

THE SILVER PENNY



SERIES

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Annie F. Wells.

From her
Sister Mary

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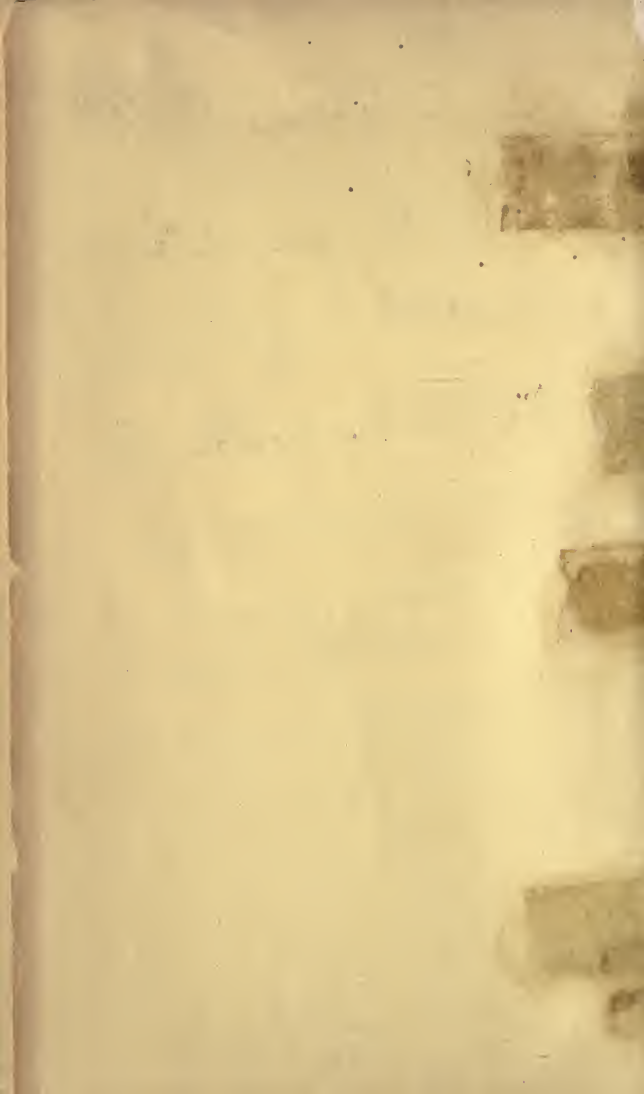
Presented in Memory of
MERRITT DAVID ROBISON, JR.

California juvenile

Nary Ingersoll Wells:
from Grandma -

Dec. 1860.

Robinson



Miss Annie Wells.

104 West 22nd St.
New York.

N. Y.

city.







THE STEAMSHIP.

C.

PATTY WILLIAMS'S VOYAGE.

A STORY ALMOST WHOLLY TRUE.

BY A. M. W.

“Go, little book, and to the young and kind
Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely things ;”
Of sea and land, of sunshine, birds, and flowers,
And kindly act from kindly heart that springs ;
“Lifting the heart to Him whose mercy flings
Beauty and love abroad ; and who bestows
Light to the human soul and beauty to the rose.”

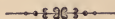
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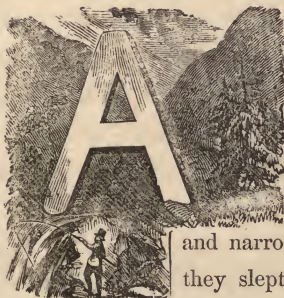
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PATTY WILLIAMS'S VOYAGE.

CHAPTER I.

CABIN AND STEERAGE.

“The sun rode high ; the breeze was free,
High dashed the diamond spray,
And proudly o'er the dark blue sea
The steamer ploughed her way.”



LARGE steamship was sailing south upon the blue ocean. It had wide decks where her passengers might walk ; and narrow state-rooms where they slept, and a long, dusky cabin or saloon where tables were ranged and the passengers ate their meals.

Behind this saloon was a hot, steaming kitchen, where men in dirty white jackets jostled each other in their hurried rushing to and fro. These were mostly cooks, which is the reason, I suppose, why the broth was always smoky and tasteless at dinner. You know there is an old adage, that "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Some of these men were waiters or porters; and one stout, dignified, yellow man, distinguished by rather a cleaner jacket, was called the steward. He kept the keys of the store-room, overlooked the others, and scolded the little passenger children who ran about the ship trying to find amusement.

The deck of the steamer was fenced off at one end, and behind this fence were the steerage passengers; — poor workmen and washerwomen and the like, going to California, where they expected to receive high wages for their labor.

These steerage passengers had no saloon to eat their meals in, nor mahogany tables to dine from; and if their broth was spoiled, it was certainly not because "too many cooks" had troubled them-

selves over *that*. When their dinner-hour arrived, a long board was let down from above by ropes, and they stood around it, eating bean soup out of tin cups, each with a hard biscuit in his hand; and this was all.

When little Bridget Bryan, peeping through the palings that separate the steerage from the cabin people, saw children with their hands full of prunes and almonds, "Och!" she whispered, "it's a fine thing to be rich, sure!"

Eating her prunes and nuts, on the opposite side of the railing, stood Patty Williams. She saw the Irish child looking through so wistfully, and thought what a sad thing it was to be penned up in one end of the ship all day, with nothing but bean soup to eat. Then she put half her good things through the rails into Bridget's hand and pleased herself with seeing her surprise, and how she ran to share them with her brothers.

One day, when they had been sailing nearly a week upon the great ocean, without sight of land, Patty stood peeping through into the steerage.

She wanted to see Bridget. She had never yet spoken to her, for Patty was shy to make new acquaintances, and had always given her little offerings in silence; to-day the child had gathered courage to say something.

Bridget was leaning over the side of the ship, watching the dolphins play alongside: she stood so still and seemed so much engaged, that Patty had time for a good look at her. She saw that Bridget had blue eyes, with long, black eyelashes; and short, stiff, black hair, that stood upright upon her head, and was very tangly; her funny little nose pointed upward, and her face was dotted with countless freckles. Her mouth had an agreeable, good-humored expression which pleased Patty exceedingly.

She had been looking at Bridget several minutes, when a man who lay behind the railing got up and said:

“Do you want any one, Miss?”

Patty started; she had a great mind to run away; but that would be impolite, so she answered softly:

“Yes; I want that little girl.”

The man turned and looked to where she pointed. “Is it Bridget?” said he.

Patty nodded.

The man called: “Whisht! honey! Come and see what’s wanting ye.” He then got up and walked away.

Bridget heard what her father said; and as Patty beckoned, she came over to the paling. They looked at each other a minute; then Bridget laughed; then Patty laughed; and they became better acquainted at once.

“Did you come from New York, Bridget?”

“No.”

“From Boston?”

“No.”

“From any place in America?”

“No.”

“Why don’t you tell me where you *did* come from?”

“Sure, you did n’t ax me.”

“Where did you come from, Bridget?”

“From Ireland, — County Cork.”

“How very far that must be: did you come in a ship?”

“I did; it was a big ship that sailed with the wind, and no wheels at all. It brought us to New York, and then we got into this.”

“I know,” said Patty. “It was a sailing vessel, like that one yonder.” She pointed off in the distance to a beautiful ship, with all sails spread, moving like a stately swan, dipping its full bosom into the waters. While they were looking at the vessel, another object caught their attention, and they broke into joyful exclamations. It was a mountain standing far out in the ocean, and covered with exquisite foliage, green, tender, and rich.

There is nothing more delightful to the eye, or more gladdening to the heart, than the sight of fresh, verdant land, after having been on the sea many days. The children felt their hearts leap up with pleasure when they beheld this lovely mountain island.

“It’s a darlin’ spot of green!” exclaimed Bridget. “I wisht we could tread on it a bit, and look for daisies.”

“O, so do I, Bridget! Wait here, and I will ask my mother what place it is. Shall I?”

“I’ll wait for ye,” said Bridget; and she climbed upon a barrel of ship-bread, and settled herself to enjoy the sight.

Patty’s mother stood opposite her state-room door, on deck, looking, with gratified eyes, at the same object which had delighted the children. She held out her hand to Patty, and told her what place it was, and a great deal else which seemed to please the little girl, for she listened attentively, and asked many questions. Bridget jumped off her barrel as soon as she saw Patty running back.

“Well, Bridget,” said Patty, out of breath, “mamma says it is a mountain on the Island of Cuba, the largest of the West India Islands. After we pass this, we shall come in sight of another, quite as beautiful, which is called Jamaica. We shall sail right up to Jamaica, because the captain must get in more coal for burning; and, Bridget, we shall reach it early this afternoon, and the steamer will stay there

three or four hours; so we can go ashore and get flowers and fruit, and see all the negroes."

"Negroes!"

"Yes indeed! The island is inhabited by negroes; not slaves, you know, but free black people. Mamma says we shall see a great many sights we never saw before. Bridget, shall you go ashore?"

"I don't know; I wonder would my father take me!"

"Go ask him, do! Tell him all about it; I am sure he will say yes."

"I will," said Bridget, turning to go.

"Stop a minute; what is your whole name?"

"Bridget Bryan. Father and the boys call me Biddy."

"I will call you Biddy too. My name is Patty Williams. I am eight years old; how old are you?"

"Nine last St. Patrick's day."

"Well, Biddy, now we are friends, and I will come here again to-morrow. Good by."

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND.

“Here all sweet flowers through all the year are found,
And all fair fruits are through all seasons seen.”

MRS. WILLIAMS was sitting upon a bench, enjoying the sight of land. Patty brought a small wooden box from the state-room, and seated herself beside her mother. She told about Biddy: how she had taken a long voyage before this one; how happy she was to see the green mountain, and how she hoped her father would let her go ashore.

“I dare say he will,” said her mother. “But if not, you can bring her some flowers and fruit; that, perhaps, will please her quite as well.”

