I did not think the

dear old MUSEUM, in its original state, could be bettered, but it seems that it has been.

Do tell me, is "Original Bess" one of the CABINET curiosities, or a *Schoolfellow*? She is quite *à la* "Black-Eyes," decidedly "*Cerner-ish*" in style. If everybody else did not ask after Willie Coleman's non-appearance in this number, I would; but he seems to be marvelously well taken care of by your Ohio correspondents.

But I forget the increased number of "Chatters" who have better claims than I can advance for a hearing, so I am, as ever,

Yours,

LAURA.

Don't be bashful, Laura; no one was ever more welcome.

NORWALK, O., Sept. 1, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Please request Willie C., Black-Eyes, and all the rest, not to speak all at once. What a hubbub has entered our quiet camp! Just rap on the editorial table, and quell the uproar, so that I can make myself heard. There is "much ado about nothing" over again, I should think. Can't see the philosophy of your family taxing their wits to find out who Aunt Sue is. In the first place, I don't think it's any of their business. She is good enough for us as Aunt Sue. Give her my love and a hearty smack. Tell the cousins I should like to introduce myself as a "Merry cousin," if they can stop talking long enough to receive me. May I come, Uncle Frank? Yours particularly, CLIO.

Clio's answers came too late. There was a profound silence while she was speaking.

NIAGARA Co., August, 1857.

MR. MERRY:—How do you suppose it would affect some of your young nieces and nephews to have a country boy like me to step in among a "Circle" some day and quietly and coolly take a seat? Who would be the first to say, Who is that? look at his hair, his coat, elbows, etc. Oh, sir, you better believe I am right here, just here. Oh, Miss B. E., how are you? Excuse me, Mr. B., how are you this evening? etc. Good-bye. THE COUNTRYMAN.

Nobody hurt, we hope—nobody gone into hysterics. The truth is, we are nearly all country boys and girls, and know how to behave.

SYLVANIA, O., Sept., 1857.

UNCLE ROBERT:—Do you allow your brothers a seat at the Merry table, as well as your nephews? I will sit by: if intruding, the Chair will please call me to order. I wonder if *age* distinguishes the two classes. For I half suspect many of your young Merrys are not so—but I will not perpetrate an insult at my first introduction.

Some of your correspondents are sharp—perhaps too much so for young Merrys. I shouldn't wonder if they yet turn out Junioses. I would respectfully ask Miss (*females* take that prefix, I believe) B. E. if her grand-ma did not behead "crowing hens." W. H. C. seems a match for all his opposing furies. By the way, he is a better writer than *coal-men* in general. "What's in a name?" I call!—and! rather *blunt*, seeing they are so *pointed*. A. O. is expert at forming abstruse anagrams, and O. L. B. at enigmatizing. D. B. O. is witty, and Theron is deep. Dodt's question is more tedious than hard. But I see that hatchet ready to strike!

Yours, a convalescent invalid,

UNCLE JOE.

Here, Brother Joe, come up and take a seat on our right. Most venerable old patriarch, how do you do? You are right welcome.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 14th, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have just returned from a trip down in Ohio, thence in a Lake Superior boat from Cleveland to Superior City, and home by the way of St. Paul's. While in Ohio I ventured into the quarters of two of your fiercest feminine correspondents, but did not encounter either one of them, a fortunate circumstance, that can probably be accounted for by the fact that "they didn't know me, and I didn't know them." I plead "not guilty" to the charge of Adelbert Older. I have traveled considerably in Illinois, and I have as yet to meet a young hicker whom I am afraid of. Are they *two species* A. O.?

Yours as ever, BADGER STATE.

Not quite so belligerent, Badger. The temple of Janus is closed, you know, and your words must be softer than butter.

DECATUR, GA., Sept. 9th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLES R. AND H.:—I am not exactly a subscriber to your MUSEUM, but my sister is, and on that ground I claim a right to a place in the Chat. I see a new member from our State (T. M. H.). I suppose he is a boy, from his initials, and *more* so, as he sends a

kiss to Miss Black-Eyes. Tell him to beware, to keep out of *hoop* range.