“O no, mamma, I know it will not; for Biddy was delighted to see the island, and called it a ‘darlin’ spot of green,’ and wished she could

tread upon it. She longs to go ashore, — I am sure she does,” said Patty, earnestly.

Her mother laughed. She smoothed Patty's pretty brown hair, and said, “I hope your little friend will have her desire, my darling.”

Just then, some ladies coming to talk with Mrs. Williams, Patty laid her head upon her mother's knee and fell asleep. The sun shone down hot and scorching, although it was November, and, in New York, which they had left only a week before, it was cold and wintry now. The mate of the ship and one of the sailors stretched an awning on the sunny side, which, while sheltering the passengers from the heat, did not prevent them from looking out.

Mrs. Williams, seeing that her little daughter slept, did not disturb her until two hours had passed, and the next green island came in view; then she raised the little head from her lap, and said, “Wake up, Patty; we can see Jamaica now.”

Patty rubbed her eyes, hardly knowing where she was. She had been dreaming that she and

Bridget were walking among flowers; and that delicious fruits hung in curious looking baskets from strange and unknown trees: she was just attempting to reach them when her mother awoke her.

The steamship ploughed her way toward the island. Soon Patty could distinguish a town on the edge of it, with straight, sandy streets running from the side of the hill down into the very water. The name of this town is Kingston.

The trees were unlike any that Patty had ever seen. Instead of a foliage of little leaves, they were covered with green spikes, long and sharp, closely clustered at the end of each branch; and when nearer, she saw, half hidden among them, large, round balls. Her mother told her these were cocoa-nuts. Patty had often bought such at the fruiterer's in New York; it was a new pleasure to see them growing.

Now the ship was shaken with a loud explosion: it was the signal-gun to warn the people on the island of their approach.

No sooner was this salute heard than woolly-

headed men and boys, women and little children, sprang out of their houses to see the ship and the people. Down they rushed, as if their very lives depended upon getting to the edge of the water ; and such a screaming, shouting, and gabbling filled the air, that Patty scrambled into her mother's lap, laughing and clapping her hands with excitement.

In a few minutes dozens of little boats, laden with bright oranges, limes, and bananas, left the shore and were paddled alongside of the ship, completely surrounding it. The fruit was for sale ; and the eager passengers crowded about the rail to buy. To Patty this was a wonderful scene ; she wanted some oranges, but her mother said, " Not now. When they come upon deck will be soon enough."

The steamer moved again ; and the boats hurried out of the way.

As they came near the land Patty was astonished to see crowds of little naked negroes jump into the water, and swim round the ship like fishes. They seemed able to keep afloat with

only their feet, while they reached up their hands, begging the passengers for money.

“But they could not catch the money, mamma,” said Patty; “it would fall into the water, and they could never find it.”

“Try,” said her mother, giving her a dime.

Patty hesitated until she saw others throw over bits of money, which the little fellows invariably dived after, and caught before they sank.

“How wonderful!” cried Patty. “Here! here!” and she threw her dime into the water. Six or eight woolly heads disappeared, and all rose again as quickly. The one who had been successful in securing Patty’s coin grinned from ear to ear, showing a set of teeth as white as pearls.

“What did you do with it?” cried Patty, seeing his hands were empty.

“He stick him in him cheek,” cried one of the others; and they all began to chase the winner through the water, until another toss of silver bits sent them plunging under again. While Patty watched them, her mother bought oranges of a boy who had come on deck. She took them to

her state-room, and fetching Patty's straw hat, tied it on to the little girl's head, saying they would go on shore. A large umbrella shielded them from the hot sun, and they followed the crowd toward the plank which extended from the steamer to the land. As they passed through the steerage Patty thought of Bridget, but not seeing her, hoped she had been one of the first to leave the ship. Keeping fast hold of her mother's hand, she looked about her to see everything. A gentleman whom they knew, Mr. Jaques, walked with Mrs. Williams: several other ladies and gentlemen went with the same party.

As soon as Patty's foot touched the ground she felt so elated that it seemed as if she must skip and dance every step of the way. On each side of the streets were small, dark-looking houses, in which the negro people lived. Every door-way was crowded with gazers, curiously watching the passengers. Some of the women had bright-colored handkerchiefs wound about the head, and gold hoops hanging from their ears. They courtesied politely to the white people, and seemed pleased to see them.

CHAPTER III.

JAPONICA AND MOON.

“ She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone.”

“ A sight at once that stirs and charms, —
The baby, laughing in her arms.”

ONE mulatto girl attracted Patty's particular attention. She was dressed in a flounced, white muslin, embroidered with yellow silk; a gold chain was clasped round her throat, and her brilliant turban stood up stiff and high. She held a baby in her arms about a year old: such a pretty, sweet-looking baby it was; with soft, crispy black hair, and large, beautiful eyes. She too had a flounced white muslin dress, and a broad ribbon sash was tied round her waist. Patty thought it a funny way to dress a baby, and she begged her mother to stop and look at it.

“No, no, Patty,” said Mr. Jaques, “we will find something better worth looking at than such a little monkey as that.”

“It is not a monkey, Mr. Jaques,” exclaimed Patty, indignantly; “it is a beautiful little child; pray, dear mamma, let us stop.”

“Do not wait for us, Mr. Jaques,” said Mrs. Williams, “we will soon follow you: go on with the others.”

But Mr. Jaques preferred waiting for the lady. He stopped on the opposite side to talk with some parrots.

Mrs. Williams held her hands to the baby, who instantly stretched its little polished, brown arms to go to the pretty lady. The young mother seemed pleased with the notice taken of her child, and showed her white teeth in smiles.

“O, what a dear little creature it is,” said Patty. Her mother sat down upon the step, and Patty looked admiringly.

“What is its name?” she asked.

“Moon,” replied the girl, with a courtesy.

Patty looked vague; then asked again, think-

ing she had been misunderstood. "What is your baby's name?"

"Moon," was the reply.

"Do you call her Moon when you speak to her?"

The girl jerked herself round, with a laugh, and said quickly, "For sure I does, little missis."

"It is the funniest name for a little girl I ever heard."

"Yes!" laughed the mother again, highly delighted.

"What is *your* name?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"My name, lady? — my name Japonica, missis, tank 'ee."

Leaving the child in Mrs. Williams's arms, Japonica bounded through the wicket-gate, and disappeared behind the house. Presently she returned with a handful of magnificent flowers. "Please, missis, take 'em; I growed 'em myself; and if you like Moon, you may hab her, too."

Patty grasped the rich bouquet, and almost crushed the flowers in her eager delight. "O mamma, they are like those I saw in my dream!"

“Did you say we might have your baby?” said Mrs. Williams.

“Yes, missis, you can, — ’deed you can.”

“What!” exclaimed Patty. “Will you give away your own baby? My mother wouldn’t give *me* away.”

“What for she give you away?” said Japonica. “A nice, sweety mudder is de missis! she eddicate, — she make her gal a lady: Moon’s mudder don’t know nuffin, — can’t tell her nuffin to make her ’spectable.”

“But God gave you your baby,” said Patty, “and you ought to love it too much to give it away.”

Japonica suddenly caught the little one from Mrs. Williams’s arms, and hugging it close, said, almost fiercely, “You no go for say I not lub my piccaninny! I loves her better dan all de worl’, Lor’ knows!” and she tossed Moon up and fondled her. “Hi! honey! de beauful, sweet, bressed, innercent, — ’deed she is!” and Japonica began to dance with Moon until both were screaming with laughter; then she came back to

Mrs. Williams, and said: "Please, missis, take we — dem 'long wid you: I can dress hair so beauful, and I can make little missis lubly flounce dresses like dis yer (pointing to Moon's): I 'broider splendid, and I's fus' rate waitin' maid. I lib, while ago, in ole Kentucky, — young missis die, leff me free gal; so I come ober here to 'Maica; I had nuffin but Moon and a little bag a' money; and dat's mos' gone." Japonica looked eager.

"Do, mamma," urged Patty. "You know papa wrote that you ought to bring a servant, because there are so few in California."

Patty's mother asked several questions, and after some consideration, said, "I will let you go with us, Japonica, if you really wish it. Collect your clothes, and go down to the steamer: wait there for me."

"You'll be sartin sure to come, missis?"

"Certainly I will," said Mrs. Williams, laughing; "I have no idea of being left here."

"No, indeed!" cried Patty. "Papa is waiting for us in San Francisco: we *couldn't* stay in this place, pretty as it is."

CHAPTER IV.

MORE OF THE ISLAND.

“Pray, am not I a fine bird?

Green and yellow and scarlet?”

“ARE you ready, now?” said Mr. Jaques, coming over to them. “Our party are quite out of sight.” He offered his arm to Mrs. Williams.

“I am sorry you waited for us,” she said; “we could have found our way, I dare say, and you may have lost some enjoyment.”

“Do not feel sorry on that account; if you were enjoying yourselves, it is all right. I have been making a purchase: see, Patty;” and he held out a large tin cage containing a fine green and yellow parrot.

Patty ran forward. “O Mr. Jaques! what a beauty! Can she talk?”

“Yes, she talks admirably, and I dare say knows more than we think she does.”

“Polly, Polly, — speak to me, pretty Polly!” said Patty, putting her finger through the bars of the cage; but Poll chose to be cross and sulky: she only screamed at the little girl.

“Take care, Patty! she may bite,” cried Mrs. Williams. “She is not in good-humor, it appears.”

“Barking dogs never bite,” said Mr. Jaques. “Will you allow me to give her to Patty?”

“I think the parrot would prefer a more experienced mistress.”

“But I bought her especially for Patty,” pleaded the gentleman.

“O mamma! Indeed I will tend her most carefully, and never neglect to feed her; and if I should be away, Japonica can do it for me.”

“Very well,” said mamma. “I think all that remains, then, is to thank your kind friend for the beautiful present.”

“Why, Mr. Jaques, I was so delighted that I forgot to thank you; but I *do*, very much, indeed,” and Patty put her little hand into his.