I send you answers to some questions in the August and September numbers.

Yours, with respect, GEORGIAN.

Welcome. When one sister or brother comes to our Chat, we claim a right to a whole family, though it be as large as Gideon's, Ibsan's, or Abdon's.

October 8d, 1857.

DEAR TRIO:—Your MUSEUM is just received, and seeing little mention of myself, conclude that I am likely to be forgotten, a misfortune I earnestly desire to avert. C. H. I. *only* has remembered me; he receives my hearty thanks, and as for his mistake, it is nothing. He is not the first who has mistaken me for one of the "*genus homo*." Willie, where are you? I sing "Willie, we have missed you" (we *do* miss you), on the receipt of every "Chat," when *you*, of all, are absent! Misery, *do* make your appearance. I have been traveling; sailing on noble rivers, riding in ricketty stages, and last, but by no means least, gazing on the wondrous beauty of Niagara! How *intensely* charming those great, leaping, dashing waters are! I spent hours there, never tiring, and only sorry when night forced me to my hotel. I would tell you of their great beauty, their sublimity, but of that my poor pen and poorer ideas are not capable. A night on the Hudson, too. That I spent, not in my state-room, as my less romantic sister did, but on the deck, the upper deck, with a pleasant companion by my side (!). The moon was at its full, and the lights and shadows were exquisitely lovely. Here, the water glimmered and flashed in the full light of the moon; there, it lay dark and cold, under the high banks, causing a shiver, whether of apprehension or gloominess I know not, to run over me.

Now, my Merry Cousins "forget me not."

NIPPINIFIDGET.

TEXANA, Oct. 1st, 1857.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—I have for some time neglected to write to you, because I live so far off that my letter could not reach in time for my name to be placed among those that have solved the enigmas, etc. Besides, I have sent two or three enigmas, and that terrible basket under the table has received them. Hoping it will escape this time, I will try again. Tell Willie H. Coleman that I have a great mind to have him hung for forgery. (Hung, did I say? I beg your pardon—jailed, I should have said.) Ask him what H. stands for, that I may tell my neighbors, who have come to me, and asked who Black-Eyes

was, that I should be arguing with her so much I told them I was not the author of the letters, and they would not believe me. I, for one of the cousins, want to know who Aunt Sue is.

From yours truly (without forgery),
WILLIE HAYDEN COLEMAN.

P. S.—Please, Uncle Merry, introduce me to my cousins, and receive me as one of the happy Merry family. W. H. C.

It is a pity to live so far off, Willie. What if we should get up a petition to Congress, to have Texas moved up this way—say somewhere north of Mason and Dixon's line? Perhaps you would not like our winters, and some of our "notions." But, we will see about this, when we get the whole family together.

Those enigmas you sent us, we have never received. So it was not our basket that swallowed them, but Uncle Sam's.

Hanging! Jailing! Indeed, things look darker than we supposed they ever would in our hitherto quiet family. But, let us see—Uncle Hiram comes in as a pacificator, and suggests that Texana signs himself W. H. C. South, and New York W. H. C. North. We shall thus know that, in the MUSEUM, at least, if not in Congress, the North and South are harmonious and brotherly. What say you?

MADISON C. H., FLORIDA, Sept., 1857.

Genie with the Green Goggles! Why, who is she? Are you not as much perplexed about this name, Willie, as about Black-Eyes and Blue-Eyes, and other assumed names? But, Genie with the G. G. (for the sake of brevity), come in, and give us from time to time a "bit of your mind." You are welcome.

Welcome, Mr. Cary. We shall have to call you Mr., as you seem to be a little older "boy" than most of us.