“Quite welcome, my dear. But who is Japonica?”

“O, we have been bargaining as well as you, since we landed,” said Mrs. Williams; and as they walked up the sandy street, Mr. Jaques was told what had passed about Japonica and Moon.

“But, Mr. Jaques,” said Patty, “you must promise, if you please, not to call ‘Moon’ a ‘monkey’ again.”

“I promise,” said he, laughing; “and now let us look for ice-creams. Farther up in the town I believe there are refreshments.”

They were not very successful in their search; all the creams were flavored with *salt*, which was by no means agreeable; but Mr. Jaques told Patty that she could at least have it to say, she had taken refreshments while sitting under a fig-tree in the month of November.

It was beginning to grow dusky now, and Mrs. Williams thought if they did not go back to the ship they might be left after all.

“Never fear,” said Mr. Jaques, “they will fire the gun half an hour before leaving. Look, how brilliant the street is. See the negroes sell-

ing their wares on the sidewalk, lit up with their flaring pine torches."

"Mr. Jaques," said Patty, "what are they selling over in that corner, under the cocoanut-tree?"

"I believe it is guava jelly in little boxes. Would you like some?"

"May I, mamma?"

"Suppose we all go over," said Mrs. Williams; and they crossed to where the sale was going on.

"My shoes are full of sand," said Patty. "I must take them off and empty them."

"It is not worth while, dear; they will fill again at once. Wait until we reach the ship."

"But it is so uncomfortable, mamma."

"If ye bothers yerself wid thrifles, my little lady, ye'll never do for Californy," said a voice close by.

Patty turned quickly, and there stood Bridget's father, with his little girl in his arms. "O, there's Biddy!" said she, joyfully. "Did you get any flowers, Biddy?"

"No," said Bridget.

“Well, never mind; see here,” showing her bouquet. “Are n’t these lovely? Half are for you.”

Bridget smiled.

“Biddy, why don’t you walk? I should think it would tire your father to carry such a great girl as you in his arms.”

Bridget blushed and hid her face on her father’s shoulder, while he explained.

“Don’t ye see, miss, she has no shoes at all; and the hot sand has blistered her feet? That’s a dale worse nor having sand in your shoes.”

Patty handed half her bouquet to her friend, and Biddy whispered, “I have a fine pair of brogans that will be afther taking me across the Isthmus, any how.”

The gun was now heard. “Come, said Mr. Jaques, “we must go at once,” and they hurried back to the steamer, where was a new scene, and the busiest of all.

CHAPTER V.

ON BOARD SHIP AGAIN.

“ Small service is true service while it lasts.

Of friends, however poor, she scorned not one ;
So daisies, by the shadow that they cast,
Protect the lingering dew-drop from the sun.”

PASSING up and down the plank, files of tall negro women carried baskets of coal upon their heads, emptying them into the coal-hole of the ship. Flitting in and out were negro boys with flaring pine torches ; and crowds of idle men stood looking on.

Patty thought it strange that women should do all the work. I guess a good many others thought so too, but the women seemed well satisfied. They sang all the while in loud, harmonious voices, the same song over and over again. It echoed along the hills and died away over

the water, only again to awaken with the same cheery strain, —

“ Miss Nancy O! Miss Nancy O!
Walk along and heav-e' O!
Walk along a-moving!”

Japonica stood, with Moon in her arms, faithful to appointment. Mrs. Williams took her to her own state-room, where was a spare berth for Japonica's use.

The poor girl was very happy. She laid her sleeping Moon upon the pillow and sat down near the door, outside, quietly watching everybody, while she peeled and ate a banana.

Patty was tired: she waited only to feed her parrot, who turned out to be an old acquaintance of Japonica's, and then went to bed.

Mrs. Williams remained upon deck watching how the Island of Jamaica gradually faded in the distance.

The next morning Patty remembered Bridget, and going to the steerage railing, found her little friend peeping through, as usual, to see the cabin people come up from breakfast.

“How are your feet, Biddy?” was the first question.

“They feel pretty bad the day, but they’ll soon be heal’n.”

“I am glad you went ashore, yesterday: did you have a nice time except for the hot sand?”

“I wanted an orange bad, and my father could n’t get one.”

“Why could n’t he?”

“He would have to buy three.”

“I thought you said you wanted only one.”

“And my brothers!” said Bridget. “Could I be ating an orange and niver a one for thim?”

“O, I forgot,” said Patty. “But did n’t you admire the negroes, with their beautiful turbans and torches?”

“I did not, indeed.”

“Did n’t!” cried Patty. “Why, Bridget!”

“They’re ugly cratures, my father says, and the funder we keep from thim the betther for us.”

“But all were not ugly, Biddy; some of them were very pretty.”

“Whisht!” said Bridget, “I don’t like thim at all. I wanted to run on the lovely green hills; but my feet smarted me; and I could get nary a taste of the fruit.”

“Poor Biddy!”

“Is it me that’s ‘poor Biddy’?”

“Yes; because you did n’t enjoy yourself.”

“Niver fret now,” said Bridget, good-naturedly, “it’s all the same the day.”

“It shall be a great deal better to-day,” said Patty. “Wait here a minute.”

Away she ran, — begged her mother for some guava and some oranges, and said to Japonica, “Please lend me Moon a few minutes, I want to show her to somebody.”

When Bridget saw her coming, thus loaded, she wondered greatly. “Is this what you bought upon the land?” said she.

“No, we did n’t buy the baby; but we brought her from the island, and her mother too. Is n’t she sweet?” Patty smoothed the flounced dress and arranged the red ribbon with great satisfaction.

“O, it’s a darlin’ little cratur,” exclaimed Bridget. “Now that is not black at all, but only darkish. Look at the sweet, big eyes of it, and the lovely hair!”

“I know it. And she is so good and so playful. Mamma is delighted with her, and so is everybody; only some of the gentlemen will laugh. Now sit still, dear little Moon, while I give Biddy the oranges.”

Bridget’s eyes brightened. “Oranges for me! O, the illigant fruit! Thank ye, miss,” said she, as Patty passed one after another through the bars. “Where’s Johnny and Pat, till I give thim some!”

“Stop a minute, Biddy; here’s a nice little box of jelly, too, and please don’t call me *miss*; my name is Patty, you know; won’t you call me Patty?”

“Sure I will; but won’t I run to dad and the boys with the illigant fruits, now?”

“Yes, — if you please, Biddy; and I must take Moon back to her mother. I am afraid she will cry.”

But there was no danger of that; the little creature looked as serene as her namesake in the sky. Moon beamed a soft smile upon Patty, and held her arms out, lisping, "Mamma!"

"Yes, darling, I'll take you to her;" and, holding the baby in both arms, she carried her back.

"O Japonica," said Patty, "she is the sweetest, dearest baby!"

"Bress you, little missis! What for you 'mire Moon?"

"Why, everybody admires her; see how the people all turn this way to look at her."

Japonica tossed her head and held the baby up high in her arms. She delighted in the praises she heard of her Moon.

Patty stood quite still, smiling at Japonica and her baby, who frolicked softly together, like cat and kitten. Soon Moon grew sleepy, and Japonica laid her in her berth; then taking a little white spencer from Mrs. Williams's work-basket, she seated herself at work, and began to

sing, in a soft voice, to a sad, monotonous air, this little verse, which she repeated again and again:—

“Poor aunt Piedy,
She died last Friday, —
Poor old creetur,
Turkey-buzzards eat her.”

Patty listened to this song with considerable curiosity, wondering what disease Aunt Piedy died of, and why she was eaten by buzzards instead of being decently buried under ground. She did not ask about it, lest she should disturb Moon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORM.

“Naught I saw, so black the night was ;
Black the storm, too, in its might was.

But who raised the tempest up,
He sustained each drooping one,
And God was present in the storm,
And when the storm was done.”

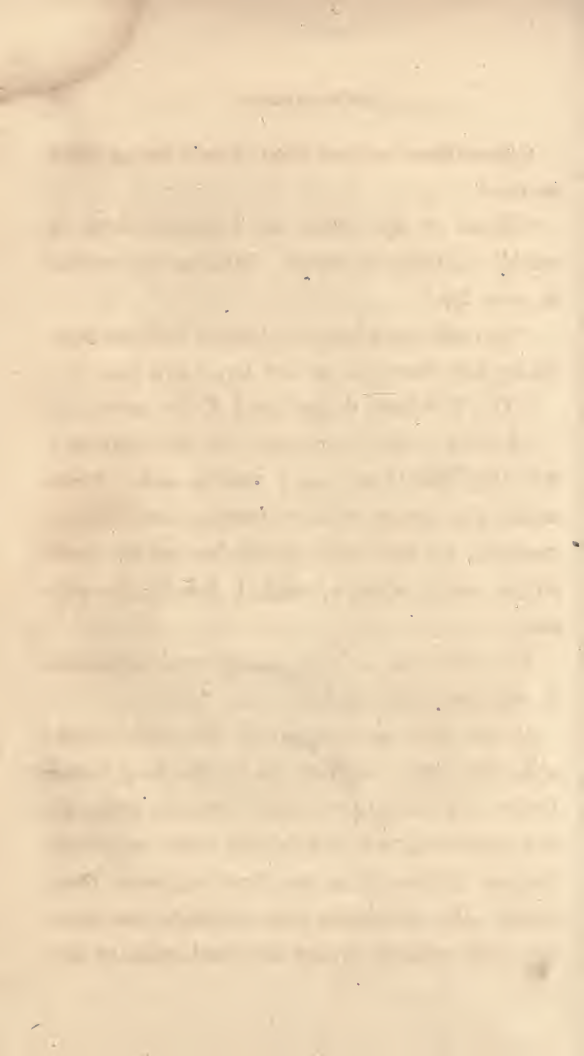
TOWARD evening, Patty and her mother sat almost alone upon deck, watching the sea and the fierce-looking clouds that gathered themselves up in the sky. “As night came on the wind blew hard, and the waves became very rough. Many of the passengers were obliged to go to bed.

“Mamma, why do the great waves leap up as if they wanted to jump over us?” said Patty.

“It is the coming on of a storm, my dear.”

“Are storms at sea very dangerous, mamma?”





“Sometimes, but not often in such strong ships as this.”

“When it tips about so, I should think it would be likely to upset. Mamma, let me sit in your lap.”

“You are not afraid, my birdie,” said mamma, taking her little girl on her lap, “are you?”

“Yes, I believe I am,” said Patty, softly.

“I think there is no cause for fear, darling: this ship sails here every month, and seldom makes the voyage without meeting some rough weather; yet the good Father has let her pass on in safety, always; and I believe he will now.”

The wind rose so high that it was impossible to stay longer on deck.

It was dark and gloomy in the cabin; only a lantern here and there lit up the long room. Ladies lay about on sofas, looking very ill and miserable, and babies and little neglected children were crying and tumbling over each other. The stewardess was scolding; the waiters were running to and fro; and quite at the

farther end were men vainly trying to play cards, while they held on to the table to keep from falling; suddenly a lurch in the ship sent them all in a heap together, with their chairs on top of them. Patty's parrot, whose cage hung in the middle of the saloon, screamed angrily at being so shaken and tossed about, and said, "*Quit that, now, — quit that!*"

Patty's mother thought the best thing they could do, would be to go back and get to bed as quickly as possible. They retraced their steps, holding on to everything as they went, until Mr. Jaques, seeing them from above, came to their aid, and laughingly they reached their state-room on deck.

"Good night," said Mr. Jaques. "I hope I shall find you all safe here to-morrow morning. Patty, hold on to your pillow, or you may roll out of bed." He laughed, and Patty laughed too. She had lost all fear for the present, because everybody seemed so indifferent to the roughness of the sailing, only troubling themselves about the discomfort. Her mother put her to bed, and she soon fell asleep.

Late in the night the storm reached its height. It roared loudly outside, and terrible was the dashing of the big waves against the sides of the ship; each one threatening to break her in pieces. Chairs and tables were flung about the cabin, and glass and crockery fell shattered over the floors.

At one very loud burst of wind, Patty awoke. She saw her mother sitting upon the trunk in her night-dress. She was pale, and her hands were clasped tightly together. Upon the floor, at her knees, sat Japonica, sobbing.

Patty was terrified. "Mamma! dear mamma! O, what is the matter? Shall we be drowned? Where are we?"

Mrs. Williams turned to her quickly, and said, "Hush, dear Patty! lie still, or come to me, if you will." She took her up. "It is a severe storm; but I think it must abate soon. Don't cry, Japonica; see how sweetly Moon sleeps through it all."

Japonica hid her face and tried to be quiet, but Patty trembled with fear. "Hold me fast,

mamma! dear mamma!" cried she, clasping her arms about her mother's neck, and bursting into loud sobs.

"Patty," said her mother, kissing her many times. "It is wrong to cry so: when you are in danger, you should have all your thoughts about you and gather up all your strength and courage."

"But this dreadful noise, mamma, — it is frightful! And papa, — O, he will never see us again! Hold me tight; don't take your arms away."

Poor Patty was quite beside herself.

"My little daughter, come, be brave. If God chooses to call us to him to-night, we must be willing to go, and not be weak and wretched when he sends for us."

"Mamma, what were you doing when I woke just now?"

"I was asking our Father in heaven to give me strength."

"Did he give it to you, mamma?"

"I think so."

“Will he give me strength if I ask him?”

“If you ask sincerely.”

Patty nestled closer to her dear mother, and tried to be quiet; but when she heard the cries and the wailings of women and children down stairs, she shuddered, and said, “How can the Father listen to all those poor, frightened people, and still hear my prayer too?”

“He can and he will; he cares for all alike; he never forsakes any one of us for a single moment.”

Gradually Patty ceased to tremble, and the soft touch of her mother's cheek against hers seemed to fill her heart with love and faith. They sat silently thus for two hours.

“Now will you lie in bed, Patty?” said her mother. “Listen, the wind is quieter already: I believe the danger is nearly over.”

“Please, dear mamma,” said Patty, as she laid her head upon the pillow, “sing to me.”

The good mother took the little girl's small hands in her own, and in a sweet, low voice, she sang this:—

“ The baby that softly lieth
Asleep on its mother's breast,
Not even a dream of sorrow
Disturbeth its peaceful rest.

“ Alone on its midnight pillow,
There, too, doth it safely sleep;
For the holy angels of heaven
Their vigils around it keep.

“ And the mother's soft enfoldings,
So warmly and tenderly given,
Are only a part and a portion
Of the love that flows from Heaven.”

Patty sighed gently, and said, “ I thank you, dear mamma, — I feel happy now. Won't you lie down too? and we will make believe the rocking ship is a cradle, and so go to sleep.”

Japonica now spoke. “ Is we — dem — all safe, missis? ”

“ Yes, I think so, Japonica. You had better get into your berth.”

“ Yes, missis ; I can sleep fus' rate now dat dar win's blow'd down. Lor' bress us ! I was dref-ful 'feared we 'd nebber see mornin' agin, 'deed I was, when little missy set up her cryin', — de

sweet honey! and 'specially when she say we nebber see marser in Californy."

"Why 'Poney," said Patty, "you don't know my papa."

"Does n't I know your mudder, and ain't dat de same ting?"

"Yes, indeed it is, Japonica," said Mrs. Williams, laughing; "now go to sleep."

The morning dawned bright and beautiful; and although the waves were still high, not a cloud was to be seen, and the sun rose gloriously from out his morning bath. It was late when he looked into Patty's berth, and when she awoke she was rejoiced to see his rays lying along the state-room floor. Japonica sat upon the trunk untying the knots in Patty's shoes. Little Moon, in a clean, embroidered frock, was on her mother's lap, drawing in her breakfast with great satisfaction.

"Where's mamma, 'Poney."

"Gone out on deck 'long time 'go, honey."

"Is it late?"

"'Siderable late; but breffus bell has n't rung."

And Japonica, setting down Moon, came to Patty, saying, "Now, honey, I'se goin' to dress you."

"How sweet Moon looks this morning," said Patty, putting out her feet for her stockings. "Did you make that little yellow dress for her, 'Poney?"

"Course I did; and you must put on clean frock too. Nebber do for Moon to look finer than missy."

"Why not, 'Poney? Moon is better than I."

"Hi! Why you say such ting as dat? Little Miss Patty is 'fection, — 'deed she is!"

"O no! I am sometimes very naughty; but Moon *never* is; besides, she is only a baby, and so she is nearer to heaven than I am."

"Hear dis chile talk!" exclaimed Japonica.

"O, but it is not talk, it is true," said Patty. "Jesus once called little children about him, and said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now that was because the very little children were so good."

Japonica rolled up her eyes, and said, solemnly, "Lor' bress her!"

“There, 'Poney, now I am dressed: please don't comb my hair any more: it is smooth enough. Hark! There's the bell.”

Away ran Patty, and joining her mother, they went to breakfast. Every one at table talked of the storm in the night. Each had her own story to tell: how frightened she had been, and what she thought. Patty wondered if any had been as brave as her dear mother. Then she thought of Biddy, and determined to make her another visit when breakfast was over. She secured a piece of hot corn bread and butter to refresh the little steerage girl, after her probable night of anxiety and fear.

Bridget had, also, her story of the night's adventures; she told how dreadfully frightened she had been down in her dark berth, and how Johnny and Pat screamed, and how “Dad had to shake thim, and bate thim, to *hish up*; all in the *did* of the night.”

Tears stood in Patty's eyes as she listened, and compared all this with the comforting words her mother had soothed her with, when she cried;

and the beautiful song that had sent peace into her soul.

“I wish there weren't such a difference between children,” thought Patty. “Some are so happy and tenderly cared for, and others so neglected and suffering. I am no better than Bid-
dy; and yet how differently we live. I mean to ask mamma about it.”

CHAPTER VII.

PATTY TREATED LIKE A CARPET-BAG.

“O, says the little girl,
What shall I do?
Where am I going?
I wish that I knew.”

WHEN people go to California, they generally sail on the Atlantic Ocean in a steamship, as Patty did, until they reach Central America, which is the country lying directly between North and South America, and joining the two. The narrowest part of Central America is called the ISTHMUS. People usually cross there to take another steamship, which awaits them on the other side. In that ship they sail up the Pacific Ocean, until they reach the city of San Francisco, in California.

There is also another crossing, not quite so

far south, and not so narrow, called the ISTHMUS of *Nicaragua*; and it was over this crossing that Patty and her mother were to go.

They had been sailing on the ocean ten days when Patty saw land for the second time. †

“It is the Isthmus!” cried the passengers. “It is the Isthmus!” echoed all the children, joyfully; for they were as heartily tired as the grown people were of being crowded together in the heat, so many days, and here they knew they were to land. ‡

— Yes, this was *Nicaragua*: and the little town of thatched huts, that lay on the edge of the water, was *San Juan*.* A beautiful river, bearing the same name as the town, flows half way across this part of the Isthmus. Several small steamboats, with a red wooden wheel behind each, lay against the town, waiting to carry passengers up the smooth waters of this river. §

Mrs. Williams with Japonica had been busy all the forenoon packing the trunks, and putting a few necessary articles of clothing into carpet-

* Pronounced *San Wan*.

bags, which they would keep by them; for, at San Juan, the passengers' trunks are always taken by the baggage-masters, and not given back to their owners until they are fairly on board the steamer at the other side of the Isthmus.

The ship lay quietly at the mouth of the river, and several of the small steamboats had been to get their load of people and baggage from the steamer, and were already on their way up, whisking their little wheels round, behind them, like tails.