O! I hope Miss Carry and Miss Lay won't catch this. Yours truly,

ALONZO C. WHITNER.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been in Wisconsin all summer, and have had an elegant time wading in the streams and riding on horseback. In one of my rides I saw a prairie wolf; it stopped and looked at me—it was not at all afraid. I chased it for a while; of course it wouldn't touch me. I don't like to come back to Chicago much. It seems to me it is more noisy and busy than ever. They say it is the

greatest wheat and lumber market in the world. I wish I could go to Oregon, to make that country and Lucy a visit. Walter Grey never was in earnest when he wrote that letter. Good-bye. ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

Walter, what say you to that?

CHICAGO, Oct. 9, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am driven to desperation this afternoon by the letter written by Original Bess. She is so decidedly *original*, that she will be quite a star. I have very often wanted to write to you, but somehow or other have never made up my mind to it; not from any want of inclination, however. You have a great many different colored eyes in your establishment, Mr. Merry, and they always happen to be of a pretty color, for instance, Blue-Eyed Mary, Black-Eyes, and others whom I could name; now, if I had any mind to tell you the color of my eyes, I should be sure and sign myself, Your friend,
GREEN-EYED NETTIE.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 10th, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I have never yet had the pleasure of being introduced to any of the Merry family, but crave permission to have that pleasure now. Give my love to Aunt Sue and all my cousins, and believe me,
Your affectionate nephew, OMEGA.

From a large number of our young friends, we have received very kind and pleasant letters, which we have no room for. They are all acknowledged in our hearts, and have had their full share in enlivening our part of the Chat, though we are not able to show them to the whole family. Write again, all of you Don't wait because your letters are not printed in full.

"Fred," a new subscriber, writes from Skanateles a very handsome letter, which shows he is a good penman, as well as a good writer.

"Blue-Eyes" comes tripping in from Davenport—asks an introduction to "Helen"—invites us to call, when we go West, which we shall certainly do when she gives us her full name—says "Theron's" conundrum is not original—wonders how "Jessie" could hide her beautiful eyes under those horrid *green goggles*—hopes Uncle Hatchet won't chop her

letter to pieces (what *will* she say, when she sees this?)—says “Uncle Frank” is an “*old* bachelor,” and wonders who “Uncle Merry” is [Why, perhaps she saw him at church, last Sunday.]

“M. E. W.,” Detroit, invites Uncle Frank to be present at her birth-day party, and to give her a name for a little brother, three years old. The party took place on the 7th August, when Uncle Frank was—we don’t where—so far off that he lost that treat. The name we refer to the whole family.

“Lottie” wonders what in the world has become of the poetry she sent us. So do we. It has never come to hand.

“Acorn” sends love to “Black-Eyes.” When he grows to an oak, perhaps she will send it back. His answers came too late for insertion.

“C. M. W.” was too late also. He claims to be “a somewhat distant relation of ours.” How distant? Not over 50 miles, certainly.

“Fred E. W.” thinks Newburg the “Gem of the Hudson.” Does any one dispute him?

“G. G. W.” sends his respects to all the cousins, nephews, and nieces, and promises to call some other time. He shall be welcome.

“James Mudge,” of Lynn, asks at what time answers should be sent, to be sure of an insertion. Send as soon as you can, the sooner the better.

“W. G. Hauser” must have had a grand time at the temperance fandango. What kind of fandango is that?

“A Southern Girl,” writing, at one time from Havana, and at another from New Orleans, thinks some of the States have strange representatives in the Chat—the “Corner” an advocate of “woman’s rights”—“Black-Eyes” an algebraist, while the “Bay State” and the “Badger State” come in entire.

“G. F. Sly”—Sly George is well pleased with the union of the magazines—thinks he can tell “Maggie” who Aunt Sue is—wishes “Nip” to speak up—asks an introduction to the Hatchet, and invites us to take a peep at his tomahawks, arrow-heads, and other Indian relics. When we do, we shall take Hatchet with us, as an offset to the tomahawk.

“Eddie B.” understands the soul of wit, which is brevity. Thanks for his letter.