Another now moved up to the ship, and a narrow plank being laid from the high deck down to the boat, Mr. Jaques came to call Mrs. Williams. A large party had collected at the top of the plank, but it seemed a fearful undertaking to go down while so many people crowded upon it at once. Nevertheless the perilous descent must be taken; so, bravely shoving in among them, Mrs. Williams drew Patty along; but Patty, much frightened, held back with all her might.

“Go on, go on,” cried Mr. Jaques from behind, whose arms were filled with carpet-bags.

Japonica, with Moon on her back, and carrying a large basket, cried out, “What for you stop, Miss Patty? You be crushed, ’deed you will, if you don’t hurry up wid yourself.”

But Patty still pulled back. “O mamma,” cried she, “don’t go, don’t go: you will be hurt; don’t try to go down there.”

The people were pushing by, and impatiently murmuring at the stoppage. Mr. Jaques saw but one thing to do. He called to a man, standing down in the boat, “Catch this child when I throw her;” and, before Patty could speak, he snatched her up in his arms. Directly she felt herself flying through the air, and caught by the man, who placed her, astonished and dumb, upon a large box in the boat. She saw trunks tumbled over the side of the ship, and valises thrown on to the boat in very much the same manner; and she felt indignant that she had not been treated with more respect than one of these. But when she saw her mother

reach the boat, followed by Japonica and Moon, her feelings changed from indignation to contrition and shame; especially as her mother looked much disturbed. She knew she had annoyed others by her foolish conduct, and she was longing to acknowledge her fault; when Japonica approached with angry looks and gestures:—

“Ain’t you ’shamed youself, Miss Patty? ain’t you ’shamed to set up your ’beneezer on dat dare rotten ole board; and mos upset de whole libbin drove on us! You wery bad gal, ’deed you is.”

Patty’s lip quivered; she had never been scolded so. “Indeed, ’Poney,” she said, “I know it was very wrong; but I was so afraid mamma would be hurt!”

“O, go ’way now, wid your ’scuses. You was n’t a bit afeared of breakin’ your mudder’s heart, hinderin’ her on dat slippery ole board; ’deed you was n’t.”

Patty burst into tears.

“Hi! Honey! It’s all ober, you know. It’s jess if you been good chile, now we down all safe. ’Poney’s bad hersef, to make you cry; ’deed she is.”

Patty still sobbed; and while Japonica tried to comfort her, Mrs. Williams arrived at their end of the boat.

“What are you crying for, Patty?”

“O mamma, I have behaved so foolishly.”

“Since you think so, my dear, I am sure you will never be so silly again. One should always follow the leader in these cases, even when the way looks dangerous.”

“But, mamma, did you see how I came down at last, just like a carpet-bag?”

“Yes, I saw; and, impeding the way as you did, I felt it was right you should be treated like one.”

Patty now saw Mr. Jaques at a little distance: he laughed and shook his finger at her, while she blushed and hid her face. But when he came, holding out his hand and begging to be forgiven the rather ungallant act of throwing her overboard, Patty readily made friends again, and consented to go with him to see the working of the wheel, which now began to move them up the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP THE RIVER.

“ Slow sailing up the silver stream,
 Fanned by the freshening breeze,
What bursts of golden sunshine
 Came dancing through the trees.

“ What flowery shapes unnumbered !
 What glades with mosses green !
Of all the rivers in the world
 No lovelier may be seen ! ”

WHAT a lovely river it was ! As they sailed on, the country opened to their view, showing such beauties as Patty had never dreamed of. Each side of the narrow river were velvety green banks, dotted with gorgeous flowers. Just behind these arose rich masses of foliage and vines, so closely interlaced that they seemed like a solid wall. Abrupt openings, on one side or the other, showed vistas of soft scenery,

shrubby hills, and placid lakes, with here and there an Indian hut in its little garden. As they advanced they came to a still narrower part of the river, where the overhanging branches swept the roof of the boat, and sent delicious perfumes from their bruised blossoms, among the passengers, who delightedly drew in the sweet odors.

Once Patty reached her hand out, and caught at a wide, smooth leaf, very glossy and green; she pulled it on to the boat and laid her cheek against its cool palm. Everybody was in high spirits. This charming excursion was a great contrast to life on the steamship, and sailing over the wide and dreary ocean.

This beautiful scenery continued all the way, till at last they came to the end of the river, and reached a sheet of water called Lake Nicaragua. Here was another steamboat, much larger than the one on the river, but not so large as the great ocean steamship. Into this they all hurried, and everything was crowded again, because the passengers from the other boats were now all together.

While crossing they passed a beautiful mountain called Ometepé, standing in the middle of the lake. At the end of twenty-four hours the boat stopped, within sight of land: it could go no farther because of the breakers or great waves dashing over rocks.

Patty stood on deck with her mother. "Mamma, what little town is that?" she said.

"It is *Virgin Bay*."

"What are those brown, moving things, in such crowds upon the shore?"

"They are mules: we shall ride upon them to reach the steamer upon the other side of the Isthmus."

Patty looked delighted. "I shall like that. But, mamma, what is that rope reaching from our boat to the land? and, — do see: a boat is coming from the town!"

As Patty watched this, it approached rapidly nearer. She saw men standing upright and holding on to the rope, by which means they drew their boat along. This boat was made of iron and painted red: its bottom was flat,

so that it could ride over those rough breakers, and carry the people, a few at a time, up to the town. It went and returned several times, until nearly all were landed.

“Where are we to go next?” said Patty, after she had seen her friends all safe upon dry ground.

“To the hotel,” replied Mr. Jaques, smiling.

Now Patty's idea of a hotel was something very extensive and splendid. She remembered the great hotels in Broadway, and had no idea of anything less elegant and spacious being called one. Mr. Jaques and Mrs. Williams were amused to see Patty's searching eyes, which took in the entire town, yet found nothing that looked like a hotel.

“I don't see one,” at length she said; “but I suppose you know where it is, Mr. Jaques, because you have been here before.”

“O yes, I know very well where it is,” he replied.

So making their way among mules and baggage, men and women, natives and pigs, he

led them to a building, quite like a barn; only it had a portico in front, and a sign-board nailed over the door, with "UNITED STATES HOTEL" printed upon it. A ragged American flag fluttered over the sign. Being the best in Virgin Bay, this hotel was crowded. The floor was bare ground, like a cellar. Extended along its whole length was a rough board table, with food for those who were hungry.

CHAPTER IX.

COMPANY AT THE HOTEL.

“Take a 'poon, pig.”

PATTY'S mother was most desirous to change the clothes they had worn so long, and have a tub of water in which to bathe. They were therefore shown at once to their room, which Patty thought poor accommodation for tired travellers; but she made no complaint: indeed, she was so much entertained that she could do little else but laugh.

The room they were to sleep in was a corner of the general dining-room, before mentioned, partitioned off by several old bed-quilts and bits of matting pinned together, and nailed across to opposite beams. There were two cot-bedsteads, without bedding of any kind upon them; a bar-

rel, turned upside down, with a tin basin and a bar of soap upon it; and this was all the furniture.

“Do you think we can sleep here?” said Patty.

“We can do anything that is necessary,” said mamma, smiling.

“Go now, Japonica, and see if we can have a tub of water. Come, little butterfly,” and she held her arms out to Moon, who sprang towards her.

“Mamma,” said Patty, “Moon never cries like other babies, does she?”

“She does not look as if she did,” said Mrs. Williams. “See how she laughs, and how full of fun her face is. Poor little thing!” And the lady sighed.

“Why do you call her poor, mamma?”

Mrs. Williams did not immediately reply; and just then Japonica entered, with an Indian boy, bringing a large tub of water. They placèd it upon the ground, and the boy went out.

“What sort of a boy is that, mamma?”

“A Nicaraguan; partly Spanish, and partly Indian.”

“Do they speak our language?”

“No, — Spanish.”

“Come, Miss Patty,” said Japonica, “does n't you want to get into dat are tub?”

“Yes, I do, 'Poney.” Patty hurried off her clothes, and dipped her little white feet into the water.

“O how nice it feels!” said she, seating herself. “Mamma, look! look! see those noses coming under the bed-quilt wall!”

Mrs. Williams and Japonica both turned, and the little snouts, and the next minute the entire bodies, of three young pigs appeared. No doubt these little pigs were amazed to see Patty in the tub, though their countenances did not betray it. Patty covered her mouth with her hands to prevent herself from laughing aloud; but her precaution was needless, for the new visitors seemed accustomed to company, and trotted about quite at home. Moon threw her orange at them, which they ate greedily; then going

to the tub, they jumped up with their forefeet upon the edge, to take a closer survey, and see if it might not contain something relishing.

Japonica considered this altogether too great a liberty. She tried to drive them off, but they only ran round and round the tub, trying to get out of her way. At last, quite out of patience, she dealt them some pretty hard blows with the umbrella. They squealed frantically, and ran off to find a more hospitable welcome elsewhere.

Patty had laughed so heartily that the tears were on her cheeks. "O dear!" she cried, "to think of having *pigs* in our bedchamber!"

When Patty was washed and dressed she went outside the curtain, and seated herself upon a stool, to see what was to be seen. There she again met the little pigs, regaling themselves upon the crumbs that fell from the table.

After supper Patty and her mother went on to the piazza. Perched upon a fence near by was a large, gray monkey, amusing the people

with his ridiculous antics. He held pieces of cocoanuts in his hands, and threw them at the passers-by. He snatched a woman's bonnet from her head and put it upon his own, with various other tricks, which made Patty laugh immoderately. There were a great number of parrots and little parroquets, carried about for sale, sitting on their owners' hands or shoulders. Now and then a native woman appeared in her doorway, her glossy black hair braided down her back, and her thin white skirt plentifully ruffled round the bottom; while almost invariably a parrot followed behind her.

It soon grew dark, and the tired travellers went to their room. Japonica and her baby lay asleep upon one of the cots. Mrs. Williams and Patty lay down upon the other, and, notwithstanding the want of mattress and bed-clothes, they quickly fell asleep too. Towards morning Patty was awakened by being pushed up and down from underneath her cot, in a very strange manner. She touched her mother. "Mamma, what is that?" she whispered.

Her mother roused herself, and sat up. It was still dark; so dark that she could not have seen what was under the bed had she looked. But her doubts came suddenly to an end, when she heard a satisfied *grunt!* It was the mother of the three young pigs, who had found a convenient place for scratching backs. Patty gladly listened to the retreating footsteps, for she had no liking to such close acquaintance with her pig-ship.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

“Cheerily, merrily riding along,
Their hearts are light, and their mules are strong.”

EARLY in the morning they all stood at the door ready for their mule-ride. Mr. Jaques proposed that Patty should ride in front of him on his mule, as she was too young to be trusted on one by herself. Patty liked this arrangement on account of its safety: we know she was not of the bravest.

Side-saddles were scarce, but Mrs. Williams was fortunate enough to secure one. Nearly all the women were obliged to sit upon men's saddles. Japonica was one of these unfortunates.

“Deed, missis,” she protested, “I can't sit sideways on dat dere smooove saddle. I pitch off fus' ting!”

“Just try it, Japonica; I think you can,” said Mrs. Williams.

“O but, missis, I nebber can do it! How on de yeth does you ’spect me to hitch on, when dere ’s nuffin’ to hitch to?”

“Dear ’Poney, see, the others are doing it,” coaxed Patty.

“’Deed, but I can’t,” persisted Japonica, obstinately.

Mr. Jaques laughed. “Well, then, my girl,” said he, “I see no other way than for you to ride as I do.”

“Hi! Massa Jaques, I can do dat easy ’nuff, and ’t won’t be fuss time, neider!” So saying, Japonica strided her mule and placed Moon before her, which gave Patty great amusement as well as satisfaction.

They started off right merrily. A native boy rode along with them, carrying the carpet-bags and the parrot. It was a delicious morning, and the ride was charming. Here and there they halted to admire some new opening of scenery, or to gather one of the passion-flowers that ran

profusely about their feet, or to watch the flight of some gaudy-plumaged bird, as it rose over the high trees. Patty thought it the most memorable day of her life. Suddenly Mr. Jaques began to sing; Patty, too, lifted up her sweet voice, and Mrs. Williams was drawn into the chorus. They sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the neighboring hills and rocks re-echoed to the strain. After that, to Mr. Jaques's great delight, Patty broke out into one of her own little favorites.

SONG.

"Sing a song of spring-time,
Merry let it be:
The robin and the blackbird
Tilting on the tree.

"The tree began to leaf out,
The birds began to sing, —
Was n't that a sign of
The coming on of spring?

"Fruit-buds blossoming,
Dandelions sunny!
Bees in the clover-field,
Hunting for the honey!

“ Maggy in the green lane,
 Violets to seek, —
 Came a little Mayfly,
 And kissed her on her cheek.”

Patty stopped; and they all listened to 'Poney, who, at a little distance before them, was also singing. It was a song of her own; — she had made it, as negroes so often do, to suit the occasion.

“ Ridy on the Isthmus;
 Sing a baby tune:
 'Pony ride a mule-back, —
 'Pony carry Moon.

“ Moon sleep in 'Pony arms;
 Must n't let her wake.
 Missy on a mule-back,
 'Long a Massa Jaque.

“ Ridy on the Isthmus:
 Sing a baby tune;
 'Pony ride a mule-back, —
 'Pony carry Moon.”

Soon they came up with a small party of foot-passengers. They were several men and women, two boys and a little girl. They looked round

as the musical party advanced, and at the same instant Patty clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "There's Biddy!"

The child looked up, smiled, and seemed much pleased to see Patty.

"Why, Biddy!" said Patty, dismally, "are you walking all the way across?"

"Sure I am," replied Biddy, cheerfully. "Don't ye see my fine, stout brogans? They're better than a mule, any way."

"But you must be tired. I can walk a while now, if you will take my place. Mr. Jaques will let you sit up here: won't you, Mr. Jaques?"

Before the gentleman could reply, Mr. Brian said, gayly, "Thank ye, kindly, miss. Ye's a rare good-hearted young lady; but when she's tired, my Biddy will be after ridin' on my back in turn wid the boys. My respects to ye, miss, and a fine successful journey to ye all," and Mr. Brian took off his leather cap with the grace of a dancing-master.

"Thank you," said Patty. "Good by, then,

Biddy; we shall see each other again soon." Our party rode on, and were soon out of sight.

It is twelve miles from Virgin Bay to the Pacific Ocean. The town upon that side of the Isthmus is called "San Juan" also. The way the two are distinguished, one from the other, is by calling the town on the Atlantic side, "San Juan del *Norte*," meaning *North*, and the town on the Pacific side "San Juan del *Sur*," meaning *South*.

Very few had left Virgin Bay as early as Mrs. Williams's party; so our friends arrived at San Juan del Sur among the first of the passengers. At the entrance of the town, Japonica's mule, probably judging his work to be at an end, quietly squatted down in the sand, and rolled the mother and baby off his back. Japonica, seeing that Moon was not hurt, sprang to her feet and looked very angry. The mule, on the contrary, looked quite happy, and began rolling over and over, kicking his heels in all directions, so that Japonica, whose fists were

doubled ready to pommel his tough hide, was obliged to keep at a respectable distance, and give vent only to violent gestures and droll expressions of disgust. She soon forgot her anger, however, when she heard Patty's merry laugh, and readily joined with her in considering it a good joke.

Here they found a hotel rather better in appearance than the one they had left, and they made themselves comfortable until the remainder of the passengers arrived. They saw, in the distance, the great black steamer that was to take them to San Francisco. It looked disagreeably, and reminded them that the pleasantest part of their journey was over.

Late in the forenoon large parties of people arrived ; and, after a while, a long train of mules came along the beach, bringing the baggage. It was wonderful what immense loads these little creatures could bear. They were not much bigger than large calves, yet most of them carried two trunks, one hanging on each side. It looked to Patty as if the trunks themselves had legs

and a head, so completely hidden were the bodies of the little mules. —

Patty was afraid they suffered by being made to carry such heavy burdens, but her mother assured her that these mules were nearly as strong as cart-horses, and much surer footed.



CHAPTER XI.

PATTY GROWS BRAVE.

“What strange carriage is this?”

AFTER a while Mr. Jaques came to say they must go down to the water and be carried to the boats.

“Be carried, Mr. Jaques!” said Patty; “why can’t we walk?”

He laughed. “Can you walk out through the surf, into the ocean, half way to the steamer?”

“O no; neither I nor mamma could do that; but why can’t we be rowed over in a boat?”

“Because the surf is so high here, and the bottom so shallow that boats are unmanageable very near the shore. You will have to be carried out to them.”

“Carried out to the boats?—and mamma,” said Patty, anxiously, “must *she* be picked up and carried too?”

“Indeed she must, or be left here.”

Patty looked at her mother; but meeting only smiles in that direction, she determined to be courageous.

No sooner had they reached the edge of the water, than the native men came running toward them, offering their brawny shoulders for service. Two kneeled down, side by side, and Mrs. Williams, gathering her skirts together, came in front and seated herself upon their shoulders, holding on to their heads with her hands. They rose upon their feet, and Patty beheld her mother lifted up and marched off with, directly into the ocean. She, however, looked back, laughing, and nodding encouragement to Patty, who once more resolved not to be a coward this time, and allowed herself to be carried by a tall Indian into the water after her mother.

These men walked on until the water reached to their armpits, and they were swayed from

side to side by the rolling waves ; yet they kept good foothold, and landed their precious cargoes in the small boats, that lay midway between the steamer and the shore.

When seated safely beside her mother in a boat, Patty was able to look back and laugh heartily at seeing Mr. Jaques perched upon the shoulders of a native, his legs sticking out before him, one on each side of the man's head. Mr. Jaques laughed too, and was at last unceremoniously pitched into the boat on his hands and knees.

One lady afforded much amusement by pretending an entire indifference to her awkward situation. She allowed her clothes to trail after her in the water, rather than hold up her feet like a sensible woman.

At last they were all placed in boats, and rowed to the steamer. They went up its side by a hanging ladder ; and after so much excitement and fatigue, were glad to rest quietly in their new state-rooms. It would be plain sailing now until they reached San Francisco. No

more stopping; no more pretty scenery. Nothing but the broad ocean, after this, for fourteen days.

The captain of this ship was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Williams, and showed many kindnesses to her and Patty.

Sitting at breakfast next morning, Patty conceived a bright idea. Taking courage, she slipped out of her seat, and walked directly up to the captain. He looked round and said, pleasantly, "Have you made a good breakfast, Miss Patty?"

"Yes, sir; very good: but—I wish to ask you something."

"I am all attention," said he, kindly, bending towards her.

Patty hesitated, and rolled up her apron. "If you are the captain, I suppose you have things the way you please, in this ship, don't you?"

"What then?"

Patty drew a long breath, and looking him right in the eye, said, "I have a friend in the steerage,—a little girl. If you would please

to let her come into my part of the ship every day — ”

“Is that all?” laughed the captain. “Get your friend as soon as you please.”

“O, thank you, thank you! Bridget will be so happy!” and away she ran.

In this steamer only one long bar separated the steerage from the after deck; and over this bar Patty jumped with a light heart. She saw Bidy sitting on her father's knee; and as she came near, she heard these words: “Sure, since the mother died, I've niver read my primer at all.”

“Well, Bidy, darlin’,” returned the father, “I'll be trying to sind you all to school in Californy.”

“I wonder is there ary a school in the mines, Dad?”

“I don't know, Bridget, dear; but sure there's some in 'Frisco. We'll live there when we've dug enough of gold in the back counthry.”

“Good morning, Bidy,” said Patty.

“Och! It’s the swate young lady,” said Mr. Brian. “Top of the mornin’ to you, miss.”

Bridget got down from her father’s knee, and took hold of Patty’s hand. “I’m rale glad you’ve come, Patty, dear.”