“Merle” is a very fair Yankee for guessing. He need not try again. We do offer the same premiums for subscribers as at the beginning of the year.

“Edward P. Appleton” is welcome. He is introduced to Uncles Hiram and Frank, to Aunt Sue, and all the rest. He will please present to his father, the Judge, Uncle Hiram’s best respects.

“Helen,” of Knoxville, Iowa, likes the union very much, and hopes the parties will not be for getting a divorce, when the year is out. On our part, we hope that none of our children will be getting “of age,” and deserting the old homestead.

“Mary and Anna,” of Calais, ask so many questions, we shall have to take time to consider them. Meanwhile, we will see if we can accomplish their suggestion of a grand Merry meeting on the prairie. Perhaps one of their three uncles could find us a suitable place.

“Lilla E.,” also of Calais, rejoices in the union, and wishes long life and happiness to the family. She is anxious to know who Aunt Sue is, and whether she is married or not. That is still a *questio vexata*, and we do not like to meddle with it. When we go down East, we will call and talk over all these matters.

Answers to Questions, etc., in Oct. No.

175. Thwarts, knights, strength. *Susie.—L. R.—T. W. S.*

To which “Railroad” adds, *springs.*

176. Can-ada. *W. H. S.—T. W. S.*

177. Bee-oh-why? (B-o-y.) *Cousin N.—Railroad.—T. W. S.*

178. $ox = \frac{1}{15}$. *Susie.—George X.*

179. He refuses a-gain. *Cousin N.—T. W. S.—L. R.*

180. It is always a bee-holder. *Cousin N.—Susie*

181. He is ashamed of his new ditty (nudity) *Adelbert Older.—L. R.*

182. She is dis-miss-ed. *T. W. S.*

183. Senegambia. *Railroad.—A. Older.—W. H. S.—S. Hart.—Katie B.—Effie B.*

184. When it begins "to hum." *Carrie.*—*Cousin N.*—*Adelbert Older.*—*Geo. B. H.*—*S. Hart.*

185. The one is your *born-kin*, the other your *corn-bin*. *Adelbert Older.*—*S. R.*—*T. W. S.*

186. In the dictionary. *Carrie.*—*Adelbert Older.*—*Susie.*

187. Water falls. *Adelbert Older.*—*Susie.*—*L. R.*—*Walter.*

188. Toad. *Adelbert Older.*—*Walter.*

Translate the Latin preposition *ad*,
One half of *toad*, and *to* will then be had,
An English preposition. That's the cue—
To is in Latin *ad*, and *ad* is *to*,
And *toad*'s English noun. But tell me
why

None of our Merry cousins will come nigh
A harmless little toad? I think they're
silly,
Sir; toads are very harmless.

Cousin Lilly.

189. $\frac{1}{10}$ of M (1,000) + I (1) + 8 × L (50) — I (1) = 500.

$\frac{1}{2}$ of M (1,000) — $\frac{1}{2}$ of D (500) = $\frac{1}{2}$ of L (50) = 25.

M (1,000) × I (1) = 2 × D (500) = 1,000.

M (1,000) ÷ 20 × L = 1. *Adelbert Older.*—*S. Hart.*—*T. W. S.*

with parcels, with exchange, with rights, with sale, with sight, with stores, with sufferance, with lading, and with health. Now separate me. Firstly, you have an animal, then a part of yourself, lastly, two measures. Entire, I am a familiar appellation. Curtail and reverse me, you have another. Behead me, and I am in an unpleasant condition. Let one person view me, he will say I am a noun. Let another view me, he will say I am a verb. What am I?

The following are a few of the candidates for the prizes, selected indiscriminately. We intend to publish them all, as we have opportunity hereafter. We have, besides these, a very considerable budget of enigmas, anagrams, and puzzles of all sorts, contributed by our numerous and talented family, the authors of which will have to exercise some patience in waiting for their turns.