“Biddy, the captain says you can go with me. May she, Mr. Brian?”

“Sure she may; and I’m much obleeged for the perliteness.”

Joyfully they went together; they found Japonica, who sat in a corner of the deck, with Moon lying across her knees.

“See how pretty and neat she looks this morning,” said Patty.

“’Deed, Miss Patty, that’s all you can say ob Moon dis day. I’s ’feared she’s sick.”

“Dear ’Poney, what makes you think so?”

“Jes case she won’t laff nor nuffin, missy; she ony kind o’ hang, rag-fashion, eber since we come ’board.”

“I guess she’s only tired, ’Poney. Has mamma seen her?”

Japoinca shook her head. “No, honey chile.

Ef Moon goin' to die, nothin' can stop her; ony all the shine go out of 'Poney, 'deed it will."

Patty came behind, and put her arms round Japonica's neck. "O, don't talk so. I'll run and get my doll for her."

In the state-room she found her mother writing, with a book upon her knees. "Mamma, have you noticed Moon this morning?"

"Yes, dear: I see she is not well."

"Japonica is afraid she will die, mamma; at least, I think she is."

"Poor Japonica!" said Mrs. Williams, "I hope she may not have to suffer that. Moon has a touch of the Isthmus fever; but with the medicine I have given her, I think she will be better soon. Are you almost tired of this long voyage, Biddy?"

"Yes, ma'am; I am intirely tired of it."

"I hope the days will slip by more pleasantly now you have Patty to play with."

"They will do that," said Biddy, smiling.

They now went back with the doll to Moon.

The child opened her large eyes upon the doll, but did not smile, nor hold her hands out for it. Japonica said nothing. After a while she began to sing, in a low voice, and seeing that Moon slept, the children went to seek some amusement.

CHAPTER XII.

FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE REVIVED.

“They sat in the shade of the awning cool,
While the midday sun was glowing,
And heard the sound of the murmuring sea
Far under the great ship flowing.”

ON the upper deck the sun was so scorching that they quickly came down again. “It’s a good thing we have a kiver to our ship,” remarked Bridget.

“Yes. I wonder how people bear to sail in a vessel like the one you came from Ireland in?”

“They must be hidden under the sails, or they’d be withered to a crisp, sure!”

“I think I should have a little tent put up, and sit under it as an Indian does in his wigwam.”

“Wigwam! What’s that at all?”

“It’s a sort of coop that Indians live in, made of bark, and pointed at the top. Have you never seen the picture of one?”

“No.”

“Can you read?” asked Patty.

“I used to have some learnin’ in the beginnin’ of my primer, but I’m thinkin’ I’ve forgot it all now.”

“I can read, Biddy: suppose I ask mamma for one of my story-books, and I’ll read to you.”

“Yes!” exclaimed Bridget, greatly pleased.

Patty ran to her mother and soon returned with a little volume of songs, out of which she read to Biddy, who listened with eager attention. The book was entitled “THE FLOWERET.” Patty selected

THE FLY AND THE RAIN-DROP.

“One warm, summer morning,
A very small fly
Was dancing and buzzing,
All round in the sky.

“ ‘ See! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What I can do!
While I dance on my wings,
I can sing with them too.’

“ From a cloud that was passing by
Fell a rain-drop,
And swallowed the poor little
Buzzing fly up.

“ ‘ Oh! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do?
This is the strangest thing
Ever I knew.’

“ The thunder-cloud burst,
And came down in a shower,
And the drop with the fly in it
Fell on a flower.

“ ‘ Oh! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do?
I should be as well off
With no wings as with two!’

“ The flower grew low,
By the side of a brook,
And into its waters
The rain-drop she shook.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do ?
My wings and my body
Are wet through and through.’

“ Away ran the little brook,
Faster than ever,
And tumbled the fly and drop
Into the river.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do ?
Where am I going ?
I wish that I knew.’

“ The river rolled on,
With a mighty commotion,
And emptied the little drop
Into the ocean.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do ?
The whole world is drowning,
And I shall drown too.’

“ There came a great fish,
With a dull-looking eye,
And he snapped at the drop
For the sake of the fly.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ says the little fly,
‘ What shall I do ?
He sees me, — he ’ll have me, —
He ’ll bite me in two ! ’

“ A sunbeam that saw
What the matter was there,
Drank the drop,
And the fly was as free as the air.

“ ‘ Now, ’ says the little fly,
‘ See what I ’ll do.
So he shook his little wings,
And away he flew. ’ ”

After this, Bridget became eager for more.
“ How illigant you read, Patty.”

“ Mamma taught me. Would you like me to teach you ? ”

“ I would, but my primer is in father’s chist, nailed up.”

“ I have a primer, Biddy ; I ’ll run for it now, and we will play school ; only it won’t be play, — it will be real earnest, you know.”

In earnest they began : Biddy to spell the words, and Patty vainly trying to correct the

brogue, which rolled off Biddy's tongue like oil from water. The time slipped pleasantly by, and when the deafening *gong* came beating round the ship to call the people to dinner, the little girls could hardly believe they had been busy so long. They separated at the steerage-bar. Biddy ran to her bean-soup, and Patty to her more select repast in the cabin below.

The rest of the day Patty stayed with Japonica and Moon. She sat fanning the little child, and holding ice to her parched lips, watching her as she slept, and trying to cheer Japonica with pleasant stories of the home she had left in New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOON SLEEPS.

“The angels said,
‘This child we to ourselves will take ;
She shall be ours, and we will make
A Lady of our own. ’”

NEXT morning when Patty awoke, she saw Japonica combing her mother's hair, and she felt at once that Moon must be better. She sat up in her berth and looked over to the one underneath her. She saw the soft, dark ringlets peeping out among the pillows, and one little hand lay quietly upon the coverlid.

“Moon is better, is n't she, 'Poney?”

“Yes, missy, I 'speck she be ; she slep wery soun', and nebber stir de whole bressed night.”

“O, I am so glad ! You will look happy again to-day, won't you, dear 'Poney?”

“I'll be ugly, good-for-nuffin ting if I does n't,

when I got such sweet little missy to take care of!" said Japonica.

"And such a sweet little child as Moon," returned Patty.

Japonica tossed her head and laughed. Mrs. Williams asked her to go for a pitcher of water. Japonica obeyed, and Patty slipped down from her berth. She stooped over Moon to look at her, and wondered why she lay so very still and pale. She gently lifted the little hand, — it was cold and nerveless. Patty stood up quickly.

"Mamma! is anything ailing Moon?"

"What do you mean, my dear?" said Mrs. Williams, turning round.

Patty trembled. "Mamma, just look at her, — please, touch her hand."

The lady stooped over the child, touched it, began to rub the little hands and arms, but suddenly letting go, she hid her face and wept.

Patty stood still; she heard her mother sob, and her own heart swelled almost to bursting. She curled herself up in her berth again, and burying her face in the pillow, gave vent to her

grief. Then Japonica appeared at the door with the pitcher. She laughed, and said, "How soun' dat chile do sleep, dis mornin'." She sat the pitcher down, and suddenly perceiving her mistress's tears, exclaimed, "What for you cry, missis?"

Mrs. Williams put her arm over Japonica's shoulder. "My poor child, if God calls Moon away, won't you try to give her to the great Father without resisting?"

"For mercy's sakes, missis, is HE coming? 'Deed I can't spare my Moon yet!" cried Japonica, leaning against the door.

"But you would have given her to me in Jamaica, because I could do more for her than you could yourself. How much better, then, will the Father in heaven care for her."

Japonica looked wildly in Mrs. Williams's face, and trembling, sank upon her knees. Hurriedly she caught Moon in her arms, — gazed upon her lifeless face, and uttered a cry of hopeless agony.

Mrs. Williams took the little lifeless form from

the mother's quivering arms, and laid it back into the berth.

Patty smothered her sobs, and with streaming eyes, stretched her arms out to Japonica; but her mother held her back, and for a moment they were all silent. Then Japonica, without moving, said: "'Deed HE has come! Now Poor Japonica all 'lone in dis worl', wid nuffin to lub her!"

Patty could bear this no longer. Springing up, and throwing her arms around Japonica, she cried: "O 'Poney! dear 'Poney! I love you, — mamma loves you!"

Mrs. Williams sat by her. "And Moon loves you, Japonica. Moon has not left you forever: she will be often with you when you don't know it, and if you live to deserve it, you will see her again when the MASTER calls you too."

"Are you sure of dat, missis?"

"Sure, Japonica."

The poor girl raised her head and drew a long breath. "My heart is broke, broke; O honey; sweety Moon, does you know your mud-

der is leff widout you? Does you know I's poor, lonesome, 'reaved, unhappy?" Here her tears burst forth; she sank again upon her knees beside her baby, and kissed its little hands and naked feet. She rocked herself back and forward, and could not be comforted.

Patty had quietly tried to dress herself, and now stood by Japonica, vainly endeavoring to soothe the poor, distracted mother. Mrs. Williams had hurried away to tell the sad event to the captain. She returned quickly, and said: "Come, Japonica, try to be calm; go down into the cabin, where some kind ladies are waiting for you, and I will see to the dear little one now."

"No, no, missis!" cried she; "Japonica will not go 'way from Moon! Don't let 'em fro my picaninny into de great water! if you do, I'll go too, 'deed I will," and she clasped the little body in her arms.

"No! you will do nothing wicked, I am sure, Japonica, because you wish to meet the baby again. Remember, what you have in your arms

is not Moon; it is only senseless flesh. The *spirit* that made it beautiful and dear has gone up, — up, Japonica, to the bright home where she belongs. *She* is not going into the water, — only this —” Mrs. Williams gently strove to take it from the mother’s tight embrace, but Japonica suddenly stood up.

“Den let *me* do it, missis dear, — let me drop dis little chile down into de big sea. I can do it easy, and tenderer dan de man. I do it myseff, and Japonica make no fuss, ’deed she won’t!” Her eager eyes were fixed upon her mistress in entreaty.

The tears rushed up to Mrs. Williams’s eyes, and she said: “Yes, yes, — indeed you shall do it yourself, poor child.”

Moon’s little body, wrapped in a sheet, was held close in her mother’s arms as they came out upon the deck and descended into the cabin. Japonica was quiet; but grief marked every feature. Patty stood by, hiding her tearful face in Japonica’s dress. People, with sympathetic looks, crowded about, and one of the gentlemen

on board, who was a clergyman, came toward them and told Japonica to kneel.

She knelt down, and he knelt beside her. He prayed that the young mother's heart might be comforted, and that she might willingly let her child join the angels. Many kind and precious words this good gentleman said, and when he arose from his knees, he put his hand upon Japonica's shoulder, and said, "Come."

At the same moment the steamer stopped.

Silence fell upon every one. He led the way out a side-door to the lower deck, which was close down to the water. Japonica followed, and when she came to the edge, stood still, and pressed the little burden close to her breast. Then gently she bent over the water, — softly she let Moon slip from her outstretched arms, — and it was over.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL.

“ Trouble braved cheerily,
Toil taken merrily,
Hearts warm with kindness and love ;
O, with what rapture then,
Friends parted, meet again ;
Praise to the Father above ! ”

THE steamer stirred ; the wheels again began their work ; but Japonica knew it not. She was carried to the cabin, and there placed upon a sofa, where the poor, unconscious one lay, soon forgotten by all but Patty and her mother. When she was at length restored, and saw two kind, affectionate faces bending over her, and felt the refreshing ice-water upon her forehead, a vague feeling came back, that after all she was not quite forsaken ; and, as she saw little Patty, so pure and innocent, dropping her grieved

heart-tears upon her, she felt she had still something left to love.

There were now twelve more days of the wearisome voyage. A part of every day Patty passed with Biddy, who made good progress in the primer; but she clung most to Japonica, unwilling to leave her alone to brood over her sad loss. After a few days Japonica ceased to speak of Moon, except when she put Patty to bed at night, when the little girl, lying in her berth, would draw Japonica near to her, and holding her brown hands close in her own, talk to her after this manner:—

“Dear 'Poney, I think Moon is glad that we don't cry about her any more.”

“Does you tink so, Miss Patty? 'deed, den, I'll try not to dis'point Moon.”

'Poney covered her face with her apron and sighed.

“What's the matter, 'Poney?”

“O, Miss Patty, I's tinkin, sometimes, dat de sweet little body I dropped into de water, is all 'vowered, may be, by de fishes.”

“Do you? I don’t,” said Patty, softly. “I always think of it, going down, down, through the smooth, blue ocean, until it reached the beautiful coral groves; and that it may now be lying on a bed of pearls, all wrapped in soft, green seaweeds, quite safe from harm. I like this a great deal better than if it had been nailed up in a box, and buried under the ground.”

“You is born to be ’Poney’s comfort; ’deed you is, honey!”

So they talked together till Patty slept and ’Poney was comforted.

At last the voyage drew near its end: only one more day was left. All the ladies were busily packing their trunks for the last time, and Mrs. Williams and Japonica were not the least busy.

Patty ran about the ship, saying farewell words to everybody she knew. She took her primer and went to Bidly.

“Come,” she said, “let us have one more lesson,” and Bidly readily obeyed the summons.

“Well, dear Bidly,” said Patty, when they

had finished the lesson, "I am glad I found you on this ship. I love you, and I shall never forget the nice times we have had together."

Biddy put the corner of her apron to her eyes, and said, tremulously, "It is rale hard to be afther partin' now, and niver to see ach other agin."

"But we *shall* see each other in California."

"Father says we'll not. We'll be goin' to the mines altogether; and you in the city, I suppose."

"But after your father gets gold enough, won't he come to the city?"

"Sure he may," said Bridget, encouraged.

"Biddy, you may keep this primer to remember me by."

"I will, indade, and much obleeged to you for the gift."

"Now kiss me, dear Biddy. Mamma is waiting for me to go down to dinner."

Biddy threw her arms round Patty. They

kissed without speaking, and each ran her separate way.

The afternoon passed on. Standing with her mother on deck, Patty saw the distant, bleak shores of Upper California, and wondered if it would look so desolate where they were going. At last the moon arose. Patty complained of cold, and they went to their state-room, where Japonica was putting away a few odd things that were yet unpacked.

“Is everything ready now, Japonica?”

“Yes, missis, ebery ting. How long 'fore we 'rive now, missis?”

“About two hours, I think.”

Patty climbed to Japonica's lap, and fell asleep.

“Don't undress Patty to-night,” said Mrs. Williams to Japonica. “Lay her on the bed as she is.”

Japonica laid Patty gently on her pillow, and sat by, watching with affectionate, glittering eyes. Gradually her head drooped upon her breast, and she also slept.

— Mrs. Williams went to the window. A charming sight met her eyes. The steamer was entering the “Golden Gate,” which is a narrow passage of water leading from the ocean to the harbor of the city of San Francisco, — one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. On each side were hills rich with verdure. The moon rode high in the clear heavens, and touched with silver the entire scene. Beyond lay the city, — the new city, then scarcely two years old, — upon three hills sloping to the water. Up against it lay many ships at anchor, showing how busy the young El Dorado was so early in its life.

Very high, on the top of a hill, standing alone, was a little house, and above it waved the American flag, as a signal that the steamer was coming in.

The ship quivered: the explosion of the gun followed. Now they were drawing near to the wharf. Mrs. Williams looked eagerly from the little window. The wharf seemed almost deserted, for it was so late in the night as to be almost

morning. The steamer stopped. Numberless footsteps were heard hurrying above. Loud voices shouted orders to the men. Presently a knock on her door: she opened it: it was the stewardess.

“A gentleman is inquiring for you, ma’am.” She retired, and the gentleman stood in the doorway; he strode across the threshold, and husband and wife were reunited.

“She is asleep,” said Mrs. Williams, when, unclasping his arms from her, he looked towards Patty.

“Let me look at her as she lies now.” He stooped over his child and kissed her softly. “She has altered somewhat, but is still beautiful, — still like mamma.” Again he kissed the red lips, which parted in a pretty smile that brought an answering one from the father. Then he stood up. Japonica, roused at the same time, started from her seat. She came to her conclusions at once.

“O massa! I’s so glad you’s come, ’deed I is. I hopes your health is fus’ rate, sir.”

“Thank you, my good girl; you are —”

His wife interrupted him: “This is Japonica. She came from Jamaica. I was fortunate enough to engage her to live with us.”

Japonica courtesied. “O Lor’, missis,” said she, smiling, “it’s Japonica dat’s fortunate; ’deed she is.”

“That you certainly are, Japonica,” said Mr. Williams, “and I doubt not your mistress finds you a good girl.” Then turning to his wife: “Now, my love, I have a carriage waiting; we will go at once to the hotel, and leave the baggage here until morning. Get ready while I waken my little Patty.”

He sat down by her, and lifted her out of the berth in his arms. Then he pushed the soft hair from her forehead, and kissed her many times. Patty rubbed her eyes, and sat up; she gazed about with an amazed expression, then, looking directly into her father’s eyes, “It is — it is papa,” she cried, — “my own papa!” She threw her arms about his neck, and nestled close in his embrace.

The father's eyes glistened. He stood her down upon her feet. "How tall she has grown, — my bird, my little daughter; and he kissed her again and again. "But come, — on with her hat, Japonica, and wrap her up warm. I must have you all out of these quarters."

They hurried off the ship, and entered the carriage; and no happier party drove through the streets of San Francisco that night, if night it could be called, when the eastern sky was already tinged with the dawn of day. So ended **PATTY'S VOYAGE.**

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To have a willing mind.”



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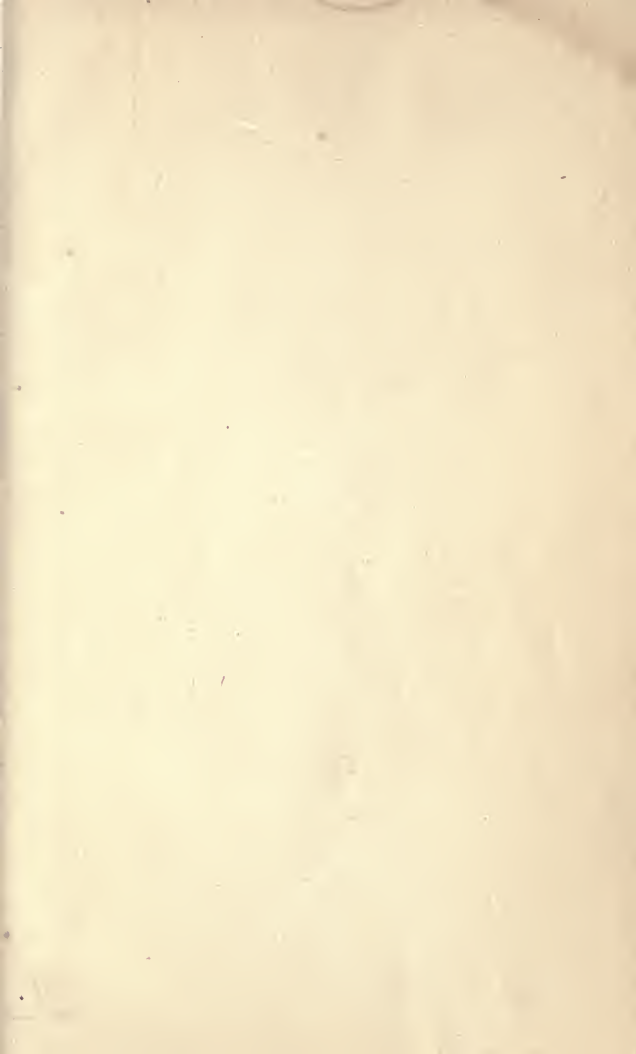
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