206. Why may vessels be said to be more devout than men? *Walter.*

207. Why are cabinet-makers like the former subscribers to the YOUTH'S CABINET? *Walter.*

208. When may a woman be called a man? *Walter.*

209. What is the difference between a mirror and a fool? *S. Hart.*

210. Why is the end of a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? *V. P.*

211. How much brandy is John supposed to be capable of holding? *John Weldon, Jr.*

212. What color does a flogging give to an unruly boy? *Geo. B. H.*

213. Why is a person's picture like selfishness? *Brunette.*

214. Why is a colt like an egg? *J. L. C.*

215. Why is the sun like a balloon? *Adelbert Older.*

216. If I should be so lucky as to win the prize, why should I resemble an illuminated letter?

217. In vain you struggle to regain me;
When lost, you never can obtain me,
And yet 'tis odd you sigh and fret,
Deplore my loss, and have me yet;
And often using me quite ill,
And seeking ways your slave to kill;
Then promising in future you
Will render me the homage due.
Thus we go on from year to year.
Pray, can you name me, Merry dear?

Geo. B. T.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM AND PUZZLE.

A very large number of competitors have appeared, and we have found it difficult to make the selection. After full deliberation, we have awarded the *First Prize* to BLACK-EYED MARY, for the following Conundrum, which we leave for the young folks to guess.

In the expression (Hiram Hatchet) × (Aunt Sue) = A good Magazine, why is Hiram Hatchet like a criminal?

The *Second Prize* to HENRY A. DANKER, for the following Riddle. Guess it who can.

You can, if you please, define me as belonging to certain animals; or you can state that I am used by plumbers, basket-makers, and gardeners. Used in civil and criminal cases, you will find me in law-books. I am a statute, an advertisement, an account. I am often found with equity, with credit, with divorce, with entries, with exceptions, with mortality,

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY PLENTY
IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET.

AN old lesson, but full of sound practical philosophy, and admirably adapted to the present state of things.



BY DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

At this ~~time~~ ~~we~~ ~~the~~ ~~complaints~~
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~surprised~~ ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~must~~
~~be~~ ~~an~~ ~~act~~ ~~of~~ ~~kindness~~ ~~to~~ ~~inform~~ ~~the~~
~~world~~ ~~how~~ ~~they~~ ~~reinforce~~ ~~their~~
~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~acquaint~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~
~~secret~~ ~~of~~ ~~doing~~ ~~the~~ ~~certain~~ ~~way~~
~~to~~ ~~fill~~ ~~empty~~ ~~and~~ ~~how~~ ~~to~~ ~~keep~~
~~them~~ ~~always~~ ~~full~~. ~~Too~~ ~~simple~~
~~is~~ ~~observed~~ ~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~business~~

1st. Let ~~us~~ ~~have~~ ~~our~~ ~~money~~ ~~and~~ ~~our~~ ~~time~~
~~constantly~~ ~~in~~ ~~our~~ ~~pockets~~. 2d. ~~Save~~ ~~up~~
~~one~~ ~~cent~~ ~~every~~ ~~day~~ ~~help~~ ~~than~~ ~~they~~ ~~do~~
~~gain~~; — ~~Do~~ ~~not~~ ~~shy~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ ~~soon~~
~~to~~ ~~give~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~poor~~, ~~they~~ ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~thank~~ ~~you~~
~~but~~ ~~will~~ ~~insult~~ ~~thee~~, ~~and~~ ~~will~~ ~~spite~~
~~thee~~; ~~and~~ ~~hunger~~, ~~and~~ ~~cold~~ ~~will~~ ~~freeze~~
~~thee~~; ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~world~~ ~~will~~ ~~show~~ ~~me~~
~~their~~ ~~derision~~, ~~and~~ ~~pleasure~~ ~~in~~ ~~spite~~ ~~of~~ ~~me~~
~~every~~ ~~day~~ ~~of~~ ~~thy~~ ~~life~~. Now, there-
~~fore~~, ~~embury~~ ~~these~~ ~~and~~ ~~be~~ ~~happy~~

Franklin

